

From Francis M. Hickox.

To his niece  
Quanta Hickox

To Mike Deashong  
my Great Grand Nephew

From

Aunt Quanta Johnston

1964

LIFE  
OF  
MRS. ELLEN STEWART,  
TOGETHER WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF OTHER INDIVIDUALS.  
ALSO, A  
DISCUSSION WITH TWO CLERGYMEN,  
AND ARGUMENTS  
IN FAVOR OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS;  
TOGETHER WITH  
LETTERS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

---

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

---

AKRON, O.  
BEEBE & ELKINS, PRINTERS.  
1858.

PREFACE.

DEAR READER:--In the following narrative you have but a meager sketch, a brief outline, of the experience, labor and trials of one in humble life, who with few advantages and amidst many difficulties, has been striving to perform a pilgrimage, from spiritual Egypt, to the heavenly Caanan. And after the adventures, and having escaped the dangers of the travel of the last fifty years, desires here to erect her Ebenezer, saying, hitherto the Lord hath helped us, and set up some beacons of warning for other pilgrims, that they may see, and escape the rocks and quicksands, whirlpools and straits, which had nearly proved fatal to her. And by comparison of the present with the past, to mark for their comfort, the progress of free principles, within the last thirty years, among the more enlightened part of human and christian society. With the superior light and educational advantages many now enjoy, they may look on many of my afflictions as needless, and think those tears and agonies might have been spared: This is true of those I brought on myself, by disobedience, but had I been obedient, my troubles could not have been few nor small, while such darkness prevailed in regard to woman's rights, especially her rights of conscience. Yet with this difference, I should have had more divine support, assurance and comfort, and strength equal to my day. Indeed when I recall to memory my lack of faith and firm trust in God, which caused such shrieking and cowardice in some instances, I am filled with

wonder and gratitude at the long suffering and patience exercised towards me. Had I then known what I now do, and had the wariness of sin, created under the chastising rod, I should long ago have been cast out as a reprobate sinner, and as salt without savor, been trodden under foot. But here I am still, a monument of mercy, a brand plucked out of the fire, clothed in raiment, whitened in the blood of the lamb, with a fair mitre of hope on my head, pen in hand to record the loving kindness of the Lord. May the blessing of God attend the feeble effort, and grant that it may be as bread cast upon the waters, which shall be found after many days.

ELLEN STEWART.

## CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES—PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPES FROM DEATH, UNDER DANGER—RESIDENCE IN A QUAKER FAMILY, FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH METHODISTS—VIEWS OF RELIGION, GOOD DESIRES—STATE OF THE PEOPLE IN MY FATHER'S NEIGHBORHOOD—FIRST METHODIST PREACHING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND ITS EFFECTS.

I was born in the town of Middlefield, County of Otsego, State of N. Y. My parents names were Hosea and Hannah Brown. My parents' were poor, but honest and industrious. I have a faint recollection of my grand parents, on my mother's side, whose names were Aaron and Anna Butts. Dimly do I remember standing by his (my grand father's,) dying bed. The unnatural heat in his hand, and flush on his cheek, as he took hold of my hand, also the assemblage of people at his funeral; but I had then no sense of death, being not more than three years and a half old. My grand mother lived to be nearly a hundred years old. When I was seven years old my father removed to Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y. I being the oldest of a family of fourteen children, all of whom lived to mature years excepting three, I was constantly needed at home to aid my mother in nursing and household labor. As the country was new, schools were scarce, and tuition dear, and my school education did not exceed nine or ten months, in different periods from 4 to 18 years of age, as I had opportunity; but I had a number of uncles and aunts, who were much at our house, and after attending school three months, I could spell well, and one of them would take me on her lap, (being from four to five years old,) and another put out words from the spelling book, and amuse themselves in hearing me spell hard words. Their praises made me ambitious to

learn, and very soon I could read well. My mother became pious before my earliest remembrance, through the instrumentality of some Quaker preachers who stayed a night at my father's. She took much pains to give her children religious instructions; being well versed in the Scriptures, she often quoted passages suited to the occasion in giving needed chastisements, and when alone with us, used to tell us Bible-stories, in language suited to our childish capacity. This excited a curiosity to read the holy book, and we early became somewhat acquainted with the historical parts of the Bible, for which I have reason to praise God. Its cautions have shielded me in times of temptation and perplexity. It has counseled and directed, and under affliction's sharpest scourge, it has brought comfort and support. I will mention a few instances of God's kind preventing providence over me in childhood and youth. When about ten years of age, I lived a few weeks with an old lady, a near neighbor to my father's. She had a grand-son living with her, and a girl came to play with us. One afternoon I noticed some rude behavior between her and the boy, with which I acquainted the old lady, and in my presence she took occasion to scold them severely, and teach us lessons, and repeat terrible warnings, which I shall never forget. This, together with my mother's faithful instructions, armed me against the giant vices, which has ruined its thousands. At the age of eleven, (I was large for one of my age,) my parents left home, leaving me to take charge of the children. Towards night a man who married my mother's sister, came in; being familiar in the family, he sported with the younger children awhile, then went to the door, called me to him, and in a low voice said, Ellen I have a fine present for you, but I cannot bring it here, I want you to meet me at the corners, (half a mile distant, in a dense wood,) and I will bring it there; in childish thoughtlessness I agreed to meet him there. But after he was gone I queried with myself, if he has a present for me, why not bring it here. I grew suspicious that some mischief was intended, and dared not to go. I have ever reckoned this among my providential escapes, for this man proved himself an unprincipled villain soon after. About the age of fourteen I lived at a neighbor's a short time; one afternoon the lady of the house went away, leaving three or four

children in my care; they climbed upon a stoop at the back side of the house; I fearing the little ones might fall, undertook to climb after them, when I fell from near the roof, and my head struck a saw log beneath, which stunned me, and I remained senseless till the next morning when I awoke and found my head bandaged and smelling strong of camphor, and knew not what it meant; had I then been killed, I should have known no pain or suffering in death. At another time I was riding on horse-back through a forest in a foot path, when suddenly I discovered a large tree lodged over the path. It lay so high from the ground that by stooping sufficiently I might have passed under in safety, but the horse was hard bitted, and darted under with such speed that in the act of stooping, my head struck the tree, the saddle turned, and I fell off backwards. The horse stood still, but I was so wrenched in my neck and shoulders, that it was long before I could stir to disengage my feet from the stirrup. Surely some guardian angel stood near, for had the horse run I must have been killed. When about twelve years old, I lived about ten months in a Quaker family; they were very affectionate and kind, and I loved them much. They desired my parents to bind me to them until of age, offering on that condition to make me joint heir with their own children, but my parents refused. While in this family, they hired a woman who was called a Methodist. She was the first Methodist I ever saw; she was regarded with jealousy and suspicion by the family, ("for as for this way, it was every where spoken against,") in those days. The mistress of the house professed to be shocked at her presumption; when in conversation, she said she was not afraid of death, and believed she should rejoice to see the Saviour coming in the clouds of heaven, and the world on fire. Miss Briggs, (for that was her name,) was very zealous and talked to all as she had opportunity, on the subject of their souls' interests; when alone with her she talked to me, and what she said affected me much. I saw propriety, beauty and excellency in religion, but thought I was not yet old enough to be a Christian; except my parents had belonged to the Quaker Church so that I could have come into the church by heirship, as children of my acquaintance did, which I regretted, was not the case. The neighborhood where my father lived was

but recently settled, and their manner was to fell the forest, trim the tall thick trees, pile and burn the brush; then plant corn, pumpkins, potatoes, garden sauce, &c., among the logs as they lay promiscuously over the fallow, and they yielded abundant crops; after the corn was harvested, they took their turns in making what they called a husking bee, for which they provided plenty of whisky, pumpkin pies, cakes &c.; the whole neighborhood was invited, generally in the afternoon and evening, and all turned out, old and young, men and women, young men and maidens, and they usually had a merry time of it, and the heathenish hoot and yell, and merry laugh, were heard afar off; sometimes one or two would get more of the 'good critter,' (as it was then counted,) than he was able to stand up under, but they worked well, and seldom left corn unhusked, finishing sometimes in the night; a large portion of the company would then gather into some house and spend the remainder of the night in singing and dancing. But this state of things did not long continue, for the Methodist preachers came into the neighborhood to preach, and as it was said of the apostles that with "great power they gave witness of the resurrection," so might it be said of them, that with great power they preached the gospel, and within a few weeks nearly the whole neighborhood forsook their vain course and were formed into a class professing to be seekers of religion, and such they undoubtedly were, for it was not long before that wilderness blossomed as a rose, and instead of the wild halloo and the vacant laugh, the merry joy and rumbling dances, was heard the voice of praise, prayer, singing of hymns, loud shouts of glory and thanksgiving to God, and hearty amens to the truth.

## CHAPTER II.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS—DECISION—EARNEST ENDEAVORS TO SEEK AFTER GOD—TEMPTATIONS—CONVICTION—OPPOSITION OF MY FATHER—HIS CONVERSION—DISCLOSURE OF MY FEELINGS, LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT, EFFECTS OF HIDING MY LIGHT OR OF DISOBEDIENCE.

I was by no means an idle spectator of these things, but was led seriously to reflect. I called to mind instances of early pie-

ty, related in the Bible, as of Joseph, young Josiah, Samuel, &c. I knew the Holy Spirit was striving with me, and feared if I did not yield to its dictates, it would leave me, and perhaps forever. I believed, as I understood what was implied in the gospel, I was old enough to serve God. I saw myself just stepping on to the stage of action, and thought, now is the time to make choice what course to pursue in life. Various passages of Scripture came with power to my heart, such as "choose ye this day whom ye will serve," Christ or Belial, "the wages of sin is death," "the wicked shall be turned into hell," &c. I soon made up my mind that, let others do as they would, as for me, I would serve God. I immediately commenced secret prayer, and broke off the practice of all that I believed to be wrong. I knew that though I broke off my sins outwardly, and though I might do many good works, all this would not avail to my salvation, that there was a work to be done within; my heart must be changed; in a word, I must be "born again." When I heard Christians tell their experience, I knew they enjoyed something that I did not. This therefore became the burden of my prayer continually, Lord forgive my sins, convert and save me. But Satan here tried to baffle and discourage me. When praying the thought would come to my mind, God is a great and glorious being; he is far off in heaven, and will not stoop to listen to such a weak prayer as yours. But I took encouragement from the thought that God was everywhere present, and that he was a reasonable being, requiring no more of his creatures than they can do. Then there came the suggestion, you do not know how to seek, and you do not seek a right, you may go mourning all your days, and lose all the happiness and pleasures of youth, and not find at last what you desire. I answered, all these things weigh nothing in the scale against an immortal soul, and eternal things; therefore I will press on in the best manner I can, and if I never find, I will die seeking for mercy. I had a clear sense of sin and of the justice of God, and felt that it would be just if He should cast me off; yet the declaration in his word, that "He is gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity," inspired my heart with a measure of faith so that I was enabled still to plead the name of Jesus, plainly discovering that He was the only way to God. I had imagined that whenever He

came to my salvation, it would be something in the manner of St Paul's conversion, some great manifestation that would nearly overwhelm me. But contrary to this, while thinking on the sufferings and condescension of Christ, suddenly I felt it was all for me, and my heart melted with love, joy and gratitude, so that my mouth was filled with praise, but all in silence, so that they heard me not in an adjoining room. This was something beyond what I had felt before, and I queried much from whence it came. On the next day, in meditation as before, I felt the same grateful love spring up in my heart. Then that well known passage of Scripture came to my mind, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth, so in every one that is born of the Spirit." At that moment I received a clear witness of the forgiveness of my sins, and that I was born of the spirit, which cried "Abba Father" in my heart.

My father was much opposed to the work thus going on in the neighborhood, and to the Methodists. Much disgusted at the crying amen, groanings, and loud shouts of praise to God, he declared from time to time that he would go no more to their meetings, and as often broke his promises, and it was not long before he betrayed some scruples about working on the Sabbath, which was something new for him, and appeared unusually sober and thoughtful, and one Sabbath morning asked me to give thanks at table. I was satisfied that the Spirit of God was striving with him, at which I greatly rejoiced, earnestly praying and hoping for his conversion. On the next evening he came in from his labor seeming much cast down; before going to rest, he, without speaking, fell on his knees, my mother and myself also kneeled; after waiting some time, he remaining silent, I began to pray vocally; when I ceased he broke silence, and with sobs and tears cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" he rose and after a few minutes said, it seems strange that Ellen has got to be older than her parents. I asked him if he thought me too forward, he answered no, but instead of your parents leading you in the way you should go, you are leading them. From this time he kept up family prayers and soon was happy in a sense of sins forgiven. He was truly like a little child, often weeping for joy, though as

he declared, previous to his conviction and conversion he had never shed tears, even at the loss of near friends; but now, though not a natural singer, calling on me to assist, he would sing for his family hymn after hymn, till overcome with emotion, he would fall a laughing and weeping aloud; a laugh that was peculiar in its nature, such as methinks was Sarah's laughter when she said, "God hath made me to laugh, so that all who hear me will laugh also." That dear parent is now 87 years old, and having held fast his integrity, calmly waits, as a shock of corn ripe in its season, for the message to call him home. My mother died happy in the Lord, 20 years since. But to return; my father and mother and myself soon after united with the Episcopal Methodists; I enjoyed peace with God, and in a measure often joy in the Holy Ghost, but as yet had disclosed my feelings to no one but my parents. At meetings I sat in some corner, feasting alone exceedingly on the labors of the saints and minister. But soon I felt a longing desire to let my feelings be known; as is often expressed of stories vastly less interesting, "it was too good to keep." I first opened my mind to a sister in the Church, then in class meeting, then in love-feast. It was truly with fear and trembling I did so, being exceedingly diffident. The second time I attempted to speak in a love-feast, I cannot forget, it being to me truly a baptism of fire, such as I had not before known. The meeting was in a cold room, in dead of winter, no fire place or stove; my feet were very cold and I shivering; but in speaking I was so blessed and happy that sitting down, I felt a burning love in my heart for God and my brethren, that was as a fire, first in my bosom, and spreading over my whole frame, my feet waxed warm and I was truly comfortable in body and mind. I had many sore temptations, and being ignorant of Satan's devices, he often led me into carnal reasonings concerning my duty, or the course I was pursuing; yet animated by the example of sisters in Christ, I was following on in childlike simplicity, and growing in grace daily for three or four years, and had I still continued to do so, what conquests might I have gained and what glory have been my reward. But the period arrived for my faith and fidelity to be more severely tried. In hearing preaching in the power of the spirit, (as it usually was at that day,) I sympathized so much with preachers

in behalf of perishing sinners, that I had much ado to keep my seat when they had done, and not rise and give vent to my feelings, by way of exhortation, but for this I had no example among my sex; and fearing that the people and especially the preacher and brethren would think I was too forward, I quenched the spirit, yet it followed me, and at a certain time I attended the funeral of a child, where the congregation was mostly made up of friend Quakers. There being no preacher present, they all sat an hour silent; but O! what an hour was that to me. The Spirit strove with me to rise and speak; it brought a text of Scripture most appropriate; it opened a wide field before me, and as this people allowed women to preach, I seemed to have no excuse. But I feared, as the Quakers call all those who speak in public, "preachers," word would go out that I had been preaching and I shrunk and therefore quenched the spirit.

At another time I attended a funeral; when on my way thither my mind was impressed by the Spirit with the idea that the preacher, (for one was sent for,) would not be there, and I must speak to the people, opening as before a field of ideas, many of them new to me, but the same objection kept me back. The effect was, I was thrown into perplexity, fears and doubts. Though at the time duty appeared plain, afterwards all appeared dark, and Satan threw his fiery darts, telling me that I was a strange enthusiastic creature, and that such impressions were but the offspring of my own imagination, and should I be led by them I knew not to what length of folly I might be carried; quoting Jemima Wilkinson and others, as examples. These thoughts caused a shrinking, for no thought to me was more awful than of being led into error of doctrine and fanaticism. The spirit came again and again, pointing me to duty, but sure as that duty exceeded the known beaten track, prescribed by the customs of the day for females, so sure was I to disobey. The consequence was my enjoyment gradually declined, and the spirit gradually left off its striving until I was very dull and stupid, and began to fear I should backslide utterly. Now, friendly reader, let me ask you, could you have stood by and known the conflict of my soul, what would you have said to me: If it had been a man thus exercis-

ed in mind, you would have said, yield, disobedience; do your duty; "quench not the spirit;" but it was a woman, whereupon I suppose you will say, quench it, you have reached your stake, stay by it and go no further. This I did, and in my next chapter I will give you some further account of the consequences.

### CHAPTER III.

PHARISAIC STRICTNESS, FLATTERY AND DANGER OF BEING LED INTO HYPOCRISY—INWARD CONSCIOUSNESS OF NAKEDNESS AND DESTITUTION—A PRESERVATIVE FROM THESE—TOOK A SCHOOL FOR SIX MONTHS—STATE OF MIND WHILE THERE—REPROOF FROM FATHER WILES—GREAT TROUBLE AND DARKNESS ABOUT MY CONDITION—FASTING AND STRIFE—DISCOVERY OF THE DIFFICULTY VOWS, &c.

I had lost no particle of my resolution to serve God, but the trouble was, I was going to serve him in my own way and not in his way. Here Satan employed all his sagacity to lull my conscience asleep and make me think well of my condition. I was naturally of a sedate and thoughtful turn, and loved retirement; had no inclination for giddy company, was scrupulously plain in dress. I was living in many different families as I supported myself by hired service. I had a way of retiring to some secret place for prayer as regularly as I went to my meals; kept the Sabbath strictly, attended meetings, &c., and occasionally professors and non-professors congratulated me on my sobriety, wishing themselves as deeply devoted to God as they conceived me to be; and had it not been for the light of conviction, I should probably have believed them and become a painted hypocrite, a boasting pharisee. But I knew it was not with me as heretofore; I was destitute of the garment of Righteousness, wrought by faith, which once I had, covered me from wrath and shielded me from temptation. I had not that sweet fellowship with God and his people, nor the spirit of prayer and praise. In this state of mind, in the spring of the year that I was twenty years old, I took a school in the town of Seneca, Seneca Co., N. Y., for six months. Here was a large class of Methodists and a local minister, an Englishman, by the name of Wiles. In a meeting house close by my

school house, was circuit preaching once in two weeks, and they had prayer meetings every Thursday. I endeavored to plant the germs of piety in the minds of my scholars; prayed in my school, in short, left no outward thing undone so far as my prescribed limits extended. Here also, hints were thrown out by some of the Class, signifying that they considered me a person of exalted piety; but though I said nothing about it I felt wretched beyond description, and clanked my chains in secret, for though I sometimes made a sort of prayer in the prayer meetings, I felt myself destitute of the spirit, and I dreaded to be inquired of in the Class Meetings, for my mind was so barren I could hardly frame an answer. Thus passed three months; no one seemed to discern my spiritual state but the English preacher, Father Wiles, and he said to me one day, "Sister Bron (Brown) you must get more of the Spirit; without it you are a poor creature." I deeply felt the truth of what he said and owned it a reproof most reasonable; but how to get the Spirit, was the great question with me. James Gilmore was our circuit preacher, and one day he asked me the following questions: "Does not the Spirit press you to speak in public?—and does not the Scriptures sometimes open a field to your mind?" I gave him an evasive answer, as I was in no state of mind to own the truth. In the course of the last quarter, as my concern continually increased about my spiritual condition, so that I could not rest, I set apart one Friday to fast and pray, believing in my heart that I could so humble myself, confess my sins and seek mercy, that I could find it, because Christ had said "if we sought we should find," or "asked it should be given," and that "his Father was more willing to give the Holy Spirit to those that asked him than parents were to give good gifts to their children," forgetting that the suppliant must be submissive to his will, keeping his commandments, and willing to do those things that are pleasing in his sight, and though I knew it not, trusting too much to my own endeavors. After dismissing my school in the afternoon I retired to a wood near by, and choosing a retired spot, I knelt down and attempted to pray, but could not utter a word I felt so desolate and forsaken of God. I was tempted to despair, and think that God had given me over and I should never again taste of his goodness. I was disappoint-

ted and alarmed; I made several attempts at a sort of general confession, as "O Lord I have sinned, I'm exceeding vile," &c., but without any definite sense of how, or wherein, and on my face, and on my knees, I made attempts at prayer, but in vain.—Almost frantic with sorrow, I cried, "Lord have mercy upon me, I cannot pray," and gave up my attempts in despair. For a while my heart was pained and my distress was very great; could I have wept it would have been a relief, but the fountain was dry; not a tear could I shed. I felt like one inclosed within a cold stone wall; struggle as I might I could make no impression. So I sat down on a fallen tree to try to consider and examine myself. I looked back on past scenes of my life and then on my present mode of religious living; outwardly I could see no cause for my present state of desertion; what I now believe to have been the real cause had been long out of my thoughts. In deep anguish I cried "O, that I knew why all this trouble has come upon me!" Suddenly it came to my mind what impressions I had often had, and how I had obstinately disobeyed. Then I thought, it may be after all, that they were from God, and my disobedience may be the cause why I am thus deserted and dead while I have a name to live. I then knelt again and said "Oh Lord, if this is the thing which has displeased Thee and caused Thee to hide Thy face from me, I pray forgive me and let Thy Spirit again return to my unworthy breast, and I will obey Thee." But O, I knew not the deceit of my heart. On the next day (Saturday) towards night, there came a stranger to my boarding place and desired lodgings over the Sabbath, which was granted: He was poorly clad; no one would have suspected him to be a minister; but after resting awhile he began singing a hymn, and there was a certain sound in it which was to me reviving. He requested the privilege to pray, and prayed with such faith and power both night and morning, that it almost brought my dead soul to life. In the morning meeting he gave an appointment to preach in my school house in the afternoon. I began to feel after the old fashion, a conviction of duty to speak after him, and for the present consented; but when he was preaching I scarce knew what he said, so great was the conflict going on in my mind from the temptations and reasonings of Satan, and strange to tell, I



yielded to them, although the man of God threw the door wide open, by saying "There is liberty, if any brother or sister have a word to say." Of its being my duty to speak as the Holy Spirit led me I could no longer doubt, but having broken my vow and feeling guilty and disheartened, I could not look up to Heaven with confidence, nor dare I make any more vows, and remained in an uncomfortable state of mind for many months.

#### CHAPTER IV.

TOOK A SCHOOL IN CANANDAGUA IN 1813—FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH MY FIRST HUSBAND—CHARACTER OF HIS PARENTS—ATTENDED A QUARTERLY MEETING IN MIDDLESEX—EXERCISES OF MIND WHILE THERE—SPEECH OF JAMES GILMORE—ITS EFFECT ON ME—YIELDING TO THE DICTATES OF THE SPIRIT ON MY WAY BACK IN SPEAKING TO A CONGREGATION—ITS EFFECTS ON MYSELF.

In the spring of 1813, I kept a school in the township of Canandagua. There I became acquainted with my future husband, Mr. REUBEN HICKCOX. He was a member of the M. E. Church and his parents were pioneers in that Church, both in the State of Connecticut, from whence they came, and in this place also. They were pillars in the Church, and beloved and respected by all good people, adorning their profession with a well ordered life and good conversation, and had suffered much persecution, especially in Connecticut, in the infancy of Methodism in that country. They kept a Pilgrim's Inn, or free entertainment for all who loved the Lord, without respect to name or sect; and their neat and well ordered mansion was a pleasant resort for ministers of various denominations. In this summer, in company with my future husband, his mother and sister, we crossed Canandagua Lake and walked four miles to attend a Quarterly Meeting in Middlesex; it was held in a private house where we tarried in the interval, between afternoon and evening meeting. As a large number of us were sitting in a room in conversation, Mr. James Gilmore, who was the circuit preacher, spoke of some women on his circuit and remarked that they were very officious, and one

or two had applied for license, and concluded in a contemptuous laugh, in which he was joined by the company. This, with the prevailing views and customs of the day, was a thing of course. But he knew not that there sat by a silent listener who could not join in their merriment, and who was nearly electrified by his words. In this meeting I found little enjoyment, having many conflicting thoughts within. On Monday afternoon we came down to the lake, but the wind was so high that we dare not venture on with our little skiff, so we concluded to attend a prayer meeting near by, that evening, hoping the wind would fall. The meeting room was crowded and many seemed happy in God. For my part I desired to share with them, but could not enter into the spirit of worship as readily as they, for I had a controversy to yield first. I endeavored to resign my will, and say, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do." Then did I hear "the still small voice" say, I will that you speak in My name; my flesh cried, anything else but this. I thought, will it not answer as well to pray? But a feeling of horror passed over me, and I felt that under present circumstances, it would be mocking my Creator to his face. I remembered the wormwood and the gall, and that to obey was better than sacrifice; besides I had strong fears, if not obeyed this time, the gentle spirit would take its everlasting flight. Therefore I yielded and rose to my feet and began to speak. But now what a change, what a transition did I experience; light beamed upon me; love to God, for His great love to man, sprang up in my heart; sweet fellowship with His people, and melting compassion for perishing sinners; all these were felt while speaking with ease of utterance. When I had done, I felt as if in a new world, and I doubt whether any person of my capacity could feel greater happiness, which continued many days. We went to our skiff, but the lake was still too rough, so we tarried over night, but I was too joyful to sleep; I thought the question now settled as to my duty, and could no more doubt that God called me to speak in public, than I could doubt my own existence. Although I could not understand to my satisfaction, what St. Paul meant by saying that he "suffered not a woman to teach, but to be in silence, and that it was a shame for a woman to speak in the Church," etc.; and the reading of those passages always threw a damper on my

feelings. The Spirit of God, as I believe, in conjunction with my own experience, had taught me what He certainly did not mean, i. e. that he did not mean that they should quench or grieve the Spirit; hence He did not mean that they should not do any work to which that Spirit leads them, though it be exhorting or preaching or any other duty, public or private. I argued that as he has bestowed on females as well as males, gifts differing, and the greater and lesser gifts as promiscuously and indiscriminately on the one sex as the other, and if all are to be led by the Holy Spirit, all must have liberty of conscience. St. Paul said, the gospel he preached was not after man, for he neither received of man, neither was he taught it but by the Holy Ghost, and if the same Holy Ghost teaches the same gospel to females, and teaches them that they must preach it, who is Paul, or any other man, that they shall say they shall not? The Lord by His spirit inspired the prophet Joel to say, that in the last days he would pour out his spirit upon his servants and upon his hand-maids, and they should prophesy. Now could they prophesy without speaking? No; Paul said he that prophesieth, speaketh to edification, &c. If God then said they should prophesy, He said they should speak, and speak to edification, exhortation and comfort. This sets Paul against God, for God says they shall speak, and Paul says they must keep silence, for it is a shame for them to speak. But they say we must not speak in church; where then? Since to 'edify' is to build up, shall we go and build up sinners in their sins? If any are to be built up, surely it is the saints. Again, if God has bestowed gifts for one calling, has any man a right to force us to choose another? and if He intended no female should preach, why has He bestowed on some the ability to do it? So of any thing else that they can do. We would impeach the wisdom of a father who should provide his son with farming implements, who he knew must and would follow the mercantile business; or with mechanical tools who was to be only a farmer; and shall our all-wise Creator be charged with like folly and imbecility? No! whatever He has capacitated females to do, they have a right to do, under the guidance and restriction of His word and Spirit, as well as men. One of the circuit preachers once said to the

writer, Sister Brown, I am sorry you are not a man; if you were I would have you labor with me on the circuit; another said, sister B. I wish I had your oratory and your voice. But at the same time, had I avowed it as my belief that such a work as preaching was my duty, they would have thought it their duty to oppose me with their might. If they had not mistaken St. Paul's words, they would not have thought it wrong to follow his example, for women labored with him in the gospel. There is a mistake somewhere about this matter; may the Lord enable his church to see it. But I must return to my narrative; gentle reader pardon my long digression.

---

#### CHAPTER V.

THOUGHTS OF CELIBACY FOR CHRIST'S SAKE; FINAL DECISION; MARRIAGE — TEMPTATIONS; VICTORY BY RESORT TO THE BIBLE — GOOD RESOLUTIONS — ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES; HUSBAND DECLINES IN RELIGION; ANXIETY FOR HIM; ENDEAVORS TO CONSOLE AND COMFORT HIM; SUCCESSFUL FOR THE PRESENT — STRONG TEMPTATIONS AND SORE INWARD CONFLICTS — SENSIBILITY OF AND AFFLICTION ON ACCOUNT OF DECLENSION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN VITAL RELIGION.

My mind being settled in point of duty, another question arose upon which it was necessary I should soon decide; my school was about to close and I was conscious that I must enter a new mode of life. Two ways were placed before me; I had an offer of marriage, very suitable to my wishes; on the other hand I proposed remaining single, and going into the vineyard of Christ to labor, improving in public by way of exhortation, visiting families for religious conversation, and any way to be useful. In this latter way I saw many difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable; but the chief were the oppositions I apprehended I should meet from preachers, and the almost universal prejudice which prevailed, with very few exceptions, in churches and in the world, against females taking a public stand in any cause, espe-

cially the cause of Christ. Yet I have no doubt, had I possessed sufficient faith and courage to have taken this course, the Lord would have cleared my way and made me useful, perhaps to a degree I shall now never attain to. As to the former course, in it I did not expect to taste a cup of bliss unmixed, but as much as is usual, (at least with young people,) I anticipated some bitter ingredients would necessarily be commingled in the draughts of future life. Still I thought I should gain a protector and a help meet and perhaps be useful still, and considering that my own happiness was not all that was to be had in view, but the happiness of another, (at least for the present,) was deeply involved in my decision, I decided to take the former course. Accordingly on the first day of January, 1814, I was married to Mr. Reuben Hickox. Satan is a cunning adversary, always improving any novelty in our circumstances as an occasion to tempt us; I was followed with suggestions like the following: you cannot now be holy, you have a husband to please and must be involved in cares of this life, and have neither time nor means of usefulness, as you might have had in single life; the die is cast; it is all over with you; you will certainly backslide. To this I opposed the case of the old patriarchs, and various saints of the Old Testament with Mary and Elizabeth, Zachariah, &c., who the Scriptures declare were righteous before God, blameless &c.; and if they could live blameless and holy in a married state, so can I; and though I cannot keep myself from backsliding, I am called to trust in one who is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before His throne with exceeding joy. Thus I resisted the temptation, and resolved to trust in God, and to do the duties of my new relation, and endeavor to promote the present happiness of my husband, so far as consisted with his and my own salvation. The three following years there occurred what are usually termed the cold summers; very little was raised, and from three hard years' works we realized barely a subsistence. In addition to this, his father had purchased a piece of land for him, which he did not like, and refused to have. This displeased the old gentleman, so that for the present he refused him any aid. He bought another small farm, which involved him in debt, and having no team or any farming tools, he stayed on it a few years and

became discouraged and sold out to another man. His father now verbally gave him twenty-five acres off the end of his own farm, but refused to give him a deed, for the present. He built a house and moved into it, but still laboring under the same embarrassments, and meeting with some losses, being naturally ambitious, and anxious to gain property, he became very unhappy and discontented with his lot, and so declined in his religious feeling and enjoyment, that family prayer became a task and for a time was neglected. This was grievous to me, as we had now four little ones, and strong was my desire to bring them up for God and in the way they should go. I endeavored to expostulate with him, reminded him of our agreement before our marriage, like Abraham, to erect an altar for divine worship under his own roof, never to be torn down while we lived, I endeavored to encourage him to cast his burdens on the Lord, who had promised to sustain His people, who did so, reminding him of various promises contained in the Bible, insisting that as God, who cannot lie had made these promises, they ought to remove our anxieties about worldly affairs. That that was but a dead faith, which only trusts God without uneasiness, when all is prosperous; when our barns and our coffers are full, and our tables loaded with viands, not to say delicacies. That as christians we must have a practical faith, one that trusts without anxiety, when the harvest and the vintage fails, and the empty stall no herd affords; when the parched earth yields no increase, and our barns and stores are empty, and we know not from whence the next meal shall come, that history has recorded thousands of instances, where He has been thus trusted, and not in vain; that I verily believed He cared for us with more tender solicitude, than we care for our little children, and if we faithfully used the scanty means within our reach, He would order all things well, and all should work for good; and although he seemed not to view these things in so strong a light as myself, he appeared more reconciled and returned to duty. But while I strove to comfort him, for whose salvation I knew not but I was as solicitous as for my own, I had many conflicts and sources of grief within, I believed myself un sanctified, and discovered that many hidden evils, like the noxious weeds in a garden, were springing up and striving for the

mastery, which may be summed up under two general heads, *pride and selfishness*. I often sung in the language of my heart,

But pride, that busy sin, spoils all that I perform;  
Create my soul anew, else all my worship's vain,  
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true,  
Till it be formed again.

I also saw with great concern that there was a great declension from the power and vitality of religion in the Methodist E. Church, so far as my acquaintance extended.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHAT THE METHODISTS WERE, AS A SECT, FOR SEVERAL YEARS AFTER MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THEM — WHAT THEY WERE IN 1825, AT LEAST IN MY VIEW — AGREEMENT IN REGARD TO IT WITH ALL THE MOST DEVOTED MEMBERS — AFFLICTION ON ACCOUNT THEREOF; ENDEAVORS AND FERVENT PRAYERS FOR A REVIVAL IN THE M. E. CHURCH — THE CAUSE OF FAILURE FOUND TO BE RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY — THE CAUSES WHICH INDUCED BIGOTRY.

On my first acquaintance with the M. E. Church, which is fifty years ago, they were a humble, self-denying, godly people. The ministers who labored among us were truly examples to their flocks, and we discovered on frequent occasions, that what they taught us, they practised themselves. As the country was new and sparsely inhabited, they were inured to hardships and to the plainest fare, and might truly be said "to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and many of them might doubtless have said, what one of them expressed in rhyme:

"The coarse and scanty meal I eat,  
Then in some lonesome chamber creep;  
I cannot sleep for want of clothes,  
Smothered, and smoked and almost froze."

But they were full of the spirit of their Divine Master, and when they came, it was like the coming of Titus, and when they left us our feelings were like those of the Elders of Ephesus, we "wept sorrowing that we should see their face no more." Like

little children without jealousies or suspicions, we obeyed their teaching implicitly, and followed their examples, watching and praying diligently, and often fasting — especially was this duty enjoined, the Friday previous to every Quarterly Meeting — not only mentioned and not practised, as has since been the case, but actually practised. And as might have been expected when his hosts, thus trained and marshaled, came to the battle ground, their General was at their head. They were full of holy fire and the camp of the enemy's hosts trembled, and often such as came only to persecute and disturb their meetings, were seized with such convictions that they fell to the earth like men slain in battle. The preachers delighted to mingle with the people in their social prayer meetings, and all were like little children together, and frequently the new wine of the Kingdom was poured out so abundantly, and they drank so deep, that they made a noise as through wine, and preachers, and people, were dancing like "King David," or leaping like the lame man healed. At Camp-meetings, where many of the different regiments met, with their brave under officers, and the Great General at their head — it was often a place sweet and awful — sweet to the saints, and awful to the sinners — such power attended the preaching of the Word and the exhortation (for invariably one and sometimes two or three exhortations followed each sermon) that I have seen the countenance of the whole congregation almost blacken with excitement and at length rise to their feet and draw nearer and nearer to the stand, while sinners here and there would cry out "Lord have mercy on me," and saints filled to overflowing, would respond "Amen, God have mercy," and many wept aloud, and the preacher's voice was often drowned by the mingled cries of the wounded and shouts of the redeemed. In the intervals of preaching, as soon as necessary refreshments were past, two or three of the modern Romanes would take their stand at a convenient distance from each other, in clear spots on the ground, and commence singing some spiritual song. This was a rallying sign, and each was soon surrounded by hearty worshipers. Soon would they kneel lowly on the ground, and while the under-shepherd lifted up his voice in fervent prayer, a hundred faces might be seen upturned towards Heaven, with hands upheld rubbing or clapping,

which, with responses to each sentence, showed the depth of emotion they felt. Many, to our knowledge, very many, who were converted at these meetings, have lived faithful Christian lives, and died triumphant in the faith. The Methodist preachers of those days did not seem to know that their calling raised them to a high and dignified station, nor the people to look up at them with idolatrous and popeish reverence. The preachers did not come into prayer-meetings, and in some corner sit silent as if to criticise the performance of the people, nor the people at their entrance, whisper, there is one of the preachers, and hearts fail and knees tremble, and inly say to themselves, "I shall not be heard this time."

Let this suffice for what the Methodist E. Church was when I first knew her; but now, so far as our acquaintance extended, that fervent heat of love and devotion, was much abated and though the sword of the spirit, so far as theory is concerned, was still wielded, its edges were not so sharp, nor the arrows so pointed in the hearts of the king's enemies. A dead and formal worship was growing fast upon us, and many, formerly active, seemed to have all the work for the preachers, and official members, to do who, still honored on account of their station, were usually entertained in the more wealthy families. The poorer class complained that they did not see their preachers, except in the pulpit, thus losing confidence in their spiritual guides. These, with other causes, produced such effects as were sensibly felt by me, nor was I alone in my views of our condition; some of the preachers, and the more spiritual among the members, mourned over the declension though they did not attribute it to the real fundamental cause. It was very common for the preachers to charge it to the people on account of neglecting means of grace as they were called, such as class and prayer meetings, fasting, &c.; when the truth was, a cause which lay behind all these had rendered such means uninteresting and useless, and until that was removed all must fail. Many efforts were made to make Methodist do and feel as they used too; and at their meetings it was quite common to hear prayers offered up with earnestness, saying, O, Lord revive primitive Methodism; which was, in effect, a confession that they were a fallen people. And in great sin-

cerity did we pray, O, Lord revive thy work; and thought ourselves very liberal when we added, send by whom thou wilt, only send speedily to our help. And though we were very modest in speaking of it we were so sensible of a lack in the preachers, that from year to year as it closed we prayed that God would send us next year men after His own heart, full of the Holy Ghost, and faith. We had not the least idea that God would send by any other than the Episcopal Methodist preachers, the help we asked; and the event proved that when he sent by others, some of us were ready to fight against it. We talked of, and mourned over the faults of our beloved church, nor thought it a small detached portion, but a small part of Christ's church. We called it our mother, in whose lap we had been nursed and brought up, when that honor was only due to the one only universal church of Jesus as the instrument of our birth into His kingdom, and the nourishment and care necessary to our spiritual growth, love and esteem being due any man, or set of men in proportion as they labor in the spirit and their labors are blessed to our benefit, all praises being to God alone. Terue, St. Paul mentions some whose praise was in all the churches, but it was a report of individual goodness and usefulness, very different from the kind of praises given by the Corinthians to St. Paul, Apollos and Cephas. But our love for the M. E. church was too much of the latter kind; we had grown up into it under the drilling of our spiritual guides and teachers, who always seemed to give so much preference, and frequently eulogised our church polity, our discipline, our rules, &c. And knowing that in days past God had abundantly blessed her labors to us and thousands, it was hard indeed to wean any of her children, sufficiently to view her with an impartial eye, and has been so in all past ages. Thus was it with the Jews in the days of our Saviour, and thus, more or less, with every succeeding sect. And the holier their ancestors, or pioneers, and the greater the display of God's goodness, and power among them, the greater the tenacity, and the stronger their bigotry, which strengthens at every step of their retrograde march; till what they call their church, becomes an idol, and that love, trust and worship, which is due only to God, is paid to it. They are therefore jealous of anything which threatens to sup-

plant, and envious towards those they consider to be rivals.—Like Paul, they verily think they ought to do many things against them, and too often, if they could, would command fire to come down and consume them, not knowing what spirit they are of; while they think they are fighting against error, they are fighting against Christ, who is truth itself. And to such an extent has this sad mistake prevailed, as to transform affectionate parents and children, and wives and kind and dear friends, into tyrants, enemies and murderers. Such, to a certain extent, was the state of many minds among us Methodists, in the State of New York, at this period; at least to this it was growing, as it were, insensibly; we knew nothing for many years, of any sect but our own. We heard, it is true, of a Presbyterian church, but they kept by themselves, and we by ourselves. They doubtless thought we were Arminians and enthusiasts; and we thought the Presbyterians and Baptists were Calvinists, and we disliked close communion. Nor did we dream that our love-feasts and class-meetings might be too close; but presumed that we had the best rules, the best preachers, the best doctrines, of any church in the world. And if at any time we came in contact with a stranger who appeared devoted to God, the first thing that entered our mind was, is he or she a Methodist; and if we found they were called by another name they were at once depreciated in our view. But a brighter day was rolling on, and the dawn of an era when the minds of the people were to be enlarged. Hence the splitting up, and multiplication; light exposing faults and errors of sects, so that they could not shun contact with each other. Was not this the all-wise hand of Providence? The first sect that disturbed our false tranquility, was the 'Christian' order—so called; against them our preachers were soon in arms. They preached, wrote against them and excluded them from communion, calling them Deists, &c. Next came a Reformed Methodist, by the name of Calvin Gilmore, a brother of James Gilmore.—He preached what we called Methodist doctrine, and under his preaching happened what had not before for some time; *i. e.*, some sinners were converted. But though the young converts were caressed, and doors were opened and invitations given for them to come into our church, it was somehow found out that

Calvin Gilmore was a bad man, and that the Reformed Methodist church was made up of expelled members from other churches. But the young converts said, "whether he be a sinner or no we know not; one thing we know, that whereas, we were once blind now we see." "Will ye also, be his disciples?"

## CHAPTER VII.

BELIEF IN ITS BEING THE PRIVILEGE OF CHRISTIANS TO BE SANCTIFIED—EARNEST LONGING FOR, AND DEEP SENSE OF MY NEED OF IT—DEEP SENSE OF SHORT-COMING, AND WRONG IN ME, ONLY TO BE REMEDIED BY A DEEPER, AND MORE THOROUGH WORK OF GRACE—REFLECTIONS DURING A SEVERE FIT OF SICKNESS—VOWS, ETC.—RESTORATION TO HEALTH—REMARKS OF JAMES GILMORE—SIN OF THE DECEIT OF THE HUMAN HEART—TEMPTATIONS TO DISCOURAGEMENT—LOOKING UP BY FAITH, AND CLAIMING THE PROMISES—THE WAY TO EXERCISE FAITH, SO AS TO BE CLEANSED A MYSTERY—REAL EARNESTNESS—KEENNESS OF HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS—ATTENDED A CAMP-MEETING—HOPES OF FINDING HELP FROM MAN—DISAPPOINTMENT, EFFORTS AND STRUGGLE OF SOUL, ALL MEANS FAILING; AT LAST LED TO TRUST IN CHRIST ALONE; A SIGHT OF HIM ON THE CROSS BY FAITH BRINGS DELIVERANCE—THE ASSURANCE AND THE SATISFACTION.

The Methodists believed and taught the doctrine of holiness, and in the early part of their career carried out the doctrine practically, which was the case in many instances in my early acquaintance with them; but living examples grew rare after many years, though it was still held in theory. This doctrine I was led to believe, upon examination, finding it agreeable to the Scripture. In the Bible it is commanded; as far as Divine agency is required, it is promised; it is prayed for by the king of Israel, David, and St. Paul. It is declared to have been possessed by some; both in the Old and New Testament times; and on record are the testimonies of many modern christians, clear and lucid. I have also heard the testimony of some living witnesses that they have sought it not in vain; and if holiness is not attainable

in this life, then Christ did not fulfill His mission. He died "that He might sanctify the church with his own blood, and present it as a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; and His name is called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins; and it must be in this life, for His spirit is to teach all men to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. It became a settled point of doctrine with me that this was my privilege and high calling, and if my privilege, it was also my duty; and not to avail myself of it was to slight my Saviour's dying love, and remain unfit for Heaven, where nothing can enter that defileth—"without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Thus it was placed before me in a tangible shape, as something definite at which to aim, and after which to run, as after the prize of my high calling; and I felt intense longings so to run as to obtain. When I surveyed my past life, and my many short-comings, and how little progress I had made, how I had often grieved, and quenched the Holy Spirit, it seemed I had trifled with and insulted my Maker, asking to know His will and not giving up my own, and by being so weak in faith that I dare not brave the difficulties and opposition, in the path of duty.— And I felt and could plainly see pride as the root and selfishness at the bottom of all this. Ah! cried I, how can I ever serve you God aright, unless these enemies are cast out, and I am thoroughly cleansed. I am told that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," and that "God will sprinkle clean water upon me, and cleanse me." Yet the Apostle says, "let us cleanse ourselves." So it seems both God and His people are to be agents in their cleansing. About this time I had a severe fit of sickness, in which—as I was apprehensive that death might be near—I was led to a close examination of myself, and scrutiny of my past life, and searching of my heart. I saw so much that was not as it should have been, that I was deeply humbled; though I was conscious of forgiving mercy, and that if I did believe I should not be lost. Yet my cry was, Lord spare me, and give me grace to serve Thee and my generation better and love Thee more, and that which was wrong in my past life may be right in the future, and by Thine assistance, I will do all I can to save my fellow creatures, for I saw that the blood of souls would be on my spirit, and

build up Thy kingdom in the earth; and He who heareth prayer granted my petition, raised me up, and restored me to health.— About this time James Gilmore paid us a visit, and in the course of conversation said, to me, Sister H. you never ought to have got married; you ought to have gone and called sinners to repentance. I replied, I once thought so myself; but had I attempted it the Methodist preachers would have opposed me. No, said he, they would have given you all the liberty you asked. This remark tended but to remind me afresh of past delinquencies springing from the deep rooted pride of my nature; and I exclaimed—truly doth the Bible say "the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Had I been willing and obedient, God would have cleared the way before me; but I was unwilling, and therefore glad to find an excuse. Here temptations arose; the cunning adversary said, you have been led and deceived by the devil, till all chance of usefulness to you is lost, you have been so unfaithful, that God cannot consistently favor you now; you have put it out of your own power to do good; in short, the wind of temptation blew high, and waves of sorrow rolled over me.— But I still ventured to look up; I said, Lord, thou knowest I am sorry for my past unfaithfulness; I confess it all before Thee, and I am weary and heavy laden with a sense of it; and thou sayest, "come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Thy word declares if we confess our sins, Thou art faithful to forgive them, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. I feel Thou hast forgiven my sins, but when shall I cease to sin? not till thou hast cleansed me from all unrighteousness.— It is impossible, Thine own mouth hath said that a "corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit," or a bitter and corrupt fountain send forth sweet and pure water. I believe there is virtue in Thy blood sufficient to cleanse me; a fountain wherein thy word bids me wash and be clean; but how to do it I know not; it is all a mystery. Thou biddest me to be perfect. And again and again Thy word repeats the sentence, "be ye holy, for I the Lord, your God, am holy." But how shall I know when I have obeyed this command? Thou hast promised to sprinkle clean water upon me and make me clean; to take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh, and shall I know when thou hast done it.—

Satan tells me this is too great a blessing for me to expect, and if I plunge in the fountain and make me clean, if Thou fulfill Thy promise, and give me a clean heart, a heart of flesh; that I shall not dare to believe it, and that it would tend to puff me up with pride if I did. I felt at times, a clear sense of pardon, attended with a measure of peace and joy in the Lord. But I could not be satisfied with this alone. There was a longing and thirsting to know more of God. All the time I could spare—from the care of my family—was eagerly snatched for prayer, and supplication. In this state of mind I attended a camp-meeting in Hope-well township, N. Y. Here I hoped to meet with some holy persons, or to hear some preacher preach who had come to the fountain, and who would instruct me in the way to come. I eagerly listened, and watched for something that suited my case; but the preachers dwelt mostly on the first principles; no searching probe sought the deep corruption of my heart. No healing balm was poured into the aching wound within. Meanwhile I observed costly apparel and finery, with an air of carelessness and indevotion in many, who in time past were humble, and living christians. It told too plainly of backsliding. My heart ached, and I could only weep and repeat the words of Jeremiah, the prophet: "Woe is me, for I am a person of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips." "O that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night, for the slain of the daughters of my people." Thus passed Friday. On Saturday, in the forenoon, the preacher took a text which I do not remember; only I know it led him to speak on the doctrine of Holiness. What he said was good and true. He told us of great and glorious things in reserve for the faithful, even in this life, beyond what I had experienced. But I could not be satisfied that he had explored the goodly land of holiness, or christian purity, as Caleb and Joshua of old had done, and therefore could not enter into the minutiae of christian experience in this department, or give a description of the land marks and point out the dangers and snares to be shunned, and tell us the way marks. As all such means which I had used had failed to bring the blessing to me, so now I despaired of finding help from man. I believed it was in Christ for me and sometimes seemed about to grasp it,

when one doubtful thought would place it again at a distance.— I went into a prayer circle, feeling distressed in mind. I went in search of my beloved, but I could not find him there; and the watchmen had only directed me onward, I must go beyond them. I thought if I were in the woods alone, I could find Him; so I went out on the women's side of the ground and sought Him, now on my knees, now on my face, for a while, but could not find Him. I said it makes no difference where, or in what posture I am, or what I do, it is all in vain, but I seek God, and cannot and will not rest until I find Him. So I came back to the prayer-meeting, knelt again and said, Lord, thou hast promised they that seek shall find. I will hold on to thy promise; I cannot, I will not let Thee go, till Thou come and bless me.

"Yield to me now, for I am weak;  
But confident in self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in mercy speak;  
Be conquered by my instant prayer."

I now seemed like a poor beggar, pleading with the Lord so earnestly that I heard not the sound of prayer and singing that was going on around me, and only realized that God and myself were there. I thought of my Saviour on the Cross; of the streaming blood; the dying groan; the exclamation—"it is finished." Just then the words of Mr. Fletcher, as recorded by Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, came to my mind: "As when you reckon with your creditor, and as when you have paid all, you reckon yourself free, so now reckon with God; Jesus hath paid all, and you are free." At that moment my believing soul, and my Redeemer met; my faith took hold upon Him as my Sanctification, my all in all; mine in possession—mine forever. In Him I felt was all I wanted—my soul was satisfied. My heart melted with love; tears of gratitude flowed abundantly, and now I heard the noise of prayer and singing, and the sound was inexpressibly sweet. I arose to my feet; then the thought came: have you found the blessing you sought? The answer was, O, yes, yes; and it is all in Jesus; He is all I want, and He is mine. The next thought was, dare you to believe so great a blessing yours? The answer flowed spontaneously from my heart: O, yes, I cannot help believing it. Then did I see plainly, that its greatness consisted in its humility, and entire dependence on Christ; that so far from pride, and trusting in our own righteousness, we were emptied of self, and cast our own righteousness all away, as filthy rags.



ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY 60TH BIRTHDAY, JULY 15TH 1852.

My soul looks back on years long past, there finds abundant room  
For gratitude to God, whose love has brought so dear a home ;  
The blessings I've enjoyed have flowed from Thee, my gracious God ;  
And deeply I regret that ere the paths of sin I trod,  
Paternal care, maternal love, supplied my early wants,  
And taught me in my God to trust, who still this blessing grants.  
Thy spirit their instructions wrought most deeply on my heart ;  
My conscience soared when ere from them I ventured to depart.  
When young, with powerful cords of love my tender soul was  
drawn,

The light of a most blessed morn began on me to dawn.  
But still I thought I was too young to seek a Saviour's grace ;  
But still He called, and I obeyed, and saw his smiling face.  
I read my title clear to heaven, and plainly heard Him say :  
Daughter, thy sins are all forgiven, thou art in Christ, the Way ;  
Though weak, ignorant and young, He said, fear not vain man,  
Thou must confess me with thy tongue. This is the Gospel plan.  
Sometimes I did my Lord confess, sometimes I Him denied  
And would not bear the Cross for Him who on it for me died.  
When I obeyed, I found sweet peace and joy unspeakable ;—  
When disobedient, guilt, shame, and fear of death and hell.  
Then Satan came with cunning wiles to turn me from the truth,  
Saying, you cannot long hold out for you are but a youth,  
And see how many older saints, more strong and gifted, fall ;  
Great trials yet before you lie, you can't withstand them all.  
I cried, I must or I am lost beyond the reach of hope,  
My soul is worth ten thousand worlds, I will not give it up.  
At length I saw such ups and downs, there was no need to have—  
My God poured light upon my eyes, anointing them with salve.  
I saw that—trusting in His grace—He would enable me  
Always to do what he required and from all sin to flee.  
Feeling my weakness, well I knew I could do nought alone.  
In earnest prayer to him I flew ; O, then he helped me on.  
Through toil, care, griefs and woes, He gently cleared my way ;  
And by His power through faith I hope to land in endless day.  
Beneath the weight of three score years, though I am now pressed  
down,  
I have no unbelieving fears—" There waits for me a crown."

## CHAPTER VIII.

REVIEW OF THE SALVATION EXPERIENCED—STRVINGS OF THE  
SPIRIT FOR ITS DISCLOSURE—OBJECTIONS ARISING AGAINST IT—  
DISOBEDIENCE AND ITS EFFECT—THE POINT OF CONTROVERSY  
YIELDED AND THE PRECIOUS PEARL RESTORED.

Some may be ready now to inquire: Do you believe that at the  
time you speak of you were sanctified. Answer: I do believe the  
grace I then received was sanctifying grace. In other words, a  
step towards entire renovation, or a new degree of faith, propor-  
tioned to my capacity, or a degree suited to my then present  
light, which exposed to my view my present wants—a degree  
which enabled me to comprehend Christ as a full and sufficient  
present Saviour from all sin and my surety with God, for all I  
wanted for soul and body, inasmuch as in giving His Son, He has  
given assurance that He will give us all things ; and godliness  
"hath the promise of this life as well as that which is to come."  
And in proportion to the degree of faith was the new degree of  
love. My heart, which had hated all that was wrong in itself,  
by faith was emptied of it all, and filled to its then utmost capa-  
city with pure and disinterested love to God and impartial love  
to all mankind. When I say *disinterested* I mean such as pre-  
cludes wicked or carnal interests. Do any ask: how did you get  
that faith?—was it wholly by your own act, or did God infuse it  
into your heart independent of your action? I answer: neither  
the one nor the other, but both in connection ; and I know not that  
I can explain it better than by saying, that in the first place I  
admitted the truth that the blood of Christ could cleanse me.  
This was my own act and my duty, and feeling my pressing ne-  
cessity, I found this alone did not meet it. God's word said, "His  
spirit should lead us into all truth ;" hence I pressed my suit for  
the aid of the Holy Spirit. It came ;—it placed before me in  
vivid colors the object of faith, my great Deliverer and His suffer-  
ings, as evidence of His love and faithfulness, and strengthened  
me to believe and embrace Him for what he is to His people, a  
Saviour from all sin ; and as in justification He bore witness of  
the relation I bore to Christ as a poor filthy sinner, washed and  
cleansed by His blood ; a poor beggar, enriched by the gift of  
Himself in His fullness.

Thus, as it were, in an infantile stage of the sanctifying grace of God, all my present wants were supplied, and my soul filled to overflowing, so that I longed to tell some one my feelings. I sought a devoted sister, and partly committed myself to her after returning home. I enjoyed great peace and serenity, and a bright witness that I really did love God with all my heart and my neighbor as myself; and I had a secret conviction that I ought to make it known, that others might be incited and encouraged to seek after the same grace. But here various considerations urged themselves upon me. In the first place—although the Methodists admit the truth of this doctrine—there are none among them within the bounds of my acquaintance, who are witnesses of it in present enjoyment; and there are individuals who laugh at the idea of perfection. These will not believe me. Besides, every eye will be fixed upon me if I make such a profession, and if I am detected in a fault, it will bring a great wound upon the doctrine of Holiness, and disgrace on myself. It will cause much talk, at the least, and would it not be wiser to enjoy the grace and silently show forth its fruits, than to excite their curiosity by bringing certain strange things to their ears. I studied much on this subject; now thinking it best to declare fearlessly what was in my heart, and leave the event with God, and again shrinking from the very thought; nor could I decide which course to take. At length an opportunity offered in a prayer-meeting, and as the poet expresses it:

"I felt my Savior in my heart,  
And groaned to tell my story."

I arose and spoke a few words, but was so circumscribed by fear of committing myself on the above subject, that I did not speak to my own satisfaction; and thought of Ananias and Sapphira, who kept back a part. At the next opportunity, my fears and embarrassments were still greater, and so on till my enjoyment gradually declined and I sought for the inward testimony before enjoyed, in vain. Thus I continued one year, during which time I sometimes rejoiced, in a measure in God; but immediately felt too plainly my lack of former faith and love, and that I had lost a pearl more precious than the most fine gold. I tried to pray for its restoration; but too strong was my conviction of wherefore I had lost it, to pray with faith. In short, I saw plainly

wherein I had grieved the Spirit; i. e., by not following its gentle leadings, fearless of consequences. I had again chosen my own way, in which doubtless many would think me wise; but "the foolishness of God is wiser than men," and the wisdom of men and that which is highly esteemed by them is "foolishness with God." While I hungered again for the bread and thirsted for the water of life, and mourned as a dove for his mate, I saw that my Maker had a controversy with me and there was a test point to be yielded on my part. That was, that I should confess to the brethren and sisters what I had experienced, and that I was a backslider from God, and how it had come about. I felt that to do this would be a greater cross and self-denial than to have borne a witness at first. But while in a class-meeting, I felt that my salvation was suspended on this point; I therefore yielded and arose, and so spoke as to clear my mind and disburden my soul. My heart felt much lighter; peace, comfort and reviving hope sprang up. I now had additional evidence of the woe to him that striveth with (or against) his Maker; and that the way of God, or the ways of true wisdom, are ways of pleasantness. I now prayed with great confidence that my backslidings would be healed, nor was I disappointed. About three weeks after, I attended another camp-meeting on the old ground, and in a prayer circle I again endeavored to take God at His word by faith, in that precious promise, "I will circumcise thine heart, and thou shalt love the Lord with all thine heart." I plead the merits of Christ alone, and again he appeared to my full salvation and satisfaction. My soul was dissolved in love and thankfulness; after this my witness was clear, and I endeavored to let my light shine, nor dared to hide His grace within my heart. I bore testimony to His goodness, power and willingness to save to the uttermost all His people who come to Him by Jesus Christ; and love increased and burned like a flame in my heart.

## CHAPTER IX.

REASONINGS AND REMARKS AMONG THE PEOPLE CONCERNING ME AND MY PROFESSION—HAPPY STATE OF MIND FOR THREE YEARS—LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE LEADERS OF OUR CLASS—REMOVAL INTO THE CENTER OF THE CLASS—EFFORTS FOR REVIVAL—THROUGH TEMPTATION SOME DOUBTS AND FEARS—LIGHT OBSCURED—ENJOYMENT LESSENERD.

The people had great reasoning among themselves concerning me and the profession I had made among them. Some were skeptical about the doctrine of holiness; others admitted its truth and said, if they lived near me that they could satisfy themselves as to the truth of what I professed, by my daily walk. I was truly in a happy state of mind. The Sabbath was a delight—praise and prayer were my most sweet employ. I thought I felt an alliance with the inhabitants of heaven, delighting to do the will of God on earth as they did in heaven. My heart o'erflowed with love to God's people. I longed to have them come and taste the full salvation I found in Christ. I labored to explain to them how to believe and enter in; it seemed so easy and looked so plain to me. I wondered that I could not make them see and understand, and make it a present concern to enter this blessed land, which I found flowing with milk and honey. I felt melting pity for sinners, and exhorted and entreated them to turn to God, from the fullness of my heart. I expected thus to spend the remnant of my days—that I should always keep the same firm hold on Christ and the promises. True, I was sometimes tempted, but I looked to Christ and the tempter fled. I had some light afflictions but they passed and left me to my joys. A subsequent experience, however, demonstrated, that though I had found there was present rest and fullness in this life in Christ, by faith, to me it was given not only to believe, but to suffer for His sake. Knowing the low state of religion in the class of Methodists to which I belonged, I wrote a letter to the leader and assistant leader of the class, endeavoring to set before them my views of their spiritual condition, with the influence they had either for good or evil, and their awful responsibility to God as leaders of His flock. My letter was couched in most respectful language; and on the

Sabbath after receiving it, in his usual exhortation, the leader mentioned having received such a letter; spoke in high terms of it and quoted the following passage of Scripture: "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head." He did not name the author. From the way he spoke, I hoped my letter might do some good; but vain was my hope, for (as I afterwards found,) it only served to flatter their vanity and increase their already too great sense of self-importance. Hearing of no efforts on their part to promote a revival for several weeks, I took an opportunity to converse with our leader on the subject, and thinking the neglect of social prayer, and the consequent loss of interest in such means to be the cause of declination, tried to persuade him to institute such means and get the brethren in the spirit of prayer and praise, being sure that this would be the beginning of a revival. But he assured me it would be of no use to try, for within a few years he had made several fruitless attempts. I have since thought the same thing, for instead of the above being the cause, it was only the effect of greater causes that lay behind, yet undiscovered.

My husband—being yet embarrassed in his worldly circumstances and much discouraged—sold his twenty-five acres of land to his brother-in-law, he having obtained a promise from his father to give him a deed, took some property and two notes in payment. The next day he became very sick of his bargain—the only instance of the like in his life—and wished it to be recanted. His brother-in-law refused, unless I should say that I thought he had swindled him. This I could not say in tender conscience, believing he received an ample equivalent. At this my dear husband was very angry and threw the notes into the fire, declaring I was the means of robbing him of all he possessed. On the morning after, I reasoned with him with tears, and prevailed upon him to go with me to see his brother-in-law, who persisting in his refusal, re-wrote the notes for him. But his manner toward me was so changed, and he appeared so thoughtful and dejected, that I feared he was tempted to commit suicide, the very thought of which pierced my heart like a sword; and most earnestly did I entreat the Lord by His providence to prevent it. Several

years afterwards I learned that my fears were not groundless. Soon after this, he took the farm of Mr. Jonathan Maek to work on shares, having taken a good span of horses, wagon and harness in payment for his land. This was early in the spring. The upright part of the house in which we lived was occupied by another family until the next fall. This compelled us to live in a little shanty built on to the end of the house, the roof and floor being very poor; but I felt willing to endure almost any inconvenience since my husband appeared cheerful and satisfied; and that year's work proved more for his interest pecuniarily than any previous year's labor since our marriage.

We were now in the centre of the No. 9 class as it was called, and within half a mile of the Methodist chapel; whereas we had always lived three miles distant. Our class-leader also lived in sight of our house. This I considered a favor, as I wished to renew my efforts to get up a revival of religion. Again I solicited the leaders to appoint prayer-meetings, which they did. But after they complied with my wishes, I became more dissatisfied than before; for after the leader had opened the meeting with much weeping, perhaps one or two more cold and formal prayers followed, after which there was no spirit of prayer among us; of speaking or singing, or doing anything else. I had ever been active in this kind of meetings and felt willing to do my duty, whatever it was; but I felt as if fettered hand and foot, while an unaccountable weight of distress weighed down my spirit. The non-professors—of whom there was usually a room full—would sit and look at each other as if they would say, what ails these poor Christians? While the meeting lasted, my aching heart sunk but could not break, nor my eyes weep; but when the people were dispersed, I broke down and a flood of tears relieved my distress. It was in one of these paroxysms of bitter weeping that I cried in my heart: O! Lord, I cannot live so; what shall I do? and a voice seemed to speak within, saying: you must withdraw from this people.

About this time my light and the clearness of my witness of perfect love was somewhat obscured by means of temptation to doubt, on account of a natural fear which I felt in any physical danger, not understanding the kind of fear which St. John meant

when he said, "He that feareth is not made perfect in love. There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment." I knew not how to distinguish between natural fear—which God has placed as a necessary ingredient in all animate nature, and without which they would as soon run into danger as from it—and that tormenting fear which arises from guilt and unbelief. Therefore the enemy came up and disputed my evidence, saying, you have fear, therefore you are not made perfect in love. After all, you are deceived; and if so, your case is a desperate one, for you have done all you can do to find the truth in regard to this subject. I could not find a satisfactory solution to this problem, and all I could do was to appeal to the Searcher of Hearts; that He knew that if I did not yet love Him with all my heart and soul, might, mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself, I desired above all things to do so. But the Lord had been preparing me for trials of which I had no conception, and to fight sore battles, wherein I obtained some signal victories; and sometimes my cunning adversary, taking advantage of my ignorance and wrong notions, foiled me in my attempts at usefulness; and walking, like Mr. Bunyan's Christian, through the valley of the shadow of death—the narrow path shrouded with the darkness of mystery, he has thrown me prostrate, and my sword flew out of my hand, so that for a season I had but one sword to fight with, and that was All-Prayer. But out of the contest (however much he bruised me,) I usually emerged with this advantage at least, that I had learned his devices in that quarter, and if he took the advantage of me again, it must be on new ground.

## CHAPTER X.

GOD'S PEOPLE A TRIED PEOPLE—MY IGNORANCE OF THE MEANING OF THOSE TWO WORDS: RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY—FIRST, DISCOVERY OF IT IN MYSELF; SECOND, IN OTHERS; TREATMENT OF MYSELF, TO MY GRIEF AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

The God of infinite and unsearchable wisdom declares that He

chooses His people in a furnace of affliction. Even the immaculate Son of God, as our example, learned obedience by the things He suffered. He became obedient in suffering to death, even the death of the Cross. His sufferings and death were meritorious, in order to atone for our sins, that we might have the immortal honor and exalted privilege of being like him—obedient to suffering and martyrdom, (if called thereto,) and then reigning with him in exceeding joy on the throne of His glory. He leads them in a way which they know not; He gives them a thorn in the flesh, because on their part there exists a necessity for it, and assures them that His grace is sufficient to support them under it. Through great tribulation they must enter the kingdom, and close by the gates of death and hell must make their way to heaven, not through sin, but in danger of it; not through the spirit and nature of hell, but by their narrow escape from it. “If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?” He says, he does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. While ignorant of the Holy Scriptures, we are destitute of the strongest source of comfort and consolation, and the most efficient weapons wherewith to meet our spiritual foes; for the Word of God is called “the sword of the Spirit;” therefore, affliction should drive us to search diligently that Holy Book, and to ask and receive the spirit in which it was written; to open and apply its truths to our understanding as we have need.

As yet I had hardly begun to share, and was but poorly prepared for great sufferings and sacrifices in the cause of Christ, having suffered but little persecution or met much opposition in the path of duty, when willing to walk therein, and rarely with any reproof; on the contrary, was treated with more deference and respect than is usual for one in my humble position; nor did I dream that I thought too highly of my good name. Once I believe I was heard to say that I would rather part with my right arm than lose my good name; forgetting that it is one thing to deserve a good name and another, in this wicked world, to get it; in other words, that the good name which Solomon says “is better than precious ointment,” is a good character in the sight of God. But its possessor may, and often has at the same time, said

all manner of evil of him falsely, for Christ's sake. Mr. Wesley, in the midst of his greatest usefulness, said that “by common report among men, his character was no better than that of a horse-thief.”

I began that summer to enter on first lessons of suffering with and sacrifice for my Saviour. Up to this time I had read but little except my Bible, for good books and papers used not to be rained down upon us as manna was upon Israel, as at this day. I had the journal of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers; this I read over and over, till I could at any time repeat whole pages of it; besides I had read Mr. Baxter's Rules of Holy Living and Dying; but nothing in these was said about religious or sectarian bigotry, and I scarcely knew there were such words in the English language. It was reserved to me to learn their name and meaning first by bitter experience. In the first instance, the Christian denomination, so called, came and held meetings next door to us—only a few rods distant. I felt a lothness to attend, but as it was so near, I was ashamed to stay away. My mind was nearly made up about them, having heard so many evil reports and heard our preachers preach against them, and debar them from the holy sacrament, pronouncing them Deists, &c. My heart was touched when I saw some of the outcasts weeping outside of the meeting-house, knowing them to be exemplary Christians, as I passed out; but I only thought they were well-meaning but deluded people. But to return. When I heard them they said nothing but what I could subscribe to as the truth; but when they showed warmth of purpose and zeal, I was offended; for I thought if their doctrines were so bad they must be acting the hypocrite; and as some of them began to make a noise as through wine, praising God, the happier they appeared to feel, the more unhappy I felt, till I was fain to get out and pass away. On my way home I asked myself, why, if that people were bad, it need make me feel so miserable? and suspecting something wrong in myself—knowing my feelings were very different from that unutterable pity and tender compassion begotten by the Spirit of God in the minds or hearts of Christians, towards sinners and them that are out of the way—I cried, O, Lord, if thou dost own and love this people, help me to own and love them too. Then came to my mind that well-known passage of Scripture: “God is no respecter

of persons, but in every nation (and so, said I, in every denomination,) he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him ;" and so said I, they ought to be accepted with us, and henceforth be this my only test of fellowship. Thus the above circumstance brought to me both the knowledge of the disease of bigotry and its cure. Soon after this, one morning a little after breakfast, a wagon and horses, with four persons—all being my neighbors—drove up to our gate. There were three men and one woman, who was sister Candace Case, (widow) much respected and beloved by all. The three men were not members of our church—one or two of them had been expelled. They had all had their hearts stirred and warmed under the labors of Calvin Gilmore, and had started to go to his quarterly meeting, and had come to have me go with them, as sister Case did not wish to go without a female companion ; nor would she have dared to commit such an innovation as to attend that meeting, had she not had the excuse of visiting her daughter, who lived near where it was held. I told them that my going was out of the question, as I had four little ones to leave ; but the sister who lived under the same roof offered to take care of them. I then had another excuse ; my husband was absent, and he would not approve of it. But all as one agreed they would stand between me and all blame, and as they utterly refused to take No for an answer, and they were in haste, if possible to reach there before the afternoon meeting, I began to dress myself to go, when sister Mack came with a message from her husband, adjuring me, if I was a friend to the Methodist Episcopal Church, not to go to that meeting. Surprised and somewhat frightened, I tried again to plead off, but in vain. So we started on our way ; but considering it all over, and fearing for the issue, I strewed my tears for many a mile.

The meeting was held in a barn on the east shore of Canandaigua Lake. We arrived in time for the afternoon service, and Calvin Gilmore stood forth meekly to preach ; and it seemed, indeed that his lips were touched with hallowed fire. I had not for a long time been so refreshed under preaching. After meeting, I retired to a neighboring wood to commune with God and myself, and pray for grace to stand fast, whatever trials might await me. On Sabbath at 9 o'clock we assembled for an open

love-feast. The brethren and sisters began singing, which was done so much in the spirit, and followed by loud breathing and such expressions of fervor, that I said to myself, if the doors were shut I should expect a good time ; but how can we, with open doors and every one coming in at their pleasure ? But as the meeting proceeded, I forgot the doors, and fed on holy manna, along with the humble Christians present ; and we had truly a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord. When they came to administering the sacrament, an invitation was given to all Christians to eat and drink with them in memory of our dying Lord. I, of course, longed to go forward, but as none of the Episcopal Methodist brethren or sisters went forward, I, of course hesitated till the opportunity had nearly passed, when I thought, it surely is my duty to commune with this people ; but if it be counted an act of treason to attend the meetings, surely it will be counted an unpardonable offence if I commune with them. But again I thought, I must answer for myself individually, before God, and I must act independently. So forward I went, and several of the Episcopal brethren and sisters also came and kneeled with me. On the whole, the meeting was a good one, and served to convince me that God's true people were all one in Christ Jesus, and the only good reason for preferring, or loving, one individual or company of individuals, more than another, is their possessing more of the Love, Spirit and Image of our common Heavenly Master. I arrived at home on Sabbath night about ten o'clock ; the family were in bed, and as I was about undressing, my dear husband said "you need not come here ; as you have chosen the company of hypocrites and backsliders, you may go with them ; and since you like the deformed Methodist preachers so much more than you do me, I will take the first opportunity to send you over the Lake, and you may go off with them." Although I did not think him more than half in earnest, his words were cutting. I assured him I loved him too well ever to leave him, unless I was compelled to do so. In the morning he appeared not in the most pleasant mood, thinking me recreant to my duty, both to my church and to my family. And I found that the sister with whom I left the children, had complained to him of the trouble they were to her ; and my conduct had been represented by her

and the neighbors, in no conciliating light. In addition to this, on Sunday, a little before night, there had been an overwhelming shower of rain and hail, which did much damage to wheat and rye, and tore the corn leaves and garden vegetables to shivers, so that nature presented a gloomy spectacle without, and literally, it was no less so within, for the rain had found its way through the rickety roof, and everything but our beds was thoroughly wet. After breakfast, brother and sister Mack came to expostulate with me, and dissuade me from running after things new and strange, they being sure that the P. M. Church was no Church, having but few preachers or members, scattered over the country, and made up of expelled members from other churches, mostly from the M. E. Church, and was disgustingly apeing her. I was not prepared to contradict these charges, but merely assured them I could not believe it of those I had seen, and that I believed God was truly with us at the quarterly meeting, and I felt it was good to be there; and I could not see how it could dishonor or injure the M. E. Church for me to have attended it.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

M. E. CHURCH ONCE A PERSECUTED PEOPLE — THE CHANGE OF HER CIRCUMSTANCES HEREIN — PERSECUTION UNEXPECTED FROM THEM — VIEWS OF WILLIAM BRAMWELL CONCERNING THEM IN HIS DAY — CHARACTER OF OUR LEADER — HIS VIEWS OF THE HONOR THAT COMETH FROM MEN — MY WITHDRAWAL FROM THE M. E. CHURCH, AND RETURN TO HER — MY VOLUNTEERING UNDER THE WING OF THE REFORMED METHODIST CHURCH.

The Lord said to King Saul, "When thou wast little in thine own sight, I chose thee to be Captain over my people, Israel"—and it appears that while he was thus humble in the sight of his Maker, and his own sight, the wicked hated and persecuted him; for we are told in Scripture, that there were "Sons of Belial who despised him, and sent him no presents, but he held his peace." And so far as carnality or unrenewed human nature prevails, instead of the grace of God, it is the same thing in sects or bodies of men, as in individuals. Thus when the Methodists, both

in England and America, were comparatively small in numbers, wealth and power, they were little in their own sight, and because they were poor and made but a little figure, among the great and high things the world admires, the wicked despised and persecuted them.

We well remember, when the press in America often contained scurrilous reports concerning them, without any favorable notice of them, and when the printers of Canandaigua came to camp-meeting to collect all the scurrilities, or disgraceful things, and such as would gratify the risible propensity of the people, and published them in a pamphlet, which shows what public opinion was concerning them at that time, but their success being almost unexampled, their increase of members in numbers, which was duly published in their minutes yearly, and some of the wise, the noble, the rich, and the learned, joining them, the tone of the press began to change, and now and then honorable mention was made of the increase of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They got up a book concern, yea, they, who once thundered in the pulpit against a man-made and man-paid ministry, got up their Colleges and Seminaries of learning, that theirs might be as learned as the rest, and required a certain course of theological reading, of each traveling preacher; they became able to build superb houses of worship; and now in regard to them, the world had fallen from scorn and abhorrence, first to pity, then to admiration, then to prejudice in their favor;—from nothing, they had grown to be something. Indeed, says the world, they are a numerous and wealthy people, they are helping us to populate our cities and villages, and furnishing their Chapels with respectable appurtenances, and a learned and able ministry, and is it strange, considering what the world is, that it ceased to hate, and began to love them. But no matter, if it were not that there is a hard saying about it in the Bible, which reads something like this: "The world will love its own, and them only." And if it were not likewise, that in proportion as they rose in outward prosperity, they rose in a sense of self importance or denominational pride. But I had up to the period last mentioned, been as blind to all this as the rest, and could not see the reason why the preaching was not so powerful, and the people so warm-hearted as once they were, nor

why our meetings were not so refreshing as when we used to meet in the lowly log cabin in the woods. It seemed right, that when we were able, we should have better meeting houses, dwelling houses, clothes, victuals &c., and so it was, to a certain extent, but in that searching book, it says: "Let your moderation be known to all men." Now we cannot see how our moderation can be known or seen by all men, unless we study our real wants, and restrict our expenses, both in regard to public and private accommodations within our real necessities, and letting even these give way to our neighbor's extremities; but this would make us singular, and require great self-denial. Well, this is just what the Church wants—this would make us beloved of God and Angels, but if we want the world to love us, we must do as the world does, and love the things the world loves.

But to return to our history. Br. I. V., (for these are the initials of our class leaders' name;) and Brother F. V., the assistant leader, were duly impressed with the honorable position we had come to occupy among the churches. The impression was also plainly to be read in remarks of the presiding Elders and circuit Preachers. In the deference shown, and importance attached to our discipline, our rules, Church order, Ministry &c., we remember to have read in the memoirs of William Bramwell, a sort of lamentation, saying that the glory of the Methodist Church in England, had been her doctrines and practice of holiness; but that she had already begun to pass from the inner, to the outer glory. And we would ask you, brother or sister Methodist, especially those who have been long acquainted, if it has not been the case with that Church in America. Yet there are many Saints in that Church, who do not yet see these things, both preachers and people. May the Lord pour light upon them all, and may they soon exhibit a glorious reform, and more than primitive holiness prevail among them. But if she does not reform as a body, we cannot advise humble souls to stay in her till she becomes more cruel than the Ostrich in the wilderness, or the Sea Monsters which draw out the breast. We do not think the Sect called Methodist is alone in all we have been describing, but her case is the case of all religious Sects which have risen one after another according to the degree of outward prosperity enjoyed for any

length of time. I frequently heard our leaders speak of the marked deference and respect shown them by the Judges, Justices and Lawyers of Canandaigua, and was led to ponder on the difference of treatment by the world from what it once was. I read in the Bible "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution," and feeling such a dearth of the water of life in our meetings, I was led to tell my mind sometimes very plainly, even saying—according to Mr. Wesley's definition of Methodists—we are not Methodists, but if we even were, we are backsliders; I am certain we are not the humble, Godly people we once were, and I often prayed that God would bring me nearer to himself, though the world should persecute and hate me. But I had no idea of persecution coming from Methodists, who had as a people suffered so much persecution. But I might talk ever so plainly and pointedly, and they bore all patiently, yea, and praised me at the same time, so that it reminded me of what God said to the Prophet: "Thou art unto them as a pleasant song, and as one that can play well on an instrument, they hear thy words, but they will not do them." Their praise did not satisfy me, it was not what my soul longed for, and the more I attended meetings, the more dissatisfied I grew. In our class-meetings and preaching, it seemed Sabbath after Sabbath, a stereotyped and almost empty routine of preaching, exhortation, and meeting the class. On one of those Sabbaths I heard a sermon in our meeting house, and after going home, took down from a shelf a volume of George Burder's sermons, found the same text, and read the same sermon over word for word. If that man had not the one thing needful, he had a retentive memory. I could hardly displease them so long as I was true to the Sectarian interests of my Church. But when in our class-meetings I heard the same persons tell the same story from time to time, which was in substance about as follows: "I do not enjoy what I once did, I know I do not live as faithful as I ought, but come short in many things; have many doubts and fears, hardly dare to think I am a Christian," and close with saying, "but I do not intend ever to give up the good cause, I hope to meet you all in Heaven." And the preacher's and leader's answer was as uniformly about the same eloquent harrangue of, go on my brother, or my sister, the Lord bless you, try and be more faithful and exercise more faith in your redeemer, and



close by quoting some consoling promises. My spirit was stirred in me, and my thoughts were almost rebellious; I thought, why do not these men discern the true state of these brethren and sisters, and administer something stirring and awakening. What, tell them to go on in their short-coming and unfaithfulness? Why not probe the festering wound to the bottom before pouring in oil and wine. Surely they are blind leaders of the blind—healing the heart of the daughter of my people slightly—daubing the wall with untempered mortar. And to day I am of the same mind, I think it would be better to do as a circuit Minister did in Ohio. In class-meeting, he spoke to a brother who was an exhorter and highly esteemed; he arose and said “he had of late but little enjoyment, that he knew he was not as faithful as he should be, he was often disobedient, &c.” “Brother,” said the preacher “you are right on the way to Hell, and you will land there if you do not repent and get more religion.” This was sudden, and many of the brethren and sisters were sorely tried with the preacher for talking so to that good brother, and the brother himself was very angry with him until he got almost home, when he thought the preacher was right and I am wrong. I said I was unfaithful and disobedient to God—and is not the way of disobedience and unfaithfulness the way to Hell? It wrought such conviction on his mind, that he could hardly eat or sleep, until he was converted anew; and the next time the preacher came, he came to thank him for dealing so faithfully with him. L

I think preachers and leaders in the vineyard of God, may, and ought to have religion enough, and enough of the spirit of discernment, to know the state of their people, especially when they tell it with their own lips, and point out their sin and danger, of which they are often too insensible, for it is a great sin to live in a lukewarm state, or God would not threaten to spew such out of his mouth. As I despaired of doing any good in the M. E. Church, and felt it my duty to withdraw from it, one Sabbath, I, with an aged sister, whose views and feelings were similar to my own, requested a dismissal. At first it seemed to take them all aback, they were struck dumb with astonishment. But at length, L. V. our class-leader said, “well, I will hold up both hands to have sister Ellen go out of society. I have thought she was back-

sliding for some time. I perceived her love was growing cold toward me.” This last expression somewhat surprised me, for I had not been sensible of feeling, or showing any partiality toward him, more than the rest, except, perhaps, a little superstitious reverence on account of his office. He then quoted the passage of Scripture recorded in John 2nd, 19th: “They went out from us, but they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us. But they went out from us that they might be made manifest, they were not all of us.” His son I. V., then said, “for my part, I believe sister E. is getting proud, she thinks she is more holy than the rest of us. She wants to preach, or to make a figure in some way, and she is going to join the Reformed Methodists in order to do so.” Br. Roswell Root, Esq., said he “was sorry to have virtue go out from them, and thought they had better comply with sister Hickcox’s wishes, and try to get more religion.” Thus one said one thing, and another another, and there was great confusion and excitement. But we persisting in our wishes to withdraw, a vote was taken and they gave us a dismissal, to be ratified by the preacher, there being none present. This happened one week previous to the quarterly meeting to be held in the same place. On my way home I called on sister Mack, and never shall I forget the mingled expression of sorrow and indignation in her countenance, for (the news of my withdrawing had reached her before me) as she rolled up her large blue eyes saying, sister E., “I am afraid you have been making fruits for repentance.” During the week, I received several messages from different individuals, expressing their utter astonishment at my conduct, saying “you were the last person we looked for to leave the Methodists; you who have so often declared your intention to live and die with God’s people.” And a preacher of another sect sent me word that, if I could not enjoy religion in the M. E. Church, I could not any where. But that naughty, rebellious thought would steal into my head, “are the Methodist Episcopal the only people of God?” It had not occurred to my mind to consult my husband beforehand concerning this matter, and in this I found I had brought trouble on myself, for I found him very tenacious of the submission of wives. He thought my conduct rash and presumptuous, and that if I had consulted him

he could have told me better, and said he would rather have lost his best cow than that I should have thus disgraced myself. As the sister who lived under the same roof was sick, I could not attend the quarterly meeting on Saturday, but several of my acquaintances came in the afternoon to see me, and persuade me to return to the Church; and as all were jealous that I leaned to the Reformed Methodists, they revived the old story, that they were made up of hypocrites and backsliders, (or what appeared in their estimation to be the same thing) expelled members from other churches. I inquired if they were acquainted with them or had attended their meetings? They answered in the negative. Then I asked, should we judge any man, or any people, before we hear them and know what they do? The preachers, as I afterwards learned, on Saturday consulted on my case, and agreed that a rigorous treatment would be most likely to reclaim me, and therefore concluded to shut me out of the love-feast if I came the next day. On the next morning, as I had the care of the sick sister, in addition to my own work, I could not go to the love-feast till my husband had been sometime gone; as soon as possible I started, and as I was walking at a quick pace across lots, having gained about half the distance, suddenly I felt a strong impression as if a voice spake within me, saying, go back. I stopped and thought, what does this mean? I know no reason why I should go back. I wish to show the people that it is not out of ill-will to them that I withdrew from them, therefore I will go. I proceeded a few steps, when the injunction was renewed — go back. I again halted, but thought it can be nought but my own imagination, and started on, but found it hard work to proceed, feeling as if some person were pushing at my breast. Thinking perhaps the sister was worse, or something had happened to my children, I turned and went back. I now found it easy walking; a sweet sensation crossed my breast, and I felt love to God and to all the human race. I found all was well at home, and knew not for the present wherefore I was thus sent back. At eleven o'clock I went unmolested. The public services had not commenced. At a corner of the meeting-house stood a company, among whom was James Gilmore. As soon as he saw me he came and took my hand, saying: "Sister, where have you gone? This is no way, to

run off and leave your brethren. Come back and stay, and help them all you can. I have always expected you would honor the church with a godly life and a triumphant death." Then came again that rebellious thought, and is it not possible to live godly and die triumphantly but in the Methodist Episcopal church? As I passed into the meeting-house, one and another gave me their hands, saying: "Sister, come back, do come back to the church." In an opposite corner of the house sat sister Henrietta Trembly, a sister both in the flesh and in the Lord, and while the tears streamed down her face, I easily guessed the cause. The presiding elder alluded to my case in his sermon, cautioning against running after new things, &c.; but after all, he said many things which served to encourage me in my way.

My husband, on arriving at the love-feast in the morning, and being informed of their intention to shut the doors against me, was much excited, and leaned on the fence and wept awhile, and thought he would not go in; but on further consideration he thought it was good enough for me, and therefore went in himself to the love-feast. And here I would remark, that as yet I ascribed too great importance to membership, in any single sect of professing Christians, and hence too much importance to joining or withdrawing from them, therefore, what had been said had affected me considerably; yet, because I felt no condemnation for what I had done, but peace with God, I still, against all the odds, believed I had done right; but I was like a weaned child. The Methodists had a strong hold on my affections, and how much I loved them, by so much would it have grieved me to have been shut out and treated with rigor by them. I had already as much as I could bear, and when I learned afterwards how all things were, I felt sure that some guardian angel sent me back, not suffering me to meet what I could not bear. Still, as the Lord knew, my sacrifice of self was not yet complete. I was, as it were, compelled to retreat for a season, that I might gather strength for a greater onset against my spiritual enemies. I went home after meeting, affectionately led by one arm by my dear husband, and by the other by sister Mack; both endeavoring to persuade me back to what they called the church. I did not promise, but thought I would seek light from God. After re-

freshment I took my Bible and retired to a back field, where I earnestly prayed for light and guidance. I read my Bible on my knees, but no light came; indeed all seemed darker than before, and the Bible seemed as a sealed book. For this I could not then account, but now think it was because I had all I needed for the present. I felt great distress, and wept profusely for a long time; and when I returned to my house, my dear husband met me at the door, saying that he pitied the distress I had brought upon myself, and hoped I would now come back to the church. I said nothing, being unable to speak for weeping, but secretly resolved that I would. On that evening the house was densely crowded, and James Gilmore preached to us awhile. Immediately after the last prayer I arose, walked to the aisle, and said: "Brethren and sisters; I thought it my duty to withdraw from this society; in this I have been mistaken; I am willing now to come back." Then falling on my knees, I continued: "My views of our spiritual state, brethren, are the same as before. I think we are a backslidden people, and I entreat you all to begin anew in this good cause, and I am willing, on these conditions, to do or suffer with you anything that God may please." The preacher said: "Brethren and sisters, you have heard what the sister has said; you can say whether you will receive her. Br. I. V., the class-leader, first arose, and giving me his hand, said: "Sister H., I welcome you back to the church," subjoining a warm exhortation to the brethren and sisters. A vote was then called, and the "Aye" was unanimous. As soon as the meeting was dismissed I received numerous friendly greetings; and brother R. Root, Esq., said: "Now sister Hickcox, I love you better than ever;" in short, there was a general joy, as over a returning prodigal. Before parting they appointed a prayer-meeting for the next Thursday evening. After leaving the house, James Gilmore said, exultingly: "This will do more good than anything that ever happened in "Number 9," (as this part of the town was called.) We now supposed he thought that anything for the honor of his favorite sect would do great good, and be likely to produce a revival; but, ah! how futile often such hopes and prospects! Nay, *always*, when the love, trust and worship, due only to God, are paid to sect. On Thursday evening at the prayer-

meeting there were many present, and some energy was manifested. Another was appointed for that evening a week, which was poorly attended. Thus they continued until but one or two only came to the place of meeting.

In our class-meeting it was the same as before, and things were gradually settling back to their former condition. What had been done was but as a small pebble cast into a stagnant pond, causing a slight ripple to run far around in the waters, but the same dead calm must ensue. Their fallow ground was not broken up, nor the thorns extracted; therefore, seed sown and rain descending were to them in vain; but such a state of things was to me so painful, that I began to regret the retrograde step I had taken. I saw at length that I must either content myself with the smiles and caresses of men and women, and seek honor of my fellows, or take a course that would effectually deprive me of all these, and seek the smiles of God alone, and that honor which cometh from God only. My soul was sorely pressed, and there was but one alternative, and this I knew would tear my good name and reputation among the people, to fragments. C. Gilmore was now again preaching in our neighborhood, and feeling that these despised people stood, in a great measure, on the ground from which the old Methodists had fallen, and knowing that the young converts would be likely to join; that some expelled members were reclaimed, and sister Mack had imbibed my views in respect to the state of the old church, I thought it my duty to become one of a little band under the banner of the Reformed Methodists. Accordingly one evening, after hearing C. G. preach, many of the old class being present, among whom was brother Root, I arose and volunteered to join with any who might wish to join with me, and come under the watchful care of this people. The people being called on for an expression, five persons arose to signify their desire to join with me, among whom was sister Mack. I sat down, and for about ten minutes such a crushing weight of some kind rested on me that it was almost unbearable, and we knew not what to think of it or to call it, (for several felt it.)

Sister Case, a woman remarkable for candor, said she felt as if she could not live long under it, and as if she must go out and

vent her feelings in loud cries. I have the opinion that it was the angry powers of darkness venting their spite through the prejudice of some bigoted persons present. But the cloud passed, and the sun of righteousness shone on our souls with renewed splendor, and we took sweet counsel together. I doubt not, this event was sudden, and to some, quite unexpected, as I judged it best not to renew the formality of a withdrawal, since they could erase my name at pleasure, and I had come to feel indifferent as to where, or on what scroll my name stood, or whether on one, or on twenty, so it was written in Heaven. They now gave me up for lost, and said nothing to me about returning. But Sister Mack, who was the daughter of I. V., was compelled by the opposition she met from parents, brother and husband, to have her name erased from the paper, and this operated like a charm, to quiet them for a while, though she met with us, and after a while, came and had her name inserted again. My dear husband was equally opposed to the step I had taken, and once went so far as to threaten to leave me on account of it—but I could not, I durst not retract, though all the world were against me. I believed if he went away, he had too tender a conscience to remain long away without any just cause; beside I was now fully convinced that his salvation, as well as my own, depended on my being firm and unmovable in what I deemed the truth. What sister Mack and myself suffered, of opposition and persecution together, served to bind our hearts together in the closest union; she was under God my counsellor and my comforter in affliction. There was a great coldness and shyness of us, on the part of many of our old friends, as if we had been guilty of crime or misdemeanor. In short, we seemed to have but very few friends, and they were tried friends. I received messages from one and another, like the following:—"I have thought you were a christian, but now I doubt it." Another said: "Mrs. Hickox, I once thought you were a person of some stability, but I now think there is no stability about you."

## CHAPTER XII.

OUTWARDLY DISCOURAGING CIRCUMSTANCES AS A SECT, WITH TAUNTS AND REPROACHES, DRIVE US TO TRUST IN GOD ALONE—INWARD COMFORTS AND SUPPORT COMMENSURATE TO OUR TRIALS—REMOVAL—REVIVAL; HEART-SEARCHING SERMON; CONVINCED OF MY LACK OF BEING FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT COMMENSURATE WITH MY PRIVILEGE; EARNEST ENDEAVORS TO SEEK AFTER GOD.

There was now such an uproar about us in the neighborhood—we were so few and weak—and having no regular preaching, considering the difficulties in our way, he whom we had chosen for our leader became discouraged and thought we had better disband, nor try any longer to keep meetings by ourselves. To this the rest of us would not agree; so he left us and went back to the old ship, which took him on board, notwithstanding he was an expelled member from their Church. The remainder of us kept up our meetings as often as practicable, being careful not to interfere with their meeting hours, for one year. Brother C. Gilmore and some other preachers visited us occasionally, and we were a by-word and proverb of reproach among the people.—Often we were asked if we did not repent the steps we had taken—"You (said they) will soon be glad to come back to us; you have no foundation; you are made up of offscourings." And they dignified us with the appellation of "Deformed Methodists." They said likewise that if they could see a revival among us, and sinners converted out of the non-professing world, they could have some confidence in us and think we might prosper. We were not dejected nor disheartened—far from it—though in the world we had tribulation; in Christ what peace! We were driven to trust in God through Christ alone, for we had no prosperous sect, no able and learned ministry, no spacious and well furnished chapels, to constitute our "Mountain of Samaria," to trust in; and as to being at ease in Zion, they themselves were the means of preventing us from it. And (as Mr. Wesley once said of his persecutors) they did us the greatest favor without designing it; apprising us when we had done any wrong, and putting us on our guard against doing wrong again. The greater the sacrifices we made, and the more we suffered for our Saviour's sake, the greater were our inward comforts. We felt that Christ

was our sure foundation, and that we belonged to that Church, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail; and that He alone was our head — not man, nor a body of men.

At the end of this year, we removed to the west shore of the Lake again, settling in the neighborhood of my father-in-law, about three and a half miles distant. It was grievous to be parted from sister Mack, and so far from our place of meeting; but as we kept a good team, we were not wholly deprived of the privilege of meeting with those loved ones, and sometimes attended their prayer meetings at sunrise on Sabbath mornings, which were some of the most refreshing seasons I ever enjoyed. About this time C. G. came and held a protracted meeting at brother Mack's, and two of brother M's. daughters and some eight or ten others were converted "out of the non-professing world."— Thus the Lord answered for Himself, and the gainsayers were silenced. Brother Mack opened his barn for the meeting, and his heart to entertain the preachers. Some of our Episcopal brethren met with us on quarterly occasions, and as sure as they did so, we had unusually refreshing meetings; some of them spoke that had not been known to speak in their own meetings for years before, except when spoken to. The Spirit of Prophecy came upon them as upon Saul of old, and they spoke two or three times in the course of the meeting. At one of our quarterly meetings, on Sabbath morning, at eleven o'clock, Father Wright, an old Methodist local preacher, preached at the Methodist house, and hearing that the Deformed were holding a quarterly meeting in Mr. M.'s barn, he thought this was a good opportunity, as there were many of them collected, to come and give them a good whipping. He was a man of rough and uncouth speech; so much so that he used to be called "the old maul." He sent an appointment to preach to us at four o'clock, P. M., which was accepted. At the hour, attended by many of his flock, he came, and took for his text the following words of Scripture: "With your lies ye have made the hearts of the righteous sad, whom the Lord hath not made sad, and strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not turn from his wickedness." I remember but one sentence in the sermon, which may suffice, both as a specimen of the sermon, and of his manner of preaching: "You all

want to be Bishops; but you are no more fit to be Bishops than a chestnut burr is fit for an eye-stone." There were preachers present who could have carried him as easy as Sampson did the gates of Gaza; but they all sat meekly, and heard him through.

About this time I heard a sermon by Calvin Gilmore, on being "filled with the Spirit," which so searched me out that I was convinced of having but a small measure of the Spirit, while it was my privilege, and therefore my duty, to have all that was for me, even to fill the utmost capacity of my soul and body's power. I went home with a strong resolution not to rest till I had recovered the witness of the Spirit which I had once possessed. I determined to fast and pray as often as comported with my strength and daily duty to my family, lifting my heart in prayer to God continually while at work; to examine myself in the light of God's Word impartially, unselfishly; to cast off every idol I could discover, and make up every delinquency in duty. In short, to make thorough work, giving all diligence to make my calling and election sure. I spent the next day fasting, and what time I could spare, in earnest prayer; nor did I pray in vain. God gave me such an overwhelming sense of His holiness and purity, of His awful majesty and glory, that I dare not utter a word in His presence, but was ready, like Daniel, to say: "There remaineth no strength in me; my comeliness is turned in me to corruption." I had such an awful sense of the delinquency of professors and the desolation of Zion, that there was continually a pain at my heart. I slept but little, but wept and prayed most of the nights, while my partner slept quietly by my side. I was continually in meditation upon these things, and in prayer; while at work, strewing my tears about the floor as I went; fasting once or twice a week. I attended some prayer-meetings, but could not take the active part, as I was wont to do before, having such an awful sense of the deep spirituality, sincerity and humility our worship must have, to make it acceptable to God. And to attempt any act of worship vocally, greatly increased the inward pain and distress I felt continually, unless I felt an expression (as I thought,) from the Holy Spirit, which was to me equivalent to a command from God. This led my mother-in-law to give me a sharp rebuke, saying, "you are giving place to tempta-

tion; you will be ruined unless you resist the devil, and get out of your strange way of thinking." I respected her, knowing she was a woman of piety and good judgment; but was sure she did not understand my case. Nor did I know what to think of it myself; but the vivid sense of eternal things, which I had continually, and the utter insufficiency of all earthly good, for human happiness, and of the arm of flesh to save and protect the soul, led me to think it was no other than the good hand of my God upon me. But the final issue became a matter of some solicitude with me, and more with my husband and friends; for within the four weeks that I had been thus exercised, my strength and flesh rapidly declined, and I had the appearance of one in consumption. And it was no wonder; for in addition to my want of sleep, abstinence and continued labor of mind, I did my household work for a family of seven and nursed an infant, seven months old. In endeavoring to cast off every idol, and carry out in practice my sentiments, I made such disposal of some articles of dress, &c., as led my husband to think I was not myself, and to deliver such articles to his mother for safe-keeping; hence the story went abroad that I was partially insane, or (as they termed it,) "getting into a strange way." But the burden of my prayer was, O, Lord, let me know what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of Thine, concerning me; O, bring me just right in Thy sight, that I may be filled with the Spirit.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A VISIT TO SISTER MACK — ATTENDED A FELLOWSHIP MEETING IN BRISTOL, ONTARIO COUNTY, N. Y.; EXERCISES WHILE THERE; SOME RELIEF; STILL MORE ON SATURDAY EVENING, AT A MEETING FOR PRAYER — ATTENDANCE ON SUNDAY AT THE M. E. CHAPEL; EXERCISES WHILE THERE; STILL GREATER RELIEF; HAPPY STATE OF MIND THROUGH THE ENSUING WEEK — ATTENDANCE ON NEXT SATURDAY AND SABBATH OF A QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE REFORMED METHODISTS; EXERCISES OF MINDS; TESTIMONY OF THE SPIRIT TO MY CALLING AND DUTY; SUBMISSION.

At the end of four weeks my husband proposed to take me on

a visit to Brother Mack's, thinking, no doubt, that a ride, a change of company and an interview with sister M. would be of service to me. I gladly accepted the kind offer, and on Friday he took me to brother M's, and returned home, to come after me on Sabbath. I found sister M. in her usual cheerful and happy mood. I told her how I had been exercised in mind. She said she did not understand my case, but endeavored to comfort and encourage me to trust in God, saying, "I believe all will come out right." She prayed with and for me, and I endeavored to cast myself on the arm of my Almighty helper. I yet found no relief, but had no sense of guilt or fear of death, though I thought perhaps it was near; but a weighty sense of the state of the Church, and a world of sinners, lying in wickedness and exposed to ruin, caused a continual pain, which is indescribable, at my heart.

I heard there was to be a fellowship meeting in Bristol, some two or three miles distant from brother M's, to which all Christians, without respect to name or sect, were invited. As soon as I heard it, I felt a peculiar desire to go. But sister M. thought it quite too long a walk for me, in my condition, so I tried to content myself; but in vain. As the time drew near, my anxiety increased, which I mentioned; and as there was no other mode of conveyance, sister M. kept my babe, and sent one of her daughters as my pilot. There were several hills to climb, but notwithstanding my weak and emaciated state, I glided over them, scarcely feeling my weariness. The people were all strangers, but the presence and power of God seemed eminently there; and I felt not as a foreigner but as a fellow citizen, and of the same household. In the course of the meeting I felt that I must speak, and related some of my views for the past four weeks; after which, while they were singing, I passed round, shaking hands with the brethren and sisters. Most sensibly did I then feel the presence of God and the sweet fellowship of the saints. I now felt great relief, and still more in the meeting for prayer, on that evening. There was to be a prayer and class-meeting at the M. E. Chapel on Sabbath, and one inquired if I were going to attend. I said I did not know, for I was now getting in the habit of waiting for a "thus saith the Lord," in all things. Before the hour

arrived my commission came, and I felt I had work to do there. I went to change my clothes, but felt forbidden, and that I must go as I was, as a contrast to the vanity, rich silks and gold, pearl and costly array which would surround me. So on I went in my plain, half-worn apparel. During the progress of the exercises I felt great pain in mind. There appeared so little of the true spirit of worship, and such sinful conformity to the world. I arose under a special "thus saith the Lord," (at least so to me,) and delivered a message, first to professors and then to non-professors. On taking my seat an agony of soul seized me, in view of this dreadful condition, spiritually, which lasted a few minutes, causing me to cry out in the pangs of distress I felt. I have since seen other Christians similarly exercised, which they called a travel of soul; and I should think it a fit comparison, for it very much resembles the pangs of nature's hour. It is a mixture of overwhelming pity and compassion for souls, whom we see exposed to the wrath of God and a burning hell. O, that it were oftener felt by Christians, for the promise is, that when Zion travels she shall bring forth. As I sat listening while they were speaking to the class, these words of St. Paul kept a constant vibration through my soul: "I am set for the defence of the Gospel." Though I thought not of their meaning, my mind being intently fixed upon the spiritual condition of the people around me. In the class-meeting I was led to speak in a manner which gave some offence. After meeting I returned home, lightened of my burden, and felt sweet peace and serenity during the week, which is well expressed in the language of the poet, when he says:—

"Calm as the stillness which succeeds a storm;  
Soft as the spring-tide in its milder form;  
So still, so calm, so tranquilized the breast,  
When all unholy passions are at rest."

All this time I had no thoughts of preaching, for I concluded it was now impossible, and hoped my sons would be called into that work when they became men; nor had I disclosed to any what had passed in my mind in early life on this subject; but I had now a firm determination to do, at all hazards, whatever appeared plainly to be my duty; in other words, the whole will of God.

On Saturday next the Reform quarterly meeting commenced in brother M's barn. On Sunday morning, in love-feast, as I was speaking of my feelings on the previous Sabbath, I rehearsed the passage of Scripture which passed through my mind so often: "I am set for the defence of the Gospel." Afterwards I thought, "now I fear the people will think I am going to preach, or think it is my duty;" and I felt mortified, and wished I had been more explicit, so as not to have raised such a suspicion. The question then arose, would you not be willing to preach if you knew it were God's will? I answered, yes. Will you not consent to know it, if it be His will? I said, yea, Lord, anything, if I can be sure it is Thy will. Then did the Spirit bear a clear testimony, saying, it is His will — it is His will. I knew the voice — I could not doubt it — and never has the conviction of duty, then fastened on my soul, been reversed, though under temptation and discouragement I have doubted and sought to have it reversed.

For the present I not only felt submissive, but saw it to be amazing mercy and long suffering on the part of God, after all my short-comings and disobedience, to grant me a mission still, and a part in the work of spreading abroad the truth, and glorious news of great joy to all people; which privilege appeared so great, and so much needed, and I seemed to be standing on an eminence, where I had a full view of the church and of the world, which spread like one great hospital, filled with the sick, the wounded and the dying, with few, in proportion to their number, well enough to take care of the sick. But though I almost thought the greatest trials of my life had passed, the battle fought and the victory gained, by far the severest struggle was yet to come. My thoughts dwelt most intensely on the condition of perishing souls, and I felt as if I could lay down my life for them. And, indeed, when I came in sober earnest to carry my Father's will into execution, in the face of a prejudiced church and world, with many to scorn, many to frown, and few to encourage, I could have struggled with the martyr for his stake; at least, I think my sacrifice fell little short of his.

There was a meeting of prayer appointed at a neighbor's house. Neither the man nor his wife were professors. I felt impressed to go to that meeting, and disclose what was yet shut up in my

own breast, and make an appointment to preach the next Sabbath, at our district school house. I went, and to my utter amazement there was going to be no meeting there. The appointment was made at the man's request, unknown to his wife, and she declared against it. My reason for mentioning this is, if possible, to throw a little light on the subject of following the Spirit by impressions. The light I have, I have gained by such painful experience that it can never be forgotten by me. Some years previous I had thought it dangerous to follow impressions, but I had been led from my late exercises to depend on them entirely; hence the above disappointment utterly confounded me; I knew not what to think or what to do. I wept nearly the whole of that night. My husband, being ignorant of the cause of my trouble, strove to comfort me, saying: "Ellen, if you think it is your duty to preach, go ahead; fear nobody. I am sure I would not fear the whole world, if it were mine. I will help you all I can." On the next day my mind became more calm, and praying earnestly for light on this delicate and important subject, I strove to understand the Scriptures and the dealings of God with me. That the apostles were on some occasions led of the Spirit by impressions, appeared plain, but that they were on all occasions, we have no evidence. We inferred that instances sometimes occurred, as in the case of Philip, going and joining himself to the chariot; and Peter, on the house-top, when the Spirit said: "Behold three men seek thee," &c., when the will of God could not be known to them in any other way; but when right reason, or Scripture, or inference, in accordance with it, makes our duty plain, we are not to expect or depend on being led to duty by impressions. Thus, in the absence of impressions, we must use our reason and best judgment, and the Holy Scriptures. If sufficiently watchful for the guidance of the Spirit, and circumstances of the day, or the indications of Providence, I think we need not mistake; yet for want of this we may, nay, there is danger. One man we read of, on his way to an appointment, felt an impression to go to a certain house, a good deal out of his way; he found no one lived there, and by means of this, reached his appointment too late, and the people had gone home disappointed. We may and doubtless have been led into far more danger-

ous errors than his. This shows the necessity of close watchfulness; for it still remains a truth, that they that are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God; and when the Spirit of God impresses duty, and we are disobedient, the Spirit will forsake us, and "they that have not the Spirit of Christ are none of His." On the whole, I came to the conclusion that after what had passed in my mind previously, I knew my duty without particular impression, and that was, to make an appointment to preach on the first opportunity. Such an opportunity offered on the next Thursday evening. But not feeling, in view of all these matters, as at first, it proved the greatest sacrifice and crucifixion of self, of any I had yet made. Yes, reader, if you had been there, you might have heard the strokes of the hammer that nailed me to the Cross; and heard the cries of the victim.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MY GIVING OUT THE FIRST APPOINTMENT TO PREACH, AND ATTENDANCE UPON IT.

On reviewing all that was past, I saw not how I could desist from making an appointment to speak to the people, without being a coward and a traitor to my God. I accordingly went to the regular Thursday night meeting, with the intention of so doing; on the way I was beset with sore temptations, and my mental conflict was very great — having inherited from my Mother an unusually bashful and diffident disposition. I felt I could not go forward without doing great violence to my natural feelings. I had no expectation of sympathy or encouragement from any, except my husband and one or two others, and I expected to bring reproach and scorn upon myself. I looked with astonishment on the fact that some men were so unwilling, when called of God, to preach the Gospel, while the difficulties in their way, appeared to me as nothing; while for them to preach, was an honor and all looked up to them with deference and respect. But a female must encounter, on all sides, an inveterate prejudice, foun-



ded on a misconstruction of the scriptures. Beside this, I was ignorant and unlearned; and in assuming the awful responsibility of a public teacher, I feared I should teach wrong things, and mislead my fellow creatures. Two ways were now open before me and I must choose, either to go forward, trusting in God to give me wisdom and understanding to open and clear my way before me, looking to him alone for comfort and support; or basely fear the frowns and court the smiles of mortals, fall short of duty and incur the displeasure of the Almighty, and thus lose the reward that awaits the faithful in the skies. This last I had not the courage to do; and O, how earnestly did I entreat for moral courage to do the former! I had all I could do to grapple with my own feelings without taking any active part, until about the close of the meeting, when, mustering all my remaining strength, I arose and, relating some of my feelings in early life in regard to duty, I said I was conscious I had never been fully willing, till of late, to know the whole will of God concerning me; but that I had now submitted, and fully believed it my duty to preach the gospel. The mental effort may appear to persons differently constituted, to have been but trifling, but to me it was tremendous! too great for my nervous system, and on sitting down, a paroxysm of distress seized my whole frame, which caused me to cry out for some time. I then became calm, and said, "I will meet, and speak to as many as will come here next Sabbath, at four in the afternoon." A lady came to me after meeting and said, "Mrs. Hickcox, your sacrifice makes me think of Abraham offering his only son, Isaac." Indeed, there was at least a strong similitude, not only on account of mental suffering, but the sweet peace, and sense of Divine approbation, which followed, and I seemed to hear Him say, as to Abraham, "now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast done this." The good or ill opinions of men now weighed nothing with me; so, for the present, the victory was gained, and I rejoiced in the spoils. No other person spoke to me; all appeared as if struck dumb with astonishment. On our way home, my husband said, "Ellen, I am glad to find out what has been the matter with you. I was fearful you would become insane. Fear not, go on and do your duty." I was truly thankful to God for this encouragement, and praised

His name. Opposition from my husband at this juncture, might have proved fatal to reason or to life. I was so light and joyful I seemed rather to glide or fly, than walk home.

During the time which intervened, Satan did not fail to attack me at every vulnerable point, telling me I had disgraced myself beyond recovery, and that all my husband's relatives and my own, were ashamed of me, (which was in some instances true, for Satan can tell truth when it will, or may answer a bad end,) and that I should have the school-house to myself, for none would take sufficient notice of my appointment to come. I know some of his servants say we accuse him of too much, and the evil springs only from our wicked hearts; but if so, St. Peter should have said: "Be watchful; be vigilant; because *your own wicked hearts*, like a roaring lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour," making nonsense of the Scripture. If there be no tempting Devil, whence those unbidden and unwelcome thoughts that obtrude into the mind, discouraging from good and inciting to evil. At the same time, there was a text of Scripture in my mind, seeming so instructive, that I thought if I could only be free from fear, so as to have perfect self-possession, I should delight to hold forth its truths, though all the world were there. My husband and his friends and relatives were all members of the M. E. Church, and on that Sabbath their quarterly meeting was held in the village of Canandaigua, and he could not resist the imperative call of his friends, to go with his team, and carry them to that meeting, five miles distant, intending to get back to my meeting at four o'clock; thus leaving me to go alone and on foot to my meeting, a mile and a quarter distant. But though I keenly felt the deprivation, I said nothing. When the hour drew nigh, I took my eldest son, a boy of eleven years, to help me carry my babe, and started for the school-house. When I came in sight, I saw a great company standing about the door. When I came up, they parted to make me a passage into the house, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The middle boards of the chamber floor were thrown up and each side of the chamber filled. It being a warm day, the windows were taken out, and a company stood at each window. Every eye was intently fixed on me. I gave my infant to sister Mack, and sat down to

take breath and collect my thoughts; but I found the latter impossible. I was exceedingly pressed, as if the weight and burden of that people rested upon me. At length I exclaimed within myself, I cannot live so, I will arise and begin to speak, perhaps it will relieve me. I arose and walked to the centre of the room, took my stand, said a few words by way of introduction, and gave out my text: "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion, and trust in the mountain of Samaria." I proceeded to point out several things in which professed Christians were trusting, instead of trusting in God, and the effects of so doing; and finished with an application of the subject to the present congregation, and an affectionate exhortation to sinners. I had not spoken ten minutes before all fear vanished. I became calm and self-possessed for the time being, and filled with intense love and compassion for all whom I addressed, and ideas flowed spontaneously, far above my common thoughts, as if handed down from heaven. I requested the brethren and sisters to use their pleasure, and gained my seat, feeling much exhausted. Several bore witness to the truth of what they had heard, and exhorted the people; singing hymns and praising God. In the meantime, for my part, I seemed to be in the suburbs of heaven. Language cannot describe what I felt. I made another appointment in two weeks, and the meeting was closed. In the intervening time, not an adverse wind blew—not a ripple stirred on the surface of my calm and peaceful mind. At the next appointment many came from eight and ten miles distant, prompted by curiosity, and the house could not hold them. I spoke from the words, "Behold the man," and called on the people to behold him, first, in his humility and condescension; second, in his going about and doing good; third, in his meritorious sufferings, death and resurrection; and all for wretched man. Just previous to the commencement of this meeting, a lady came to me, saying, Mrs. H., do begin your meeting with singing and prayer, as other speakers do, (for at my first meeting I thought not of either.) So I complied with her request, but I have since thought that we are too much bound to a certain customary routine in these things—a custom which we have no evidence of being practiced by our Saviour or his apostles. I do not now recall a single instance on record where they

commenced their public discourses with singing and prayer, and but two where they began at any particular text of Scripture; those are, our Saviour's sermon to the disciples going to Emmaus, and Philip's to the Eunuch in the chariot. Yet, our people are so traditional as to think it almost a crime to preach without first singing and praying; and hardly to call that preaching which is not preceded by a text of Scripture. I cannot help thinking that if ministers would dare to step out of the old, beaten track of formality, they might be led more by the Spirit, and thus teach the people the same lesson, with the same results. But to return. We had a refreshing season; several seemed to feel that this was the house of God and the gate of heaven, and tears told how much the Word was felt among the unconverted. Another appointment was made, in two weeks. I began now to be greeted respectfully, and many flattering things were said to me. It was thought, that if the weather permitted, the next meeting must be in the grove, as the house could not accommodate the people.

All things now seemed to glide smoothly on, and I fondly hoped that as I had submitted to be anything that pleased God, the powers of darkness would be restrained—that I should no more be so roughly handled as heretofore, but suffered to go on peaceably, and preach my Lord and Master to the world, the remnant of my days. But my heavenly Father saw that the knotty branch yet needed the sharp pruning-knife to be applied upon it. My Great Physician was preparing the bitterest dose that I had ever taken. At my next appointment it was rainy, and we had to use the school-house, which was densely crowded, and some two or three ministers were present. After singing and prayer, I proceeded to name my text, and talked for awhile with my usual liberty; but the avenue of light and of ideas began to close up more and more. I still strove to proceed, blundered, became frightened and discouraged, desired the preachers to proceed with the meeting, and sat down. None but those who have experienced the same can tell my feelings. I then thought my case unprecedented, but a year or two after I heard David Marks, in a sermon, tell of having a similar trial. I was entirely unable to account for this. I dared not to give another appointment. After meeting we went to my father-in-law's, and refreshments

being served, my mother-in-law said to me: "Ellen, it is a great thing to be a preacher of the Gospel;" I assented, and she continued, (with a countenance full of gravity and concern,) "those who make pretensions to it, take upon themselves an awful responsibility, and I believe that if God calls any one to preach, He will qualify them for the great work." I could stay to hear no more, but retired to my chamber to weep. I was so perplexed that I knew not which way to turn, but still ventured to look to Him who held the rod. I said: "O, Lord, I verily thought Thou didst call me to this work. Why then hast Thou thus forsaken me, and left me alone. Thou knowest that I can do nothing without Thee. If, after all, I am mistaken, I am willing, yea, I would rejoice to know it; and Thou knowest I would not run uncalled, nor ever again attempt to speak without Thy authority." I could infer from what she had said, what was my mother-in-law's opinion, and I thought it was now, of course, the opinion of all. I knew that God's ways and judgments were far above — out of our sight — and though, according to right reason, are often above human reason. I feared being swayed by the opinions of others, farther than they were taught of God. But I had thought that whom God called, He so qualified that they could do at all times, the work He had called them to do. Here, therefore, I was utterly confounded, and concluded I must have been mistaken. Yet I dare not drop the matter without an assurance from God and a counter testimony of the Spirit, which, if I had been deceived, I believed would be given at my earnest supplication, so that my mind would remain easy on that subject; for the Scripture shows plainly, that none are called but by His Spirit. This is also among the "all things" the Comforter was to teach us when he came. Hence the apostle says: "How shall they preach except they be sent?" "And no man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron;" and without this guide, no man or woman could ascertain their calling from the Bible; for Christ says: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel;" or, "Let the dead bury the dead, but go thou and preach the Gospel." Without the guidance of the Spirit, every one would be left to the judgment of men, and hence receive it of man, and be taught it only by man; or, he must judge for

himself, and necessarily take the honor to himself, instead of being called of God, as was Aaron. Hence I saw no way but to besiege a Throne of Grace for light and truth in regard to this matter.

Two days and nights I spent in an agony of prayer, telling the Lord over and over that I was willing to know that I had been mistaken, and would welcome the reproach of running, uncalled of Him, if He would but grant me the light to see it. Gladly would I spend my days in private life, and in the bosom of my family, if I were satisfied it were His will concerning me, while tears flowed abundantly. That I was ignorantly interceding to have my own will and choice, appeared from the way the Lord dealt by me, for on the third day my agony of mind left me, though I was unwilling to part with it till I had gained my suit, the counter testimony of the Spirit, or a clearance from God from preaching. The sky cleared up; the sun began to shine; the south wind blew; the spices began to flow out, and I found myself in the same latitude as before the storm. Passages of Holy writ flowed in, like vessels richly laden; and sweetly did the Spirit whisper: "Go, tell my disciples that I am risen from the dead." "'Go, call thy husband,' and she went her way, and saith unto the men of her city, 'Come, see a man which told me all things,' and she coming in at that instant, spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption," &c. On that day I saw sister Mack, who had witnessed my failure on the previous Sabbath, and said to her: "Well, my sister, what do you *now* think of my call to preach?" She answered with great solemnity: "I do not doubt it any more than I doubt my own existence, or the existence of God." These words struck me forcibly, and served to confirm and comfort me, knowing her to be a person of good understanding.

Owing to a backwardness in me, I had no more meetings for several months; and like Moses' rod, it appeared like a serpent, and as time rolled on, I was more and more afraid of it. I took an active part in meetings, but when I thought of holding them myself, it appeared, if possible, greater self-denial than at first; but I could do any or all other duties; be attentive to all other means; appear very sanctimonious, and no cross or self-denial

about it; for both in regard to myself and others, the offence of the cross had ceased. When I thought of preaching, it was crucifying to my flesh and offensive to many. One would say: "I don't believe in women's preaching;" and another wise man (at least in his own conceit,) would say: "I won't go to hear her; she can't teach *me* anything;" and yet another: "What she says is well enough, if it were a man saying it, it would look much better." I might have conducted myself in a way to save all this, and even soon to have gained their applause;—a lazy, formal, flowery prayer, a very eloquent and smooth exhortation now and then in a prayer-meeting, as a school-boy repeats his lesson, with correctness and precision, but without any sense of its import, and not a murmur nor complaint. But occasionally one saying, such a one is a smart woman, and another would say, "If I could talk like you, I would be willing to talk all the time, but (they might as well say because I can not please the ears and gain the praise of men,) I may as well be silent." I found after a while, by comparison, that I had lost much ground in spiritual things. That clear and vivid sense of heavenly things was gone. I could no longer weep in view of the danger sinners were in. I could say prayers about it, and talk fluently about it, but my heart was not affected with it—it was as unfeeling as a stone. But in this dry and barren land, my soul found no sustenance. I grew hungry and thirsty, and my soul fainted in me. I cried unto the Lord, and he heard my supplication, though at first he seemed to turn a deaf ear, and I gained no access. Yet he sent me a reproof and encouragement, in an old man, who had been present at my first meeting, and who said to me: "Mrs. Hickcox, why don't you hold meetings as you began to do?" I made some excuses—said it was difficult, and that I had almost doubted my call to do so. Said he: "I do not doubt it in the least, and I do not believe you can enjoy religion without it. If you do your duty, God will clear the way." My conscience closed in with his words—I was as one awakened out of a sleep. Like Peter, I went out and wept bitterly. I knew this had been the cause of my dullness and languishing, and resolved again to shoulder the Cross, and march after my Saviour, clean without the camp, bearing his reproach.

## CHAPTER XV.

FOLLOWING THE SPIRIT, IN SELF-DENIAL AND CROSS-BEARING, A CURE FOR LETHARGY AND LUKEWARMNESS — HOLDING ANOTHER PUBLIC MEETING; GREIVIOUS OPPOSITION ENCOUNTERED; SORROW AND TEMPTATION; RESULT OF THE MEETING; VICTORY AND ENCOURAGEMENT — SICKNESS IN MY FAMILY; CONCLUSION TO REMOVE TO THE STATE OF OHIO; A GLOOMY PROSPECT; REMOVAL WITH US OF FATHER HICKCOX AND TWO SONS, WITH FAMILIES, ALSO OF THE EPISCOPAL CLASS-LEADER AND FAMILY; SOLICITATION TO UNITE IN THE M. E. CHURCH IN OHIO; DECISION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES; HUSBAND ADVISED NOT TO HARBOR THE REFORMED METHODISTS.

Many, we think, who have been partially awake to their dangerous condition, have groaned under a spiritual lethargy and lukewarmness—a numbness of all their mental faculties in regard to things of God and eternity—and feared they should sleep the sleep of death, while at the same time they rejected Christ—their only remedy—by rejecting the movings of the Holy Spirit, to some self-denying, flesh crucifying duty. The Spirit portrays before them the happiness and glory consequent on obedience. But the flesh cries, it is too hard, you cannot do this; anything else but this; and may, it is to be feared, continue to reject, till the good Spirit leaves them to choose their own way, until they are twice dead—plucked up by the roots. And the reason why Christians find little or no cross and self-denial, after being purged from their old sins, and forming the habit of outward duties, is because they quench, and do not follow the Spirit. If they listened attentively to His voice, (which is no other than the voice of the good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep, and says: "My sheep know my voice,") He would lead them where they would find the bitter cross and self-denial, bitter to the flesh, but wholesome and quickening to the soul. Then no more complaints of stupidity, and that lukewarmness hangs on us like a leprosy. We have believed on Him, and now He tells us: "Obey me, and all thy spiritual enemies shall die, but thou shalt live."

I resolved to try again to bear the Cross. A family lived near

me whose parents lived on the other side of the lake, and as they crossed the lake to visit their friends, they agreed to give an appointment for me, in four weeks, and carry me over to meet it; but acquainting my husband with the arrangement, I found that he also had suffered from my negligence, for he was opposed to my going, making the excuse that it was unreasonable to leave my family. In vain did I urge that I could get some one to stay with them during my absence. But as there was no way to recall the appointment, I insisted on meeting it; but he utterly refused to accompany me, which to me was a great privation, and a grief to go against his will. But when the time drew near, having all things in order for the family, I sent word to his sister, a young lady, to come and stay with them; but she sent me word back that I had better stay on my own side of the lake. She came, however, and we started on Saturday afternoon; but truly, I left home with a pained heart. We arrived safe on shore, and walked two miles to their father's; the school-house, where the meeting was appointed, being in sight. It was a pleasant place, and thickly inhabited, but everything to me wore a gloomy aspect. Every now and then my thoughts flew back to my home, where I saw, in imagination, a frowning husband, children wounded or drowning, or the house in flames. Again they flew back, and I saw myself in a crowded school-house, trying to preach, but all tangled in the brush, and unable to go on. I slept none till towards day-break, but wrestled in prayer and against the Tempter, while tears did not drop, but poured constantly down my temples. I slept a little, and when I awoke, the following passage brought me some light and comfort: "For as much as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind." Also, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." In the morning I could not eat, and when I saw the people flocking to the school-house, it seemed to me like a funeral. At the appointed hour I went there, took my stand, and gave out a hymn. After singing, I kneeled to pray. And now the cloud broke — bright beams from the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I had access to a Throne of Grace, and a degree of power with God in prayer that I had seldom ex-

perienced. I had great liberty in speaking, and in the class-meeting which followed, I was greatly refreshed. I found here some warm-hearted Christians, whom I loved. After meeting the brethren said: "We want you to come here again, for every body has turned out to-day, and several who have not attended meetings for years." As my friends agreed to aid me again, I left an appointment for four weeks hence. We returned home that night, and as we glided over the smooth, crystal waters of the Lake, sweet was my meditation of the boundless ocean of eternal love.

I found all well at home, and my husband in a good humor. He attended my next appointment with me, and I was truly comforted over all my sorrow, when I learned that a wicked Universalist and five others had been gained, as the fruit of these two meetings, to the Saviour, and were baptized and united with the Methodists. I held a few meetings after this, passed through some trials, and found clusters of the pleasant grapes of Canaan during the remaining years that I was in the State of New York.

Two families of the warmest opposers of the reform, had moved to the State of Ohio, namely: J. V., brother of the M. E. class-leader, and exhorter, heretofore mentioned, and young J. V., his son. The former, it was said, horse-whipped his son for going to the Reformed Methodist meetings, and the latter was a busy and constant declaimer against them, calling them the enemies of the M. E. Church. He was a brother-in-law, having married my husband's sister. They settled in the township of Granger, Medina County, Ohio. My husband often spoke of removing thither also, and I as often tried to dissuade him therefrom. Judging that it would not be for our interest, spiritually or temporally, and naturally dreading a journey of more than 300 miles, with a family of small children, at length he said no more about it for several months, and I fondly cherished the hope that he had given up the idea. One day, however, in the month of September, he came in and said: "Ellen, I have sold my farm, and am going to move to Ohio in January next!" A shock similar to an electric one passed over me, but I said nothing for a while. I thought, we know not what is best, and the will of God be done; He can support me, and perhaps I can be

more useful in that new country than here. I then said to my husband, who was waiting for an answer: "Well, if you have sold our farm and are bent for Ohio, I have nothing more to say against it." He and his brother and parents, immediately took a journey to Ohio, to select a location. They were gone four weeks, and during their absence two of our children were very sick. I was worn out with watching, anxiety and fatigue, and the thought of removing with such a family, in the heart of winter, was by no means comforting. My children slowly recovered, but the little boy had not recovered when his father returned. On the 19th of January, 1829, we started for the State of Ohio, in a covered wagon, laden with a few of our household goods, myself and my seven children, the eldest thirteen, the youngest six weeks old, and the next youngest not two years old till the 23d of March.

It was very cold weather, and the wagon-cover formed a welcome screen from the bleak north wind. We stayed that night at the house of I. V., the M. E. class-leader, who was also going to Ohio to reside, in company with us, who with his wife and his youngest son, and my father Hickey and mother, and their three sons and families, made five families, consisting of twenty persons, with four covered wagons, three span of horses, and two yoke of cattle. It was providential, indeed, that we went in company, for no single team could have performed the journey alone, for the snow left us at Buffalo, and the mud was up to our axletrees. The north side of the hills was covered with ice, so that we were often obliged to double and triple our teams, to make headway. I was much pained at parting with dear sister Mack and other Christian friends. Sister Mack and sister Candace Case came and lodged with us during the night; and although I was tempted to gloomy forebodings, fearing I should not, in my weak state, well endure the journey, with its fatigues and dangers, it was sweet to converse with dear Christian friends, join in their fervent petitions for a safe journey to a distant land, and hear them say: "Fear not, the Lord will bring you safe through." Brother I. V. offered previously to procure me a certificate from the M. E. class, saying: "There will be no Reformed Methodists in Ohio, and you will join us again."

But I declined, saying: "If my conduct does not recommend me, a piece of paper cannot, and if it does, they will receive me without it. After I was seated in the wagon, sister Mack came and slipped a letter of commendation (unasked) into my hand, saying: "Farewell, the Lord be with you." She then kissed my husband, and we parted, to meet no more on earth. We were eighteen days on the road, and my faith and patience, as well as my bodily strength, were severely taxed. Towards the last of February we were safely landed in our habitation in Ohio, which was a log cabin, with no chamber floor. We had no table, and but few of the necessaries of life, but to me it was pleasant as a paradise, so thankful was I for a respite from the fatigues of journeying. I had a severe attack of nervous rheumatism soon after our arrival, but it passed off, and left me in usual health. We were cordially welcomed by our old friends and neighbors who had emigrated here before us; and some who were our warm opposers in New York, welcomed us with a kiss.

I endeavored to make a fresh dedication of my all to God, earnestly desiring to glorify Him, and serve Him more faithfully than ever before. I thought it my duty to commence with the Cross, and, therefore, appointed a meeting. One of the M. E. brethren opened his door for me to preach in his house; and brother Ezekiel Porter, a local preacher and class-leader, and the whole class turned out to hear me several times. We had to sell our horses, and brother J. V. was very kind, and carried us to their meeting, which was about three miles off, many times. My mother-in-law advised me to unite with the Methodist Episcopal class again, as there were no Reformed Methodists here, and were not likely soon to be, if ever; besides, it would please my husband and the class; and J. V. brought me word from the preacher in charge, that if I united with them, I should have license to preach.

Thus all seemed moving on most pleasantly, and I met with smiles of approbation on every side; all were in expectation at every meeting, that I would join. Meanwhile I perceived that those individuals, who, in the State of N. Y. had been so hostile to what they were pleased to call the 'deformed' Methodists, had lost none of their hatred toward them; but had circulated sto-

ries to their disgrace, as a Sect, and the bad conduct of some delinquent and disorderly members, and some strange and fanatical notions of some of our preachers, such as the gift of healing, and the Holy Ghost given, by laying on of hands, &c., and some attempts to put it in practice, but unsuccessfully; (some of whom were of undoubted piety, and were subsequently recovered out of the snare, and others joined the Mormons); all these accounts had been industriously plied, until the mind's of the people were effectually prejudiced against them. This appeared wrong and unjust. I had good reason to love many in the several Sects, I was acquainted with; they bore my only test of fellowship, they feared God, and worked righteousness. For the same reason I loved many among the Reformed Methodists. I considered all the true children of God, one in Christ Jesus; and that it was as wrong for one Sect, or denomination, needlessly to repeat the faults of their delinquent members, and cast out their name as evil, and vilify and slander them, and hold them up to ridicule at every shop and corner, as it is for one individual to do it to another. The command to love one-another, is equally binding on all the children of God, towards all the children of God, of whatever name or place, or of no name. With these sentiments I could not think of uniting with the M. Episcopal Class. I knew too, that though the lion fawned, and appeared as a lamb, he was a lion still; and I need not do any wicked thing, but only that which I verily believed was right, to make him roar tremendously, and threaten to devour. I had reason to believe, that to make my mind known, would make a sad reverse in my circumstances, but experience had taught me, that to please, was not always the way to profit mankind, that 'before honor is humility.' I had said before, let me be on the Lord's side, though I be alone; and on the side of truth and justice, though all be against me. I could not longer keep them in suspense; so I told them in a class-meeting that I should not unite with them, as I thought it my duty to stand as a reformer, though I loved them all, who loved the Lord, and would unite with such in the worship and service of God as far as they would suffer me to do so, when duty did not call me somewhere else. The scene was no less changed, than I expected I was no longer greeted with friendly hands, and smiling coun-

tenances, and from this time, some who in private were very friendly, and I believe were so at heart, dared not to notice me in company; among these, was brother Porter. My next meeting was attended by a few children, and some young men, who appeared disposed to treat me with sneering and contempt, after which I knew it would be in vain to attempt to hold meetings here. Our brother-in-law I. V. — as I was credibly informed — now cautioned the people against me, as a dangerous person. They held prayer meetings in our neighborhood, and I continued to attend, though I knew I was regarded by the people, with jealousy and suspicion, and sometimes on these occasions, the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon me, as upon Sampson, and I testified against the sins of the people unsparingly. This offended some, — I. V. in particular, — who went off scolding loudly. While, feeling within, the divine approbation, I felt patient as a lamb, and feasted on fat things. I wished to retain the name of Reform Methodist not because I thought it was any better than any other name, but because that name was so unjustly hated in that place, and believing them correct on doctrinal points, I thought they would be likely to be useful here. I therefore determined, as soon as I could hear of any in the country, to write to them to send some of their preachers to Granger. Notwithstanding my husband had been cautioned by his sister, not to harbor any of them about him, I knew that he had seen some of them, and knew they were men, and not monsters, while she only knew them by report. I knew if they came, he would treat them well, yet I thought it not prudent to acquaint him with my resolution. Many stories were in circulation, prejudicial to my reputation; saying that I was negligent in my domestic duty &c., which served as a spur to great diligence and care, that I might give no occasion to the enemy to speak reproachfully, they now and then reached my ears; but I took no notice, nor did I make any inquiry whence they came; remembering the meek example of Moses, when Aaron and Miriam murmured against him, and believing that God would plead my cause as he did his, against all that rose up against me.

## CHAPTER XVI.

PRESSURE OF CARES, AND DESTITUTION — THEIR EFFECT ON MY HUSBAND AND MYSELF — THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN — ON THE GOVERNMENT OF MYSELF AND OF MY CHILDREN — REFLECTIONS ON PARENTAL EXAMPLE — NEW RESOLUTIONS FORMED, AND RULES ADOPTED — THE EFFECT OF ENDEAVORS TO CARRY THEM OUT IN PRACTICE — HELD MEETINGS IN COPLEY ON THE SMITH ROAD, AND IN MONTVILLE — NEWS OF A REFORMED METHODIST PREACHING IN MONTVILLE — WROTE A LETTER, WENT TO HEAR HIM, AND SENT IT BY HIM TO THE ELDER — A LETTER RECEIVED FROM THE LEADING OR PRESIDING ELDER — AN INVITATION TO ATTEND HIS CAMP-MEETING — ATTENDANCE THROUGH DIFFICULTIES — PROCESS OF THE MEETING, AND ITS RESULTS TO ME — HUSBAND WITHDRAWS FROM THE M. E. CHURCH — A SELF FORMED BAND OF EIGHT PERSONS, TAKING THE NAME OF REFORMED METHODIST, IN GRANGER, APPLYING TO CONFERENCE FOR A PREACHER, ONE OBTAINED — TRADING FARMS AND REMOVAL — STRUGGLES AGAINST PREJUDICES AND SECTARIANISM — LONGING FOR A REVIVAL — DARKNESS OF THE PROSPECT OUTWARDLY — PROTRACTED MEETING AND REVIVAL.

The first year of our residence in Ohio being unfavorable for crops, my husband and two oldest boys, were necessitated to earn bread and meat for the family by hard days work, for the early settlers, chopping, logging, &c., and being oppressed with many cares and perplexities, seemed growing fretful; while I, equally pressed with cares, the want of conveniences, and the government of my children, found it hard to refrain from scolding and fretting likewise. Indeed I found the habit growing fast upon me; it seemed impossible to secure their obedience without speaking sharply, or resorting to the rod, and I seemed unable to bear with them, as if under a continual dropping which wears a stone.— Not that my children were worse than large families usually are, or more difficult to govern, but that I was faulty, and this increased the difficulty greatly. I found that with such language as I treated them, they would copy every look, every motion, every word. I paused to consider this matter. I asked what is my duty, and the wise course for me to pursue, in relation to my husband, to myself, and to my children? If we go on in this way,

my husband and myself will become confirmed in fretfulness and sourness of temper. No one can be happy with us, nor we with ourselves. Our children will leave the parental roof to rear their families as they were reared, and transmit the contagion from one generation to another, until time shall end. Thus feeling a weight of responsibility, I resolved to turn over a new leaf in my life's history, and make it my first business to govern myself on all occasions. One of the rules I adopted, was always to speak mildly to my children, and though I were compelled to use the rod to secure obedience, never to use it in impatience or anger. And in relation to my husband, what would reason dictate me to do, if I wished to extinguish a fire—to throw on oil, or fuel, or to throw on water. Thus, when he seems peevish and fretful, let me adhere to the wise saying, "a soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." And how do I wish my family to grow up? Do I wish them to be meek and gentle, kind and obliging, pleasant and refined? Then I must set the example—I must begin now; if I do not, my neglect will render it more and more difficult. I began by the day, and thus day after day, until I found to my great satisfaction (and I pen it to encourage others to make the same trial) that when I governed myself, my children were much easier to govern. And, that when old Adam, within us, is nailed to, and kept on the cross of self-denial, though he be long in dying, we shall feel his struggles less and less, until he is dead, and then we can speak mildly, and act kindly, even in the midst of provocation. Nay, the christian that overcometh himself, can remain silent amid reproach and contradiction, and while torrents of abuse are poured upon him, and bear to be blamed, when not to blame, and it is not hard to appear meek and patient when one is so within; but many, because they fear man more than God, to save their reputation, "work much harder to appear what they are not, than they would have to work, to be what they would appear to be." Great rewards are promised in Revelations, to him (or her) that overcometh, and they that go to fight foes without, and neglect those within, that leave their own passions and tempers unbridled, take hold at the wrong end, and fail to overcome. "He (or she) that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."



I was invited by an Episcopal Methodist sister, who lived three miles distant, in the town of Copley, to come and hold meetings in her house, which I did, walking half the distance on Saturday evening, and returning home on Monday morning; and these meetings were to me, like water to a thirsty soul, and curiosity led many out to hear. I was much blessed in speaking to them, and did not grudge my pains, and had reason to think my labor was not altogether in vain. At my last appointment, it was rainy, and bad walking; still I intended to go, but my husband insisted it was too bad, and said so much against it, that I gave it up, which gave me such uneasiness that I spent a sleepless night, and never since think of it without regret, for I was afterwards informed that a very large congregation assembled, coming from many miles around, and such was their curiosity, and consequent disappointment, that many were enraged, and cursed me because I did not come. I have since been careful to fulfill my appointments. After this I walked about the same distance, and held several meetings in Montville, a township cornering on Granger. Here, also, I had some refreshing seasons, which bore me above the sneering and contempt of some rowdies who sat in the seat of the scornful. On one of my appointments here, on my way I was cautioned by a brother, to prepare and fortify my mind, for I should probably meet with trouble that day, for a set calling themselves men, were coming to meeting, with a book full of filth, and obscene remarks about women. This they were determined to read in the congregation. But, though with fear and trembling, I was resolved to go on and see the worst, and trust in God. As kind Providence would have it, my husband was with me, to protect me; and Br. Gehiel Porter, and his brother, had, as it were, stolen away from the Granger Class, and come to our meeting. Likewise a brother Wilson, a local Preacher from another town. The house was crowded, and I took for my text, "Men, brethren and fathers, hear ye my defence, which I make now unto you." When I had done, class-meeting was announced, and a blessed one we had, for God was there. Toward the close, several men came to the door and desired admittance, which was granted. The foreman had a large book under his arm, and requested the privilege of reading a section, but the brethren proposed to send

out a committee to examine the book, to this they consented. But the committee decided it was not fit to be read in private; much less in public, so they went off defeated, and ashamed.

I heard soon after this, that a Reformed Methodist man was holding meetings in Montville, so I went to hear him, and learned by him, that there was a flourishing society of this sect, in Waynesburg, Wayne Co., where resided Dr. Cass, president of their conference in Ohio. After this, I wrote a letter, addressed to the Dr., informing him of my former standing in the State of New York, and of my present circumstances, and desiring him, or some of his preachers to visit us. I attended the next appointment in Montville, and sent my letter by the preacher. I received a letter soon after, from the Dr. informing me that he had a camp-meeting appointed near his own dwelling, urgently requesting my husband and myself, to attend. I felt anxious, but my husband thought he could not go. But a day or two before the time, it came into my mind to make all necessary preparation, for if it were the will of God that I should go, some way would be opened; accordingly I did so, and on the day previous to the meeting, a stranger drove up to our gate, hitched his horse and came in, inquired our name, and informed me that the Dr. having published that a female preacher would be there, had sent him thirty miles to fetch us, least we might not come. My husband at first, would neither consent to go, nor to let me go. The man tarried all night, and I made it a matter of earnest prayer. In the morning he seemed softened, and concluded to let me go with the man, and after finishing his haying on Friday, on Saturday to come himself. My eldest daughter was now capable of taking the care of the family during my absence.

On Thursday morning we started, and the scene before me proved one of the most important of my life. One grievous trial I had encountered for the last eight years, was my husband's opposition to my religious course, and prejudice against the Reformed Methodists. He lacked not natural affection for me, but was of a hasty temperament, and a mind easily swayed by the opinions of others, and the popular views. Though in the main a kind husband, he was subject to paroxysms of envy and jealousy that led him to speak, and act, in a manner that grieved me, and

almost broke my heart. In the duty of preaching, he encouraged me at the first, seeing the deep and frequent anguish of my soul; as he afterwards confessed—he dared not to oppose me. Yet, through the influence of prejudiced persons, he was often indifferent and indisposed to render that aid and encouragement which I needed; and oft had I said, O, Lord, if thou wilt give me my husband, to be of one heart and mind with me, I ask no greater earthly gift. But the time had now come for my captivity (like that of Job) to be turned; but one more pang of this sort, was in reserve for me. I rode all day, arriving on the camp ground just before sunset; as we entered the inclosure, the elder met us to whom I was introduced. He treated me in the most respectful manner, took me to his tent, introduced me to his wife, and various other persons, and ordered supper for me. I felt somewhat embarrassed, being among entire strangers, and it being the first meeting of such magnitude, where I had been recognised as a fellow laborer. But when the evening services commenced, I felt that the Lord was present, and it was to me as the gate of Heaven. On Friday evening they enjoined me to speak, which I did, from these words: "She hath done what she could." After meeting closed, I heard some saying, "She did well for herself, we hope she will do something for us."

On Saturday my husband came with his team, bringing his brother, Joseph Hickcox, and his brother-in-law, N. Spencer, with him. The Elder took great pains to make them easy and comfortable, had them eat at his own table, and after evening service, took them into the preacher's tent and gave them lodging. I slept in the tent of the man who came after me. But about eleven o'clock, it being very dark, my husband came and spoke to me, saying get up and dress yourself, I am going home. I tried to expostulate with him, and begged to know what had happened, but could get no answer, except that he would not stay here to be imposed upon in this way. I went into the tent and requested the brother to go for the Elder, which he did, and he quickly came, and with his soothing and conciliating manner, soon drew from him the reason, which was as follows: Some of the preachers being ignorant of what the Dr. had done in relation to their lodging, found them in bed in the preacher's tent, and thinking them

rowdies and intruders, bade them to get up and be off with themselves. This was more than the high spirit of my husband could brook, especially from a despised and deformed sect. The elder rebuked the preachers, but all apologies and persuasions nearly failed to divert him from his purpose of going home immediately. At length he consented to wait till morning, and the elder got them to bed again in the preachers' tent. In the morning, his anger being abated, to accommodate our feelings, he concluded to remain until after the forenoon service. The elder made an arrangement to have me speak first, and himself immediately follow, saying: "The curiosity of the people (multitudes were present,) is so great to hear you, that it will do no good for me to attempt first to preach to them." At the appointed hour, in company with two or three other females, led by my husband, I ascended the stand. I felt great freedom in prayer, after which, at my request, the elder told the people, that if they wished to hear me, they must draw near the stand, as my voice was weak. Immediately they rushed forward with such haste, that (the ground being dry,) the dust flew far above their heads. As soon as I named my text, which was: "Though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." A flood of light seemed poured upon it, all the time I was speaking. The thoughts I uttered flowed so freely and were so much above my ordinary thoughts, that I seemed to be carried in a chariot of fire, and nothing could exceed the attention and eagerness with which I was listened to. Eyes, ears and mouths were open, and the tears ran down many a brawny face, for God was preaching, though through a feeble instrument. As soon as I ceased and took my seat, one of the sisters in the stand arose and exhorted with power; and as in olden time, the glory of the Lord filled the temple, so that the priests could not stand to minister. So the glory of God seemed to fill the ground, and an awful solemnity rested on all present; many hard hearts melted, and tears flowed throughout the encampment. The saints shouted aloud for joy, and my soul was so overwhelmed with the divine presence, that it seemed almost more than I could bear; and Satan came in the midst of my joy, and said, you are going

to die, therefore God has given you this. It caused a damp to my feelings for a moment, by diverting my thoughts from God to myself. But I said: "Lord, if Thou art about to take me from earth, Thy will be done, only be with me, as now Thou art, and I fear not death." After the excitement had abated, the elder preached, and when the service closed I perceived that my husband's heart was so touched, that no small sum could have hired him to leave the place that night. All that day and night the meeting continued to be favored with the outpourings of the Spirit, and many were hopefully converted. At the close of the meeting on Monday, the elder took up a collection, amounting to a little less than two dollars, which he almost forced upon us, and we were astonished at his urgency; but afterwards the mystery was explained, as follows: A Methodist minister and his wife, who the year before were on Granger circuit, were this year on Wayne circuit, (and, as we supposed, hearing of the female preacher and her name,) said they were acquainted with us, and that we were very poor people. The Doctor supposed from the report, that we were living in abject poverty. This was by no means true. Though not rich, we were fed with food convenient for us, and by the grace of God, may we so live, that bigotry and the enemies of the Cross may have no worse thing to say of us, in truth, than that we are very poor. My husband was now convinced that it was his duty to withdraw from the M. E. church, and go with me in promoting reform. He accordingly asked for a letter of withdrawal, but though there was nothing against his moral character, he did not obtain one; nevertheless, he considered himself withdrawn. Another young brother, formerly resident in Canandaigua, did the same. Two men, formerly Reformers, lived near us, who desired us to open meetings, which we did; and the young man before mentioned, and two mulattoes, with their wives, attended with us. Soon one woman — wife of one of the two brothers, was converted. We all came to the conclusion that it was our privilege and our duty to unite in a band; and, therefore, we all set our names on paper, and covenanted to serve God in the best manner we knew how; to meet once a week, if possible, and to watch over each other, and pray daily for the prosperity of the cause of Christ. Sur-

rounded as we were, by bigoted professors, and the prejudice previously fixed in the public mind, we contented ourselves with holding prayer-meetings, with the liberty of speaking, as we might be moved. Our colored brethren and sisters seemed to get into the work, and were a help to us; and it was on their account that we were dignified with the name of "the black society." We took the name of Reformed Methodists, and applied to the Conference to send us preaching. Accordingly they took us into a circuit, and gave us preaching; but such was the prejudice which prevailed, that the people would not turn out, and we had sermons worthy of thousands of hearers, preached in our house to from eight to a dozen persons.

Soon after this, my husband traded farms with a man, and we removed a mile and a half, to the southwest corner of Granger, which brought us into the immediate neighborhood of my husband's parents, two brothers, and a brother-in-law. After our removal, we continued our meetings on the Sabbath, having circuit preaching on week-day evenings, once in four weeks, and had refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord. Though our number was small, and we lived remote from each other, and our prosperity as a sect, (so far as outward appearances were concerned,) were dark, indeed, yet we knew the battle was not always to the strong, nor the race invariably to the swift; and that the Lord said: "It is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit." "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is from the Lord." There were some two or three brethren of the Free-will Baptist denomination, and one or two Presbyterians, who thought it a privilege to meet with us on the Sabbath. But our parents and brothers, living within sight, still being members of the M. E. Church, and still bound to "go up to Jerusalem to worship," or (in their own language,) to their own meetings, preferred to start early, and beat their slow course with oxen and wagon, some four miles, to their meeting-house. Sometimes it so happened that it was not convenient to do so, and they attended with us. On these occasions the Lord seemed particularly to bless and refresh all present, as if he would have them understand that they need not go to Jerusalem, but worship Him in spirit and in truth; and after a fair trial, they frankly confessed,

that they had better meetings at home than (with all their trouble) abroad. In the meantime sin abounded. On the Sabbaths, blooming youths and men of ripe years, shouldering their guns, would start for the forest. Others made it a day of idleness and sport, and there was great profanity. Two of our sons and two daughters were now grown to men and women's estate, and, partaking of the popular views, seemed to despise our weak endeavors for the reformation of themselves and the neighborhood. But all thanks to the Lord, the opposition was not against me alone, but my husband was with me; and fully did I realize that "two are far better than one," for counsel or for fight. Whenever we attempted to speak to any of them about the concern of their souls, they would say: "See how these pretended Christians hate one another. They will not worship God together. Every sect thinks *they* are right, and all the rest wrong. They are continually speaking ill of each other, and we do not believe that they are any better than ourselves. Thus our efforts seemed abortive, and must, indeed, have continued so, if this state of things had not been, in a great measure, reversed in our neighborhood. But thanks be to God, the spirit of liberality so far prevailed with our preachers, together with the Free-will Baptist minister who labored among us, that they joined their labors in a protracted meeting; and two kinds of Methodists, Free-will Baptists, and Presbyterian Christians loved one another well enough to worship God and labor together. This was the thing wanted, and sinners were convicted and converted. A great solemnity rested on every mind, and all that came to the meeting seemed to be powerfully struck with a sense of the presence and power of God, and were melted into tenderness. Our meetings were not noisy, but solemn and heart-melting; and for fourteen days and nights, more and more came forward to the altar of prayer, and more or less, every day and night, entered into the liberty of the children of God.

There was a settlement of English people near us, who had recently come from England, and as they were mostly professors, they came and gladly joined with us. On two or three of the last days, the ministers, like true yoke-fellows, joined in baptizing the converts, and inviting each of them into his fold. Some

went to one fold and some to another. To our number, including the English brethren, were added twenty souls. Among them were our four oldest children, one of my husband's brothers and wife, another brother's wife, and a sister and her husband. Great was our joy to see the change in our neighborhood, for whereas there had been among perhaps twenty families, but three or four who worshipped God in a family capacity, not more than that number could now be found who did not. My father and mother-in-law, as they gradually became more liberal in their feelings, and were convinced beyond a doubt, that God loved other Christians besides those called Episcopal Methodists, and that they ought to be accepted and loved by themselves, yet often remarked, that as they had been members of the M. E. church fifty years they could not be induced to leave it, though sensible of its general declension from spirituality, and tendency to illiberality. But they were now unexpectedly brought to a test of the liberal sentiments they had often expressed in the hearing of their children since the meeting commenced, while their children delayed uniting with us, evidently waiting for their parents, who had so earnestly labored for their conversion, and shared so largely in the spirit and blessings of the united effort. They saw that, for their children's sake, it was their duty, and accordingly united with our sect, and all their children followed except two, who remained in the old church. Thus, the parents, seven children, and four grand-children, were arrayed under the banner of the Reformed Methodist church.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ATTENDANCE AT A CAMP-MEETING IN WAYNESBURGH, WAYNE CO., OHIO, ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND; SORE TRIAL AND TEMPTATION — ADDITIONAL TRIAL AND ANXIETY ON MY HUSBAND'S ACCOUNT; HIS CONVERSION TO THE TEMPERANCE REFORM — ACCOUNT OF OUR LABORS, SANGUINE HOPES AND FLATTERING PROSPECTS SUDDENLY DISAPPOINTED AND WITHERED BY SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY, AND DEATH OF MY HUSBAND AND SON.  
One year after the camp-meeting in Waynesburgh, before de-

scribed, we attended another on the same ground, and, as was natural, with expectations somewhat sanguine. But my heavenly Father saw it needful for me there to experience temptations and trials of faith, exceeding all I had met with before. They insisted on my preaching, and though quite indisposed, I dare not refuse, for fear of doing wrong. The people manifested considerable interest and parade, which tended to depress me still more, as I feared they would be disappointed. However, a text presented itself, with some light, and with all my heart I endeavored to sacrifice self on the cross, and trust in God to give the needful strength and liberty. At the hour for preaching, accompanied by my husband and some sisters, I ascended the stand. After singing and prayer, I mentioned my text, commenced talking, and proceeded awhile with my usual liberty, while a wide field of ideas were open before me. But on a sudden all was dark. I could say no more, and sat down, whilst one of the preachers took up the subject and proceeded with it. But now I was so tempted, and so horrible and frightful were the images which Satan presented to my view, that I could stay no longer. I left the stand, and retired behind it, to the wood. I fell on my face on the ground, and steeping the earth with tears, in the deepest anguish of my soul, I cried, "O, Lord, what shall I say? Why, O, why is it thus with me?" Then again was I tempted to murmur against God, and think he dealt harshly with me, and to look with envy upon the mass of my sex, who could go and come in quiet, and enjoy themselves and the labors of others, without such responsibility. I strove with my might against the Tempter, nor dared to harbor the thought. But so many evil thoughts obtruded themselves upon me, that it seemed as if I was surrounded by evil spirits, and the suggestion that God had forsaken me, and they were about to take me away bodily, was so strong, and seemed so much a reality, that I cried repeatedly: "O, Lord, leave me not in their power," some of the sisters gathered around me, and in vain, tried to comfort me. O, then, so great was the torture I endured, I could have preferred strangling to life. After a long while, they led me, faint and exhausted, to my tent. It seemed that every countenance wore a frown, and every twig of the forest bent itself against me. In

short, a settled melancholy threatened to drown my Spirit, which lasted several weeks; but I gradually rose above it, and found the Spirit pressing me to duty as before; and though I have spoken with different degrees of liberty, I have not since experienced a like trial. At first, in regard to it, I walked in the darkness of mystery, and had no light, but as He bade me, by the Prophet, I endeavored to trust in the Lord, and stay myself upon my God. I have since thought I saw some reasons why the Lord dealt thus with me. One of which was, I had depended so much on impulsive aid in speaking, that I perhaps did not sufficiently ascertain the use of the powers God had given me. This idea is illustrated by the dealings of the Eagle with her young. Before they are sufficiently fledged to fly, she takes them on her wings, and bears them aloft in the air; but when they are fledged, and their wings grown, she bears them up, then darts from under them, forcing them to use their own pinions until they become accustomed thereto. Another reason perhaps, was, that many flattering things had been said to me, more than I was sensible of. And, had I always had the same liberty and power I sometimes had in speaking, I should have received more adulation than I could have borne. The Lord knows us better than we know ourselves, and suits His remedies precisely to the disease.

There was still one thing concerning my husband, which caused me some anxiety, and excited my fear in his behalf. The temperance question had been agitated in Granger, and one or two lecturers had discussed the subject, but partially. A society was formed, to which I attached my name; but we lived remote from it, and I neither heard nor read much on the subject, and a sense of its importance had so far worn off my mind, that to please my husband, I had merely tasted the morning beverage, but never without feeling a check of conscience, knowing that he had a liking to it, acquired by its use from infancy, and considered it indispensable in haying, harvesting, &c.; and tho' not a drunkard habitually, yet had I seen that he was in danger of the fell destroyer. One day a devoted temperance man brought in a book composed of temperance papers, stitched together, and laid them on the mantle piece, and went out. I had the curiosity to take them down and read them; they were the first temperance pa-

pers I had seen ; and as I read, every word carried conviction to my soul. I saw that I had been asleep on this subject, while my family were exposed to imminent danger, and while, by precept and example, I ought to have been using my influence to save them. And how did I regret having tasted the poisoned cup, which might one day prove fatal to some of my family. I resolved at once, to take a decided stand in favor of temperance. Accordingly, the next morning, when the morning beverage was offered, I refused to taste, and thinking it a good opportunity, (as my family were all present,) I told them I had a confession to make to them all, and with great seriousness I said : " I have signed the temperance pledge, and in so doing, I promised to abstain wholly from intoxicating liquors as a beverage. I have tasted it, I have done wrong in so doing — I have no excuse — I want you to forgive me, and henceforth I will deny myself, and refrain from it." My husband seemed surprised, and not very well pleased ; it passed off for that time, but I stood firm, and endeavored on all proper occasions to show my decision on this subject ; though for a while, it seemed of little use, for in my presence he would join the enemies of the temperance cause, in treating it with ridicule, and in the general cry that they — the temperance people — want to run it into politics — they want to unite church and state, &c. ; and seemed more embittered against them than before, until one cold day in December, when with his two oldest boys, he was butchering, towards night he was more overcome with what he had drank, than I had ever known him to be. The boys were grieved and provoked, that their father had no more command over himself. But I bade them say nothing, and when he was over it, I would have a talk with him. Accordingly, the next morning I said to him, " My dear husband, you look very pale ; you had a hard day's work yesterday ; your constitution is already broken by hard labor, and by exposure to heat and cold ; I hope you will do nothing to hasten your dissolution, to leave in widow-hood and orphanage, the family for whom you have done and suffered so much." I then enquired if he did not think that even the least quantity of spirituous liquor was injurious to his health. He did not answer, but I assured him I thought it was, and that although I believed he enjoyed a measure of religion, I believed God would

more abundantly bless him if he would consent totally to abstain from it. To all this he made no reply. I strove to extort a promise to this effect, but could not ; I then said, " I have no doubt if you continue its use, it will shorten your days, for I can see that it hurts you ;" I then asked the privilege of resuscitating our vinegar with what remained in the house ; to this he consented, and joyfully was it done ; and from this time, he brought no more into the house ; and that summer he raised a barn, and performed all his farm work for the first time, without it ; though a man who professed religion, but a foe to the temperance reform, called him a fool for so doing. Still, he persisted in declaring that he never would sign a temperance pledge, and when in the company of the enemies of the temperance movement, would join in ridiculing those engaged in it ; and when traveling, partook of the social glass, until on the next December, when about to start on a journey to Pittsburgh, as I tied on his neck-handkerchief, I said to him, " Now my dear, supposing you should try the experiment this journey, of taking no drink stronger than water, or a cup of coffee, and food to warm you when cold, and rest you when tired, and see if you do not return in better health than when you take anything stronger." He replied, " you need not say anything to me on that subject. I know better than any one else what I need when traveling, and I know how to take care of myself." So saying, he mounted his wagon, put whip to his horses, and drove off. I stood gazing after him, until he disappeared in the distance, and earnestly commended him to the special care of our Heavenly Father. He was gone one week. When he returned, I observed that he looked very pale, and had a handkerchief bound around his head. I asked no questions, lest I might elicit disclosures he might not wish to make, but hastened the warm meal for him ; and when we were alone, he said : " E. I have something I wish to tell you, and wish to ask your advice." On my inquiring what he wished to tell me, he related as follows : " On the day I started from home, I drove on without stopping until half an hour before sunset, when I stopped at an inn to water my team, warmed a little, took a glass of brandy, and drove on, intending to put up five miles ahead. I had not rode far, before I felt severely what I had drank, and in the dusk of evening,

one fore wheel of my wagon fell suddenly into a deep rut and threw me off my seat, and my head struck against the frozen bank beside the road. The blow stunned me, and how long I lay insensible I know not, but when I came to myself, my horses stood still; I felt I was badly hurt, knew not whether I could proceed on my journey; what I had drank had been the cause; all I had said against the temperance reform came rushing to my mind, and I saw plainly, that in fighting against it, I had been fighting against God. I fell on my knees and solemnly promised God, if he would spare my life, and bring me safely home, I would confess my sin to all, forsaking it forever, and sign the temperance pledge. What I want your advice in, is this; as the circumstances above related, are known only to God and to ourselves, would you advise me to confess them in public?" I told him, I thought it quite sufficient to avow in public the change in his mind in regard to the temperance reform, and sign the pledge, which he did, and became a warm advocate of the cause.

My dear husband during the remainder of his life, which was one year, felt anxious to redeem the time, and build up the cause he had once thought it his duty to pull down. He gave all he could to supply ministers, and means, and carried me nearly every Sabbath in different directions, some eight or ten miles, to hold meetings, which he often closed with singing and prayer, and appeared to enjoy much of the divine presence and blessing.

As our children were competent to preside at home, and we possessed means to travel, and my husband was disposed to do so, I thought my way open to labor in my Master's vineyard, which I had long wished for, and anticipated much happiness, and hoped to be more abundantly useful in so doing.

In September, 1836, we visited the towns of Canaan, Milton, and Waynesburg, holding meetings in each place. At Waynesburg, we were met by two or three preachers, one of them preached on Saturday evening; he dwelt on the delightful subject of the resurrection of the Just, in such a manner that my rapture of joy was great. I spoke on Sunday at ten o'clock to a crowded house. In the morning early, these words were pressing on my mind. James' last Chapter; "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." I spoke to the

best of my ability, but as I thought, poorly enough, having but little liberty of speech, and when I closed, I was surprised by a preacher, and elder, who was very prominent among us, getting up and making an humble confession of his want of meekness and forbearance, and often being guilty of unseriousness, and rash judgment, declaring that the subject and passages quoted in the discourse, had searched him out of every lurking place, and fixed his resolution to reform. This was the Lord's doings, and marvelous in my eyes. After the meeting closed, a sister sitting by me, pointed to my husband, saying: "how I love that man, because he carries you around to hold meetings;" but, little did we think how near his work was done. On the second Sabbath in October, our quarterly meeting was in session in our own neighborhood. On Sabbath evening, we all attended the meeting except our youngest children, three little boys, Hosea, 13 years old; Reuben, 11, and James 9; as the meeting held until late, the little boys became sleepy and retired to bed. Behind their bed was a window which looked out on a well, covered with a large platform of plank. The elder boy lay at the backside, the youngest next, and Reuben at the fore side of the bed. Before he laid down, looking out at the window, he desired Hosea to rise up and behold what he saw on the well platform before the window. Hosea rose up and looked, but could see nothing. Reuben expressed surprise that he could not see it. Hosea inquired what he saw; he answered that he did not know, unless it was an angel; it looked as mother said angels did, very bright, and white, with long wings, &c.—I relate the simple story, as the boys related it to me after we came home, and leave the reader to make his, or her, own comment upon it, and to imagine if they can, what their ideas would have been, had they been in my place, when two months after, that dear child was called away by death. Our oldest son had lost his enjoyment in religion, and become backslidden, and when spoken to on the subject, said he thought there was no need of so much ado about religion; to be moral, and live as well as he could, he believed was sufficient for salvation. Toward the last of October, he was taken with the billious fever; when he became very sick, he began to be concerned for his soul; he desired a prayer meeting, and while the people were praying for him, he

began to pray for himself. In a few minutes he began to rejoice and praise God for pardoning mercy. After meeting we asked him what he thought now about morality. O, said he, morality without faith, will not answer at all. He continued very happy, and soon recovered. About the same time, Joanna Beebe, a pious young woman, sick with consumption, lay on her death bed, next door to us. In the meetings held with her, she prayed upon her bed, and testified that the religion she chose when in health, she found sufficient to support her in sickness. On the night before her death, there was a terrific hailstorm, which, it was thought, hastened her exit. The next morning, her sister said to her, Joanna, do you know that your tongue and finger nails are turned purple? I know it, said she, and I rejoice in it. In a few minutes she expired. My husband and myself, attended her funeral, November 15th. In her smiling corpse seemed shadowed forth the happy state of the departed spirit.

On Saturday, November 20th, we rode to a neighborhood near Akron, and on Sunday at ten o'clock, I spoke to a large congregation, in the name of the Lord, and again in the evening; after which, all the night, I was very happy in mind, but much afflicted in body. Next day we returned home, and I was confined by an attack of bilious fever. I thought, perhaps, my work on earth, was finished; but my mind was serene and clear, and I had no fear of death. But the disease gave way under the power of medicine, and I began to recover. Before I could sit up, our two youngest boys came from their school, sick; and the Dr. (Rev. Dr. How) being present, said they were attacked with the same fever; and on the next day, my husband, and second daughter, Hannah, 16 years old, were taken with the same disease. Little James soon recovered, but my Reuben Sen., and Reuben Jun., and Hannah, sank into the low typhoid, and on Friday Dec. 16th, I kneeled beside my dear boy, to commend his departing spirit to God who gave it. I received strength in that hour of trial, to resign my darling child, and acknowledge that the Lord had a prior right to him. On Saturday, his remains were carried out to be interred. The sickness of the family, and the shortness of the day, forbidding a funeral; but a brother prayed with us, and such unction and power attended his prayer for the young wo-

man's life to be spared, that I felt it was a prayer of faith, and would be granted, although the Dr. had said that morning, that they had no hope of her; but for my husband, they thought his disease very manageable, and could speak encouragingly. On the next day, under the operation of an emetic, my husband sank, and appeared to be dying. Dr. How said, Br. Hickcox, I think you will soon leave us; are you willing? He said, I am ready to go, if it be the Lord's will. However, by stimulus, they raised a pulse, and by repeating it, kept him up, until Friday afternoon, when he so revived, that stimulus was no longer necessary. He sat up, was shaved, and shirted, and our friend had hopes of his recovery. But alas! on the next morning, it appeared it was but the harbinger of death. He died on Saturday at one o'clock. In nearly his last words he said, smiling: 'now I want to go, thank the Lord.' I found as before, my feeble body and mind, wonderfully sustained under my deep affliction; and, although denied the much desired consolation of funeral services, I was enabled cheerfully to acquiesce in the Divine will, and the judgment of our neighbors and friends. And after seeing my nearest earthly friend interred beneath the surface of the earth, I returned to watch alone with my sick daughter, whose life seemed hanging, as it were, on a spider's web — all the neighbors being worn out with watching — I felt a mother's pity and compassion, for this dear child, as she had from infancy, been the greatest sufferer among my children; and this was the third time she had been afflicted within an inch of life, within two years; once with a disease called the shingles; then with the small pox, and now the typhoid fever. She still continued between life and death, for two weeks, and then began slowly to recover; and by the first of March, was able to walk alone. I felt my bereavement sensibly, and the additional weight of cares. But in respect to my dear husband, I had much to comfort me. I thought I had endured great mental suffering on his account. I felt it had not been in vain, and that when to outward appearance, I made little or no impression, I was exerting a powerful influence on a mind, perhaps as hard to be influenced in the right direction, as most minds. This he acknowledged not long before his death. He said to me: "E., I know not what would have become of me, if



it had not been for you; (alluding I supposed, to reform in religion and temperance.) But ah, (he continued) if you had not carried a steady hand, you never had won me." This I mention not out of vanity, — for all the praise to God be given — but for the sake of husbands and wives, who are, or may be placed in like circumstances. For says St. Paul, "how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife, or how knowest thou, O woman, but thou shalt save thy husband." A steady adherence to the right, or firmness in duty, with meekness, patience, and forbearance, under opposition, persecution and affliction, is the surest way to win the opposing party to the way of wisdom; and woe to that husband or wife, who have not in all they do and say, a reference to the salvation of their partner, as well as to their own. 'Tis true there are exceptions, but me thinks, by perseverance in such a course, many more might be won to wisdom, and christ, and heaven, than are.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

EFFECTS ON MY MIND ON THE CHANGE IN MY CONDITION, AND OF VARIOUS TRIALS AND OPPOSITION AND CONFINEMENT; DECLENSION OF RELIGION IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD — UNION OF THE REFORMED METHODIST CHURCH WITH THE PROTESTANT METHODISTS, AND ALL TAKING THE NAME OF "PROTESTANT METHODISTS" — DEMOLITION OF THE PROTESTANT CLASS TO WHICH I BELONGED; REASONS FOR NOT UNITING WITH ANOTHER — REFLECTIONS ON THE SECTARIAN STATE OF THE CHURCHES; STATE OF MY MIND WHILE UNCONNECTED WITH ANY SECT — VISIT TO NEW YORK; WORK, TRIAL AND TEMPTATION WHILE THERE.

Being left with a small estate and a large family, my husband dying without a will or testament, I severely felt the injustice and inequality of the existing laws in regard to females in the distribution of property. The fees exacted by officers in the settlement of the estate, and our doctor's bill, with various other

matters, were perplexing; and not till now had I realized how much I had leaned on and trusted in an arm now mouldering in the dust, or conceived of the change his absence would make. Yet in my family, for awhile, things went on harmoniously. My eldest son was joint administrator with me, and took off much of the burden. My four eldest children were professors of religion, and took their turns in family worship. These seasons occasioned a rest and solace to my mind, and I rejoiced that, like saints in olden time, I had a church in my own house. But in the course of time there came over the neighborhood a spiritual dearth. The men became too worldly to spend time, as formerly, in meeting once a week for social prayer. The women met for awhile, but through worldly-mindedness, or some other cause, their meetings were without much interest, and gradually declined. In the winter, when the farmers had not much to do, they endeavored to wake up and buckle on their armor, and renew their hostility against the Kingdom of Darkness. But their armor and weapons had become so rusty, and their expertness in using them so diminished, that it took the whole season to wear them bright and recover the injury sustained. So, on the whole, little was done, and every year their ranks were thinned, by some deserting the army, some dying, and some moving away. My children partook of the general declension, and some of them refused to take part in family devotion, such means becoming wearisome to them. Partaking of the prejudice so generally prevailing against female activity in religious duties, especially in public, and no other woman being so active as their mother, within the bounds of their knowledge, in proportion as their views became carnal, became my opposers; and the younger brother thought that, inasmuch as the care of the family devolved, in a great measure, on the elder, we had better humor his feelings and drop family prayer, and as I had to struggle on alone, against constant opposition, I at length did so; but I felt some bitter pangs of sorrow, (though not of guilt,) and scrupulous fears. But the Lord so manifested His love, as to allay my fears and comfort my heart. He filled the painful vacuum therein; yea, I was permitted to sit under His shadow, with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste. Still I felt my confinement, and like a caged bird, I languished for liberty and action.

About this time the Protestant Methodists sent a committee to visit the Reformed Methodists, to ascertain how near the two churches agreed. The result was, that they united under one head in Ohio, and took the name of Protestant Methodists. But the religious diminution continued till there were but three members left: an Englishman and wife, and myself. The English, having been set off in a class by themselves, these two united with their countrymen, which left me alone. Having by reading and hearing become acquainted with the cruelty, injustice and enormity of slavery, and the connection of various denominations with it, (the Protestant Methodists among the rest,) I shuddered at the thought of belonging to, or in any way helping to support or build up any sect or church, that aided in building up such a system of abomination. I therefore made no move toward uniting with any other class of Protestant Methodists. At length inquiry was made concerning me, by the circuit preacher, why I stood thus, and I frankly told him my reasons. He insisted, however, that the Ohio Conference was anti-slavery, and had adopted sundry strong resolutions against the abomination, for the truth of which, he appealed to the president, who sat by; but he said the resolutions were not exactly anti-slavery, though many of the members were so, and the annual Conference passed ultra resolutions, yet the general Conference could veto its action. I told them that I felt opposed to them, because they were not only silent on this subject, but preached against those who were opposed to it.

Thus for a few years I remained out of all churches; but I felt not as an animal without air, or a fish out of water. Indeed I realized but little change, except deliverance from a certain uneasiness which I felt while a member of a pro-slavery church. I felt as much bound to serve God and try to be useful to my fellow creatures, as at any period of my life. I enjoyed the same fellowship with Christians, wherever I found them; and if I found any who would shut me out from communion and privileges with them, I knew it was their fault, or their mistake; for all the means of grace belong to all God's children, with all the privileges of his house or church, and none of them can be intruders there. In short, I felt free, and none can be more untram-

meled than those who have no trammels on; and having seen the bad effects of sectarian preferences and sectional prejudices, and the divisions of and in the great and universal Church of Christ, I had serious thoughts that I should remain as I was, unless I might live to see the day when all God's people should make common cause in the great work of evangelizing the world, and all pull one way,—till the strongholds of Satan should give way and fall.—“When the watchmen should see eye to eye, and the Lord should bring again Zion, and gather his flock, which has been scattered abroad in a cloudy and dark day.” My views were much enlarged from what they formerly were, of the absolute necessity of a universal Gospel union, and unity of interest and effort on the part of God's people. It seemed, and still seems to me, that the day is past when the church must of necessity be divided into sects of different interests and different names. The world itself is so far enlightened in respect to her duty of impartial love to all her members, and oneness of interest and labor, (for the interests of Christ's kingdom and its labors they know are paramount to all others, with his true friends,) that with her present divisions and party interests, she stands a stumbling block before the world. The Saviour prayed that they all might be one for this end, “that the world might know that the Father had sent Him;” and never can she get out of the way of sinners till all her ministers and all her people do as St. Paul, “brought the Corinthian church, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ,” to do. “So all speak the same thing, there being no divisions among them.” “But that they be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.” The divisions which began in the Corinthian church, “one declaring I am of Paul, and another I am of Apollos,” were to prevail of necessity, more or less, till sufficient light was shed on the church as a whole, to see how to escape from it. That light already shines, and she has so grown or progressed therein that there are unmistakable signs in individuals, both preachers and people, and some bodies of Christians, that she will throw off her out-grown and worn-out garments, and assume the purer robe of righteousness; that she will, through the various reforms, take higher moral ground, and exchange her narrow, scanty and sectional views, for

those more extended, enlarged and liberal; when she will take off hands from aiding in oppression, and being thoroughly furnished unto all good works, by a thorough knowledge of God's Holy Word, will stand forth the light of the world, and be no longer a stumbling-block in the way of her salvation. Thus, to contemplate and fondly anticipate the certain destiny of the church, is glorious. But we must not forget that she cannot rise abstractly, but by her individual preachers and members, each independently, boldly and uncompromisingly, following in obedience to the light they have. Each has a work to do, and each may contribute a mite toward her rising glory. The completion of this glorious work I cannot expect to see, before my Father will say to me, as to His servant Daniel: "Go thy way, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot in the end of the days." But I doubt not, happy spirits of departed saints inspect with clearer vision, and rejoice with greater joy over the good that is doing on the earth, than those still housed in mortal bodies. Hasten, O, Lord, the glorious day!

Four years after the death of my husband I returned to the State of New York on a visit, feeling that I had there a work to do, and thinking that when thus freed from worldly concerns, I should enter heartily into the work of proclaiming the news of salvation, fearing no Cross, and declining no suffering in my Saviour's cause.

I was gladly received by my eldest daughter, who had preceded me, and my dear and only sister in the flesh, with whom I had much conversation on the subject of Christian holiness, and who, to my joy, was seeking, hungering and thirsting after it. I had some precious and long to be remembered visits with my old friends and acquaintances, and held one meeting in a school-house which stood near the ground occupied by the log school-house, where I held my first public meeting, sixteen years before. Several of the same hearers were present, though some were fallen asleep in religion; and though many were doubtful, and others prejudiced against female preachers; there was good order and attention, and they all treated me respectfully. I perceived they were much advanced in wealth, generally more aristocratic, and proportionably cold and formal in religion. I held a few

meetings in different places, and spoke with liberty and great comfort to my own soul, and had reason to think my labor was not lost on others. At length some Episcopal Methodist brethren and sisters invited me to go with them to their quarterly meeting on Italy Hill, at the head of the Canandaigua Lake. I went with the intention, if the way should appear clear, to tarry after the meeting was over and labor with the people. There was no presiding elder there, and "Billy Jones," as the preacher in charge was familiarly called, presided. He appeared to be much in the spirit of his work; the brethren were warm-hearted, and we had truly a refreshing season. This hill, or rather mountain, covered with tall pines and a growth of evergreens, had not been considered worth cultivation, and hence was but recently settled, chiefly by poor and humble people, destitute of aristocracy and selfishness, compared with the populous and old settled towns. They treated me with kindness and liberality. I tarried with them, and held a meeting on Tuesday at five o'clock, when I enjoyed a precious season in speaking, and gave another appointment for the next Sabbath at ten o'clock, and spent the interval in visiting from house to house and conversing with the people. On Sabbath I preached to a large congregation, whom curiosity had drawn from the village of Naples and other places at quite a distance around. The Lord was present, enabling a weak worm to thrash a mountain; or through the medium of it, able to thrash the people Himself. An appointment was requested at four o'clock, two miles distant, and the brethren agreeing to carry me thither, I assented; and a refreshing time we had. When I had done speaking, an old Simeon, with Christ in his heart, (if not in his arms,) with his snow white locks, arose and stood trembling over his staff, thanking God for the fulfillment of his promise by the prophet Joel, that upon His handmaids, as well as His servants, he would pour out of his Spirit, and they should prophesy. He took no offence, though a modern Anna had prophesied before him, and seemed willing it should be so, as his Lord was to be spoken of by a woman as well as a man, in the ancient temple at Jerusalem. Another appointment was requested for Thursday afternoon, between that place and Naples, to which I agreed, as I intended to visit Naples on my way back

to my friends. In the meanwhile I visited from house to house. A man hearing of me, came after me to visit his wife, who was said to be insane. I did so, and found in her the ruins of a bright and noble intellect. She was well versed in the Scriptures, and conversed sensibly upon them, with the exception that she turned all their threatenings against herself, and in despair, utterly refused to be comforted by their promises, and was wholly incapable of the care of her family — continually moaning and wringing her hands in anguish. I was told by her neighbors that the cause of all this was, that she had believed it to be her duty to preach the Gospel; but although of irreproachable life and conversation, she had enemies even among professed Christians, who ridiculed and slandered her, which, together with opposition in her duty from near friends, threw her reason off the balance.

At my Thursday meeting I had rather a trying time, not having much liberty of speech, and seemingly surrounded by those "who sit in the seat of the scornful." And Satan paraded himself on a seat facing me, in the shape of one of my own sex, laughing and exchanging wry faces with some young people of the same sort. I finished my discourse, but felt as if no impression had been made, and was much depressed. In this state of mind I went down to Naples the next day, uncertain whether I should attempt to preach or not; and Satan, the Arch-Deceiver, (all of whose devices I had not yet learned,) told me that if it were the will of God that I should, he would put it into the heart of the people to invite me to do so, as they had attended my meeting on the hill. I called at a house near the village, and was cordially received and invited to stay with them till Sunday. On that evening I went to a prayer meeting, and was strongly impressed to ask the privilege of preaching in the Methodist house the next Sabbath, as I found there was to be no preaching there; but I shrank from the cross, and though invited to speak in the prayer meeting, nothing was said about my preaching. On the next day (Saturday) quite a number of people assembled at the house where I was, having heard that I was going to speak there. But though a messenger came to inform me, and the Spirit bade me go and speak to them, I shrank from it; but, reader, you may be sure I was in a bad state of mind, and did not feel very comfort-

able. Still I intended to attend the Methodist class-meeting on Sunday morning, in the hope that they would invite me to preach in the afternoon, but no invitation was given. I was impressed to ask liberty, but cowardice kept me waiting till the opportunity was past. I slept not that night, but spent the whole of it in weeping, sometimes on my knees, sometimes walking the room, and then lying on the bed, being fiercely assaulted by temptations, for Satan is no comforter to those whom he has led astray, especially if they try to make their escape from him; but the more he can plague and torment them, the better. In the morning my old besetting fear and Bunyan's "Mr. Shame," had fast hold of me. The Methodist ministers, and the Presbyterian minister of Naples, were to my apprehension what the giants and the sons of the Anakims were to the cowardly Jews who were sent to spy out the goodly land; I dreaded to see the face of man, and hastened to make my escape; although I well knew it was temptation for the time being, I seemed to have no power to resist. I walked very fast, nay, almost ran, as if pursued by Satan, and I was glad when out of sight of the village. I am aware that the above account is not very creditable to my moral courage, but it is not the praise of men I seek, but to set up a beacon where I have encountered danger, and let all behold, by way of contrast, the different effects of obedience, faith and trust, in a faithful God, and distrust and disobedience.

I never call to mind the scene above described <sup>with</sup> without the deepest regret, for I have no doubt but great victories and signal blessings awaited me, had I been courageous and faithful. As I entered a piece of wood through which my course led, I observed some person, far off before me, in the road, maneuvering strangely, walking from side to side of the road, &c. As I drew nearer, I saw the figure of a man, covered with filthy and ragged clothes, his beard long, and his hair standing erect, as if it had never been combed. I hesitated a moment, but seeing no way to get around him, I concluded that though Satan was behind and before, asking the protection of Providence, for Christ's sake, I would venture forward. I passed by unmolested, not seeming to notice him as he sat by the road side. I was informed that he was an insane man of the neighborhood. Soon after I reached the resi-

dence of my sister, my eldest son arrived from Ohio, and in company with him and my daughter Jane, I took the cars for Buffalo, and embarked for Cleveland in the steamboat Robert Fulton, eighteen days after the burning of the Erie. It was a solemn and awful sight to see a large number of human bodies, floating like so many pieces of board, on the surface of the water. Seven bodies were taken up by the Fulton, to be delivered to a steamer from Buffalo, which had been sent out for the purpose. The stench was almost intolerable. Well may frail mortals be humble in view of the just sentence: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

---

#### CHAPTER XIX.

SAFE ARRIVAL IN OHIO; REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST, AND RESOLUTIONS FOR THE FUTURE — HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND THE RESTORATION OF A CLEAR WITNESS THAT THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSETH ME; THAT I AM DEAD INDEED UNTO SIN, AND ALIVE TO GOD THROUGH CHRIST — THE FAITH EXERCISED, AND ITS EFFECTS; A VISIT TO THE SOUTH AND THE WITNESS RESTORED — A LETTER RECEIVED FROM MY SISTER; A LETTER FROM MY AUNT — A VISIT TO WAYNESBURG — A VISIT TO PENNFIELD AND LAGRANGE — TRIAL UPON HEARING A SERMON ON PRIDE — TRIAL ON ATTENDING A PROTRACTED MEETING AT MEDINA.

On the 4th of September we arrived safe at home, thankful for our escape from the railroad and the deep, and to find our children and friends in health, and rejoiced to see us. While I recalled the scenes of my late visit, I found cause for deep humility before God, and most earnestly to pray that I might duly profit by the lessons to be learned from them; for, like St. Peter, I had entertained too high a notion of my own courage and constancy in my Saviour's cause, and having like him proved false, like him I wept bitterly. I had new and fresh proof that by Him I was

called, and that He was all my strength and sufficiency, and without Him I could do nothing; that I could not have Him and His aid, but in obedience to Him, in the leadings of His gentle Spirit, and by thus fearing Him who can kill and cast into hell, and Him alone, can we not triumph over the fear of man, and vanquish our spiritual foes? Several years had elapsed since I had enjoyed a clear witness and felt the application of the all-cleansing blood of Jesus to my full satisfaction, although in the afflictions I had passed through, I thought I perceived the fruits of my former faith and experience in patience, long-suffering, resignation to the Divine will, &c. But now did I feel an urgent and absolute necessity of all the faith and grace I ever possessed, and more abundantly, as I still was resolved, by grace, to do my Master's will, and wage fresh war with sin and Satan, and most earnestly desired to be of some little use to my fellow beings. Satisfying grace was indispensable; I therefore set myself to seek after God in great earnest, knowing that what I wanted was promised in His Word, and His servant Paul had prayed for it, and declared that He was faithful who had called and would do it. I knew that I might look to outward means in vain; I could be a co-worker only by faith, as the Saviour had declared: "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life;" and, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." I understood all I felt my need of, to be implied in the words: "I will give you rest." This is the same rest of faith which Paul spoke of, when he said: "He that hath entered into His rest, hath ceased from His own works," and to be fully implied in the promise: "I will circumcise thine heart of stone, and give thee an heart of flesh; I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and from all your filthiness and idols will I cleanse you." These promises I looked upon, especially since the atonement was made by Christ, as signifying all one thing, and as a note on demand, by that faith which takes no denial. The power is God's to give — the exercise of faith is ours. And whenever we feel our pressing need, and come in earnest to make the demand, in the name of Jesus, it is done; the debt is paid, and the blessing is ours. But suppose we cannot know when these promises are fulfilled to us, what good can they do us? We read in the Scriptures: "We know that we have

passed from death unto life," "We know that we are of God," &c. How shall we render thanks, the fruit of our lips, to God, or rejoice in what Christ has done for us, if we do not reap personal benefits, and unless we know what those benefits are. An officer came to the State prison with a pardon and release for one of the prisoners, signed by the Governor of the State. He called the prisoners all before him, informing them of joyful news to one of them; but the one that was pardoned felt no more gratitude or joy than the rest, till the paper was read, and his name mentioned; then said an eye witness, "he marched out the happiest man I ever saw." Now, though the blessings of the gospel are equally free for all who will demand them, they are personally received, and felt and rejoiced in, by every recipient. We first believe for the pardon of sin. Then as we travel on, from time to time, we find the need of further grace. Our particular wants are placed in some clear and definite shape before us, and we will not rest until we gain the suit, we bring to the throne of grace. We do not gain it until we believe for it. We do not now believe for justification from past sins, for that we have already; but something further we want, and we cannot rest without it. We do not obtain it by a general faith, or abstractly believing, for all things we may want in the future; but by believing for the things we want now; and by the aid of the Holy Spirit we are enabled so to believe as to receive them now, and know we have them in possession; then we are satisfied, and the mind rests in Christ our all in all, until further trials and experiences reveal further necessities. Then must we come in the same way again, and seek and find, and know we are prepared to feel happy in God, and rejoice in him, and live in the spirit of prayer and praise. Thus for a while I strove to take hold of the promises, to take God at his word, and so believe as to know I did receive; but as I always found beforehand, it appeared dark and mysterious, and when I had obtained, and stood in faith, it appeared clear and easy. But I pressed my suit with prayers, tears and wrestling; crying, I cannot, I will not let thee go, until from time to time, my flesh was exhausted; and as soon as recovered, I renewed the struggle, until at length the question arose in my mind, do I not believe that God is able to do this? Yes. Do I not

believe he is willing? Yes. Do I not believe he is willing now? Yes; for he says, now is the accepted time; and to day, is the day of salvation. Then I felt there was a change, for I did believe God, and here I had rest, and peace; but contrary to my expectation, I had not joy, or very great sensations of gratitude, or love; and here I remained, without any perceptible change, for three weeks. The query often arose, has the Lord answered my prayer, and granted my request, and if I allowed fear or doubt to arise? I dreaded a relapse into darkness and unbelief; and thus many times I was called to a fresh exercise of my faith, and cried, I will not doubt; O, Lord, I will, I do believe; and immediately recovered my rest and tranquility of mind. In this state of mind, unexpectedly, I took a journey to Homer, Licking Co. Here in a meeting, I first saw Mrs. Jolliff, a lady from Newark, New Jersey, whom I perceived to be a person of mature godliness, a good understanding, and well versed in scripture. Anxious for further light, I sought an interview with her, and asked her many questions relative to advance steps in christian experience, all of which, she answered to my satisfaction; and like a messenger from Heaven, she spoke to my case, though she knew it not, and the Spirit in power attending her words, brought the witness to my heart, that the pearl I had earnestly sought, was mine in possession, and henceforth my business was to hold on to it by faith. And now I drank deep in joy, and such was my inward rapture, that it was difficult to keep silence from shouting aloud in praising God, which I wait to be constrained to do, though I love to hear a full soul give vent to its feelings, when its cup runs over. Since then I have lived by faith, being often through temptation and trial, called to a fresh exercise thereof, in obedience to the apostle's injunction, I "reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ." In Him by faith I am saved from it at present, yet not in a sense that precludes temptation or liability to err, or the possibility of sinning. Yet sin wounds deeper, is more hateful, more dreaded, more shunned, and I think the more confirmed, established, and settled in faith and love, the less is the probability of our backsliding. Thus I am kept, and hope to be kept "by the power of God, through faith, unto eternal Salvation."

Boasting, pride, vanity, are excluded by the law of faith. Indeed we have nothing to be proud of in this matter, for we have done nothing but what was our duty, and made no attainment but what every christian ought to make. O, brother, sister, in the Lord, do you want to be steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord? Then believe it is for you; long for it; expect it; seek after it with determined faith; place it before you, as a definite object; rest not short of your high privilege, your bounden duty, that you may be stimulated and encouraged by the success of others in this glorious enterprise.

I will here introduce a letter received from my sister, and another from my aunt, who is a member of the Baptist Church; she is of great experience, doubtless in the scripture sense, a perfect Christian; though never having been taught it distinctly, she has no definite idea of the doctrine of Christian perfection.

CANANDAIGUA, April 5th, 1845.

DEAR SISTER:—I will endeavor in this letter to give you some account of the gracious dealings of God with me. And first I would say, the Lord has made you the instrument of good to me in many ways. I remember the counsel you gave me in spiritual infancy, and in riper years. And although I have not made the progress that I ought, I have great reason to praise God for the advancement I have made in divine life, and his parental care and goodness manifested in many ways to me. I am filled with gratitude, when I look at my past unfaithfulness, and his great mercy to me. I shall however, speak more particularly of what He has done for me, since I saw you. My mind continued to be exercised on the subject of perfect love, and my desires to increase for a full consecration of all my redeemed powers to Christ; and nothing could satisfy me, but to lose myself in Him, and prove his utmost power to save. But O, the depths of corruption! I saw by the light of His word and Spirit, interwoven with my whole self, as it were; and what opposition from my spiritual foe, who opposed me in every step, and disputed every inch of ground, and raised every objection to drive me from my purpose. But such was my hungering and thirsting after righteousness, that I resolved never to give over the struggle, until I found what

I felt I so much needed. Thus I continued, alternately hoping and fearing, sinking and rising, sometimes feeling peace with God, and the evidence of justification; at other times buffeted by the enemy of souls. But still, ever wrestling with God for the blessing. I saw my own weakness and inability to cleanse my own heart, and my entire dependence on his almighty power to save, until the latter end of the year 1843, when I read a treatise, entitled, "The way to holiness, or the shorter way," which greatly encouraged me, by pointing at once to the Lamb of God, and showing that complete victory is obtained by a simple act of faith, in the atoning merits of Jesus Christ. Encouraged by the promises of the gospel, I was enabled to make the sacrifice of soul and body, and spirit, with all that I possessed; henceforth resolving to be His, and only His, for time and eternity. Or in other words, to throw myself upon the great Christian altar, the Lord Jesus Christ, which sanctifies the gift. For as the Jewish altar, when made according to, and consecrated by, the ceremonies of the law, was holy. So Jesus, who is consecrated forevermore, is holy. And as whatsoever touched the altar was holy, so also whosoever surrenders all to Christ, is made holy, through His atoning blood. And now, having abandoned all to Him, He came in and cast out His foes, the inbred sins, and removed the carnal mind, of which He gave me such an evidence as excluded every doubt. And having emptied me of self, He began to fill me with God; I say began, for I felt the feebleness of infancy, in this grace; but weak as I was, I was enabled to hang, by simple faith on Jesus, and trust him for a present salvation from sin. An unwavering confidence in him, kept my soul in perfect peace; I felt that God was all my own; O, blessed portion, what more could I ask. I was constrained to say, this is just what I wanted; I am conquered and subdued; I am melted, and cast in a mould of love. I found my largest desires realized, and my soul satisfied. I saw an ocean of love, into which I had free access, through Christ; and when temptation was permitted to try my faith, I found him a shield sufficient to cover and to defend me against all the fiery darts of the enemy. I feel that Christ is my wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification; and I am constrained by a sense of duty, to declare his goodness in public; though it is a cross, and

,n so doing, I have been greatly blessed. But I must bring my letter to a close. Pray for me that I may fulfill all the good pleasure of God's will.

HENRIETTA TREMBLY.

LETTER FROM MY AUNT.

CARTHAGE, Athens Co., O., April 22, 1850.

DEAR NIECE:—It was with tears of joy that I read your kind letter. You need not try to draw from me an account of my religious experience and trials, and the work of the Spirit on my heart; my present enjoyments or future hopes and prospects of happiness and glory. For these, look into the center of your own heart; for you have expressed them in your letter, better than I could, and it would be but vain repetition for me to write them. I do not remember the scenes of our childhood, you speak of. Yet, I well remember the happy days we spent together, and it makes you dear to me. But the fact that we are striving together for the grace of life; fighting under the same glorious Prince; kneeling at the same mercy seat; enduring the same trials, rejoicing in the same glorious hope; watching over, and feeding the sheep and lambs, of the same flock; encouraging the same under-shepherds; warning sinners, and comforting mourners, as true yoke fellows; and have been from our youth up. Our trials growing lighter, and the land of "Beulah," heaving in view, it makes you many-fold dearer to me. "David" had many friends that would not forsake him, but followed him in the wilderness at the risk of their lives. Yet he had but one "Jonathan" and so it is with us. His friends did all in their power for him, yet he sighed for Jonathan, that he might unbosom all his joys and fears, and get a true account of Saul's proceedings. O, my dear Niece, you and your dear sister, Henrietta, are like Jonathan to me. And well do I know, from my own experience, your trials and temptations, and the many wakeful hours of night spent in supplication for sinners, and for the prosperity of Zion, or feasting on the precious promises, and communing with the Holy Spirit of God, who has brought all things to your remembrance. I cannot express my gratitude to Him who has laid a safe foundation for our hopes, in groans, and agonies, and blood, and will, I

trust, number us poor unworthy sinners with the great multitude which no man could number, who are made Kings and Priests to God. I could as well number the sands on the sea-shore, as all his mercies and precious gifts. I can say I am dead to the world, and it is so to me, with all its pomp and show, and its pleasures. They are but dung and dross, compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. No more.

Your affectionate Aunt.

CHARLOTTE CARPENTER.

Being anxious to be about my work, and the way opening providentially, I made a visit to Waynesburg, Wayne county, O., in the same neighborhood where the Lord had done great things for me in time past. But O, how changed were the people! Not only had time literally wrought its changes, but a bewitching world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life and the deceitful Tempter, had wrought great moral changes upon many of the brethren and sisters, once so full of faith, love and humility. A desire to emulate the rich and aristocratic, had left those qualities at the Saviour's feet, and got their thoughts upon the barren mountain of pride and unbelief. And that good man, the elder, who presided at the camp-meeting in this place, before mentioned, was evidently not the man he had been, though he still preached; but being a skilful physician of the body, and there being much sickness, he had, by following his lucrative business, accumulated riches, and lost his skill in the cure of souls. I held a few meetings there in the Protestant meeting-house, and visited many families, for I felt the presence of Him who said: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." While there, I felt called to go to a village six miles distant, and sent an appointment by the Dr's. wife, who agreed to take me thither in her carriage. Accordingly on Saturday I went to the Dr's., who had a study at New Salem, (the place of my appointment,) and had an appointment there himself in the forenoon, mine being in the afternoon. But the elder, who had formerly so much encouraged me, and taken so great an interest in my labors, had appeared distant since my visit to this place, and now, under the pretense of shielding me from perse-



cution, by the rude and wicked inhabitants of that place, advised me not to go, saying he could withdraw my appointment and no harm come from it, to which I consented. But immediately I felt an inward uneasiness, as if it were not right. Still I strove to quiet myself, for it was more pleasing to comply with his wishes, and shun any rough or rude treatment that might await me there. But there was no sleep for me that night. I felt as if the sins of that people lay with ponderous weight upon my mind, and after a great struggle, I yielded in my mind to tell the Dr. in the morning, that I must go to my appointment. Accordingly I mustered sufficient moral courage to tell him, with flowing tears, that I believed it my duty to go, and that I had not slept on account of it. This carried conviction to his soul, reminding him of olden times, and he broke down and wept bitterly, and prayed that morning with much of his former energy. He soon started for his appointment, and his wife took me to mine. I spoke with great liberty from the words: "Why will ye die, O, house of Israel." We had a crowded house, and good order and attention throughout. When about to return home, I went into the chamber to make ready, and in coming down, a slip or misstep threw me down three or four stairs, landing with my whole weight upon my right hand, which dislocated my wrist, and disabled me from work for one week; on my return, therefore, I attended a discussion on water baptism, between a Methodist and Campbellite minister. The Methodist taking the ground that sprinkling is the scriptural mode of baptism, and the Campbellite declaring that immersion alone is the proper mode. Both were well versed in scripture, and ransacked both the old and new testament to prove their positions, and using much sarcasm, which fell little short of vulgar blackguardism. Both being eloquent and pleasant speakers, the house was crowded day and night, and my heart did truly grieve over the crowds thus fed with chaff of needless controversy, on a subject so easily ascertained, while their souls were starving for the bread of life, which those very ministers were sent to distribute among them; for after all it amounted to nothing but each man pleasing his own party, as both parties boasted of victory.

A man and his wife came after me to visit Pennfield, and I

held several meetings in and about their neighborhood, which were much blessed to my own soul, and I had reason to think not in vain to others. But here the good cause suffered from the same source that it often suffers. The free course of the world was hindered for want of due attention to the wholesome precept of St. Paul, to guide the house well, and "give no occasion to the enemy to speak reproachfully." Almost all the professors in the neighborhood were proverbially negligent of keeping their houses clean, and they were consequently infested with hungry and blood-thirsty night-walkers, so that one might congratulate himself as fortunate if he could get an hour to sleep. Some of their persons and their children might be designated as far as you could see them, as the inmates of those filthy dens. I here gained some charity and forbearance toward ministers, whom I had often blamed for not preaching publicly against this kind of sin, for sin it certainly is. Though they may perform much more labor of other kinds, and more lucrative, (which I think is seldom the case,) they are robbing themselves of the truest comfort, their children of a right and reasonable training, and what is worse, robbing God of the glory of having made us rational beings, and debasing ourselves to a level with those animals whose habits seem intended as a warning, by disgusting and nauseating us. Just listen to the Saviour saying: "Ye ought to make clean the inside, that the outside may be clean also." I labored in private to work a reform among them, but found not where to begin to rebuke them in public, for they were kind and hospitable, and possessed many good qualities after all, which I feared I might discourage, and thus, in pulling up tares, root up the wheat. But I do think this great error ought to be more plainly and frequently rebuked.

While in Pennfield I had an opportunity to visit a town which joined it. Having an old neighbor here, I tarried a few days and held some meetings in their district school-house, and an appointment was said to have been published for me at the centre of the town, at ten o'clock, in the Baptist meeting-house. But when we came, we found that through mistake, it had not been given out, so we concluded to go to the Methodist meeting, where we heard a sermon, and then, with their consent, an appointment

was given for me in the afternoon, and as none invited us to their hospitality, we stayed in and about the meeting-house until four o'clock. Many others who lived at a distance likewise remained; among them were many young men, who seemed desirous of satisfying their curiosity by eyeing me continually, but without exhibiting any further rudeness. But He who sent me inspired me with boldness which shrank not from being thus a spectacle to men and angels. At the appointed hour we had a crowded house, and I took for my text, Hebrews, xiii., 1st: "Let brotherly love continue." First, I endeavored to point out many things which in time past and at present, tended to hinder and drive out brotherly love; second, the futility and falsity of religion without it; third, what we must do to get it and let it continue, and closed with an exhortation. The Lord enabled me to speak with unusual liberty and from a warm heart, and I saw unmistakable signs that the truth reached the hearts of many others. We returned, faint and exhausted in body, but happy in God, and assured that our labor in him was not in vain. But here, alas, I come to record another instance of unfaithfulness, which I remember with distrust, and over which I would draw a veil, if I did not think it my duty to let all see in me the difference between unbelief and distrust, and strong faith and confidence in God, and their effects upon me. Judging from appearances, I was in a place and among a people where I might have been useful. But Satan sent a woman after me to take me back to Pennfield. My guide said: "Your work is not done here; let her go with her carriage, and stay till your work is done, and then go to Pennfield on foot and alone, doing what work you find to do on the road, and God will protect you." But Satan (under color of a friend,) said: "No, you are a woman, alone and unprotected; you may meet mad dogs, or what is worse, mad men on the road." I hesitated. The people where I was, remonstrated, but the woman was urgent, and knowing she had taken much pains to come for me, I went with her, feeling all the way as if I had done wrong. After I arrived, this feeling continued, and I repented it sorely, confessed, and felt as if forgiven. But this was not as I had intended to live, that is, in such a way as God will infallibly reward, and not possibly forgive. I saw that my

cunning adversary had outwitted me and shorn my strength, yet my guide said I might yet do what lay in my power, and get up an appointment in a very wicked neighborhood near by, and I did so. But when the time came, it was very rainy and muddy, and the people said it was too bad for me to go on foot a mile and a half through the mud, and then find nobody there. So I yielded, and afterwards learned that there was a good congregation, and if I knew that Satan had the control of the elements, as well as the people, I would give him the credit of this defeat also. I was left in great darkness and desertion of mind, and became home-sick. After going home, Satan, to comfort and reward me, set some of his servants to raise a report among my Christian friends, that my mission to Pennfield and Lagrange was a failure. Who will serve such a master as this? I thank God that I have not served him all my days, and most deeply do I regret all the service I have done him. This report was not true, although I have no doubt that if I had wholly followed the Lord in this instance, I should have been made more useful.

While yet a member of the Protestant Methodist sect, brother Andrews, a popular preacher among us, was holding a protracted meeting in the corner of Medina township, which was near my dwelling, on the Smith road, in the corner of Granger. He preached one sermon a day, and had one meeting for social prayer, speaking experience and exhortation, for a day or two. I found work and enjoyed the exercises, and had my calling been recognized or acknowledged by preacher or people, I might still have done so; but as it was, I soon found my work done there, and all my exercises (within the limits prescribed by them for all my sex,) to dwindle to formality, which appeared useless. All the while I felt that I had something to do in the town of York, west of Medina, for God and my fellow creatures. Accordingly, having an opportunity to ride there, I left the meeting, and went on Thursday, the fourth day of the meeting. After a good visit with some of the brethren and sisters in the Lord, my mind was drawn to visit a brother who was a back-slider, living in the north part of the town. I went on Friday, and on my way called on a family of professed unbelievers. They were very friendly, and urged me to stay to dinner, and as I suppose, out of respect

for my feelings, asked me to give thanks at the table. But how was my heart pained on visiting one, who but a short time before was a zealous and active Christian, now so destitute of reverence for his Maker, as neither to give thanks himself for the abundant blessings heaped upon him, nor regarding my feelings enough to request me to do so, or to pray at night or in the morning. I felt such concern for them (the man and his wife and children,) as kept me weeping and praying for them nearly the whole night. In the morning and forenoon I dealt faithfully with them, and not in vain, for the man became quite interested and penitent. That evening there was a prayer-meeting in the neighborhood. I attended, and appointed a meeting for the next evening, and on Sabbath at ten o'clock, in both of which meetings we were measurably favored with the Divine presence. Brother Andrews having closed his protracted effort in my neighborhood, was to preach here this afternoon, so we all came and listened to a sermon from him. The Protestant Methodists had a small society here, and after preaching he proceeded to meet or speak to the class. After hearing their answers he subjoined such counsel as he thought they needed, and an affectionate exhortation. As he had always appeared very friendly to me, I hoped for the same treatment, but having called on me to speak, and heard what I had to say, he passed me by in silence. After class-meeting, as the brethren and sisters were affectionately greeting him with the hand of friendship, I purposed to do the same, but as I drew near him, he reddened, and shrugging up his shoulders, partly turned his back to me, and so I passed out without speaking to him. He had doubtless been informed that I had been preaching in York and in other parts of his circuit, and though he said nothing to me about it, his actions showed that he highly disapproved of it. The next time he saw me he gave me a scolding for leaving my post and running away from my work, saying it was no wonder no more good was done, when those who had the most influence deserted their Master's cause, and ran away. I knew he had no sympathy for such exercises as I might make, so I bore it in silence. On that night he commenced a protracted effort near the centre of York, and I listened again to two or three of the same sermons he had preached at our place, one of

which was on "Pride." Being somewhat depressed and tempted of the Christian's foe, as he proceeded to describe the signs by which one might detect himself in pride, spiritual pride and hypocrisy, I came to the conclusion that I was both proud and hypocritical, and with great grief and amazement I resolved to confess it all to God and implore His mercy. Accordingly, after meeting, I sought a solitary place, and kneeled before God, and began to confess, when all at once I felt such a strange absence of the spirit of prayer and all religious feeling, as cannot be described. I could not confess nor pray, for there was no more religious feeling in me than in a chip, and never but once before had I known anything like it. I rose from my knees, and this feeling continued for a long time, except short intervals of a change. At first I was frightened at it, but after much consideration, inquiry and self-examination, I came to the conclusion that it was one of Satan's devices, and that though God had delivered my soul from pride and hypocrisy, and I had hated them for years, the old Deceiver had, in hearing that sermon, exhibited me to myself in his false telescope, and made me believe that of myself which was not true, and sent me to God with a lie in my mouth. But God resisted me in such a manner as taught me a lesson—the snare was broken, and my soul escaped and recovered access to prayer.

I returned home, where I remained some time, but as was usual when inactive, I languished for a livelier sense of eternal things, and not yet fully understanding the real cause, I feared there was something wrong in me, though I knew not what. Hearing that Mr. Avery, the noted Congregational evangelist, was holding a protracted meeting in Medina village, I thought I would go and attend it a week, and perhaps I might gain instruction by hearing him, and learn the cause of my want of faith and love. I went, and the first sermon I heard was on "Pride." Again Satan came with his telescope, and if I had not so recently been taken in, and escaped, his snare would surely have entangled me this time. But now I said, in the name of Christ: "Get thee behind me, Satan," and held fast to my Deliverer, by faith. I attended the meeting three days and evenings, and saw sinners flock to the altar of prayer as doves to their windows. Back-

sliders, too, came confessing, and the inquiry rooms were crowded with souls, anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved. In the prayer meeting he urged speaking as well as praying, and strange to tell, urged the sisters, as well as brethren, to speak. Surely he had forgotten the awful prohibition of Paul, who did not suffer them to speak, and said it was "a shame," &c. But the sisters of Medina had been under restriction so long, and were so timid, that their voices could scarcely be heard. "Speak loud, sisters," said the preacher, "as loud as you do when you scold at your children. Take pattern by the Methodist sisters — you can hear them across the room." I rejoiced in the good that was doing, but found this not my place to labor. The preaching was good and able, and suited to the wants of the people, but I found nothing more than I knew before, and contrary to my expectations. On Thursday I grew so uneasy that I could not stay, though I knew not why, and left in the midst of the sermon. At first I hardly knew what course to take, being five miles from home, and having no chance of a ride, whereas, if I remained till Sabbath, there would be many. But go I must, and concluded to visit on the way home at every house, talking with the people about their salvation, and staying where night found me. In this work I found myself happy, having work enough to do, and delightful it was to me, because God blessed me in doing it, and blessed others also. I found one poor woman on a sick bed, with two or three little ones crying around her; and her husband having been taken sick abroad, she seemed more troubled on his account than her own. I pointed her to Him, who said: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I bore her case to a Throne of Grace, and she seemed comforted, thanking me many times for my call. O, how different were my feelings from what they were a few hours before, when I stood by the elegant brick chapel at Medina, undecided what course to pursue. No doubt many would think the course I took a foolish one, but the wisdom of God is foolishness with men. I went to Medina to obtain instruction, and not in vain, though it did not come through the lips of the minister, from whence I expected it. I learned an important lesson, to know what is that good and acceptable and

perfect will of God concerning me. I was ignorantly committing an error, which I think many have, and are ignorantly committing, on account of which their souls languish, and the Zion of God likewise. It is this, that instead of being active in teaching the truths to those ignorant of them as fast as they learn them, in every way that God has given them a capacity to teach. They plead their own inability and ignorance, and say they have but one talent, when perhaps they have two or five, all buried up in the rubbish of their pride, and the carnal reasonings of Satan; and thus, after a manner, they run a religious career, ever learning and keeping at the feet of those whom they esteem learned, able and eloquent teachers in Israel, as pupils, trying to feast on their labors as do young converts and babes in Christ. No wonder they do not make progress in religion; their souls languish for want of personal exercise and activity, because when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it, and the church everywhere suffers on this account. O, for holy and spiritual preachers, and brethren, and sisters, to be multiplied among us, who can discern such things, and insist upon their labor; for no person's ability is known to himself or herself, or even fully to others till it is used, as by its use alone can it be developed. Until this is done, and if they will remain idle and useless still, serve them as the bees are said to serve the drones, and all lay hold on them and carry them out of the hive. With them we cannot expect to accumulate much honey, for like the drones, they are only in the way, and a burthen to the rest, having had for many long years great opportunities for learning all about religion, except the deep experience and sweet luxury of doing good, which only the diligent can have. They are dying of surfeit, and send the chills of spiritual death wherever they go.

## CHAPTER XX.

SOME OF MY TRIALS AND EFFORTS, OR ATTEMPTS AT USEFULNESS DURING MY WIDOWED LIFE—MY SECOND MARRIAGE—SOME EFFORTS OR ATTEMPTS AT USEFULNESS SUBSEQUENTLY MADE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF OUR PRESENT RESIDENCE.

I never found a release from God, by the Spirit, from the work to which he called me. Yet his providential dealings seemed dark and mysterious, in suffering my way to be shut up and enclosed as with a thorn hedge continually. Sometimes I broke through and held a few meetings, and again I could not and did not hold any for many months. During these intervals, the backwardness and timidity which I had partially overcome, gained ground upon me; for when at home my ears were constantly saluted with ridicule at the idea of women preaching, and being called "priest," "minister," and so on, as an epithet of reproach, and much of this from my own children and relatives. I do not mention this thinking it will disgrace them in the sight of the world, and I pray they may be accepted in the great day, when their mistake will be rectified. Those with whom I made my home of course felt no sympathy with my feelings, or any disposition to aid me in a course of which they were ashamed, and considered it a disgrace to themselves. They went so far as to promise, on condition that I would give up the idea of preaching, and stay at home, like other women, to clothe me in the best manner, and escort me to meetings wherever I desired to go. In short, I should want for nothing. But so foolish was I, in the opinion of many, that all this was not sufficient to buy me. As I had no means to travel, and this stern and determined opposition prevailed at home on all sides, like an imprisoned bird, I pined for liberty, and my spirit fluttered from side to side of its iron cage. As my children were grown, and most of them settled in life, I found some refreshment by walking out into other neighborhoods, and visiting from house to house for religious conversation, attending different religious meetings.

In the spring of 1848 I commenced a Sabbath-school in a neighborhood proverbially skeptical and hardened in sin. The people did not feel sufficiently interested to purchase a library,

which I would gladly have done myself but had not the means. I therefore borrowed what old Sabbath-school books and youth's papers I could, and commenced my school in the month of May. I depended chiefly on giving instruction from the Bible, and commenced my school every Sabbath morning at nine o'clock, by reading a chapter, verse about, followed by prayer, recitations, giving out lessons, and closed by telling a Bible story, in simple language, suited to the capacity of the children. The instruction, explanations and Bible stories drew the attention of the young people, who flocked in, occasionally filling the room. In these audiences I felt very much at home, and much blessed, so much so that I grudged not my pains, though I had to walk nearly four miles to accomplish it, every Saturday evening, and back on Monday morning, and denied myself the luxury of hearing preaching, except what I could procure at my school-house. I solicited ministers to preach, and on several occasions was successful with those of different sects, endeavoring to have preaching or prayer-meeting regularly every Sabbath. The people all sent their children regularly to my school, though one or two attempts at preaching myself, served to show that they would not come out to hear me, for the sole reason that it was a female. I kept my school till September, and after I closed, I gave the family who boarded me over Sabbaths, a fortnight's work at sewing, to remunerate them. So much bread I thus cast upon the waters, and hope to find it after many days.

During my Sabbath-school at Coddingsburg, Mr. Cyrus Stewart, (my present husband,) came to preach in my school-house, with his wife, which was the beginning of my acquaintance with him. Subsequently I spent two weeks in the family, in which time I ascertained their character and sentiments, which nearly agreed with my own. He continued his meetings at my school-house, and being pressed in the spirit, I spoke after him. In conversation he asked why I did not preach. I replied, that in my circumstances, it was next to impossible. He inquired if my mind was easy on the subject, and I answered in the negative. He declared that he as firmly believed that some women ought to preach the Gospel, (and that if his present wife, now going into the grave, had done her duty, she would have preached,) as that

any man ought to do it, and strove to inspire me with courage and boldness to go forward in my duty. Here ended our acquaintance for the present. In 1849 I commenced a Sabbath-school in a neighborhood in the town of Montville, some two miles from home. This was, if possible, a more heathenish, profane and wicked place than Coddingsburg. Here the children and youth had enjoyed no such opportunity as at the former place, and all seemed interested and desirous to attend. But the parents showed little interest, except two families of Congregationalists, who invited me to make their houses my home, over Sabbaths. I furnished myself with books and papers as before, and succeeded in collecting a small school, which I conducted the same as before. Some busy-bodies tried to prejudice the minds of parents against Sabbath-schools, and too well succeeded. But a dozen children were permitted to attend, and they made great proficiency in committing the scriptures to memory, and were orderly and attentive to instruction. A boy named Solomon Smith, was very remarkable for his power of memory, and his attachment to his Bible and Sabbath-school. He was about twelve years old, and should he live long, and live a Christian, I predict for him great usefulness. I have had no knowledge of him since, except once meeting him on the road, when I asked him if he remembered the Sabbath-school, and was trying to live after its instruction; he assured me that he was. A lovely young woman also seemed to appreciate the opportunity for instruction; but she soon after passed into eternity. I hope she may have been benefited. But our part is to sow beside all waters, and not always are we permitted to know how much of the seed falls on good ground. As there were some Methodists and some Congregationalists, I tried to start a prayer meeting, but the former were so cold, and the latter so partial to their own meetings at Medina, four miles distant, that only a few professors came, and they joined with the world in ridiculing one who was disinterestedly trying to do them good, merely because it was a female, and, as they said, so forward, while their inaction forced me to be almost the only actor. In one of these meetings I had been praying and exhorting the people, while it seemed as hard and discouraging a task as to beat a solid rock to pieces with a small

hammer. Suddenly I felt such an overwhelming sense of their deplorable condition, and such a travail of soul for them, that I wept aloud for some time. This melted them into tears; a quickening seemed to take place, and two or three prayed and spoke, expressing a sensibility of their backslidden state, and some good resolutions were taken, which time showed were like the dew, which passeth away. Being unable to rest satisfied with these efforts, I sent an appointment for a meeting at a log meeting-house, a mile and a half beyond my Sabbath-school, on Thursday evening. I walked thither in the afternoon, and called upon a family who belonged to a religious sect. They received me very coldly, but asked me to take off my bonnet and shawl, after which, they retired into a back room. I sat alone an hour, and then putting on my things, I passed away. Going past the meeting-house, I called upon a family who were not professors, who cordially received, fed, and invited me to tarry with them over night. In the evening a goodly number assembled, but no one brought a light, and thinking perhaps they did not intend to provide any, and there being a bright moonlight, I said: "Friends, I think we can see well enough to speak and hear," and mentioning my subject, began to talk. Soon a light was brought in, and the family I first called on were all present. While speaking, I felt as if in the presence of the King of kings. After meeting, the family above mentioned made many excuses, asked me home with them, &c. I held several meetings there during the summer. There were a few decent and civilized people, and some of the most heathenish and profane I ever met with. One man, speaking of the present dry weather, said: "If the old fellow, (meaning the Almighty,) does not send us better weather, we will put him out of office, and appoint a better." Another man, as he stood by the diggers of his father's grave, said: "Jesus Christ meant to put me under the sod last spring, (alluding to a spell of sickness he had in the spring before,) but I was too strong for him." This is a fair specimen of their common talk. On the week of my appointment at the meeting-house, I usually tarried in the neighborhood, and visited, for the purpose of religious conversation. One day while thus employed, I came in sight of a large and commodious house, into which I thought duty

called me to enter ; but I shrank from it in my feelings, far more than to enter the lowly cabins of the poor. I feared they were skeptics, or if professors of religion, so aristocratic that I should be repulsed with scorn. However, with fear and trembling I entered ; but how agreeably was I disappointed ! On being seated, they inquired if I were not the Mrs. Hickcox who kept the Sabbath-school. On being answered in the affirmative, I was welcomed and caressed, as by affectionate friends. A message was sent to the parlor to inform their mother of my presence, who sent for me, and I was piloted by the daughters to her room. I found her blind by inflammation of the eyes ; but her Spiritual sight, or vision, seemed clear and bright. They were of the Episcopal order, of Vermont, of large hearts, and liberal views and feelings ; and the question was not broached, as I recollect, what denomination I was attached to, or whether to any. Three of their children who were married, lived under the same roof with two daughters single and two lovely grand-children, and several work hands. It was delightful to see all collected in one room, night and morning, when one of the sons read a chapter, after which we all listened to, and joined in, a sensible, appropriate and fervent prayer, from the aged and venerable Father. This was one of my homes henceforth while I continued my school.— Surely, no one who has experienced such a conflict as I have, sometimes, when starting out on my Missionary tours, can doubt the agency of Satan in opposing their undertaking ; or the necessity of the precept or exhortation of St. Peter, which reads thus : “ Be watchful, be vigilant, because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring Lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.” Or be at a loss what St. Paul meant by “ Wrestling against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world.” So many discouraging thoughts have arisen, such representations of the diminutiveness, yea, the ridiculousness, of the figure I made in the eyes of the world in my singular course, so great has been my conflict and the effort to resist the temptation to go back, that I have been near fainting. But determinedly resisting, it has suddenly ceased and left me to go on my way peacefully and sometimes joyfully.

I continued my school nearly through the summer, under very

discouraging circumstances. A set of rowdies delighted to annoy us, by coming in and going out at their leisure ; and while we were endeavoring to teach the children to keep the Sabbath, the parents were in the fields at work. On that day, and in sight of us, their barns were open, and they threshing or cleaning their grain. Thus passed the summer of 1849. I was confirmed in the belief that I ought to spend the remainder of my life in striving to do good, in the way which providence might open before me, and the Spirit lead. I resolved, should my life be spared till another summer, and health permit, I would go out, though alone, and without human aid or protection, and preach a risen Saviour to a lost and ruined world. Two years had passed since I had seen or heard of Mr. Stewart. In the meantime, he had buried his former wife ; and, although he had not to sorrow for her, as those without hope, (she having exhibited great calmness in view of death, and died in the triumph of faith,) yet he shared the lot of the bereaved, a painful sense of loss and loneliness. In December, 1849, he paid me a visit, and proposed marriage. Which, having duly considered, and come to the conclusion that we both might be more useful, (which was the greatest desideratum in my view) I consented, and on the 20th of January, 1850, we were married. I look upon this event as providential, considering our affinity in many respects ; particularly our agreement in sentiment, object, aim and calling. A oneness in spirit, renders us, when faithful, mutual helpmeets in the vineyard of our God. I soon removed to his residence, in the town of Copley, Summit County, Ohio, where we now reside. On coming here, there was nothing I so much desired as to glorify God, by being useful to my fellow creatures. We had appointments in other places to preach, but none in our immediate neighborhood. I desired him to appoint some meetings at home, but he remonstrated against it, saying, we can do nothing here, for the reason that the people are mostly backsliders from piety to Universalism, or skepticism. One great cause of which, was the preaching of a Miss Turner, who came here a year or two since, and preached Infidelity.— Many fruitless efforts have since been made to benefit them, by myself and others, who have met their bitter persecution ; and still Satan keeps his strong hold, and many of them sit in the

seat of the scornful. I do not think it right, thus to cast our pearls before swine. I can do no more here, at present; but if you have a mind to try, I will publish an appointment for you, in our district school house; which, I desired him to do, for three reasons.

1st. I wished my introduction to them, to be made in my own true (though despised) character, a female preacher.

2nd. I did not wish to show a cowardice of preaching to my neighbors, or give them a chance to think me partial in my labors.

3d. I hoped, since they had turned out in crowds to hear a woman preach lies, they would come to hear a woman preach the truth; so I determined to give them a trial. At my first appointment, a goodly number came out. At my second, my congregation consisted of a dozen or fifteen rowdies. I was alone, my husband being sick and unable to attend. I sang and prayed, and named my text; "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." And when I had talked a few minutes, my audience arose, and treading fast on each other's heels, left the room, but stood around the door, talking, with loud laughter; and while I sat considering how I should escape from them, one of them dodged in at the door and puffed out my candle, leaving me in the dark. I felt around and found my things, took my candle in my hand, and walked out; they offering no further rudeness than singing some vulgar nonsense, in hymn tunes.—

After this, I made one more trial on a Sabbath afternoon; one woman came, we prayed and parted, and I spent the remainder of the day in visiting and conversing with the people at their own houses. One more Sabbath I spent in the same way; and of twenty-three persons with whom I conversed, but three admitted the truth of the Bible. Since which, I have felt clear before God and man; clear of their blood though they should perish. They are as neighbors, kind and obliging, and a neighborhood more free from contentions and broils, from tale bearing and gossiping, I have not known. I feel attached to them, and often feel to intercede at the throne of grace for their salvation, and earnestly hope I may yet enjoy christian fellowship with them, that we may yet walk to the house of God in company, and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. My heart

is pained, and my tears have flowed for this people — but what more to do I know not. Lord direct, and aid me by grace, to walk circumspectly before them. Thus far, I am not conscious of laying any stumbling block in their way — and O, may the Lord send salvation to this people speedily.

I think the manner of my introduction here has been an advantage to me, for if I had not come wearing the badge of the cross, so offensive to the world, I should have been drawn into fashionable visiting, and familiarities with irreligious persons, so unprofitable to christians; but now they do not come, except on business, and I now and then fall in and converse an hour with them, and some of them in return, do the same by me. O that all christian women who live near neighbors to each other, would adopt this practice. An hour is as long as we can converse profitably. Then all the time and toil of waiting on parties, of neighborhood visits, would be spared, with much more that might be mentioned, to be spent in a way more profitable to ourselves and others — our friends at a distance, of course must be an exception to this rule. For one, I deeply feel I have other work to do, and feel thankful to God, that by this means, he has lightened my load, and removed hindrances from which I formerly knew not how to escape. Hence, I have been enabled to spend much more time in reading and writing, prayer and meditation.

I here bring this imperfect sketch of my past experience, trials, and feeble labors to a close, praying that God may make it a blessing to many, especially to my own sex, that they may be encouraged by my comforts and success. Take good heed to the lessons I have set up, and shown the rocks on which I nearly foundered by disobedience, and be led to give themselves up unreservedly to Christ, and call no man Master, but know 'tis woman's right to be "herself a being," pure and free, having a right to seek a higher life, a nobler destiny, her right to heed the inward voice that dutycalls enrol, but not her right ever to commit her mind to man's control.

ELLEN STEWART.

June 25th, 1853.



## CHAPTER XXI.

CONTAINING ARGUMENTS DRAWN FROM THE SCRIPTURES, IN FAVOR OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS — OF CONSCIENCE — CHIEFLY DRAWN FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

In regard to the developements of truth on this subject in the Old Testament, we would in the first place observe that, as God declared "He created man," and then subjoins that "He created them male and female and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created." It follows that "they," "women," are only second in the plural epithets "they" and "them," as sexes, which are only requisite for physical purposes in this world and the idea of man, or of mankind, is not perfect, without including both male and female. And as there are no sexes in Heaven, so His Moral Law, as given by Moses, knows no sex, but is equally binding on both sexes, and does not recognize sex, but in the 10th, 12th, 14th and 17th verses of the chapter containing the Law, i. e., the 20th chapter of Exodus, and there only in a relative sense; though both are constantly recognized as sharing the benefits and blessings promised on condition of faithfulness in keeping the moral and ceremonial law, and in the curses and judgments threatened and executed against the disobedient, which shows that she was as fully responsible to God for the faithful fulfilling of both, as the men, so far as the want of physical strength, and nerve, and the peculiar circumstances of her sex, did not render it impracticable or impossible. And as the motive crowns the action, or the want of action, on our part, so under that dispensation, the Lord did constantly recognize the influence of the female sex, over the male, in leading them into idolatry, or in keeping them in the path of obedience to, and the worship of, the true God. Thus in giving the law, He knew no sex; in justifying and accepting the loyal, He knew none; and in His threatenings against the disobedient, and executing His judgments, He knew none. Witness the history of both good and bad women in olden time. And think you, that Deborah, who Judged Israel, and led the armies of God against their enemies, and sang of glorious victory; and Jezebel, whose influence made her husband an idolator and a murderer, did not will and act freely of their own choice? Certainly, for if it were not so, it

was unjust and partial, in the Lord, either to reward the one, or curse and punish the other, the same as men, for if they were not permitted to act freely, they could not be responsible; and if not responsible, neither rewardable nor punishable. Hence, we argue, that under the Old Testament dispensation, men had no business to interfere with the consciences of women. It appears that God has always had a people on earth, and that people constituted His Church. By transgression, man fell into darkness and ignorance. Of God, a promise was given, that they should be raised, and fully restored in Christ; and for the fulfillment of that promise, the wheel of progress was immediately put in motion. All who complied with the conditions of advancement, became members of God's Church; and from Adam to Moses, they were passing from infancy to manhood, or studying the first rudiments of the knowledge of God in his purity; and the requirements of their allegiance to him, but little was required, but few things forbidden; because as yet they knew comparatively little; but had in the days of Abraham, so far advanced under the teaching of the providence of God, the occasional ministry of Angels, and the Holy Spirit, (a measure of which they possessed) that the promise was renewed with additional clearness, and the rite of circumcision given, more fully to designate the Church of God, and its reparation outwardly from the world, and to shadow forth that purity and consecration of the whole being to God, to be required under the Gospel dispensation.

When the Mosaic era arrived, the Church had sufficiently advanced to enter the study of a still higher branch of Spiritual science; and with miraculous, and wonderful, and terrific outward manifestations of His power and glory, God gave them the moral and ceremonial law. St Paul, in speaking of the moral law, says, "it was added because of transgression," that they might more fully understand what was sin, and hateful in the sight of God. For, said he, "I had not known sin," except the law had said, thou shalt not covet; and the law of ceremonies, types and shadows, was to continue until the seed should come, which served the double purpose of testing their obedience, and shadowing forth the great sacrifice.

Under the prophetic dispensation, how plainly we can see the

advance the church had made in light and knowledge. How minutely is the Saviour's sufferings and death pointed out, with his glorious triumph over death, hell, and sin; and already they begin to show that the blood of bulls and goats is insufficient, and point to "a fountain to be opened in the house of Judah, for sin and transgression," and the prophet cries, in view of Christ's "sacrifice and offering, and burnt offering, thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me." In all this progress, woman bore a part, and was (though not a chief) a free actor, and shared in common with man, a blessing or a curse, according as she obeyed or disobeyed the known will of God concerning herself as an individual. And now as physical nerve and strength were soon *not* to be chief, but subordinate utensils, wherewith the Church of God was to do her work on Earth; and it was not by human might, or power, but by the Spirit of God. The Prophet Joel, seeing that great oneness which the Gospel would reveal, and finally cause to triumph in the Church, over human selfishness, cries out in his prophesy, "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your Sons, and your Daughters, shall prophesy," and as if to confirm and make it fully understood, He repeats, "and on my servants, and on my handmaids, I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy." Now is it not plain, that as God counted them one in the first Adam, so he did in the second; and as prophesying was a public work, when it consisted of foretelling events, yet future or exhorting, edifying, or comforting the saints, or warning and exhorting sinners to repentance in the Jewish Church, so it was under the Gospel; Judas and Silas are said to be Prophets, and when the Spirit was poured out in Gospel measure on the day of Pentecost, both men and women were made Prophets.

It was our intention to draw our chief arguments from the New Testament. We will begin with the account given by St Luke, of the birth of John the Baptist and the Saviour's advent into the world. As the law exhibited the rigidity and inexorable nature of God's justice, and allowed man, in consideration of the deficit of light and knowledge he possessed, to take revenge by an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, thus exhibiting

to the world the coarser and harsher features of true religion, requiring rigid justice. The Gospel at its ushering in, exhibited religion to the world in the milder, purer, and more feminine features of the Church. Here are two females, selected to be the mothers of the great Messiah and his fore-runner, and filled with the Holy Ghost, to prophesy to all people in all coming ages, of the great things he is about to do for them through the art of writing and printing handed down. Now I ask if Mary and Elizabeth have not prophesied in public, of Christ, to more people, and made their names familiar and famous, with more than any other woman could, by preaching all her days; and what is the difference, whether our preaching be written or orally delivered, if both are made public? We next notice the speech of Anna, the Prophetess, who was joint Herald with Simeon of the infant Saviour, and spake of Him in the Temple, (a public place) to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem. But, says one, she did not preach. But where is the difference? She spoke in public, and hence was called a Prophetess. Next, we would speak of the woman of Samaria. The Saviour no doubt, saw in her a penitent heart and longing for the coming of the Messiah to teach them the way of Salvation. As soon as he revealed himself she believed on him, and filled with joy, she went to the city and saith unto the men, come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ? He had before told her to go and call her husband, &c. Here is a woman with her heart full of love and zeal, exhorting the men of her city to come to the Saviour. And the Saviour at the well, rejoicing in Spirit that He had that opportunity to do the will of His Father, in manifesting himself to her, and thus making her the means of many believing on Him, for (as if to silence gainsaying) it is expressly said, that many believed on Him for the saying of the woman which testified, &c. But, says another, she did not ascend a pulpit and preach. We reply, it is not told us whether she did or not; but she did a greater thing. The main thing, and the only thing worth mention, is the holding forth Christ to the people; and what is the difference, whether He be held forth in a street, a private house, a log cabin in the wilderness, or a splendid pulpit, so He is only held forth, and believe on Him

woman, praying or prophesying with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head." What can we infer from this, but that women did pray and prophesy in the church, and could they without speaking? In Cor., xiv., 3d, 4th, he says: "He that prophesyeth, speaketh to edification, exhortation and comfort. He that prophesyeth, edifyeth the church. But some say that he speaks in the masculine gender, and did not mean women. I answer that our Saviour spoke in the masculine gender, when he uttered the words: "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Will any one say he did not here mean women? Thus we prove by Paul's own words, that women did speak and prophesy. If necessary, we could cite to the day of pentecost, when both men and women prophesied; and to the four daughters of Philip, in proof of the same thing. But how can we reconcile his commendations and salutations of particular females, as in the last chapter of Romans: "I commend unto you Phoebe, our sister, which is servant of the church at Senekrea." How could she serve the church without speaking in it? They were to assist her in whatsoever business she had need. How could she transact business, or let the church know her business, without speaking. "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labored in the Lord; salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord; greet Priscilla and Aquilla, my helpers in Christ Jesus." Now, O, great apostle! if you had only told us what those women did — what their labor was — how many cavils it might have silenced. But Paul taught, that "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And the Saviour said: "When the comforter comes, he should lead them into all truth." So we may conclude their labor was whatever the Holy Spirit led them to do. We must be led by the same Spirit, and if some women were led to prophesy then, they may be now. It is allowed by many commentators, that prophesying under the old Testament, and preaching under the new, are synonymous. The celebrated Adam Clark said he doubted not that those women mentioned in the last chapter of Romans, together with those mentioned in Philipians, iv. 4th verse, who labored with Paul, preached the Gospel, and mentioned Susanna Wesley, whom the Lord placed in the room

of a useless minister, and her abundant usefulness. No one ought to find fault with God, though he stepped so much out of his accustomed order as to use a weaker instrument to accomplish a greater good, and proceeded to tell how pure, and holy, and unblamable a female preacher ought to be, (we suppose in view of the opposition.) In all of this we agree with him, and ought not male preachers to be so too? We hardly know how to take or interpret St. Paul, unless we conclude that either he meant something quite different from what he expressed, or that his precept and practice do not agree. At least, we think it easier to see what he did not mean, than what he meant. He says they are to be "under obedience" — under obedience to whom? Why, first and always, to God. If He means to the husband, it supposes that husband to give no directions or commands but in accordance with the laws of God. But in the Ten Commandments there is as plain a command for husbands to obey their wives, as for wives to obey their husbands. Both are to be under obedience to God, and if they are, they are one in spirit, as well as one in flesh. He says: "If they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." And what shall they do who have no husbands? may they use any other means to learn? and what if the husband be more ignorant than the wife? then of course she must not add to *his* stock of knowledge, but immure herself in her domestic concerns, and never lift her thoughts above the daily routine of kitchen work. They must not go to meeting or any public place, lest they may chance to hear preaching or lecturing, and God has given them a memory as retentive as that of men. Here we see an inconsistency, for the church requires them to attend to all the means of gaining knowledge, the same as men to attend public meetings, hear preaching, praying, lecturing, &c. This is requiring an impossibility, but women must not inquire in God's temple, for it is "a shame for a woman to speak in the church." One good minister, to avoid the shameful thing, whispered to the females in the inquiry meeting, and they answered in a whisper. But here was a great inconsistency, for he made them speak so that he could understand them, the same as if they had spoken aloud. So, we see, they cannot take us back to apostolic ages, and bind us to the letter that was applicable

woman, praying or prophesying with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head." What can we infer from this, but that women did pray and prophesy in the church, and could they without speaking? In Cor., xiv., 3d, 4th, he says: "He that prophesyeth, speaketh to edification, exhortation and comfort. He that prophesyeth, edifyeth the church. But some say that he speaks in the masculine gender, and did not mean women. I answer that our Saviour spoke in the masculine gender, when he uttered the words: "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Will any one say he did not here mean women? Thus we prove by Paul's own words, that women did speak and prophesy. If necessary, we could cite to the day of pentecost, when both men and women prophesied; and to the four daughters of Philip, in proof of the same thing. But how can we reconcile his commendations and salutations of particular females, as in the last chapter of Romans: "I commend unto you Phoebe, our sister, which is servant of the church at Senekrea." How could she serve the church without speaking in it? They were to assist her in whatsoever business she had need. How could she transact business, or let the church know her business, without speaking. "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labored in the Lord; salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord; greet Priscilla and Aquilla, my helpers in Christ Jesus." Now, O, great apostle! if you had only told us what those women did — what their labor was — how many cavils it might have silenced. But Paul taught, that "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And the Saviour said: "When the comforter comes, he should lead them into all truth." So we may conclude their labor was whatever the Holy Spirit led them to do. We must be led by the same Spirit, and if some women were led to prophesy then, they may be now. It is allowed by many commentators, that prophesying under the old Testament, and preaching under the new, are synonymous. The celebrated Adam Clark said he doubted not that those women mentioned in the last chapter of Romans, together with those mentioned in Philipians, iv. 4th verse, who labored with Paul, preached the Gospel, and mentioned Susanna Wesley, whom the Lord placed in the room

of a useless minister, and her abundant usefulness. No one ought to find fault with God, though he stepped so much out of his accustomed order as to use a weaker instrument to accomplish a greater good, and proceeded to tell how pure, and holy, and unblamable a female preacher ought to be, (we suppose in view of the opposition.) In all of this we agree with him, and ought not male preachers to be so too? We hardly know how to take or interpret St. Paul, unless we conclude that either he meant something quite different from what he expressed, or that his precept and practice do not agree. At least, we think it easier to see what he did not mean, than what he meant. He says they are to be "under obedience" — under obedience to whom? Why, first and always, to God. If He means to the husband, it supposes that husband to give no directions or commands but in accordance with the laws of God. But in the Ten Commandments there is as plain a command for husbands to obey their wives, as for wives to obey their husbands. Both are to be under obedience to God, and if they are, they are one in spirit, as well as one in flesh. He says: "If they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." And what shall they do who have no husbands? may they use any other means to learn? and what if the husband be more ignorant than the wife? then of course she must not add to *his* stock of knowledge, but immure herself in her domestic concerns, and never lift her thoughts above the daily routine of kitchen work. They must not go to meeting or any public place, lest they may chance to hear preaching or lecturing, and God has given them a memory as retentive as that of men. Here we see an inconsistency, for the church requires them to attend to all the means of gaining knowledge, the same as men to attend public meetings, hear preaching, praying, lecturing, &c. This is requiring an impossibility, but women must not inquire in God's temple, for it is "a shame for a woman to speak in the church." One good minister, to avoid the shameful thing, whispered to the females in the inquiry meeting, and they answered in a whisper. But here was a great inconsistency, for he made them speak so that he could understand them, the same as if they had spoken aloud. So, we see, they cannot take us back to apostolic ages, and bind us to the letter that was applicable

then, without involving many inconsistencies and contradictions. But let us now consider, first Timothy, ii., 11th: "Let your women learn in silence, with all subjection" — subjection to whom? we inquire. Why, first and always, to God, and to men only as they and their commands or requirements are in the same subjection to God, whether they be kings, rulers or husbands. Where this is the case, either can be subject to the other. "Yea," says Paul, "all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility." But he says, "Let them learn in silence." Whatever he thought at his day, and with his education, I cannot think the women ought to learn in silence any more than the men. To be sure, all ought to learn in silence before God, for "They shall be all (men and women,) taught of God," saith the scriptures, and thus applied, it is significant. "For I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." Now nothing is more plain to me than that in the expression, "I suffer not a woman to teach," he had not the least allusion to humble Christian women, teaching men good things, for many men are ignorant, as well as many women; and where either sex is able to teach the other, it is their duty. Thus Priscilla, whom Paul called his "helper," in company with her husband, took an apostle, and taught him the way of the Lord, more perfectly. But he must have meant an arrogant and overbearing manner, and usurpation of authority, which (though the apostle seems to apply it to the female exclusively,) is as wrong and wicked in the male sex. The Saviour, in speaking of some who exercised arbitrary authority over each other, said to his disciples: "So shall it not be among you, but he that will be great among you, let him minister, and he that will be chief, shall be servant of all." In Ephesians, Paul says: "The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the Head of the Church, and he is the saviour of the body;" and then tells them to "Love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." Christ teaches the church its duty, leaving its will free, and placing before it the highest and best motives to do good, and the most solemn warnings against an evil course. He prayed and wept, labored and suffered, and because it could not be saved without it, bled and died for it. What an example for husbands to follow in relation

to their wives. To follow it, they must be Christians indeed, and having the Spirit of Christ, ardently desire and long for their salvation. The same must be said of wives. "And how knowest thou, O, man, but thou mayest save thy wife; and how knowest thou, O, woman, but thou mayest save thy husband." But how many, even professed Christian men, vastly mistake the meaning of the scriptures, in relation to their duty to their wives, and justify themselves in imagining it an arbitrary contact with their wills, when it is only their duty to advise, expostulate, warn and plead with their wives, the same as they think it the wife's duty in relation to themselves. How often has the most cruel and unchristianlike spirit and behavior towards a wife by her husband, been justified in the sight of the people, when the same spirit and conduct on the part of the wife toward the husband, would be censured and condemned; and all this because they have carelessly read or been taught, that the husband is the head of the wife. Nay, the brutal inebriate will quote scripture to substantiate his authority to rule his own house, have his children in subjection and his wife submissive, though he starve and beat her, drag her from her bed, and turn her out in a snow drift at midnight. St. Paul continues, and assigns as a reason for his restrictions upon woman, that "Adam was first formed, then Eve, and Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression." Here the apostle seems to clear Adam from all blame, and this is what mankind have been blindly doing ever since, and have doomed and condemned Mother Eve and her daughters to suffer many evils, privations and oppressions from which the men are cleared; but we should think, according to the account given in Genesis, if there was any excuse for either, Eve was the most excusable, for she heard all the plausible arguments of the cunning serpent before she transgressed. But Adam was neither deceived nor tempted, and knowing that the fruit was forbidden, at Eve's invitation partook of it, and who can say that he was not deeper in transgression than she? But fallen human nature showed itself in Adam and Eve, and has showed itself in the race ever since, in the proneness to throw the blame upon another, instead of taking it themselves. If Adam could throw the blame upon Eve, she could throw it on the serpent. But the

Lord did not clear any of them; on the contrary, he pronounced a sentence on each, and prophetically foretold, that so far as Adam first ruled in mankind, the woman should be oppressed by the physically stronger, yet gave her the promise that her seed should bruise the serpent's head. Did not this promise imply a full restoration to perfect happiness and freedom, to all the human race, through the second Adam, the Lord from heaven? O, yes, for he declared he had come to heal the broken-hearted, to open the prison doors to them that were bound, to set at liberty them that were bruised, &c. In every age of the world women have been oppressed, and the deeper the darkness of heathenism, the more degraded. She owes all her elevation, from the most abject slavery and vassalage, to Christianity; where it has most shed its light and influence, she is most elevated; and nowhere more than in the United States. She here enjoys great liberty, compared with what is enjoyed by her sable sisters, in their own heathen lands. Yet even here, as light increases, she sees that she is legally, politically and morally oppressed, and as increasing light reveals increasing responsibility, and she is pressed by a sense of duty into activity, she finds that both the church and state still hold her bound in chains; which, duty to herself, her offspring and society at large, require that she should burst asunder, and assert her liberty, equality and individuality. There is a mighty revolution going on, and kindred minds, far from each other, feel a sympathy and congeniality of soul, aiming and struggling for the same thing, a plane of thought far above and beyond the bigoted superstitions of our early education. Surely the mighty revolution which thus goes on among liberal minds, is of heavenly origin, an influence inexplicable, yet known and felt, pervading our whole mental and moral atmosphere, an almost universal desire of progress, against which it will be in vain for conservatism to hold back. Providence uses human agency, which to a certain extent is free, and made up of as great a variety as the vegetable kingdom. But there is a "must be so" stamped upon coming events, as regards generalities. Progression is stamped upon humanity, and they must pass through different stages of thought and action, and leave former thoughts and acts behind. In every age some have had the foreshadowings of the

coming events, but so dimly that their ideas were confused, which led them into inconsistencies. Mr. John Wesley, in regard to the great sin of slavery, had light beyond his age, and testified against it, calling it "the sum of all villainies — the vilest that ever saw the sun." Yet he testified against the American Revolution, and thought the Americans were committing a great sin, in rebelling against their mother country. When Miss Bosenquet submitted her case to him, (feeling moved to preach,) and though he said he did not believe God ever intended to establish a female ministry, he considered her case an extraordinary one, and therefore allowed her to preach. Is it not strange he did not see that, in allowing liberty of conscience to one, he allowed that liberty to all? that instead of her's being an extraordinary case, it was only extraordinary that she understood it enough to apply for liberty, and should obtain it? Miss Bosenquet (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher,) was doubtless an excellent woman, but she could do in her day, with a self-conscience, what we could not conscientiously do in ours, for in submitting her case to Mr. W., she virtually acknowledged his authority, above that of Jesus Christ, who had called her to preach the Gospel. In reality, it was not his prerogative, nor is it that of any man or body of men, to say who shall or shall not preach, or grant liberty to male or female, to do what the Holy Ghost moves them to do. This liberty is inherent in humanity, and is the birthright of every man and woman. The Fathers of the Revolution had light beyond their age, and beyond what was ever before given in regard to the rights of humanity. Hence, in their Declaration of Independence, they said: "All men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But then they did not understand, nor did their children after them, the extent of the principles they uttered, for had they understood them, they would not have compromised at all with slaveholders, but abolished slavery at once. Then, neither they nor their children would have continued to oppress the weaker part of their own race. In the first ages of the world, woman was the purchase, and man her owner, for value received by her father. In our day and country, man is called the protector and woman the protected — a theory arising from their

oneness. Yet they are not placed upon an equal footing; she is not represented in the Government, and according to the Declaration, the powers of the Government are not just, for it says that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." They say that women are represented by their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, but how can man represent woman, unless they are essentially alike; and if they are essentially alike, why cannot she represent him, as well as he can represent her? Yet, we deny that they are sufficiently alike to be represented by one another. The laws look upon the woman as a subordinate, and under them man has rights which she does not possess. Men and women will not bear a comparison, being essentially unlike; and while represented by men, the women cannot secure some rights which are common to humanity, for it necessarily renders them dependent. She can own nothing, because she is not represented. Women are not allowed to act as a jury, and if a woman is to be tried for crime, she cannot be tried by her peers, for no man is the peer of a woman. To be just to the female race, let them either take back the principle that man has a right to trial by his peers, or grant the same to them. Man can choose his occupation and labor in the sphere he pleases, and be honored. Not so with woman. Her sphere is prescribed and circumscribed, literally and intellectually, and on account of the narrowness of her sphere of action, she is often driven by destitution into crime, and man, whose position is so different, cannot understand the temptations to which, under such circumstances, she might be exposed. If she were not wronged by the representation she has, still self-representation is her right. The statute books speak of him and his, but seldom of her and her's. It is said that the husband and wife are one. Aye, but that one is the man; when she marries she legally dies, in almost every sense, and her husband is held responsible, (at least in some of the States,) should she commit crime in his presence. No distinction is made by the laws between man and woman, for on our statute books she is classed with infants and idiots, whereas the distinction ought to be between the good and the bad, between right and wrong, and not between the sexes. The property features of existing laws are also wrong respecting women. The

husband has a legal right to the earnings of the wife, and can spend them for liquor, while she and her children suffer for the necessities of life; and having entire control over her, all business is required to be done in his name, be he ever so bad a man. The woman should have power to control her own earnings, when the husband fails to provide. If the laws pertaining to co-partnership were applied to husband and wife, it would at least be just. Besides, the husband has a right to bind out the children to whom he pleases, without the consent of the mother. Woman is not her own, but a piece of property, belonging to father, guardian or husband, transferred from one to the other, and from the cradle to the grave. And can all these oppressions thus inflicted, fail to fall back upon the authors of them? In laying the foundation for the future character of her children, will not the effects of the mother's position and treatment be visited upon them? And after all, she is told that she is not equal to man, nor her capacity equal to his. This is adding insult to oppression. Let him grant her as favorable a state of things as his own, then, and not till then, can her capacity be known. Who cannot see the injustice of the law which, at the death of her husband, gives her only the *use* of one third of the property, but upon her death, gives him *the whole*, throwing out the implication that the mother has not the heart for her children's wants that the father has.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.— "We would have all unnecessary and arbitrary barriers thrown down; we would have every faith laid open to woman as freely as to man. Were this done, and a slight fermentation allowed to subside, we should see crystallizations more pure, and of varied beauty. We believe the Divine energy would pervade nature to a degree unknown in the history of former ages, and that no discordant collision, but a ravishing harmony would ensue. \* \* \* As the friend of the negro assumes that one man cannot by right hold another in bondage, so should the friend of woman assume that man cannot by right lay even well-meant restrictions upon her. If the negro be a soul — if the woman be a soul — parallel in flesh, to one master only are they accountable. There is but one law for souls, and if there is to be an interpreter, he must come not as man, nor as the son of man, but as the Son of God."—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

THE HUSBAND'S RIGHT TO THE WIFE'S PERSON.—“If a wife elope, and go away from her husband without cause, the husband may seize upon her person and bring her home; he may imprison her, to prevent her going off, and also to prevent her squandering his property. The wife can never, by any act of her's, place herself in such a situation as to deprive him of his marriage right to her person. Here woman is one or two of the links in that chain which encompasses you about. Did you ever feel their lightning grasp? if not you are happy indeed. But let us make an inquiry or two: Why is all the power vested in the man? Why make no provision for the protection of the woman's marriage rights, or has she none for which to contend? Can he be allowed to elope or destroy her property? It would seem from the rules laid down to regulate such offences, that the transgression was all on one side. Let the wrecks of the inebriated family—the down-trodden victim of man's perfidy and base sensuality; the broken-hearted wife, whose affections lie crushed and withering at the feet of ruined hopes and broken vows—in thunder tones of despair, give evidence in this matter. But here comes another link. The wife, being a dependent, in a suit for divorce brought by the husband, and convicted of adultery, shall not be entitled to a dower in her husband's property or real estate, or any part thereof, nor to any distributive share in his personal estate, (mind, it is always *his* property, *his* estate.) Is not this one-sided justice with a vengeance? yes, a vengeance that sets on the offending wife. Not only the civil law, but public opinion persecutes with unrelenting fury, a wife who steps aside from the prescribed rules of propriety, while at the same time a husband walks forth with unblushing face, though guilt and pollution be upon his soul, and is upheld in his wicked course by the same law and people which crushed out the life of his wife. Why does not the law allow the innocent wife to retain the third, nay, the whole of his property, when he is found guilty of the above crime?”—*L. E. B. M. B., Dansville, N. Y.*

I feel that it is high time for all the lovers of humanity to be up and doing; and especially is it the duty of every woman who desires the emancipation of her sex, to come out, take a decided stand, and make herself known as one wishing to aid in the ele-

vation of the position of woman. We all have a work to perform, and every one should be at his post, armed with the sword of truth, and shielded with the breast-plate of righteousness. Our prayers will be vain and fruitless, unless we make some exertion ourselves. God has given us the instruments to work with, and I trust will aid us and dispel the night when might makes right, which has been handed down by selfish men from one generation to another, until we find them here, deeply rooted in our own United States—the country which boasts of its freedom, its morality, and its intellectual resources. Yes, we actually find them here, darkening our otherwise fair escutcheon, giving a sombre hue to the stripes and stars, as they float in the breeze above our heads. O, when will man learn that true greatness is goodness! But let us not despair, but labor on cheerfully, for there is a brighter day dawning—the future is full of hope—already the idea has gone abroad that woman is a human being, and consequently has rights of her own to protect, and which are as dear to her as man's are to him.”—*O. C. A. W., Newport, N. Y.*

In the language of another, (adopting it as our own,) we would say:

History's "dark ages" sands  
With us are nearly run;  
In orient sky already stands  
A bright, refulgent sun.

The millenium dawns upon us, when “the lion and the lamb shall lie down together”—when the wishes of the feeblest woman, made known in words of love, shall be as much respected as the thundering commands of a Hercules. Were the people of the earth ever to remain tigers and hyenas, of course it would be useless to attempt to elevate woman, for brute force would keep her down. But thanks be to the Great Superintendent of the universe, the spirit of progression is abroad. And as well might bigots attempt to chain the lightnings of heaven, as to prevent society from moving forward. They may stand still and serve as mile-stones along the road of progression, showing how far we have gone past them. They cannot prevent the trade winds of reform from wafting the glorious ship along, and though it may lay at anchor for a season, as fast as soundings can be taken, and the correct channel ascertained, a bold crew mounts the ship,



weighs anchor, and it is off to the confines of the waters newly explored. Here she may anchor again, but it will be soon unmoored, and another advance made, after having made the necessary surveys.

In conclusion let me say to those who oppose the just and equal rights of woman, that they are as short sighted as they are selfish. The elevation of woman cannot but re-act favorably, and in turn prove a blessing to man. Every chain with which he fetters her, is but one his blindness forges for himself. Deriving his being and early culture from her, if her views are enlarged and noble, the same will be impressed on his plastic mind; but if, on the other hand, they have been degraded, she will impress upon him groveling and base thoughts and passions. Gentle reader, think you it will not be so?

ELLEN STEWART.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND DEATH OF MY LATE HUSBAND, MR. CYRUS STEWART.

He was born in the state of Connecticut, in the year 1795, whence his parents removed to the state of New York, when he was a child. He was first married at the age of eighteen, to Miss Lucy Swan, of the same state, and of equal age, by whom he had seven children, five of whom are still living, two sons and three daughters. He professed religion several years before he left the state of New York, and was baptized, uniting with the Church, and was remarkably called of God to preach the Gospel, which call, though he deeply felt his insufficiency, he never doubted. He met with many difficulties, trials, and losses in property, which as chastisements, he attributed to his unfaithfulness in the work to which he was called, and was driven by extreme poverty, to try his fortune in Ohio, whence he removed with his family about the year 1843. Here he struggled hard

with adversity — having to support a large family and procure medicines for a beloved wife, continually sick — for five years. At length, having accumulated some fifty dollars, he ventured to purchase some twenty-three and a half acres of land with some improvements, in Copley, Summit county. His captivity in poverty's vale now appeared to turn, and prosperity, in a measure, cheered him, and though his sons had left and gone for themselves, he succeeded in paying for it. His companion in life died in the triumphs of Faith; and in his loneliness he sought another and succeeded, which, on several accounts, has appeared providential. Though perhaps two persons more diverse in temperament and constitution, were never joined in wedlock, I trust it has been for our mutual improvement, affording opportunity for mutual forbearance, patience and gentleness; to one party, a lesson of self-control and moderation, and to the other, of moral courage and independence, before unattained. He was not what is usually termed "a great preacher," but took his stand on Bible ground, or the doctrine now generally received by all the orthodox, and proved his positions by the Scriptures. He usually spoke with energy and great earnestness, and much in the Spirit. He was frank and out-spoken, and possessed not those fine feelings and winning qualities which command the esteem of all. He was strictly honest in his dealings with mankind, and in adherence to truth. Several years before his death, he was thrown from a horse, striking with his right side upon the frozen ground, and injuring his liver, which ever after disabled him from hard labor, and caused him to linger out the remainder of his life in suffering and pain, and frequently expressed apprehension of shortness of life. Often has he inquired of me what I would do with this or that, when he was dead and gone, and knowing him to be easily disheartened and very nervous, I usually answered by asking him what he would do with them when I was dead. On Saturday, September 12th, we attended a two days' meeting about three miles from home. He appeared greatly to enjoy the opportunity, and expressed in glowing language the goodness of God to him in the past, his resolutions of faithfulness, should life continue; and assurance that when the earthly house and tabernacle was dissolved, he should find a house and home in heaven. We at-

tended again at nine o'clock, and he appeared equally to enjoy this opportunity. We came home about two o'clock in the afternoon, and in the evening he ate a hearty supper, appearing unusually cheerful. About sundown he complained of feeling unwell, and laid down until between seven and eight o'clock, when he arose, heard me read the first two chapters of Joshua, and then read himself the third and fourth chapters, remarking with apparent pleasure and satisfaction on the exit of the Israelites over the river Jordan, after which he sang a hymn and prayed. We retired at night, and before nine he had passed the River of Death. He complained of a pain in his breast, arose, took some camphor, sat a few moments on the side of the bed, and then fell back on his pillow, struggling for breath. There was barely time to light a candle before his life and sufferings closed, and his spirit fled, I trust to a happier state. He had by reading and observation become convinced that the laws were unjust to the widow, which injustice could only be prevented by a written will and testament. This he provided some months before his death, bequeathing his little all to me.

At the time of our marriage my husband was connected with a small body of professed Christians, calling themselves United Wesleyans. For convenience, and believing them humble and sincere, I united with them, and for a season religious prosperity seemed to attend us; but at length division and schism crept in, and the little church disbanded, leaving us again out of any church connection. Having experienced the evils of schism and sectarian selfishness, we concluded henceforth, for the remainder of life, we had but one work to do, *i. e.*, to serve our Maker and generation to the best of our ability, and build up, not any sect in particular, but the common cause of truth and righteousness. With this view we made short excursions, as health and circumstances admitted, where we could have appointments, and preached alternately, thus "casting our bread upon the waters, hoping to find it after many days," and went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, in hope of returning by and by, joyfully bringing our sheaves with us. Though we saw not much fruit of our labor for the present, we at least experienced the truth of that passage of Holy Writ: "He that watereth shall be watered himself."

Very precious were the seasons we enjoyed when thus employed, and vivid was our sense of Divine approbation.

Hearing that the "Church of God," so called, were to hold a camp-meeting near East Liberty, Summit County, about the year 1852, we attended. Here our acquaintance with this people commenced, which I think providential, and in answer to many and earnest prayers that God would condescend to open to me doors of usefulness. Though the answer at first seemed rather repulsive than encouraging, yet it has resulted in matter of rejoicing and great thankfulness on my part to God. At the camp-meeting above named, were some persons who had heard me speak at the Methodist meeting-house, near what was formerly called "Wily's Mills," in Springfield, and who expressed a desire to hear me from the stand. This occasioned a consultation of the committee appointed to regulate the preaching department, who decided that the novelty of a female preacher would divert the minds of the people from the truths preached by males, and was therefore not admissible. Here I would ask a question. Would those men have made such a decision had a female been the bearer of the news to them of a large estate having fallen to them, and of the conditions required for its attainment, especially if assured of its truth? Where then the propriety in calling in question their message merely on account of sex, in matters of more importance? Being somewhat accustomed to such things, I was not moved, but my husband's feelings being disturbed, he followed me with entreaties to write to the *Church Advocate*, in behalf of what we deemed religious liberty for females, to which I reluctantly consented, feeling my inability and deficiency of education, and fearing that on this account my efforts might be vain. After the first of my letters was published, I waited some time for the requested instruction, and none appearing in the *Advocate*, I wrote a second, in which I challenged discussion on this subject. This resulted in those discussions with Revs. Johnston and Weishampel, hereafter recorded. After several years acquaintance with this people, and finding their doctrinal sentiments much in accordance with our own, and believing our faith and usefulness might be increased by a connection with them, not as a sect or party detached, but as the children of the same great

family, named in scripture as existing in heaven and on earth. And so far as they have given evidence of belonging to that family, our fellowship has been sweet; and as readily could I exchange hands of fellowship with any or all who give evidence of the same. As to bigotry or sectarian selfishness, I have seen enough of them, and from them pray to be kept at a distance, for the church of Christ is but one.

ELLEN STEWART.

LETTERS WRITTEN FOR "THE CHURCH  
ADVOCATE."

OCT. 23, 1854.

"Quench not the Spirit."—1st *Thess.* v., 19."

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER :—

Having passed through some fiery trials, and writhing under some chastisements from the kind hand of our Heavenly Father, for not having yielded due obedience to the blessed precept contained in the above text, and having at length, as we trust, submitted to its dictates, we have learned the dire effects of disobedience in a manner never to be forgotten, on the one hand, and the blessed effects or consequences of submission to God, on the other, by experience, to such an extent as to fill our soul with endless love and gratitude, and inspire an ardent wish to let the light we have thus gained shine on kindred minds, who may be earnestly striving to be right with God, asking for the old paths, and saying: "Where is the good way, that we may walk therein?" Although the doctrine of this text is theoretically admitted by all who profess to believe the Bible, yet we think there is much darkness in the minds of Christians as to the manner of the Spirit's operations, and the manner of reducing the above precept into personal practice. Much has been said and written on this subject, correct in theory, with which the mind may be stored; yet from the prejudice of education, the varying circumstances of life and our constitutional make, so various are the Spirit's operations upon different minds, that all is shrouded in mystery to seeking souls, till they, yielding, are led, step by step, out of darkness into light. One mystery after another is explained, and then they can say truly, "He led me by a way which I knew not," and the way is all new as it opens to view. We are speaking particularly of the experience of christians, not such as quench the Spirit and draw back

from God, but such as endeavor (leaving the first principles of Christ's doctrine and going on to perfection) to nourish the fire it kindles in their breasts, by prayer, obedience and constant watchfulness.

But such is the darkness of many minds, that they think serving God implies no more than to observe strictly the prohibitions and commandments contained in scripture, so far as relates to outward words and works. Hence they despise those who enter into the deep Spiritual meaning of the text, and do not quench, but are led by the Spirit, saying, "we see no necessity for so much ado, so much preaching, praying, exhorting, &c." As in olden times, he that is born after the flesh, persecutes him that is born after the Spirit. The language of the text pre-supposes that the Spirit operates in some way upon the human soul, not as upon a block or machine, which can move only as moved upon, nor is able to resist, but as upon a free and moral agent, who can at will acquiesce in, or resist the influence, which is represented under the figure of fire, which may be quenched.

The Holy Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is their Spirit, and one with them, and is called the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Comforter. In this text it is called the Spirit.

In the first place, there are things we must not do, and in the second place some things we must not do. 1st. We must not pay much attention to the errors and faults of others till the beam is out of our own eye. 2nd. We must not vote for such men as will tighten the chains and protract the bondage of those whom our nation has disfranchised and oppressed. 3d. We must not quarrel with present dispensations of Divine Providence. 4th. We must not be more intolerant than the unbelieving Jews of old were; for we have no intimations in Scripture that they ever closed their synagogues against the Saviour and his apostles, although they called him Beelzebub and believed them all impostors. Secondly. There are some things we must do. We will mention a few of them: 1st. We must get our hearts right with God, ourselves baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, deeply imbued with love and charity, and then see to it that above all things, we have fervent charity among ourselves — not among our-

selves as any one sect alone, but among ourselves, professed followers of the Lamb, making no distinction on account of sectarian difference. 2nd. We must cease to think one sect can have separate ends to seek or interests to promote and secure, in building up the walls of Zion, laboring for the salvation of souls. 3d. We must acquiesce in the present mysterious course of Providential dealings with us. To illustrate our meaning we will suppose a case: We will suppose an indulgent father has two sons. They have each an old suit of clothes, which they have nearly worn out; worn threadbare, and in which already some rents appear. Their kind father brings home for each of them a new suit of clothes, cut and made neatly and in novel style. Says he, "my sons lay off your old clothes and put on the new. The younger gladly and willingly obeys, but the elder utterly refuses. The father expostulates and demands his reasons. He replies, "father I have long worked in this suit. In it I have done many good things, and enjoyed thy smile and approbation. In it I have eaten many a good meal, and had many a reason of rejoicing. It seems identified with my body,—and, as a part of myself, I cannot, I dare not give it up. Besides, this new suit is in such novel style, everything about it is so odd and singular. I cannot believe my father, but some enemy has provided it." His father being wise and discreet, does not see fit to use compulsion. So the elder son wears his old suit, but it confines his limbs, and he is forced to mend it often; the patches only "take away from the old, and the rent is made worse." And he cannot help seeing how suitably large his brother's clothes are — how free his limbs, and to how much better advantage he works, though he enjoys his father's smiles and blessings as much or more than before, while he has reason to believe his own choice does not please him. Poor fellow! he is half persuaded to put on the new suit; and if he does not willingly, he will be compelled to do it, or be left naked. King Solomon says: "Say not in thy heart that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

Its office, or the purpose for which it operates on the mind, is plainly intimated in the text. "For who may abide the day of His coming," saith the prophet. "He is as a refiner's fire and as

a fuller's soap." It is then for the purpose of purifying the soul, or aiding it in purifying itself, by fulfilling the conditions on which the promises are made, and claiming them by faith, enabling them to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God. And who cannot see that the whole design in relation to our happiness must be frustrated, if we quench, and continue to quench the Spirit, either by not obeying its dictates, or by positive, out-breaking sin?

But the query arises, how does the Spirit operate on the human mind? We answer, in various ways. So far as the creature is concerned, it operates according to our spiritual state or relation to God. Thus to the unconverted: He comes to reprove and alarm, to set his sins with fearful retribution in array before him, or to entice him by giving him, for the time being, a keen sense of abused blessings and slighted suffering love of the Saviour, thus drawing him with cords of love. To the backslider He comes first, to give him a taste of that sweetness he once enjoyed. Then follows a keen sense of his present condition, condemnation for neglect of duty, and a fearful expectancy of judgment. To the living Christian He comes as a comforter and guide. Having entered the narrow way, all of which, except the present, is shrouded in mystery, he knows not what enemies he must encounter, what a thorny path, what difficulties and trials await him. He has need of a kind friend and guide to watch over him continually. Such a guide we have, glory be to God! of infinite wisdom and everlasting strength, to teach us all things, and bring all things to our remembrance, and to lead us into all truth.

Sometimes He uses human instruments to bring comfort, or teach lessons of instruction. Sometimes He sends home some passage of Holy Writ. At other times He makes some affecting providence speak with the voice of thunder to our hearts, and we hear in it the voice of God. If yet in our sins, we are alarmed; if in a backslidden state, we feel, like the starving prodigal, the wretchedness of our condition. If we are earnest Christians, he speaks by the voice of consolation or direction; sometimes by the means above mentioned, and often by direct impressions made upon the mind.

Such, we think, was the way he told Peter: "Behold three

men seek thee, get thee down," &c.; and said to Philip: "Go near," &c., and caught him away and sent him to Azotas. Not that we believe in setting aside the reason and judgment which God has given us; but every Christian knows, or ought to know, his Heavenly Shepherd's voice, and when he hears it, nothing is so reasonable, or displays such superior judgment as to obey and submit, all the reasonings of Satan, the flesh, or carnal-minded and wicked men to the contrary, notwithstanding. But woe to him that striveth with (or against) his Maker. But the query arises, is there not great danger of fatal delusions, in following impressions? We answer, there is danger, but no need of being deceived.

The Bible being our standard, whereby to judge of their nature and tendency, and knowing that the Spirit of God never dictates contrary to it, we have a sure protection against being led fatally astray. And to make it more sure, in trying the spirits in ourselves and others, we are told that every spirit that confesses the Saviour and his cross in sincerity and truth, and leads to greater humility and self-crucifixion (as it must surely mean,) is of God. We may judge by our present feelings and exercise of mind, and likewise by the effects our rejection or submission thereto has subsequently upon our minds.

The Spirit will lead us in the way of the cross, and the cross will kill our pride and fear of man. If we do not quench the Spirit, it will lead on till all is right within—all in harmony with God, and of course with those who truly are our brethren, till we delight and glory in the cross, and be no longer babes, feeding on milk, though thirty, forty or fifty years old in religious profession.

ELLEN STEWART.

MARCH 22d 1853.

BRO. EDITOR:—

As in our last we had not room fully to redeem our promise, with your indulgence we will pursue our sub-

ject a little farther. As before observed, the detached of Christ's mangled and scathless flock, placing great confidence in their shepherds, have been in some instances led by them into desolate and barren places. At their instance, they have aided to make the shepherds learned, rich, influential and powerful, and lifted them up into splendid pulpits, where they have listeners to their erudite and eloquent discourses with admiration, and gazed on them with superstitious reverence. In this manner they have preached against oppression, drunkenness and various other vices, while these very vices grew up to giant size under their powerless preaching, and the "times that try men's souls" have shown themselves to be accessory to them. Many were found so much under the power of false delicacy, that they dared not preach on the seventh commandment, although Christ told them to teach the people all things whatsoever he had commanded them. Some of them are holding their fellow creatures in bondage, buying and selling them like sheep and cattle — tearing husbands from wives and wives from husbands — parents from children and children from parents — and many who do it not, themselves plead the cause of those who do. Some of them object to the Maine Liquor Law. Surprising! As well might they object to stringent laws in regard to the sale of arsenic; for if arsenic has slain its thousands, alcohol has its tens of thousands. In short, scarcely a crime can be mentioned, but some shepherd, or rather wolf in sheep's clothing, has done or winked at it, and scarcely any benevolent or moral enterprise but what has found opposers among them. What wonder then, that the sheep are scattered and wandering here and there, poor and lean, many of them having followed after their shepherds through barren wastes, where thorns and thistles choke the good seed. Still, (ever praised be the name of God!) there have always been, and still there are some good shepherds, who have been careful not to get into high places, as to lose sight of the lowly and humble spot where they first received their mission; and though the ungodly shepherds often raise such a fog, and so mistify the truth, that they could scarcely tell what to do. They have always managed to keep in with the Chief Shepherd, so as to have good food, clear water, and nourishing milk for the flock. Occasionally some of

the perishing wanderers have forsaken their narrow and contracted enclosure, to partake with them. Others would regale themselves for a meal or two, and go back again, fearing the anger of their shepherds, and the bleating of the sheep after them. But for such shepherds, the flock had all perished long ago, religion been extinct and the Bible too. But these are so much in the minority, that the question becomes all important and interesting, what course they and their flocks must take, at the present crisis, in order to insure their own safety, and rescue others who are likely to perish.

We have heard some ladies complain of the change of the times, because the improvement in machinery has wrenched from them the spinning-wheel, the cards and the loom. And men talk as if the many new inventions were more a curse than a blessing. But hark! does God not speak to us through these provinces and say: "My children, I have other work for you to do. This great saving of time is mine, not yours, that you may do more work of mercy and charity, and improve your minds. But far more injurious has been the discontent in matters of religion, and many appear blind to the hand of Providence in the changes that have taken place, and cling to old usages, means and measures, with the tenacity of the elder son to the old suit. Though more than an hundred years old, scanty and threadbare, they must be mended up, though the time in doing so is lost, and should be spent in doing something else. God's method, (when his children become too much attached to old means and measures,) has always been to raise up new agents, and substitute new measures, and designedly such as would prove stumbling blocks and rocks of offence to the bigoted ones, thus destroying the wisdom of the wise, and bringing to nothing the wisdom of the prudent. Especially has he dealt so with this generation. He said to the drunkards: "Forsake your cups — go out and preach temperance to the people — none can depict the horrors of drunkenness like you. And go ye infidels, in whose breasts sympathy for suffering humanity still finds a lodgment, preach liberty to the captives. Stop not to sing a hymn, make a long prayer, then sing again, take a text, of Scripture, divide and sub-divide, and explain systematically, but at once enter into your subject, and say just what the present

exigency requires. One take the sword, and strike through the heart of the slave-holding church; another a scourge, to lash and wake up a lethargic nation, lest they sleep the sleep of death. Sound the trumpet aloud. Tell them that this is the feast I have chosen, that ye loose the bands of wickedness — break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.”

Methinks the time has come when the sweetest of their sweet enjoyments in works of benevolence and mercy, flow from good and pure motives. If we be found to be in a protracted work in one place, when we ought to be in another, and about some other work, we cannot expect God will bless us or our labor. And from the want of wisdom to discern the signs of the present times, and ears to hear the voice of God in his providence, and a due dependence on the leadings of the Holy Spirit, we fear this is often the case with the shepherds and their flocks. May not this be the reason why so much labor is lost, and why there is so much backsliding?

Yours for reform in heart and life,

ELLEN STEWART.

#### A DREAM.

When quite young, the following dream proved a great comfort and encouragement to my almost desponding heart:

ELLEN STEWART.

When young in years, and young in grace,  
I loved and I revered  
The saints, and ministers of Christ,  
Nor thought they ever erred.

But when some, whom I most admired,  
From Jesus went astray,  
My soul was shocked, my heart was grieved  
Then did the tempter say:

“I’ such strong men and women fall,  
Thou, feeble, ignorant child,  
Canst not withstand my wiles at all,  
But soon wilt be beguiled.”

My soul was seized with sudden fear,  
I thought thereon and wept;  
Night drew her sable curtains round,  
I laid me down and slept.

And as I slept, I dreamed I heard  
Some one knock at the door:  
I said “come in”—a man appeared,  
I had not seen before.

In his right hand he held a bow,  
And in his left a dove,  
Feeble and young, and I exclaimed,  
Sweet bird! tis thee I love!

He offered — eagerly I seized,  
And pressed it to my heart,  
I loved it dearly, and I vowed,  
Never with it to part.

Its breast and sides were purest white,  
Its back was graced with gold;  
Its eyes, as if in diamonds set,  
Were beautiful to behold.

I thought I nourished it, until  
It strong and vigorous grew,  
And daily saw new beauties still,  
And still new charms could view.

But hosts of enemies came round  
To rob me of my love,  
And battles long and sore I had,  
Yet still I kept my dove.

Safe in my bosom it was hid,  
And guarded there with care,  
And they, whatever else they did,  
Could not approach it there.

I cried, in Jesus’ name, “begone!  
For vain is all your hope,  
I’ll lose my all, I’ll shed my blood,  
Before I’ll give it up.”

With horrid grimace, they, I thought,  
From me all fled apace,  
Then I with joy reviewed my dove,  
And gave to God the praise.

I woke, and an interpreter,  
Seemed near me, who declared,  
The young and feeble need not fear,  
Though foes may press them hard.

If they but trust in Jesus Christ,  
And his commands obey,  
He’ll give them victory, and at last,  
Bright crowns in endless day.

## A BRIEF SKETCH

### OF THE EXPERIENCE, LIFE AND DEATH OF CAROLINE MATILDA CASE, LATE CAROLINE MATILDA HICKOX.

CAROLINE MATILDA CASE was born October 28th, A. D. 1770, in the town of Simsbury, Hartford Co., Connecticut. She was, by death, deprived of her mother at the early age of three years. In certain prospect of death, her mother gave her to a confidential friend, the wife of deacon Nobles of Simsbury, by whom she was carefully educated, under the immediate influence of the Presbyterian Church, which for many years was the only church in that town. She was taught strictly to observe the outward duties of religion, but for many years knew nothing of its power and influence on the heart. At the age of eighteen she was married to Mr. GILES HICKOX, of the same place. They commenced their conjugal life in the observance of family devotion, and, in short, all the routine of outward religious ceremonies. She had been a subject of the strivings of the Holy Spirit, from childhood. Yet with all their ceremonial performances, she could find no peace of mind. Her knowledge of the Scriptures led her to criticise the conduct of the cold-hearted, hypocritical professors who surrounded them, scarcely any of whom, seemed to her, to possess that purity of heart and life, which the Bible describes. Some five years after their marriage it was rumored in their place that a new and strange sect had come into a neighboring town. The people of Simsbury were a good deal alarmed at this rumor, and expressed a firm belief that these strange people were the false prophets who were to come "in the last days," and who should "deceive, if it were possible, the very elect." Conse-

quently they not only restrained the promptings of their own curiosity, but exerted all their influence, and in some instances exercised their authority, to prevent their children from attending their meetings. Meanwhile this sect continued to increase, and widen and extend their field of labor, until at length a door was opened in the town of Simsbury. As might be expected, the town was in a complete uproar. Mr. Hickox, having caught the spirit of opposition which raged in the town, had determined not to encourage them by his presence, and at the first appointment he went to the pasture to fetch his horse, for the purpose of salting him and improving his looks with curry-comb. But on his return, Mrs. Hickox, from a sudden impulse within, said to him, "My dear husband, we have heard much about this people, as being crazy, fanatics, &c. Suppose we go this evening and hear for ourselves." Being easily persuaded, he soon consented and they went. On their arrival she was struck with the appearance of the preacher, who seemed to bear his high commission on his countenance. A spirit of solemnity seemed to pervade the whole audience, which, notwithstanding the tide of opposition, was excessively large.

The preacher spoke with energy and in the power of the Spirit, which fastened conviction on the hearts of many of his hearers; and Mrs. Hickox, on her return home, like the woman of Samaria, was led to cry out to all whom she saw, "come see a man who told me all that ever I did." From this time forward she rested not, till she found peace by giving her heart to Christ.— But she had many temptations to grapple with, and was frequently buffeted by the great adversary of all good. She had been taught from her childhood the doctrine of the unconditional decree of election. The devil told her that all her tears and prayers were only an abomination in the sight of God—her heart was desperately wicked and all her prayers only added to her iniquity—that she must wait "God's time"—that if she was of the elect he would change her heart in due time, when her prayers would become a virtue, and ascend like holy incense to the throne; but if she was a reprobate that all her exertions to obtain salvation would only provoke God and tend to sink her lower in the regions of the damned. But her heart was too deeply probed to be th-



slightly healed. A ray of light from the sun of righteousness had come across her soul. She saw that to lie down inactive, was only to consign herself over to eternal ruin.

Onward! onward! was her watchword — while pilgrim-like she pressed her way, crying life! life! eternal life! Nor was she permitted long to struggle before relief came. The burden of sin was removed. The clouds of darkness which had been rolling in wild confusion over her head, just ready to break forth in dreadful indignation upon her, instantly passed away, and the sun of righteousness, in all his resplendant glory, lighted up the moral heavens and shed forth his peaceful rays upon her. The still small voice succeeded the terrific thunder, and thanksgiving and praise seemed to come spontaneous, from her enraptured soul. The unbounded goodness of Jehovah seemed to gather about her heart, and the richness of his glory to pass before her. For many days she enjoyed uninterrupted communion with the Father of lights. But her faith was to be tried. Satan was again permitted to assail her, which he did, by insinuating, that though God had done something for her, yet He had not bestowed upon her *saving Grace* — that notwithstanding all her joy and boasted strength, she was yet liable to sink into hell, and would forever be, unless God should throw around her His electing love and rescue her from herself and from ruin. A curtain of darkness seemed to be drawn around her, and she was, for a time, left to struggle in the arms of disappointment and despair. She had never heard a christian experience, which, perhaps is not strange, since all classes of professors were not at all scrupulous about joining with the people of the world in what they called their “civil recreations,” (anniversary dances, &c.) and their halls of recreation and amusement were not unfrequently graced with the presence of the holy pastor. However innocent such amusements may be, they seem never to have called forth expressions like that of the Psalmist, “Come unto me all ye that fear God and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.” But though she could not profit by the experience of others, she was not forsaken of the Holy Spirit, who came in due time and drove back every cloud of doubt and darkness, by the brightness of his own glory, and brought again joy and gladness to her heart. She now

found if she would follow Christ, it must be by taking the cross and obeying the divine injunction, “come ye out from among them.” She was firm and resolute in her Christian course, which brought upon her the persecution of many of her relatives who thought they did God service by placing obstacles in her way. Her husband did not openly oppose her, but being a witty man, he employed this gift of nature in trying to bring her course into ridicule. When she wished to attend a quarterly meeting at a distance, he refused to go with her, but would saddle the horse, place the portmanteau in order, and give her his whip, saying: “My wife wants to ride the circuit with the Methodist preachers — I suppose she must have her way.” But she was steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, not fearing to own Christ in the great congregation, and her voice was frequently heard in the prayer-circles. By this means she brought a flood of persecution upon her, she being the first female who spoke publicly in that place, for the people thought it a great shame for a woman to speak in the church. But by faith in Christ and perseverance in the path of duty, she soon had the happiness to see her husband yield his heart in submission to Christ and engage heartily with Him in the way which leads to life. They united with three others, one man and two women, in a band, under the watch-care of the M. E. Church. They suffered much reproach and persecution, but were not forsaken by the Great Head of the Church. For three years they continued together like lambs among wolves — a little flock against whom not even the gates of hell could prevail — much endeared to each other by the ties of mutual suffering and Christian friendship. At this period they emigrated to Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York. Mrs. Hickox felt much grieved at parting with her Christian friends, not expecting ever again to find a people with whom she could enjoy so sweet a fellowship. But the Lord in His goodness cast their lot in the midst of a little band, who like those they left, were laboring to build the Redeemer’s kingdom upon the earth. To these they joined themselves about the year 1799. Here they lived in Christian union and fellowship with the church until February, 1828, when they emigrated, with four of their children, three sons and one daughter, one son and two daugh-

ters having preceded them to the township of Granger, Medina County, Ohio. Here she was called to wade through the deep waters of affliction. She deeply deplored the very apparent, declining state of the church among all denominations of Christians and was sickened with that narrow, contracted, sectarian bigotry, which divides the professed children of the same family, and drives the Spirit of Christ from the church. Such a state of things prevailed to an alarming extent even among the ministers and pastors of the church. At the protracted meeting held in Granger, in the winter of 1835, she united with the Methodist Protestant church, together with her husband, five of her children, and four grand-children, an account of which was published in the *Methodist Correspondent* the same year. She continued a worthy member until death. But she had other trials to pass through. In the fall of 1833 she was called to witness the death of a beloved daughter, Mrs. Lamanda Spencer, aged 35 years, who after four days of the most extreme suffering, bid farewell to all things earthly. While she exhibited all the sympathies of a mother, she also manifested a remarkable degree of Christian fortitude and resignation. On the second of April, 1836, she was called to part with her husband, and in December following with her eldest son, aged 43 years, and also a grand-son of eleven years of age. In the spring of 1839 a daughter-in-law died, leaving a family of five little children, one an infant of ten days old. She immediately took charge of the family, and nourished them with all the tenderness and solicitude of an own mother, for the space of more than a year, when her health failed, and she was compelled to desist from her labor of love. It was with great reluctance that she parted with the dear infant she had so long and carefully nursed, to be carried off and committed to the care of strangers. In January 1840, she was called to part with her youngest son, William, who came to his death instantly. He repaired to the woods after breakfast, in usual health, in company with a nephew, to engage in chopping for the forenoon. He worked about an hour, when he suddenly fell, and died without uttering a word. Though the news of his sudden death was shocking to all his friends, his aged mother sustained it with great fortitude, and after a moment's agitation, her placid and serene

countenance showed the calmness and resignation of her heart. While her health and strength permitted, she was a constant attendant on the means of grace, and for the Sabbath she ever had a particular regard. The Bible was her constant companion, and she perused it with great apparent attention and delight. Whenever she spoke of herself, it was with the utmost reserve and abasement, and she frequently expressed an earnest desire for holiness of heart. She took great delight in the exercises of prayer and praise, and though her health was declining, she continued to frequent the prayer-meeting, even on foot if no conveyance offered, until she was past seventy years of age. Nor did she attend in vain. In her slow and solemn manner, she vocally called upon the name of the Lord, and frequently sweet answers of peace descended from the Most High, evidently in immediate answer to prayer. She often spoke of great conflicts with the Tempter, and of her proneness to distrust the faithful promises of God, but for the last few years of her life, her faith in God seemed to be established and unwavering. Her children were always borne in her arms of faith, to the foot of the throne, where she poured out her soul in prayer. She was ever ready to give them advice in regard to temporal, as well as spiritual things; and being possessed of a discriminating mind, of excellent judgment and economy, her advice and counsel were frequently sought, and were worthy of regard. But her concern for the spiritual welfare of her children was most ardent. If any of them are so unwise (not unfortunate) as to make their beds in hell, no doubt her many prayers, her tears and solemn admonitions will increase their torments, and tighten their chains in the prison-house of woe. For those of them who went before her, she mourned not, as those who have no hope, for they all gave evidence of a hopeful conversion to God. In the three parts of the country where she had spent her life, all could bear testimony to her disinterested hospitality and affectionate kindness. She relieved the distressed, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and also "kept herself unspotted from the world." Few have exceeded her filial kindness to her aged father, who came and spent the last few years of his life with her. She was a person of great

candor and piety, and in her manner and address she was pleasing and easy. Few persons of candor and piety have spent much time in her presence, without feeling that she was a woman of excellent character, and of great moral worth. Her house, while she kept one, was always a home for the poor wayfaring messenger of peace, of every name. The last eleven years of her life were spent in the loneliness of widowhood, but none doubted that she was a widow indeed, and though desolate, trusted in God and continued night and day in supplication and prayer. Her declining state of health prevented her from attending meetings the last few years of her life, except at intervals, which she regretted very much. But her heart was ever with God and his people. She suffered much from bodily disease and pain, for a few months previous to her death, but she showed great patience and resignation to the Divine will. Often have I heard her say that she was waiting for her Lord, and lived in constant expectation that he would come,—that her hope was like an anchor to her soul, sure and steadfast. Having resided very near her for the last thirty-three years, and sustained the relationship of daughter-in-law to her, that length of time, I can testify, that so far as can be expected of mortals subject to infirmities of body and mind, she lived not only a harmless, blameless life, but also a useful one. From our first acquaintance, I have had a growing esteem for her; and more especially for the last eleven years, have I realized my attachment to her, for being left a widow, the same as herself, in 1836. My feelings towards her have been very similar to those of Ruth towards Naomi. Often have I thanked the Lord for such a mother. I have frequently listened with deep interest to her early experience, and resolved to write it down, but neglected doing so until after the commencement of her last illness, when not being present, I feared I had lost the opportunity. Hastening to her bedside however, I found her in full possession of her reason, and able to give the assistance I needed, which she did with great solemnity and with tears. She said that for many weeks she had felt no temptation, and not a cloud had passed over her mind, and that she had no anxiety to live. The sting of death was taken away, and it was evident her mind was quiet and peaceful, and she had nothing to suffer or fear,

except her bodily affliction. One day she was asked, "Does the religion you loved in health, afford you support and comfort now?" She answered, "It does." On the Sabbath before her death, a minister visited her. On shaking hands with him, she inquired: "Now shall we not have some praying?" After some conversation the minister prayed in a very feeling and affecting manner. When he closed, knowing she was very drowsy, I asked if she heard the prayer. "A part of it," said she, "and O! how sweet!" For the last eight days she slept almost constantly, and took very little food or drink. She appeared quite easy, except when moved, at which times her suffering was extreme. The last two days she appeared insensible to all below, and then, without a struggle or a groan, she fell asleep in Christ, on Friday morning, May 21st, 1847, aged 76 years, 6 months and 23 days. Her funeral was solemnized May 22d, by a large and respectable assembly of people. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Disbro of Medina, from the 90th Psalm, 10th verse: "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." He first shewed that the time of man's death was not unalterably fixed, but is, in a certain sense, in our own power. If God fixes the time, by His decree, He must use the means. Hence, murders, suicides, &c., must be decreed, which must criminate the Almighty, or make them virtuous acts. Second, he compared the shortness of human life at the present time with that of the antediluvians, and with the ages of eternity, making it appear like a mere speck, in point of duration. Third, he spoke of the complaint, by some, of the shortness of life — proved it long enough if rightly improved, and long enough if wasted and abused. He then closed with a few appropriate remarks.

The deceased has left four children, twenty-eight grandchildren, and nineteen great-grand-children. She was followed to the grave by her 4 children, 17 grandchildren, and 5 great-grand-children.

Farewell, dearest mother, the Master is come,  
Thy mansion is ready, He calls thee, "Come home"—  
The angels are ready to bear thee away,  
To join in their chorus, in unceasing day.

## CAROLINE MATILDA HICKOX.

Farewell, dearest mother, the rest thou did'st crave  
Is ready for thee, go thou to the grave;  
Thy Saviour is ready with all His bright throng,  
To welcome thee home, with the harp and the song.

Thy children are ready, O! could we but say  
To follow thee home in the blest narrow way;  
To treasure thy counsels, thy prayers and thy tears,  
And thy good examples, in thy former years.

The field of thy sowing with tears in time past,  
Shall yield thee a plentiful harvest at last.  
Thy children shall rise up, and say thou art blest,  
And labor and toil for the same glorious rest.

Farewell, dearest mother, in a good old age,  
Having done thy part well, thou leavest the stage;  
Lead on, we shall follow thee close in the rear,  
To the fourth generation, we press to thy bier.

Farewell, dearest mother, thy kindness and love  
We'll try to remember, and meet thee above;  
Though forced now to weep, we believe thou art blest,  
And joyfully thank God for giving thee rest.

Farewell, dearest mother, to thy funeral we go,  
And hide thy remains till the last trump shall blow,  
And summon us all to eternity's shore;  
Oh! then may we meet, to be parted no more.

ELCY HICKOX.

Mrs. Caroline M. Hickox was my much loved and respected mother-in-law — mother of my first husband. This sketch I penned from her own lips when on her dying bed. This tribute to her memory will be gratefully received by all her surviving friends.

ELLEN STEWART.

## DISCUSSION WITH REV. WM. JOHNSTON.

## LETTER FROM ELLEN STEWART ON FEMALE PREACHING.

COPLEY, Ohio, August 22, 1851.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—

As you have, and I expect deservedly, the reputation of a reformer in this nineteenth century, permit me, though a stranger, to address a few lines to you on the subject of Female Preaching. Reformation is perhaps as much needed on this subject as any other. And if ever the Church shall rise to a state of purity, perfect liberty of conscience will be enjoyed by females as well as males, and receive equal encouragement in whatever good work they are moved by the Holy Ghost. We think, although our land is pre-eminently a land of liberty, and a land where Bible truth and the light of the glorious Gospel has done more to elevate woman, than in any other land; and although the Constitution of our nation proclaims liberty of conscience to every citizen; yet, that through the prejudice which still prevails, to a great extent, in all ranks of society, her privileges are curtailed, her rights of conscience violated, and she is borne down by oppression, which has not only crippled her intellect, and in many instances driven her to insanity and suicide, but has and does rob God of the declarative glory for which she is and was created—the Church of many a brilliant light and efficient helper, and the world of that counterpart service which it needs in order to its conversion. All this, in our opinion, originated in those dark ages, when the love of power led the Church into apostacy—when selfishness (as it always does) led the strong to oppress the weak. And as the Church has but partially emerged from her fall, surely it must be an important part of our work to remove every weight and hinderance to Zion's prosperity; and such surely are these

relicts of moral apostacy and heathen superstition which make a distinction between male and female, whom Paul declared to be all one in Christ Jesus. Such a distinction our God never made under the Old Testament dispensation, and such a distinction our Saviour did not make by his teachings or example in the days of his flesh. All this is founded on a wrong interpretation of two passages of Paul's writings, as recorded in 1 Cor., 14: 34 — 1 Tim. 2: 12. I say, a wrong interpretation, as I conceive it to be from other passages of his own writings, where he speaks of women prophesying with their heads covered or uncovered: which plainly shows that he allowed women to prophesy; which, according to his own definition, was to speak to edification, exhortation and comfort. And, according to Peter at the day of Pentecost, it was to speak forth the wonderful works of God.

The Apostle Paul speaks of Phebe, a servant of the Church at Cenchrea, and enjoins it as a duty on the true yoke-fellow of Christ, to help those women that labored with him in the Gospel, &c. I cannot see why we have not as good reason to infer that they preached the Gospel, as any have that they did not. Beside these, he mentions Tryphena and Tryphosa, which labored in the Lord, and Persis, who labored much in the Lord. Now, the idea of laboring in the Lord, pre-supposes that they themselves were in him, and possessed his Spirit, and were led by that Spirit thus to labor in him. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, are the Sons of God, and as the woman is not without the man, neither the man without the woman in the Lord;" but the one sex is merged in the other. As marriage only makes them one flesh, it follows that they are individual souls, and each must act and answer for itself — each must understand the inward teachings and leadings of the Spirit respecting their individual duty. The same Apostle bids us "not to quench the Spirit." By which he must mean that we should obey its teachings; and if we ought to obey God rather than man, I ask, what shall a woman do if she believes the Holy Spirit moves and commands her to go and preach the Gospel? If you say, let her go — she ought to know better than any other person what is her duty, and should have the liberty to do it; this lenity and this admission, if it be right and according to the spirit of the Gospel, involves still another

duty, — that of defending this right. Ye are set for the defence of the Gospel as ministers thereof. It is your duty to speak in favor of the right, deliver the oppressed, support the weak, and encourage the poor and desponding soul. If you say no, it is wrong, and contrary to the Old and New Testaments, then we challenge the proof. It is time some elaborate Scripture arguments were forthcoming; for the female mind, like pent up fires, threatens to burst its bonds, and there is danger of its out-growing the iron casement prepared in darker ages. If it does, it will need the Bible for a guide, and a right understanding of it is indispensable.

Either He (God) does call some women to preach the Gospel, or he does not, and never did. If the Church is sure the negative is the truth, let her prove it. But if the positive, let it be demonstrated, that she and her ministers may know their duty to those concerned in the matter. Whether the one or the other be true, O ye masters in Israel, the female race needs and is entitled to your sympathy and the encouragement ye are able to give. We fully believe no one can prove the negative from the Scriptures, and for this reason no one has attempted it, except by throwing out hints from the pulpit, seminaries and public prints, to the effect that woman's appropriate sphere is by the couch of the sick, and feeding and clothing the poor and destitute. The Church will even admit of visiting for religious conversation and prayer. All this we admit we ought to do, to the extent of our ability. But if he calls to, and qualifies for other duties, ought we not to obey? Who shall say we are not in our appropriate sphere in so doing? Our Saviour approbated one of our sex, because 'she had done what she could' for him. Then, if we think he calls us to preach, and we can preach, ought we not to preach? and have we not reason to expect his approbation in so doing?

Now, Rev. brethren, and all who are opposed, please to tell us how much less we may do for our Saviour than we can do, and meet his approbation; or who of you will take the responsibility, and account for us before our final Judge.

Yours truly,

ELLEN STEWART.

## OUGHT WOMEN TO PREACH THE GOSPEL?

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—

In my former letter I endeavored to throw what light I could on the subject of female preaching, hoping thereby to elicit instruction from abler pens, and heads replenished with biblical or theological truth. Long and anxiously have I waited for some remarks, but in vain.

Brethren, how shall I interpret this universal silence? Shall I conclude, according to the old adage, that it "gives consent," or must I think it the sullen silence of disgust and contempt? Or, is it the silence of caution, policy, expediency? It is true, this is an unpopular subject, and the different sects of professing Christians, who have encouraged females in the right to preach, while they were few, weak, persecuted and unpopular among the abler and more powerful sects, as soon as they, in their turn, began to rise in numbers, wealth and respectability, have begun to give it less countenance, (the Quakers perhaps alone excepted,) till, meeting with so much to discourage it, it has become mostly extinct. Now, from all this may I not fairly infer, that when the church gets sufficiently on her guard against rising in pride, and desire to be respected and honored of men; and that if she, in the same proportion as she rises in numbers, wealth and power, preserves her humility and spirituality inviolate, this cruel, unnatural, unscriptural distinction between the sexes, in matters of conscience, will forever cease to exist.

One of two things is true: Either some females are moved by the Holy Spirit to preach the Gospel, or some of them are under a mistake; a mistake which causes them great mental and physical suffering. And does it not form a question, not only worthy your attention, but imperiously demanding it? Is it not your duty, as under-shepherds of the flock of Christ, to meet it with sound Scripture arguments, and thus defend the Gospel from imposture, and the ignorant and erring from running before they are sent?

If the affirmative be true, are not your obligations equally imperious, inasmuch as the Saviour takes what is done to His little ones as done to Himself,— "inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." If, then, ye can relieve

the handmaid of the Lord from a fancied obligation, which involves her in mental suffering of the keenest kind, from needless labor, sacrifice and shame, by a little pains, ought ye not to do it forthwith? On the supposition that God does call them, ought ye not to plead their cause, and meet their assailants with convincing reasons and sound arguments, and to comfort and strengthen them while contending with difficulties and opposition, from which, if men did not shrink back, we should call them heroes?

We think, in the present state of things, that the very fact that there are a few women who preach, is presumptive evidence that God has called them. For what but the purest motives could induce a modest, sensible woman, to pretend to any such thing, when she knows the world will treat her with scorn, and church-members and ministers generally will treat her with neglect. Of a bashful and retiring nature, she does violence to her feelings, and acts contrary to her own desires and wishes, humanly speaking. She takes a public stand, making herself a spectacle to angels and to men. Exhausted with an effort almost beyond her strength, she is often met by expressions like the following: "A woman preaching! there are men enough to do the preaching." "I'll not go to hear a woman; she cannot teach me!" "What she said was well enough, if it had been a man saying it," &c.

In an assembly of the reputed followers of Christ, ministers present, whom he has called to preach or prophesy, relate their experience and mental exercises about preaching;—one unknown sits by, in whose breast every word finds a response, to whose experience it answers as face answers to face. But would it be received if that person should tell the same sort of experience in public? No, and why? Do you not believe her a sincere Christian? Yes; her character is unblemished; I believe she has the Spirit of Christ; her gifts are respectable; but I do not believe women ought to say anything about preaching. Such would likely be the sentence. The sister feels at the same time that she has a message for the people, and silently awaits the decision of the ruling authorities. They decide that she shall not have the privilege to preach; and why? Simply because it is a female, and fears are entertained that the novelty of a woman preaching will only divert attention from the truth.

I would ask if God never made use of novel means to bring multitudes under the sound of the Gospel, which has proved the power of God to salvation, to those led there by mere curiosity? And if a woman preach the truth, (which she will do if called of God, and aided by His Spirit,) will not the preaching, instead of diverting the minds of the people, be the more impressive, and firmly fix it in the memory? If it be proved that any one of the sex ought to preach, it will follow that all are entitled to liberty of conscience, and their rights ought to be respected the same as those of men. Why, then, do our brethren treat this subject with neglect? If there are no female preachers in the church of God in Pennsylvania, there are two in Ohio, and some in other parts of the country; and there have been some in every age. Then why not discuss the subject, so that, if right, it may be tolerated and encouraged, or if wrong, put down at once.

ELLEN STEWART.

THE PORTION OF WM. JOHNSTON'S LETTER REFERED  
TO IN THE FOLLOWING "REPLY."

The true preacher and *preaching* have been the chief instruments which God has made use of for spreading abroad his eternal truth, from the earliest period of people associating together for his worship. We have a beautiful account of the ancient manner of preaching, in the eighth chapter of Nehemiah, from which time till the appearance of Christ, public preaching was universal. Nor does it appear from the Scriptures that God chose his *preachers* from the *sexes indiscriminately*; for *all* the preachers we have any account of were men. Hence among the *preachers* of the Old Testament times, we find the names of Enoch, Noah, Solomon, &c.; but not any female names. And among all the preachers of the New Testament who were *called, commissioned, and sent forth to preach and baptize*, we do not recollect of any women being called to this important work. Time and room

would fail me, to take notice at present, of those passages of Scripture where honorable mention is made of various women who *ministered, prophesied, and labored*, in the days of Christ and his Apostles. But I will, if spared, take up this pleasing subject hereafter, and shew that *their work* was something different from *preaching, baptizing, and planting churches*. In the mean time I would say that, if any brother or sister will shew from the Scriptures, that women were called to do the work of an Evangelist, to make full proof of their ministry, to preach the word, and to study to shew themselves *work-women* that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of the Lord; it would be something new to me, and to many others, who desire to know the truth as it is in Jesus.

Yours, Truly,

WM. JOHNSTON.

R E P L Y

To a part of Brother Johnston's Letter, in the Church Advocate  
of October 16, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—

Please accept my thanks for your favors of August 28th and October 16th, and believe me I feel like thanking God and taking courage, since one of the privileged sex, who hold the prerogatives by Divine appointment, has condescended to give us a kind of side-wise glance on the subject of female preaching. Like the Syrophenician, we have followed them with entreaties, and although we are unworthy to eat the children's bread, he has given us a promise of a few crumbs by and by. We hope he will not long delay, for we are an hungered; and when they come, we must have the privilege of analyzing them by the searching light of God's truth, and if they agree with this rule, we will feed on them thankfully. To fill up the tarrying time, our brother has thrown us a puzzling chain, which we will now sit down and patiently try to unravel.

In the first place he says, it does not appear that in Old Testa-

ment times, God chose His preachers from both sexes indiscriminately, inasmuch as men's names are mentioned as preachers, but not those of women. We answer, the females' names not being mentioned, is no proof that there were none, any more than their not being mentioned at any public assembly, is proof that there were none present. Nor is the mention of a few of the most prominent speakers, proof that there were not others present who might be equally prominent.

In the second place, in New Testament times, the mention of any women who were commissioned and sent forth to preach and baptize, he does not recollect. We answer, this is no more proof in the latter than in former times; and as to baptizing, we do not suppose that they were, or ever will be, commissioned of God to do that which he has not endowed them with strength to do. But although they cannot immerse the massy body in the pearly stream, they can use the more majestic power of speech in persuading men to believe and be baptized. Our brother has promised, if spared, to show that their work is something different from preaching. That is right, brother; prove from Scripture that the holy women of old, nor any in New Testament times, ever preached righteousness, if you can. But we think it will not be an easy matter to do so; although it may be easy to prove that they were employed in all other manner of good works, and should be at the present day likewise. But it will be admitted that their gifts differ as much as those of men, and their peculiar work and calling must be as various as their circumstances and capabilities. It is true, the prominence is given to men. In the Old Testament God said: "He shall rule over them" — in the New, that "man is the head of the woman." This is all right. But it is not chiefly because God has endowed him physically with greater powers of endurance. He was first created in the image of God, and for His glory; and the woman for the glory of God and man — as an helpmate of the latter, in doing the will of the former, as co-workers in saving the lost race of mankind. There is the spirit, as well as the letter of the Bible; and often portions of the letter are (by those who are either ignorant of Scripture or destitute of its spirit,) arrayed against the spirit thereof.

Our brother says, if any brother or sister will show him, from the Scriptures, that women were called to do the work of evangelists — to make full proof of their ministry — to preach the word — to study to show themselves approved, or work-women that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, it would be something new to him, and to a great many others. Now, although I do not spend much time in telling them new things, yet I can tell him of women who did the work of an evangelist in New Testament times; and I could tell him of some who are doing it now. Our dictionary says, the work of an evangelist is to instruct in the Gospel. Anna, the prophetess, did this when she spoke of Jesus to all them that looked for redemption in Israel. The woman of Samaria did it, when she spoke the word of life to the men of her city, and many believed on Him for her saying. Wonder the Saviour did not rebuke her sharply, and put an end to such innovations at once. Priscilla, in company with her husband, instructed Barnabas and others more perfectly in the way of God, or the Gospel; and Saint Paul speaks of women who actually labored with him in the Gospel. People usually understand, when we say a man is laboring in the Gospel, that he is preaching in connection with other means. But how came that great apostle to say that women were laboring with him in the Gospel, who said he suffered not a woman to teach, and it was a shame for a woman to speak in the church, &c.? It must mean something else. They will have it, that it was some secular labor, perhaps mending clothes for the men-preachers, or washing their dishes. But I understand the same thing by women laboring in the Gospel, as by men doing it. And the way I understand it is in perfect keeping with the spirit of the Bible, and true Gospel, or true religion. For when a female gets converted, she feels just as a male does. And the Spirit leads her exactly to the same things, speaking in general terms. It does not lead all men to preach; neither does it all women; but the Spirit they receive is diffusive in its very nature, and that precious love, like a fire shut up in their bones, struggles for vent. O, what love to God! what admiration of his character and unbounded goodness! what love to saints! what love, pity and compassion for poor sinners! Their very soul is melted; their



heart is pressed, as a cart beneath its burden. And does God, or the spirit of the Bible, say to men, ye may disburthen your hearts, confess me, tell to all my goodness; follow my Spirit if it calls; if it leads you to preach, preach? And say to the female, keep silence; subdue these feelings; shut up my grace within you? If the Spirit calls — if it tries to lead, you shall and must quench it, grieve it till it leave you, and love die within your hearts? O, no, no; it cannot — it cannot be. We must labor. And with us reformers and free-soilers, the term “work-woman” is a title of honor; although it may be a term of reproach with the rich, idle aristocracy; or those opposed to female preaching. They may call us “work-men,” if they like the term any better. St. Paul might have addressed some of those women, doubtless, in the same words that he addressed Timothy. But why he did not, we cannot tell; unless it was because they had studied so diligently, and made such full proof of their ministry, that they did not need it.

When our brother writes, if he pleases, we wish he would tell us the difference between preaching the Gospel under the New Testament, and prophesying under the Old, or between preaching and prophesying under the New Testament or the Old.

We also refer him to our arguments in the *Church Advocate*, in our first letter, written, we think, in March, and published some months after, in 1851.

ELLEN STEWART.

*Copley, Summit Co., O., Nov. 21, 1852.*

### WM. JOHNSTON ON FEMALE PREACHING.

TO SISTER ELLEN STEWART.

DEAR SISTER:—It gives me much pleasure to learn that I have been the cause of your “thanking God and taking courage;” for it is my chief aim to encourage or incite my brethren and sisters to “faith and good works.” And I pray God, that my humble labors, either in the pulpit or with my pen, may always have this tendency. But, dear sister, you appear to have mistaken my

character, for I never considered myself as “one of the privileged sex, [or classes,] who hold prerogatives by Divine appointment,” unless these prerogatives are expressly pointed out in the Scriptures of Divine Truth. You yourself say: “And as to baptizing, we do not suppose that they (females) were, or ever will be, commissioned to do that.” Here, then, you refer a prerogative to “the privileged sex,” which you do not claim; not because you are unable to “immerse the massy body in the purling stream,” I hope, but because no such prerogative has been conferred upon you by Divine appointment. This is in exact accordance with our own views on the subject, and we consider it no great condescension to tell you so, in meekness and love. But, to the law and the testimony: if we speak not according to that word, it is because there is no light in us.

And first, let us turn to the commission given by our Divine Master. Matt. 28: 19, 20 — Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.” Upon an examination of this commission, we find several things worthy of our most serious attention. *First*, the place where it was given — the Mount of Olives, where Jesus had appointed to meet his disciples. *Second*, the eleven — all men — although he had many female disciples who followed him, and ministered to him of their substance. *Third*, the work here enjoined — to teach and baptize, in the name of the Great God — Father, Son and Holy Ghost. *Fourth*, the duration of this great commission — “Lo, I am with you always, unto the end of the world.” Now, dear sister, if it had been the will of our blessed Master to employ females as well as males, to do the work here enjoined, is it not strange that he did not make an appointment for both sexes to meet him there, that both might have their commissions directly from himself, and also at the same time? But perhaps you will again answer, that “the females’ names not being mentioned, is no proof that there were none present.” But let us recollect that when the Scriptures are silent, it becomes us poor unworthy servants to be silent also. Now, if this commission is of any

force in the present day, it is evidence that females are not authorized to do the work there commanded, as it was exclusively addressed to males; so that I still contend that we are not informed in the New Testament of any female that was ever commissioned and sent forth to preach and baptize. And as our dear sister has failed to show us a single instance to the contrary, I must still adhere to the views expressed in a former article under the caption of "Preacher," published in the *Advocate* some time ago.

Preaching, or teaching and baptizing, are inseparably connected in the Scriptures; and what God hath joined together, let no man, or woman either, put asunder. If women are called to preach, they are called to baptize, and it will not do for them to try to shuffle out of it by saying that God has not commissioned them to do that which is above their strength; for he has endowed many of our sisters with as much physical strength as he has either brother Kyle or myself, and some of them with a great deal more; so that those who have the strength, might "immerse (if they were called,) the massy body" just as well as we can. I might rest the subject until our sister shows us from the Holy Scriptures, that the male minister of the Gospel has the preaching and baptizing to do; while the female minister has only to do the preaching! But this, perhaps, would not satisfy our sister; I will therefore take some notice of the different names or appellations by which the preachers of primitive or New Testament times were designated—such as Bishop, Pastor, Elder and Evangelist. These different appellations do not mean different offices, but have reference to different parts of labor, performed by the same officer; and these officers or preachers were called, appointed, ordained or set apart in the different churches, to perform the labor signified by these different appellations. Hence, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his first epistle to Timothy, 3: 1 to 7, tells him: "If a *man* desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work;" and then goes on to state that this bishop or elder "must be blameless, the husband of one wife, one that ruleth his own house," &c., and that he should "lay hands (or appoint to this office) suddenly on no man; (5: 22) and that he (Paul) wrote these things unto him, that he

might know how "to behave himself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth." (3: 15.) Again, this same Apostle gives similar directions to Titus, saying: "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldest ordain elders in every city, as I appointed thee. If any (man, not woman) be blameless, the husband of one wife; for a bishop must be blameless, as the steward of God," &c., &c. See chapter 1: 5 to 9. Again, he directs his epistle "to all the saints in Christ Jesus, which are at Phillipi, with the bishops and deacons." Phil. 1: 1. The labor or work assigned the elders, bishops, evangelists and deacons, is recorded in various parts of the Scriptures; as in Acts 20: 28; 2 Tim. 3: 2, and 4: 1, 5; Titus, the whole of 2nd chapter; 1 Peter, 5: 1, 3. In these passages their duty is to "feed the flock of God;" to "preach the word, make full proof of their ministry." They are to preach and baptize, and teach men and women of all ages, whether young or old, the teaching which God bids them, by the mouth of inspiration. Yea, these things they are to "speak, exhort and rebuke, with all authority." Now, dear sister, if women were Divinely appointed to do the work or labor enjoined in the above Scriptures, is it not strange that neither the Great Head of the Church, nor his inspired Apostles, have given us the least intimation of it? Where, I ask, do we read of Christ or his Apostles appointing female bishops, elders, evangelists or deacons, either in the church or out of it? Why, just nowhere! Yet these bishops, elders and evangelists were preachers, teachers, exhorters and rebukers; and were to do all this labor with authority. It appears to me, dear sister, that you "Free-Soilers (?) [are Free-Soilers an order of teachers in the church of God in Ohio?] infer female preaching as our Pedit-baptist neighbors do infant baptism, from passages of Scripture which say just nothing at all about it!

"Now, (say you) although I do not spend much time in telling new things, yet I can tell him of women who did the work of an evangelist in New Testament times; and I could tell him, too, of some who are doing it now." Indeed! Well, so I can tell you of many holy and pious women who are doing the work of an evangelist now, as far as instructing people in the truths of

the Gospel is concerned. Every pious female Sabbath-school teacher is doing this; every pious mother, who rules well her household, bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, is doing this; every holy and happy sister in the church, whose heart yearns for the salvation of her fellow creatures, and who by her words and actions exhorts them to "flee from the wrath to come," is doing this. And yet, with their hearts overflowing with love to God and man, never think of taking the field as a preacher of the Gospel. And why? Because, like me, they do not believe that the Scriptures of truth authorize them to do so. For want of room I must close.

Yours truly,

WM. JOHNSTON.

#### REPLY TO ELDER WM. JOHNSTON.

DEAR BROTHER JOHNSTON:—

If it gives you pleasure that you have caused me to thank God, and take courage, we are mutually contributing to each other's happiness, and may the Lord grant that others may be benefited. If God has appointed males to do all the work, and hold all the offices in His church, to the exclusion of females, certainly they may be said to hold prerogatives by Divine appointment. And as to women baptizing, you have driven me to think and search on that subject; and I conclude, that if the commission to preach the Gospel reaches them, that of baptizing does also; and that as a general commission, water baptism is connected with preaching, but not inseparably. If it were, no individual could discharge his duty as a preacher, without baptism, whereas there are exceptions among male preachers. There have been faithful ministers all their days, who from circumstances have not baptized. St. Paul, in Corinthians, declared that Christ sent him not to baptize, *i. e.*, not chiefly, but to preach the Gospel. The exception on the side of males must be of those who do not baptize; and on the side of females, of those

who do; but I see nothing in Scripture why they might not baptize, if commissioned, and physically qualified for so doing.

But you say, to the law and to the testimony. So say I; let me stand or fall by that. You say it appears to you that an order of teachers here in Ohio, infer female preaching from passages of Scripture which say just nothing at all about it. Now, dear brother, let me tell you in love and meekness, that all the arguments you have yet produced against it, are inferred from passages of Scripture which say "just nothing about it." Your arguments are wholly based on the assumption that, because in most instances the names of males only are mentioned, at the institution of ordinances, and that almost all the precepts, threatenings and promises are addressed in the masculine gender, while females are seldom mentioned, or addressed as such, therefore they have no part or lot in the matter. But let me remind you that from the first creation, for convenience and brevity, not women alone, but all the race were merged in the term "man," and both sexes called Adam, by the Creator, in the day they were created, Gen. 5:2. In relation to God, as a Spirit, in offering up spiritual sacrifices and responsibility to Him, they are one. The two are said to be one flesh, but not one soul. Each is to answer for himself before God, and different duties grow out of different relations. But as God designs to save the human race, by human agency, here again their work is one, *i. e.*, by all means to save as many as they can. There is no distinction of sex in the decalogue. In Exodus, 1:12, God institutes the passover. No mention is made of females. In verse 24th, he says: "And ye shall observe this thing throughout your generations, for an ordinance to you, and your sons forever. But had their wives and daughters nothing to do with this ordinance? In the 15th verse he says, "Whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first to the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel." He speaks of the household eating it; if so, the women were included, unless you make it out that they had no souls. If women have no souls, bless the Lord, I can say as the old African said, when he was rejoicing in God. His master told him that "negroes had no souls." "Well, massa," replied the colored man, "then religion make my body happy." So I must say, if we

have no share in religion, we feel a happy identity with it. Again, at different times, Jesus said, "He that hath ears to hear, let *him* hear." "Whosoever is athirst, let *him* come unto me and drink." Scripture shows that both sexes did come and drink, and both were active in His service, as His providence and Spirit called for their services. Under the Old Testament, Deborah was both a judge and a prophet. Huldah was a prophetess, Miriam likewise. And God said to Israel, when expostulating with them concerning sin: "I sent before you Moses, and Aaron, and Miriam." Should we infer, because the Scriptures tell us of but a few, that there were no more than they mention, and construe that inference into a rule or law, and because the eleven disciples went away into a mountain to see their Lord ascend, infer that no more men, and no women were present, and on this account restrain the aspirations of his handmaids? So long as the Book does not tell us, have I not as good grounds to infer that there were many present, both male and female. That He chose twelve apostles is true, answering to the twelve patriarchs or tribes of Israel, being in point of order, the first twelve stones laid on the rock as foundations of the building, built upon Christ, the chief corner stone.

The commission was a general one; first to them, then to all, in all after ages, whom He should call. After His ascension He sent the comforter to guide His people into all truth. But for Him, how should we know whether we ought to preach or not. If he did not take this general direction, and apply it to particular individuals, saying "thou art the man, or woman, go thou and preach the kingdom of God, there must be great confusion; but now each may know for himself what is duty. This agrees with the declaration of Paul: "The Gospel I preach is not after man, for I neither received of man, nor was I taught it, but by the Holy Ghost."

As to the offices mentioned, of Deacons, Elders, Bishops, &c. They were not mentioned by Christ, but left to their discretion, and adopted by the apostles as the best measure for the governing and care of the churches. Fatigue, persecution and dangers required great physical strength. A rare exception only, of the females, could have endured it. But we seek no office, and it is

not necessary that all preachers should be bishops, elders or deacons, so constituted by men. How then can you say these offices are inseparable from preaching the Gospel?

You say that I have "failed to prove or show a single instance in the New Testament, of any female who was sent to preach the Gospel. I cite you to Phil. 4th, where women labored in the Gospel. To the last chapter of Romans, where Tryphena, Tryphosa and Persis labored much in the Lord. To Phœbe, servant of the church, and Priscilla. To Mary and other women whom the Saviour and His angel sent to bear the top-stone of His finished mission, and tell the disciples that he was risen from the dead. To the woman Christ sent, or inspired to go, to the men of her city, and many believing on Him, for her testimony; and Anna testifying in the temple, and speaking of Him to all who looked for redemption in Jerusalem, and women prophesying on the Day of Pentecost, with men. And, dear brother, until you can prove from the Holy Book that prophesying is not preaching, or that none of these women preached the Gospel, I shall insist on both. I agree with you, that pious women are doing the work of an evangelist, so far as instructing in the Gospel is concerned. Every Sabbath-school teacher and pious mother, who teaches the Gospel to her children, does it. What is the difference, then, if teaching them to repent and believe in Christ, is preaching the Gospel, whether she preach it in Sabbath-school, in her family, or if (providing she has brought up her family,) she is single, and can devote her time, without infringing on any other duty, and believes herself called of God thereto, or for this purpose holds public meetings. By your own admission there are none, except in the extent of her labors and the convenience of speaking to the many instead of a few. And where do men get their authority to take this convenience exclusively to themselves. I may teach two or three at a time, or the Sunday-school, or families; the Gospel and men will approve, and Christians and ministers praise me; but if I appoint a time and place to teach the same things, in public, it becomes a crime in their estimation. Though it furnishes me with the same breath and labor as an opportunity to teach a thousand. "She has done what she could," said the Saviour, with approval. How much less than we can do, may we

do, and yet be approbated of Him. And who, of all of you who oppose, will answer for us to our Judge.

But how it looks, they say, to see a woman in a pulpit? what a desecration of that sacred place? Indeed! and how does many things, and almost anything look that we are not accustomed to see. But what is a pulpit?—a piece of board nailed together, painted, perhaps varnished and curtained, with a gilt-edged Bible in front; and upon him who occupies it we gaze, often with a superstitious awe and reverence, near akin to that with which the Roman Catholics gaze upon him who fills St. Peter's chair, or the Ephesians gazed upon their goddess or their temple. But what if God does not come with Him into the pulpit, and grace it with His royal presence; can it then be sacred? What if it be a splendid house, with a towering steeple, with a proud priest and wicked people. Is not then the place where the Lord, the Holy God, meets with His meek and humble poor—rich in goods, but poor in Spirit, and aids and inspires the worship—He requires far more sacred honor and glory.

ELLEN STEWART.

## DISCUSSION WITH J. F. W.

### FEMALE PREACHING.

Woman is the "second and revised edition" of man, so far as her feminine passions are concerned. She feels with more tenderness, pities with more tenderness, and loves with greater fullness of soul than man. These improvements in her nature, over the harsher and more unfeeling nature of man, are necessary to adapt her to her lawful calling—to be a wife and a mother. But they do not elevate her above man, nor do they raise her up to be equal with man. The husband of the queen may be the king that rules a nation, but she is not entitled to the same right and power. So, by Divine edict, "man is the head of the woman." This same rule applies in every case where authority and ruling are concerned—whether in political or ecclesiastical matters; and when I see women presuming to dictate to men in those

things, I think they have forgotten their business, and stepped out of their proper sphere. When a woman sets herself up as superior in wisdom to a whole ecclesiastical body, who are governed by God's Word, and in the imagination of her heart, thinks she could not indentify herself with that body, without stepping down from her high position, I conclude that it is well for such a body to do their own business in their own way, without her aid and co-operation.

J. F. W., SR.

## LETTER FROM SISTER ELLEN STEWART.

COPLEY, Ohio, Feb. 12, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—

Will you suffer me, through your paper, to reply to an article by J. F. W., found in the *Church Advocate* of February 1st, under the caption of "Female Presumption." In the first place, he says that woman is the "second and revised edition" of man, so far as her feminine passions are concerned—that she feels more intensely, pities with more tenderness, and loves with greater fullness of soul than man. The writer acknowledges these to be improvements in her nature, over the more unfeeling and harsher nature of man, and then he declares in effect that the great Creator did not design that this "second and improved edition" of man should thereby be raised to equality with him. Now we would ask, does not this idea depreciate the Divine wisdom beneath that of human writers? For what writer or editor ever issued a second edition of any work, but with the intention that it should occupy at least as high a position as the first?

Again: He intimates that though some of the female race have been raised to stations of power, they are not entitled to the same right and power as man when in the same station. This is new to us. We are ignorant as to the degree of power conferred by men upon queens, and can only speak on that subject as the Scriptures warrant. It appears from Judges, 4: 3, 5 and 6, that

Deborah judged and commanded Israel by Divine authority. And by the same authority the mandate of Huldah the Prophetess was implicitly obeyed; and if to judge and command is not to rule, what is ruling? In Genesis we are told that God blessed the first man and woman, and called their name Adam when they were created, which shows that he counted them one. His choosing for places of power and responsibility from both sexes, shows the same. His choosing the female more seldom, is easily accounted for on the ground of physical weakness, as few of them had strength enough for heavy work — muscular or nervous strength sufficient to slay oxen, sheep and calves, burn sacrifices, sprinkle blood, &c.

Under the New Testament dispensation the same truth appears. Mary and Elizabeth bore early testimony of the Messiah. One man and one woman proclaimed Him in His infancy in the temple. A woman preached Him in Samaria. Women labored with Paul in the Gospel, and carried the news of Christ's resurrection. Christ, in approving of a woman for doing what she could, guaranteed to other females liberty to do what they can for Him and their fellow-creatures, His Providence and Spirit directing. St. Paul declares there is neither male nor female, but we are all one in Christ Jesus. True, God said to one, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." And St. Paul said: "The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church." But in what sense? Certainly not in such a sense as to destroy her individuality or responsibility to God, or her will and choice; for this would not be, as Christ is the head of the church. Nor could the desire of the wife be to her husband, if he ruled as a tyrant. "Christ is the head of the church, as the first-born among many brethren, in loving them and giving Himself for them, and in their being called by His name." He rules in love. And St. Paul said, "Let every one of you in particular so love his wife as himself — love her as his own flesh, nourish and cherish her." He that thus loves his wife loves himself. Surely such a husband would be a desirable head, and well might the wife confide in him; and both being in Christ, in the Scripture sense, we can see nothing why they could not be co-equal in privileges, and sweetly harmonize in all the labor and exigencies of life.

Woman's nature, as the brother says, is adapted to the calling of wife and mother. But to say that this is her only calling, would be as absurd as to say of men, that to be husbands and fathers is their only calling. And as all men are not husbands, nor all women wives, they must be allowed to have some other calling. Both have minds to cultivate, and intellectual powers to use, and where, in Scripture, is either sex authorized to either prescribe or circumscribe the sphere in which the other shall act? This very idea, that they are not equal, has been the source of oppression of woman by man. If they counted them their equals, one code of laws would have answered for both. But under this persuasion, they have made laws that deprive her of all but a third of his property at his decease, but give him the whole in case of hers; place the children at his disposal, so that a drunken husband can, if he chooses, tear her children from her embrace, and bind them out to a drunkery or a brothel. They have deprived her of the right of a voice in choosing law-makers, or in the laws by which she is governed. They compel her to pay taxes without representation, and have enacted many other laws, equally if not more oppressive. Our nation has declared that all men are born free and equal. And is not this declaration irrespective of sex, color or condition; and does not the right of free speech belong to women, as well as men? Are not women the greatest sufferers by the vice of drunkenness and seduction, and often equally so in other vices; and may she not have any part or voice in making laws for their suppression? May she not lift a warning voice, nor bear testimony against ungodly rulers, and the unrighteous laws they make? Are not ecclesiastical bodies, so called, composed of individuals, and as such, equally liable to err; and is it not the duty and privilege of every Christian, male and female, if they think they err, to point out the error, the same as if it were an individual? Or if they can throw any light on any subject of general importance to the church; if by expressing their thoughts, they may elicit thought in acting bodies, which may lead to profitable action in behalf of the church, and for the good of souls, ought they not to do it?

But the brother thinks that a woman who should accept any such thing, has forgotten her business and stepped out of her

sphere. We would ask him if it is not the business of every one of God's dear children, to do whatever they can, which they hope may do good? And is not endeavoring to be useful in every possible sphere, equally the duty of them all, male and female? If not, surely Priscilla was sadly out of her sphere and forgetful of her business, when in company with her husband she took that "eloquent minister, so mighty in the Scriptures," Apollos, and taught him the way of God more perfectly. Experience and observation demonstrate, beyond successful contradiction, that whole ecclesiastical bodies are sometimes very unwise; and though they profess to be governed by God's word, and think they are, yet through the darkness of their mind, and the power of custom and tradition, have sadly departed from its spirit, and committed acts of sore oppression. If it is wrong for a sister to say aught to a body of men, it is wrong for her to teach or instruct an individual minister. And cannot a sister, who has severely felt the bruising of the heel of ecclesiastical tyranny, address a body of ministers and brethren whom she loves and confides in as reformers, on the danger of erring in the same way? And fearing from some of their measures that they, when possessed of numbers, wealth and power, will almost unconsciously, as it were, slide back into sectarianism and denominational pride and self-importance, and thinking we see a way in which the church might be even more secure from these dangers, may we not say we think we have a little the start of them? Do not all dissenters say so, in effect, in regard to those from whom they dissent? And can we not, with our present views, defer uniting with any denomination, without thinking or setting ourselves up as of superior wisdom, or that it would be stepping down from a higher position? Brother, this is hard judging. We confess we may have erred in using too great freedom and familiarity in writing, and all our ideas may not be correct, for we lay no claim to infallibility; and we thank any one for trying to set us right. But on the ground of our sex, we have no concessions to make.

Yours, in search of truth,  
ELLEN STEWART.

#### FEMALE PRESUMPTION AGAIN.

In this age it is running no little risk to dispute any of the assumed rights of women. It is thought, by some, a dreadful thing that the Americans have determined that none but native born Americans shall rule their country; but if we do not look sharp, it may be, the women will carry the reform still further, and show us that they will rule it? A few years ago some of the champions of this reform exchanged the female dress for the pantalons—a little too soon, however,—to qualify them the better for the ruling power, soon intended to be assumed by their sex.

The female correspondent of Copley, Ohio, dilates largely upon my recent article on "female presumption," and quotes a number of instances in Scripture to prove that women have the same right that men exercise. I think of all her communications, the last, and the one to which I alluded in my late article, are the weakest. I always admired her writings till she set herself up as a censor of ecclesiastical bodies, announcing to the world that she could not join the "Church of God," because she thought she had the start of us, &c.—I quote from memory.—And now she compasses heaven and earth, to prove that women are equal to men. And because women have no vote at our elections, no seat in our legislatures and upon the judicial benches, she raises a great cry of oppression.

I shall notice only two cases by which she attempts to prove by divine authority that women have the same right to rule as men have, her other quotations having no bearing upon my position in relation to women's rights. The first is in Judges, 4th and 5th chapters. Here she thinks is strong proof that they have the same right to rule as men. But the facts are, that the children of Israel had backslidden and sinned so wantonly against God, that he sold or gave them into the hands of a Gentile king; and during their twenty years of servitude, God seems to have placed a woman (Deborah) over them as a judge, because all the men had sinned. This looks to me as either a case of necessity, because there were no pious men to appoint to the office, or else that the Lord designed to humble the nation by appointing a woman over it. And I am willing, whenever there are no more

pious men in the land, to manage the affairs of the Government or Church, that our fair friend of Copley shall assume the command and judgeship of both the Church and the State.

Again: In 2 Kings, 22: 15, she quotes the case of Huldah, as another instance of female rulership. But it appears that Huldah was only the agent of a man, for the Lord said to her:—"Tell the man that sent you to me," &c. Whenever the said correspondent sees fit to connect herself with some ecclesiastical body, and they cannot discern what is the meaning of God's word, and then send her to the Lord to find it out, I have no doubt they will be willing to receive her message.

I am no foe to the right of thought or speech, but I am fully convinced that females were never designed to rule the world, nor the church. They are *help-meets for men*, and although more refined in some respects, are yet not equal in all respects to men. I go for the right of females to preach, when they feel called of God to do so; but I like to see them live right and then preach. I know one female, who, among many like her, claims the right to preach, and has attempted it, but whose conduct is so repulsive to those who are acquainted with her, that she has lost all the influence she ever had. If the Copley correspondent is called to preach, why does she not go and do it; and if she wishes to make herself useful, why does she stand aloof from all bodies, crying out-against all? Or, does she expect to see the day when female influence shall predominate, and think then to set up a new order of things?

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me say, I have given my opinion, and your female correspondent has not changed it. If she thinks she can reform us, as a body, let her write; and if she can at length change the political aspects of the country, so as to get the right to vote and hold office, why then we *tyrants* and *cruel oppressors* of the female sex will have to give in. That's all. I shall not probably cross her path again in her reform measures. If she will come to the East to preach, I shall try to be present as a hearer.

Respectfully,  
J. F. W., SR.

ELLEN STEWART'S REPLY TO J. F. W.

COPLEY, Ohio, April 24, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—

On one occasion God said, "Let Ephraim alone; he is joined to his idols." We perceive that it is of little use to produce Scripture arguments in replying to our brother on "Female Pre-  
sumption;" for we strongly suspect that he has at least three idols: 1st, Sects; 2nd, Ecclesiastical supremacy; and 3d, The superiority of the male race over the female. This we judge from his sensitiveness in those quarters. He need not be alarmed, for there is no danger; but men of his mind will keep a sharp look-out against females carrying the reform too far; and if they are enabled to carry it far enough, it will be by an influence more powerful than merely an exchange of dress, though doubtless a decided reform is needed in that quarter. We can see no cause of alarm on the part of the men, though in making improvements they should approach a little nearer their own convenient costume, or of thinking, on account of such reform or improvements, that they intend to assume the ruling power.

He says of all the articles we have written for the *Advocate*, the two he alludes to are the weakest. We think it more strange, if some of them are weak, than that they are not all so, which they certainly are, comparatively; but weak as they are, they seem to have produced a powerful effect on J. F. W., and the weakest ones the most powerful, inasmuch as they have called forth his earnest and spirited animadversions. Surely it must be because we touched points on which he is most tenacious. We expect he is a member of the Church of God, at least nominally—perhaps a minister. He can see faults in other ecclesiastical bodies, and very likely speaks or writes of them. If so, he judges us for doing the same things he does himself, i. e., sets himself up as a censor of ecclesiastical bodies. If he were asked why he did not join some other body of Christians, he would say, "Because I think we are nearer the heavenly rule and order of God than any other body whatever." This is no other than saying he thinks he has the start of them all—the same thing at which he is offended in us. "Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" But what makes it so offensive is, it is a female that says these things.



We wish that brother would point out to us one thing, under the Gospel, that is a sin for a woman, that is not sinful in a man also. In regard to our great cry about women having no seat in our Legislatures, no vote at our elections, and no seat on our Judicial benches, and compassing heaven and earth to prove that women are equal to men, we only ask him, and all men of his mind, to just reverse the picture, and suppose the women in the men's places, and the men as dependent as they are, and suffering all the legal disabilities that the women suffer; while the women, having the power, make oppressive laws, and if the men attempt to expostulate with them, or plead their own cause, taunt them with sinister motives, and a wicked ambition to get the power into their own hands. As human nature is the same thing in male and female, would we not see as great a compassing of heaven and earth, and hear as loud a cry of oppression among the men, (with the same degree of light in regard to human rights,) as now among women? But it is characteristic of all oppressors to be exceedingly sensitive in regard to any movement of the oppressed to throw off the yoke. Yet we trust in our highly favored and enlightened land, the oppression complained of by the female race has not been wilful on the part of man, but for want of greater light than was ever before given to the world on human rights. That light is gradually rising upon us, and produces the agitation which so much disturbs our brother. But we would suggest a kind and sisterly caution: "For if this work be of God, ye cannot overthrow it;" but if it be of such inferior beings as women, no danger but "it will come to nought; lest haply he be found fighting against God."

Of the passages of Scripture we quoted, he deigns to notice but two, which are Judges 4th and 5th chapters, and 2 Kings, 22: 15. "Here," says he, "she thinks is strong proof that women have the same right to rule as men." And how can we think otherwise? If into a woman's hands God puts the reins of Government, she has as good a right to rule as a man. Has not the Queen of England, whom you say men have empowered to rule, just the same right to rule as a man empowered from the same source? He says, because the people had so sinned and backslidden that there was not one pious man left to set over them,

God was driven to the necessity of setting Deborah on this high station; or else he designed to humble them, by placing such an insignificant, inferior being as a pious, godly woman over them. And if we are the ambitious and aspiring beings he seems to think we are, we may lift up our heads and rejoice; for providing none of our sex should be preferred before us, we may soon inherit the Presidency, and sit in the highest ecclesiastical seat; for it is acknowledged almost universally that our government is corrupt, and growing more so every year. And it is presumable that righteous men would choose righteous rulers, and in so doing please God; and accordingly righteous men, or (as he expresses it) pious, men, are growing exceedingly scarce, and God, in His providence, may be driven to the same expedient as in the case of Deborah, in dealing with this wicked nation and backsliding churches; and one man at least says he is willing it should be so. In the case of Huldah, he says she was only the agent of a man, and yet that the Lord sent her with a message to him, saying, "Tell the man that sent you to me," &c. For our part, we should think, inasmuch as God sent word by her, she was God's agent too.

The brother seems to think that unless we are connected with some one of the ecclesiastical bodies, we have nothing to do with them, nor they with us. But we would like him to tell us where, in the Scriptures, he finds that we can thus absolve our obligations to them, as fellow creatures, fellow Christians, or theirs to us, as such to them; or where Christ left the positive command to His disciples, even in their day, to attach themselves literally to some of the churches. He commanded, in plain, unmistakable words, everything absolutely necessary to salvation, and in unessential things left us, with due adherence to the leadings of His Spirit, to the use of our reason and judgment, in all the shifting scenes and exigencies of life.

The brother says he is no foe to the right of thought or speech, so we may venture to go on. He says he goes for the right of females to preach, when they feel called of God to do so, but he likes to see them live right, and then preach. We are exactly of his mind. We go in for the right of men to preach, if they feel called of God to preach, and not without; but we like to see

them live right, and then preach. He says he knows a female who, among many like her, claims the right to preach, and has attended to it, but whose conduct is so repulsive, that she has lost all the influence she ever had. Cannot the same be said of some men, and be just as good an argument against others of them preaching?

He asks, if the Copley correspondent is called to preach, why does she not go and do it? We answer, she does, and has done so for more than thirty years, at every opportunity; (though alas! she ought to except some instances of unfaithfulness and shrinking from the cross and self-denial, redoubled to a female on account of the prejudices of the people against them.) "If she wants to be useful, why does she stand aloof from all bodies, crying out against all?" Answer: She does not stand aloof from any body of Christians, but loves all, and unites with them in worshiping God and doing good to man, so far as possible. Nor does she maliciously cry out against any, but in love tells them what she deems their faults, the same as she would individual Christians. We think female influence, if it is better than male influence, would bless society most if it most prevailed.

Solomon says, "When the wicked rule, the people mourn, but when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice." We have prayed, and do pray, that God would please to humble us, and make us rejoice, by setting over us humble and good rulers; and if they possessed the requisite wisdom, and if God set them up, we know they would. We think we would not care whether they were male or female. Our brother need not desist from crossing our path for fear of frightening us, if we are a female; for though he be a lion, so long as we have God and truth on our side, we shall not fear him.

ELLEN STEWART.

#### NO AUTHORITY FOR JOINING CHURCH.

MR. EDITOR:— Among other wise sayings of your Copley female correspondent, is one that we can adduce no Divine authority for joining a church. This is being "wise above what is written," and I would not notice it, did I not fear that my silence

might be construed into an admission that it is even so. If there were no local organizations requisite, then were the Apostles very officious in organizing, and setting in order the things that were wanting in the churches, appointing elders and deacons, and putting out of the church such as were not willing to hear the church, &c. But this is the theme of such as are not willing to bring themselves under a responsibility to the brotherhood, as the Scriptures require of us, in a social capacity. This additional evidence of your correspondent's presumption, satisfies me so much, that I must consider her second only to Mrs. Bloomer, who removed to the west, (from one of the Eastern States) and took her husband with her. *Vive la* female rights and new lights. She asks me what I would do if I were a female, under such circumstances as exist in the church and world at present, in regard to woman's rights. I can only say what I think, viz: That touching church rule, I would modestly strive to comply with St. Paul's rule, who "suffered not a woman to speak in the church," and would learn of my husband at home; and would try to attend to my domestic affairs, leaving the ruling of the world to those who need not to change garments first to become fitted for that purpose.

J. F. W.

#### MRS. STEWART VS. J. F. W.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER —

We appeal to you, and all the readers of the *Advocate*, if our brother, J. F. W., has done the fair thing by us, in the first instance, by assailing our rights, as females,— in other words, as human beings. He drew us into the discussion of those rights. In our reply we endeavored to show wherein he was mistaken in regard to our motives, and to present some Scripture arguments in support of our position. In his second article he noticed only two passages of the Scriptures we quoted — still impeached our motives in not joining some church, and treated us with a dish of sarcasm, &c. In reply, we endeavored to show where he was as deep in the mud as he thought we were in the mire, and asked some questions, answering frankly all the questions he had pro-

posed. In his last article he stoops not to answer any of our questions, but merely construes one of them into an affirmative answer for us. The question we asked was: "Where in the Scriptures has Christ left a positive command even to the Apostles to join the churches?" Here he starts with horror from the effigy his imagination has created, exclaiming: "This is being wise above what is written;" which he thinks is proved by the Apostles having organized churches, set in order things therein, ordained deacons, elders, &c.; and presumes that the reason we do not join some sect is, because we are not willing to bring ourselves under responsibility to the brotherhood in a social capacity.

We do not wish to render railing for railing, but does not this savor a little of female presumption? He declared he was now satisfied of our presumption, and considered us second only to Mrs. Bloomer, who "removed to the west and took her husband with her." He has not told us wherein this was her crime. If she went (as he says) *vive la* female rights and new lights, and forced her husband to go with her against his will and choice, or carried him there in chains, it would be indeed a great inconsistency, and a violation of his rights; but no more than for men to take their wives with them against their will and choice, is a violation of female rights. We can feel no sense of shame in being rebuked with Mrs. Bloomer, until we are informed wherein she has done wickedly. But for our part, we cannot see anything wicked in what he has mentioned of her doings. He closes by telling what he would do touching church rule, if he were a woman. He would modestly comply with St. Paul's rule, who suffered not a woman to speak in the church, and would learn of his husband at home, and attend to his domestic affairs, leaving the ruling of the world to them who need not to change their garments to become fitted for such a purpose. Thus, like all conservatives in reform, he leaves wholly out of sight the varying circumstances which in many cases modify, and sometimes wholly obliterate, our obligations to a rigid compliance with detached precepts in the Scriptures. As, for instance, in the case of the slave, the precept: "Servants obey your masters with fear and trembling, with singleness of heart, as unto Christ; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward." These precepts,

like the above, were applicable to the letter in the times when they were written; but in consequence of progression in light, in regard to individual rights, rights of humanity, when the women and African slaves learn what their individual rights are, it becomes their duty to throw off the yoke of tyranny and fearlessly assert them, (if they retain the same spirit of loyalty to God, and just requirements of the powers that be,) while a compliance with the unjust becomes a crime, and such passages as the above are inapplicable to their case.

But ought he to put himself in opposition to reform in regard to women's rights in a growling mood, and every time we attempt to approach the threshold of truth concerning it, bark at us; and without attempting to confute our sentiments by sound Scripture arguments, or condescending to answer our questions, search the arena of his imagination for sarcastic missiles to throw at us. We have had different conjectures as to what sort of a man J. F. W. is, as he gives us no clue to his name or place of residence. If he were not a zealot for churches and ecclesiastics, we should think him a skeptic, for in this respect he plays the same game with us that Voltaire played against Christianity; for his motto was: "Hurl the javelin, but hide the hand." But we suppose it is no more than we might expect from a man that takes the position he does, and resorts to such means to sustain it. But we will try to exercise true sisterly charity, and not think too hard of him.

Man is a progressive creature, and he will not always think as he does now. We were once where he is, and talked on such subjects much in the same way. Our brother will not so much wonder that we are in sober earnest in contending for women's rights, if he will believe us when we say, that in consequence of being denied them, we are but the wreck of our former self, and of what we might now have been, notwithstanding our age; especially had the right of our conscience been allowed us by the church, and that encouragement in its exercise which it extends to males. We have severely felt the want of them in respect to the law on the disposition of property likewise, since the death of our first husband. But though we suffered from the effect, we knew not the cause, being ignorant of the laws of our country.

(Not your country, for women have no country, nor are counted citizens of the United States, or a part of the people, in the eye of many of our laws and customs.) They give to man the head, and to woman the heart, and say there is but one head, and that is the man. But we contend that both head and heart are essential to every specimen of humanity.

But we would notice with candor his remarks regarding responsibility to the brotherhood in a social capacity. This we freely admit to be both a duty and a privilege to the Christian. But let us first determine who are the brotherhood. You say true Christians; and this agrees with the declaration of the Saviour. He declares: "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister." And, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Here we have the brotherhood. Now, before our brother asserts that we do not belong to that brotherhood, he must prove that we are not true Christians, and do not do the will of God. And in respect to a social capacity, wherever there are two or three, or more, in one neighborhood, who have confidence in each other, and are of one heart and mind, and that mind is to serve God and His cause, they ought to do it in a social capacity; and they will, unless through ignorance, some sectarian bias keeps them apart. And this they can do with or without having their names enrolled or inscribed on a church book or scrap of paper. Yet it has become so much a tradition, that many think that unless their names are literally thus enrolled, they do not belong to the brotherhood, and count all outsiders who are not thus enrolled. We once thought so ourselves, and had our name enrolled in our favorite sect, thirty miles from home, because there were none nearer. But we now think the main point is to have our name written in heaven, and about the rest use our reason, and consult our individual duty and convenience. We have been in-siders and out-siders, if this would constitute us either, (and that not by expulsion or our fault,) and never felt that any essential change was wrought in our character before God, except where our conscience was concerned as an individual. And we think this tradition one obstruction to the gathering of God's people into one, or the universal love and fellowship that should prevail among them; and that it is an error

to count the different sects into, which the brotherhood is divided, different branches of Christ's church, for He said to His disciples: "I am the vine; ye are the branches." Individual Christians are the branches. Individual sects may or may not be, and we feel it our mission to go against every wrong opinion and tradition of men, which tends to divide the hearts of Christians, and to try in every possible way to promote love and union among them. We would gladly unite, in a social capacity with some of the brotherhood in our neighborhood, if such there were who could be of one mind and heart with us, and enter into the work of God, and watch over each other with mutual care and love. But such is not the case at present, by reason of sectarian divisions. And if we would join in any at a distance, we should want to know which of the many divisions constituted the brotherhood. If you say either of them does, then you exclude the rest; but if you say they are in all the sects, we must have our names enrolled on every church book and class paper in the world.

ELLEN STEWART.

REPLY OF J. F. W.

*Who will bind my broken bones.*

MR. EDITOR:—I said some time ago, that there was danger that the women would soon get the power into their hands, and we poor men would have to hold *men's rights meetings*. But I did not think the danger was quite as near at hand, or at Harrisburg as it appears to be. Scarcely had my broken head been healed from the last effort of your Copley correspondent's last tremendous and "*unanswerable*" club-arguments, before *another plural female writer* arises in the majesty of her dignity, and beats open all the old sores. My mind was made up to leave Copley to enjoy the glory of the triumph of its woman's-rights championess, and allude to her now only incidentally, to show how *sorely* I am pressed on every side. And let me here say to Mrs. S., in answer to her query who I am, and what kind of a man, that I am my wife's husband, who always allows me to wear the hat, boots &c. Good bye, Ellen. Peace and comfort to you.

But to the last calamity. Margaret Ramp, of Newville, Cumberland county, Pa., a subscriber *ever since* Spring, one of those economical (I don't know which) women or girls, who never like to spend money for naught, sets herself up as a newspaper *censor*. This is the principal position. Let the women once have control of the press and our masculine liberties are gone—clean gone. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will soon wake up to this subject, and watch these new aspirants to power.

---

REPLY OF ELLEN STEWART.

Copley, Ohio, October 30, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—

I beg the privilege to return, through the Advocate, my hearty good bye, to that of J. F. W., and my blessing in return for his, through the same medium.

I feel that I am highly honored, in being thus noticed by him, and can truly sympathize with him in his fears, and the wounds and bruises he has received. And worse than all, that when they were partly healed, they have been torn open afresh, by one whose residence is contiguous to his own. He fears the women will get the power into their hands, and then the poor men will have to hold men's rights meetings. We think they need not wait for that. It would be an excellent thing to have them now taking the code of the Saviour, especially the golden rule, which knows no sex, for their rule of judgment. Impartially and scrupulously scanning their own rights, they would be likely to see how far they have blindly infringed upon the rights of her they call their better half. We are sorry he is so pressed on every side, but can see no way for his deliverance, while he is so dogmatical and conservative. But out of compassion for him, we will just state that there is a great battling at this time between truth and error, or tyranny and liberty. The armies are gathering into close compact. None can be neutral. Every man and woman must soon take sides. The army of the Serpent consists of tyrants and oppressors, and all who either ignorantly or knowingly become their abettors. The army of Truth and Liberty

consists of all the valiant, enlightened, uncompromising lovers of God and mankind, and all the oppressed and bruised whom they can win over to the truth. The champions of the Serpent are manœuvring in defiance, throwing their missiles of ridicule and sarcasm, to bruise the heel of those who desert from their ranks. While the armies of Truth and Liberty, among whom are those whose character for moral courage and valor answers to that of young David of old, are mustering their forces, and have already gone forth, in the name of the God of Israel, armed with a sling called Diligence, and a scrip called Intelligence, well filled with smooth stones called Facts or Truths, which they can use in double file or single combat, as occasion calls. Some of the modern Goliaths have been met and wounded, and retired grumbling with sore heads and pained hearts, for viewing every thing through a false medium. They call evil good, and good evil; therefore they cannot rejoice that the Lord reigneth on the earth, and fancied evils press them hard. But though we pity, we cannot speak to them one encouraging word; for we expect these warriors will press the battle to a final victory, cost what it may. The showers of smooth stones will thicken, and the enemies of reform will be pressed more and more on every side, until they are driven to desperation. Unless calling in to their aid Mr. Candor and Mr. Impartiality, with much prayer for wisdom, they carefully examine every question in reform patiently, until they ascertain which is the right side, and get them over to the right as soon as possible, we see no way for them to escape the fate of old Goliath, and the Philistine army of old.

To our query, who or what sort of a man J. F. W. is, he answers: "I am my wife's husband; and she allows me to wear the boots, hat, &c." According to his doctrine, he does not mean to say that they are the equal and united head of his family; but that he is the superior, she the inferior; he the ruler, she the subject; and (let me say softly) he the master, she the slave. And as to the boots, myself and husband have had no disputes; though I claim, as my right, with them to be shod, whenever I encounter the snow or the mud. And as to the hat, no dispute about that. The ladies may wear it, and call it a flat—may have a wide brim, and egregiously trim, and man not complain—no of-

fence unto him. We commend his modesty in not mentioning that other garment, which no doubt he chiefly meant. But we reject the idea, that it is wrong for the wife to know her husband's affairs, or participate in their management, or counsel him in their arrangement. On the contrary, the garment itself is a fit representation of the united and happy bridal pair—plural, yet singular; one, yet two they are, 'twixt whom, 'neath heaven's training, soon there'll be a perfect union and equality.

We learn with some surprise that J. F. W. is a minister. As a minister, we had a right to expect from him, that in the meekness and gentleness of Christ, he should endeavor, by sound Scriptural arguments, to convince and reclaim, what he deemed an erring sister. But instead of this, what have we met from him but continued brow-beating from first to last. Sarcasm is good in its place, but eternity will disclose to him that in our case it was as much misplaced as the invectives of Job's friends were in his.

We would here remark, that he is not the only preacher whom we have heard to deal lavishly in this kind of stuff. We have heard ministers in debate prostitute their brilliant talents, in the most fluent and eloquent language, in blackguarding (for it deserves no better name) each other, till the vain and thoughtless were all in a titter, and the more aged and grave of the audience could not refrain from laughter. May the Lord have mercy on such ministers and their hearers, for we strongly suspect there is little depth of piety in their hearts. Either they were not called of God to preach, or they have got up above the low and humble spot where they first received their mission, and the awful, solemn voice of Jehovah ceases to ring in their ears, "From my mouth go and warn sinners to repent. Comfort ye my people, saith your God," &c.

So far as we are personally aggrieved, we can and do forgive our brother, and pray that he may be abundantly useful. As there is such a discrepancy in our sentiments in regard to the rights of half the human race, that both cannot be right, may our light increase, that whoever is wrong, may see that better way; and may his life be attended with truth, peace and comfort. J. F. W., good-bye!

ELLEN STEWART.

## MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

### LETTER FROM SISTER ELLEN STEWART.

COPLEY, Ohio, March 20, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:— In my letter inserted in the *Advocate* of August 6th, 1853, I promised to tell some of the effects of the faults of the under-shepherds of Christ on their flocks. Also, what I think we must do for the recovery of spiritual health and prosperity. Please permit me now to redeem my promise; which, by absence from home and other causes, has been unavoidably delayed.

We have thought that if the shepherds and leaders of the one great flock of Christ had given due attention to one particular point in New Testament theology—i. e., what St. Peter ranks above all things, "Fervent charity among themselves;" nor ever had descended from their dignified station to contend about the mere appurtenances or circumstantials of religion, the flock had never been divided or estranged from each other, much less placed in a position of antagonism. But alas! it is well known that this has been and is yet too much the case. Ministers have been arrayed against each other as combatants, regarded each other as enemies, and sometimes accused, and criminated, and lampooned each other with severe epithets. Yet the Lord has not left Himself without witness. There are always honorable exceptions. Some who, by the indiscretion of others, have been involved in discussions, have shown, "the meekness and gentleness of Christ"—set the example of patience toward all men, and charity the bond of perfectness. Such are deservedly renowned, and shall be held in everlasting remembrance. Yet such men surely are too wise to contend about trifling things, while the people are famishing for the bread of life.

Two ministers, not long since, held a discussion of three days

and nights, with crowded assemblies, on the question: "Is immersion or sprinkling the Scriptural mode of baptism?" There were present lukewarm professors, backslidden souls, and sinners of every description, starving for the bread of life. We compare them to two men sent with food and drink for famishing people, falling into discussion about the color of the chaff in which the wheat grew, while in their delay the people die for want. They thus divert the attention of the flock from their real wants, and the work they should do, and lead them into the waste and barren wilderness, and they perish with hunger and thirst. Their apparent, and too often real antagonism, reacts upon their detached parts of the one great flock, so that a coldness and shyness takes place among them, and the natural feeling is, that you do not worship nor believe as we do; your ministers do not preach as ours, therefore our ministers preach the truth, and yours do not; our way is right and yours is wrong. The good among the shepherds and flocks are (thanks be to God!) waking up more and more to the evils caused by these divisions, and are seeking a remedy. One has thought he discovered it in this expedient — another in that; hence the various attempts at reform and splitting up of sects or denominations. This anxiety to find a remedy, shows there is deep love and concern for the cause of God and truth somewhere. These attempts are right. They are laudable. Though none have discovered the final cure, more or less perhaps has been gained by each attempt. Though none are permitted to boast that they have reached the zenith of wisdom, Providence has overruled their efforts to the forwarding of the end at which they aimed. By the multiplication of the sects, they have been brought into contact with each other, and by personal acquaintance, however unwished for or unwelcome, they have been convinced that there are Christians — yea, excellent people, who are not of our church. Mutual love of virtue and goodness has led to mutual efforts. Names, sects and parties have been forgotten, and they draw together in the moral and benevolent enterprises.

Another fault which has reacted on the flock of Christ is, making a liberal education the test of qualifications for preaching the Gospel. Thus discouraging the unlearned, who, though

otherwise well furnished and endowed, have not the means to obtain it; and naturally fostering a sense of sufficiency and superiority in the unlearned, and a like view of them by the people. Thus did not our Lord and Saviour. Saint Luke and Saint Paul were learned men, it is true, but the majority of the apostles were "ignorant and unlearned," by which expression we suppose is only meant that they had not a collegiate education — were not well versed in the history of ancient and modern times, in matters pertaining to this world — the extent and geography of the earth, and knowledge of men and things. The Jews took knowledge of Peter and John that they had been with Jesus. In this lay the secret of their wisdom and power; or in other words, their qualifications. Their experimental acquaintance with Him and His teaching, qualified them to be pioneers in the Gospel, in the absence of certain degrees of mechanical preparation, which now are counted indispensable by many. Just such as Saint Paul counted (together with the education he received in the Jews' religion,) but loss to him, and in comparison with the teaching and knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord, but dung and dross. Though they might have been gain to him in the same sense that such qualifications are to ministers of the present day. They might have gained him admission to high places, large salaries, &c.

But this notion of the shepherds has so reacted on the people, that they respond to their propositions — contribute their money to educate them — build magnificent and costly temples of worship, with splendid appurtenances, to render aggrandizement to cities and villages, while the poor are neglected, and suffer beneath their shadow for the avails of their needless expense. And the shepherds say these places must have our most learned and eloquent men, or, in more common phraseology, our smartest men for their preachers. To this the flocks respond, to send them smart men or none. Thus the inquiry is not for good men, and full of the Holy Ghost, but for smart men. And with as much success might you seek bread and water to quench your thirst or allay your hunger on the barren sands of Arabia, as to seek the bread and water of life in many a splendid temple erected professedly for Divine worship. And as well might you draw nigh

to an iceberg to warm yourself, if cold, as to approach many of these smart men, in hope that the holy fire emanating from them will warm your heart. All Scripture is said to be given by inspiration, and is profitable for many things, and for this purpose, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Then if preaching the Gospel be a good work, it is included, and a thorough knowledge of Scripture (which includes experimental, or such an understanding as the Holy Spirit gives,) will thoroughly furnish a person to preach the Gospel, and if he be thoroughly furnished, what more is wanted? The teaching or the doctrine of Christ, spoken in the Holy Ghost, always come with power and authority, commending themselves to every conscience. No book, nor all the books on theology, or any or all other subjects, can furnish such eloquence and oratory as the Bible. To be sure, one wants good common sense, and a tolerable gift in telling what they know, and if possible, ability to read. But God, in some instances, has shown independence even of this last.

At a Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, one of the preachers proposed that a certain course of theological study should be required of the young preachers by the Conference. One of the delegates rose and opposed the motion, upon which some of the old preachers walked over him rough shod. Thomas H. Stockton was present — a man famed for his wonderful oratory in preaching, and for some time chaplain in Congress; the paragon, almost the idol of the connection. He sat silent until appealed to. He then rose and said: "I think the young man is right. I am of the opinion that a diligent study of the Scriptures is sufficient. For my part, I have yet to read the first book on theology." They were taken by surprise. His words dropped upon them — they answered not again. No more was said at that time about a course of study.

Learning and knowledge are good, and if kept in their place at the feet of Jesus, and not used to please and exalt self, nor depended on, instead of the Holy Spirit, nor the acquisition thereof suffered to interfere with other and more important and urgent duties, may be used for the good of the people, as money or any other earthly advantage. A certain learned and popular clergy-

man, having buried his wife, after a season married another. She attended his meetings a few times, and heard him preach; but at length utterly refused to go. He asked the reason, and she answered, "Your preaching would starve one to death." "Why," said he, "do I not preach the truth?" "Yes," she replied; "and so you might from morning till night, and say my name is Mary; but there is something more in preaching the Gospel than telling the truth." This caused him to reflect. Conviction ensued, and sound conversion; after which she willingly heard him preach.

ELLEN STEWART.

LETTER FROM SISTER ELLEN STEWART.

Copley, Ohio, Dec. 10, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—Although we are advanced in life, we are learners and enquirers after truth, and propose to ask a few more questions relative to church government, usages and regulations.

1st. Was not the apostolic age darker than the present, and were not the Apostles necessarily led and commanded by the Holy Ghost to observances, which are merely ceremonious and unnecessary at this age, on account of the prevalence of Judaism, and the prejudice which then prevailed?

2nd. Are there more than three of what we usually term ordinances, namely: baptism, the holy sacrament, and the washing of the saints' feet, which have the authority of either a command or example from Christ? And is this not because He foresaw the variation of the circumstances and exigencies of His church in different ages down to the end of time, and because He had given His Spirit to lead in each according to its own necessities; and moreover, that as the church advanced in spiritual light and understanding, and approximated nearer to her meridian glory, she would need less and less of outward observances? Witness the Jews' religion, which, under the law of Moses, consisted almost wholly in legal faithfulness, while the Gospel divorced God's people from many such obligations — so many that Christ is said to be "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

3d. Has not the professed church of Christ, in her ignorance,



always been prone, like the Judaizing teachers, to be too tenacious of old principles, and with all their advance steps, to carry along burdens which might have been left behind? And has not a solicitude to retain these burdens always had a tendency to array them in opposition to advancing reform?

4th. Have not the ministry, in their darkness, wilfully or guiltily, in the first instance, taken too much power, and burdened itself with prerogatives disadvantageous to itself and the church? Many, it is true, have used the power and borne its burdens with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of the people. But others have used it in selfishness, to tyrannize and Lord it over God's heritage. And whole bodies of ministers of the meek and lowly Jesus, under their influence, have dealt treacherously with their brethren, talked to the grief of wounded hearts, by their traditions, made the commandments of God of none effect, sending those whom God does not send, and saying to some whom he sends, Ye shall not go.

Now, we would ask, where is the remedy? Would it be found in the ministry, doing a little as Zaccheus was told to do, "Make haste and come down" out of the high places — there is much wickedness there? They should not be separate bodies, legislating for the church, but one with her, and Christ the head: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Let the church of Galatia be as free to Christ alone, and as independent of the church at Ephesus, and all other churches, as if she were the only church of Christ on earth, so far as making her own by-laws and regulations are concerned, choosing or refusing her own laborers and officers, planning and carrying out plans for the furtherance of the Gospel, &c.; each church of course caring, long-ing, praying for the spiritual prospects of the other, disposed to help each other, and each by the Spirit discerning and knowing them which labor among them, who are over them in the Lord, not (out of Him,) and the Holy Ghost (not some body of ministers away yonder, who know not what kind of laborers they need,) hath made their overseers, and esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake, (not merely for their great popularity, learning and talents.) Their work is to preach Christ in the Spirit of Christ, for they that lack that spirit are none of His.

They are wicked, and to the wicked God saith, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant in thy mouth?"

In respect to the prerogatives the different bodies of ministers assume we would say, that in courts of justice there is an appeal from a lower to a higher court; but in their court it is exactly the reverse of this. For instance, some of their church-members are fully persuaded that it is their duty to preach the Gospel. In their ear the voice of God cries Go, but the churches of different sects say No — you cannot go until you take certain steps. You must know whether your brethren and the Conference, Presbytery or Eldership approve of this way. They go — perhaps they approve; but if not, they take the prerogative to veto the call of God. Many, under such circumstances, have been discouraged — their usefulness is lost to the world, and it is a wonder if their own souls are not lost; and all because they have been taught to appeal from a higher to a lower court. For proof of the ill effects produced, we refer the reader to the cases of Lorenzo Dow and David Marke, as seen in their Journals, which give account how the latter was treated by an individual preacher, and the former by a Conference of Methodist ministers.

In regard to administering the ordinances, the commission from Christ to baptize, and administer any other ordinance, was conjointly given with that of preaching the Gospel. And where, in the Scriptures, do we find a command to wait for the laying on of hands, or any other authority which man can give? And have they not set the ordinance of baptism above the office of preaching the Gospel; inasmuch as they suffer a man to preach unordained, but he must not baptize till they lay their hands on him? Ah, says my brother or sister, you have supposed a much more spiritual state of the church than exists, or is likely to exist; so we may as well trudge along after the old sort. But hark! if the church does not grow better, she will grow worse; and the only way she can get better, is for each individual to follow and live up to all his light, and become, without delay, as spiritual as the church ought to be; and follow Christ wherever He goeth, though it be without the camp, bearing His reproach.

I was conversing with a sister, a few days ago, who is, as I

think, a devoted Christian, a member of the M. E. Church. She complained that in many of their meetings, instead of the refreshment she formerly experienced, she found herself not only dull, and without interest in the exercises, but with a spirit burdened and distressed, (she knew not why;) and though waiting to know duty and do it, (being usually very active,) was shut up, found nothing to do or say, and went home discouraged and reproaching herself as the cause, though she knew not wherein the delinquency consisted. The writer knew how to sympathize with her, having for several years suffered the same trials. We told her to reproach herself no more, if conscious that her will was on the Lord's side, and her whole soul devoted to His service. The state of the people among whom she was, would thus affect her, if they were lukewarm, or what is worse, trusting in the form and denying the power of Godliness. And do not all who trust in outward performances, without the lively sense and feeling, virtually deny the power? From such, says the good Book, turn away. If we find ourselves bound to a dead body, and can no longer do it good, nor it do us good, the sooner we disengage ourselves the better; for we must carry it on our back, not only rendering ourselves useless, but miserable. We must trust Christ and not sect for our foundation. If we take the Holy Spirit for our leader, we shall find the place assigned us by Providence, where we shall find enough to do. We shall have sweetest fellowship with God's true people, and joined by love, that only permanent and lasting cement, organized by the Lord into an holy temple of lively stones, do His will on earth as it is done in heaven.

ELLEN STEWART.

#### HOLINESS OF HEART.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:—Having had but little time of late to write, and that little chiefly occupied in answering to the charge of female presumption, (which was done more out of a sense of duty than for any pleasure it affords me to contend, especially with brethren and reputed ministers of Christ,) I now gladly improve the present precious hour, in turning my attention to the subject of all most precious, most important and most

delightful to a living Christian, who truly hungers and thirsts after righteousness — that of holiness of heart, and the way to attend unto it. This doctrine practically attained and carried out, not only lays the axe of the Gospel at the root of the trees, but actually plies it, digging deep into the soil of the human heart, and so extracts the bitter roots of sin, that it no more reigns in our mortal bodies. "But now being made free from sin, we have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."—Romans 6: 22.

There are those who are conscious of their need of a much deeper and thorough work of grace, but have no clear views of what it is, or how to attain it. They have sore conflicts with sin and Satan, and with themselves. Unbelief, pride and selfishness often rise within; and though they labor hard to conquer — though with the axe of the Gospel faith they hew down the sprouts and keep them from becoming sturdy trees, blossoming and bearing fruit, (the original tree of unbelief having been felled,) yet they see no fair prospect of gaining the victory, or of ever having these bitter roots extracted from the soil, and these inward foes, which continually disturb their peace, turned out, and their hearts as a garden sealed and shut up to good alone. So that as the prophet Isaiah says in the name of God shall be the case under the Gospel: "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness," &c. Or as expressed by Zacharias in Luke 1: 74, 75, "That being delivered from our enemies, we might serve Him without [slavish or doubtful and unbelieving] fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the [remaining] days of our life." Some are taught that they may expect no such thing in this life. Others are taught it in theory, but the teaching is like a naked frame without the inside work, which cannot be applied or used by the hearer; or like one giving directions to a traveler in a road he has never traveled, or through a city he has not seen. Such teachers give the general outline for direction, but cannot enter into the personal minutiae of experience, nor upon the mysteries of the dealings of God with the hungry, thirsty and longing soul after righteousness, and how they are filled, because they have not experienced it themselves.

And is not the fact that so few ministers preach up holiness, and so many who do preach it do it to so little effect, the reason why so many rest short of heart holiness? Can it be expected that the people will far exceed them whom they receive as teachers sent of God? And is it not, too, a lamentable fact? O that all who preach the Gospel would press with unabating ardor for clean and pure hearts! Then might we soon hail the happy day when the church shall wear the motto of "Holiness to the Lord!"

But the question is often asked by those who admit the truth of this doctrine: Is it a gradual or an instantaneous work? And teachers of it do not agree as to this; so that those who would press into it, are confused and cannot place it before the mind as a definite object of pursuit. In our view it is both, or there is a sense in which it is both gradual and instantaneous. In a former letter we spoke of the gradual work or growth of the soul in grace, a part of the time as imperceptible as the growth of the corn, which springs up and grows, he knows not how: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." We will now endeavor to give our views on the instantaneous part of the work. And,

1st. Every Christian, according to his faithfulness to the light he has, is progressing towards entire holiness. And without doubt, even under the dark and confused manner in which it is taught, many faithful and laborious saints have attained to perfect holiness, like "Bunyan's Christian to his land of Beulah," when they did not name it, for they had no definite Scriptural views of their blessed relation to God. Every Christian who is faithful to the grace given, and has time for the gradual work, finds sooner or later that he has much to contend with. Satan makes all the capital in his power of every trial he meets, and he only becomes acquainted with his devices one at a time, and if he manfully resists him in one trial, he will take him next on new ground. Sinners will often entice, and the world present its deceitful and bewitching charms; or perhaps try to frighten him with its powers, and persecute, ridicule and slander him.

But of all the foes he meets,  
None so apt to turn his feet —  
None betray him into sin,  
Like the foes he has within.

But Christian, let nothing spoil your peace. Christ can even conquer these. God promised by His prophets that His Son should be as a "refiner's fire, and as fuller's soap"—that he would "circumcise the heart of His people, to love Him with all their heart"—that He would "sprinkle them with clean water, and cleanse them from all filthiness of flesh and spirit." For this David prayed: "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." For this St. Paul prayed: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly," &c.

Inquire of the sanctified saint if while passing the trying scenes of earth, he has not often been brought to a crisis, when he has cried: Lord, unless thou deliver me, mine enemy will tear me in pieces, while there is none to deliver—when all has been enveloped in darkness, (not the darkness of sin, but of mystery) like Joseph in the Egyptian prison, or David when pursued by Saul, have felt there was but a step between them and death, and trouble has done by their hearts as we do by a vial of liquid, which appears clear, but by shaking it, we rile up the sediment at the bottom. Pride and selfishness are discovered, anger and impatience rise and clamor for mastery over them, and unbelief cries: It is impossible for you ever to gain the victory. But knowing that God has promised the victory through Jesus Christ — God that cannot lie, and that can do all things, and that this promise is a note, to be demanded by our faith, I came to make this demand; but how to do it was a mystery which but by doing it I could not solve. I cried to God to guide me. I wrestled like Jacob, with flowing tears and agony of soul, for months and years. At length one of the leaves of the tree of life, called the *Oberlin Evangelist*, came — told me I must cleanse myself by believing God as Abraham did. God promised him a son. It seemed impossible; but he believed it because God said it. I cried: Lord, I will, I do believe thee; but still I did not feel cleansed. Still I knew I believed this was my part as co-worker. I felt that something was gained. Quiet and peace ensued. Here it pleased God to let me wait awhile. I queried and inquired why is this? But if I began to doubt, I saw plainly I should relapse into my former state. This I dreaded, and making a fresh effort

at faith, cried: Lord, I will, I do believe; and thus recovered my quiet and peace of mind again. Thus passed three weeks. Then the Holy Ghost (the Sanctifier) came and did His part, sensibly applying the all-purifying blood, and then witnessing with my spirit. Then my joy was full — my soul was filled with joy and love to its then utmost capacity.

Some may inquire: Did the idea that you was now, through Christ, made holy, have a tendency to puff you up and make you proud? I answer yes — just as a poor naked and starving beggar is proud when some kind hand supplies his pressing wants. He loves and glories in his benefactor, and tries to send all the poor beggars he meets unto him. So my language was: 'Tis all of God — 'tis all in Christ, and they are all my own. 'Tis enough — my soul is satisfied. O that I could send all spiritual beggars to Him. O my needy brethren and sisters — O ye un-sanctified ministers, come and make the demand by faith, and you shall receive a fullness. Seek, O seek a deeper work of grace; and when obtained you will be prepared to grow in grace more swiftly, yet gradually, till sorer temptations and harder trials show you your littleness of faith and strength, (all you have being brought into requisition.) Another crisis will occur in your spiritual circumstances. More faith will be indispensable, and the work be again deepened, perhaps instantaneously; I went on steadily and gained ground, almost imperceptibly to myself a portion of the time; but now and then I took a leap, not like the infidel, into the dark, but into greater light, more faith, more love. Thus I have given you my opinion.

ELLEN STEWART.

*Copley, Summit Co., O. Jan. 24, 1856.*

LETTER FROM SISTER ELLEN STEWART.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:— Doubtless the dear brethren see and mourn over many among them who fall short of holiness, and that deep and thorough work of grace which the holy Scriptures inculcate, and without which they shall not see the Lord. The lack of this is truly lamentable at the present day. Here and there, like scattered sheep, we find one who has left the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and to go backward

into Egypt or a wicked world, but to go on to perfection — fathers and mothers in Israel — such characters as St. Paul describes, Hebrews 5: 14 — “But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, who by reason of use have their senses sharpened to discern both good and evil.” Verse 18 — “For every one that useth milk is unskillful in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe.”

Our blessed Lord compared the kingdom of heaven (or the growth of the soul in grace) to “seed which was cast into the ground, and it grew up, they knew not how, [did not fully understand the philosophy of its springing and growing, but by comparison of its dimensions,] from the tender blade to the ear.” By comparison, we say, of the present with the past, they see that it has grown, though they could not see it grow — a fit and most beautiful comparison. The young convert, the seed of grace having just sprung up, like the tender blade, full of sap for its nourishment, or plentifully supplied with milk of the Word, is joyful and happy. Like new blown flowers, he is all symmetry and loveliness. The old account that stood against him, of past sins, is all blotted out, and the Spirit bears witness with his spirit. “It answers to the blood, and tells him he is born of God.” He is now a babe, and as in the case of the tender blade or the new born infant, all his innate powers and faculties are undeveloped. If he dies immediately or soon, before he has time for growth or development, he goes to glory by virtue of the atoning sacrifice. But if spared, he must either grow to the stature of a man of full age, or the full corn in the ear, or be like the dead branches of the true vine — gathered at last and cast into the fire. Or like the corn lacking moisture, or choked with noxious weeds; or the infant denied the luxury of milk, or the benefit of exercise to develop the strength of his joints and muscles, dwarfed and stunted in his growth. Only with this difference, that in the former case it was the fault of others, in the latter it is his own. There is no lack on the Lord's part. He supplies abundance of milk, and gives His babes sweet rest and sleep. He lays one hand under their head, and with the other He embraces them, and carries them in His own arms of love; and if they do not forsake Him, He never will forsake them.

And they will find, all along through their growing up to manhood and full age, that the Holy Spirit, which He has sent to supply His personal place to His people, and is just like Himself, is easily grieved away by sin, either of omission or commission: for when we neglect known duty, we neglect Him; and as a Christian man once said to the writer: "The Spirit of the Lord is a tender thing"—meaning that it was easily quenched or grieved away.

As soon as their strength is sufficiently developed, He will let them have plenty of exercise for all the strength they have. He will let the same tempter that tried Him in the days of His flesh, try them with his temptations. Afflictions and trouble will arise, and sometimes the wicked will persecute, and say all manner of evil about them. Sometimes good, well meaning persons, will mistakenly think it of them, and some who profess great friendship will betray them, like Judas; or like Doeg to David, their words will be smoother than butter, while war is in their hearts. But if they feel their need of their Saviour's assistance, in order to stand their trials, and ask it of Him, and make their complaints to, and shed their tears for Him alone, He is sure to help them.

When the plough has broken up the ground, and the harrow smoothed the surface, the seed planted and the blade sprung up, still there is much of labor and care necessary in order to keep down the briars, thorns and noxious weeds; the roots or seeds of which remain in the soil, and if suffered, will grow spontaneously, and choke and shade from the warm rays of the sun the tender blade, though ever so promising. So when the sharp ploughshare of the law has broken up the fallow-ground of the heart, and pardon has smoothed the surface, and the good seed is sprung up, the Christian has to watch and labor, according to his knowledge and strength, (which, if he is diligent, will continually increase,) to keep down the evil propensities of his nature and former habits—the struggles of the old man, doomed to hang on the cross till he is dead, or the briars and thorns of fleshly lusts beginning to show their heads above the surface. But his Lord has overcome the world, conquered Satan, and triumphed over sin; and in so doing, purchased for him the same victory and conquest, and has promised it. So he holds on to the promise by

faith, and watches constantly and works faithfully. The strength of the habit of doing right increases—evil propensities grow weaker—his faith grows stronger—he exercises patience in afflictions and temptations. Thus he grows in patience till it has its perfect work—thus the severest trials do him the most good, and the darkest hours of buffeting and temptation of Satan, only usher him on to greater light. Since he believes that God rules all who will be ruled by Him, and those who will not He overrules, he looks upon everything done to him by men or devils—everything happening him without his own agency, will or choice, as coming indirectly from Him, or permitted or suffered for his good. And though the surface seems heated seven times hotter than usual—though the waves of trouble roll high, and dash with fury, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, yet he will not fear nor be dismayed. He holds on to the promise. "His hand he fastens on the skies, and bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl." In the comparison of the glory that awaits him, he calls them light afflictions.

Perhaps the sin that most easily besets him is more inward than outward—better known to himself than to others. He has many hard battles with pride, selfishness and doubts or unbelief; and feeling that these enemies are too strong for him, he cries mightily to God for help. Like Jacob, he lays fast hold on Him, and will not let Him go until he blesses, and (like a prince) prevails. After all, his memory is treacherous and his judgment imperfect; and erring in judgment, or a slip of the memory, may occasion an error in practice. This occasions sorrow, but not guilt. His motives are pure and his eye single. He would not commit a known sin for his right arm—no, not for the world. Or it may be, like Peter, who through fear once denied his Lord; but it needed no more than an upbraiding look to make him weep bitterly for it, and completely reclaim him. Or it may be, like David, in an evil hour he has yielded to temptation and committed a flagrant crime. Yet as soon as the hideous features of it were portrayed before him, he confessed, he repented, he abhorred himself on account of it. Henceforth he hated sin with a perfect hatred. His penitence or humility is perfect. His love to God and goodness is re-instated. All unbelief is now driven

out — doubts and fears find no more place. His faith is perfect, and evil propensities have lost their power over him. The old man Adam is dead — crucified with Christ. He lives, yet not he, but Christ lives in him. He loves God with all his heart, therefore his love is perfect; for the immediate effect is, he loves his neighbor as himself. Tribulation has worked in him perfect patience. He is willing, waiting, watching to do all the good he can. Here have we not the full corn in the ear — the man of God at full age, able to bear strong meat — the father, the mother in Israel? Wherever such persons are, there is a heavenly atmosphere. They are the salt of the earth — the light of the world. O, brethren and sisters, does our experience answer to this description, or growing, hastening on to it; or are we stunted, dwarfed Christians? O, brother preachers, at what stage of growth are you? Is that state at which you are, answerable to the time you have had to grow, and to your awful charge, your momentous work? Ought not the preachers to be before the people?

ELLEN STEWART.

#### THE DOWNFALL OF GIRLS AND BOYS.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:— In the Church Advocate of April 3d, is a piece, taken from the Golden Rule, headed, "Unseasonable hours," in which our brother laments the frequent downfall of girls. I join in the lament, and deplore the fact, that too many mothers are too negligent in training their daughters, in relation to their association with the other sex. I agree with him in protesting against night sittings, and think a ride, or an hour or two by daylight in the sitting-room, might answer all right purposes; and I rejoice to see that this last practice is becoming quite common in this place. I do not doubt but (as he says) the bitter experience of thousands records the effects of the former practice.

But the brother seems not to think of the negligence of fathers, yea, and mothers, too, in regard to training their sons. Were they thoroughly trained in their early youth and first emergence into manhood, half the danger to our daughters would be arrested he did not seem to think of the young men being seduced and

ruined by their night sittings with our untaught and ill-disposed young ladies; nor to lament, as indeed painful, the downfall of our young men. This is in perfect keeping with the sentiment which has prevailed from time immemorial; but is it right, and just, and equal? Has God made such an unequal distribution of punishment to persons equally guilty? And because He has, without their fault, stamped the nature of one party with maternity, and they of consequence must suffer pains, sorrow and care, from which the other is exempt, put on them shame, infamy and disgrace? shall the other party strut among men as a gentleman, enjoying the smiles and caresses of society, and to their shame be it spoken, of ladies, too? Is this of God? If so, he is what he declares he is not — that is, a partial being.

The young man, whatever may be his standing as to wealth, power or personal charms, that steps aside from the path of virtue, in the sight of God, has fallen as low, and often lower than his victim; for perhaps in nine cases out of ten, he is the more guilty one. God made the woman for the man, and under certain regulations, each may have one of his own. But how is it with many a one? He mocks at the laws of high Heaven, and betrays a misplaced sacred trust and confidence, reckless of female happiness, and sporting with the tears of parents and sympathizing friends, he first ruins, and then boasts of the capital he makes, of the ignorance of the untaught, the imbecile and the unstable. Nothing but a corrupt public sentiment keeps him from falling as low in the sight of all respectable society, as his victim, and cowering beneath its withering frowns, as she does.

Young ladies, will you lend your arm, your smile, your company to the seducer of your sex? If you do, must you not be counted no better than he is? If a man is known by the company he keeps, so is a woman.

ELLEN STEWART.

Copley, O., April, 1856.

#### LETTER FROM SISTER ELLEN STEWART.

Copley, Ohio, June 24, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER WINEBRENNER:— The subject of Church Music has been introduced in the Church Advocate, and dwelt upon

at some length by different individuals. And as your former liberality leads me to think that you aim at reform, and take no exceptions to communications merely on account of sex, we would also venture a few remarks on this subject. For women, you know, are musical beings, as well as men, and have thoughts, opinions and feelings in common with all humanity; and in full as great anxiety to arrive at the truth in regard to this, so vital and important a part of divine worship.

It is a point acknowledged by all, that every power and faculty which we mortals possess, we owe to God, and that our ability, under the unavoidable circumstances of life; we ought to cultivate and improve them, in the performance of the duties enjoined by His Word — among which is the command to worship the Lord our God. In the early and proportionably (comparatively to the Gospel day) dark age of the Mosaic dispensation, that service was necessarily chiefly mechanical. And as Moses was commanded to make the ark of the testimony exactly after the pattern he had seen in the mount, so all the strictness and perfection of mechanical order, in other parts of service and worship, were intended, as was that, exactly to pattern or typify some part or portion of the spiritual work or worship of the saints under the Gospel. And if we must go back to a strictness in the observance of one of those typical ordinances and strictures, why not to all of them? If men and women singers must qualify themselves mechanically, and the best musical instruments must be employed now to worship God, why not imitate the Jews in things that were positively commanded them to do? For to our remembrance, singing is not commanded, nor any particular regulations given concerning it, till the children of Israel reached the promised land. Nor is anything said about singing, as we recollect, till their enemies were overthrown in the Red Sea, when singing and playing on musical instruments were employed. Nor do we recall any regulations given directly from God concerning it, after their settlement in the land of Canaan. But after they were settled, there were among them true spiritual worshippers, whose hearts glowed with holy love and gratitude to God; and desiring to use their musical powers in praising God, as all the rest of their duties were so mechanical, they naturally

concluded this must be so likewise. And we have no doubt their worship was acceptable to God, and the more so on account of its mechanical perfection. And that it in this respect truly typified or shadowed forth the truly spiritual worship to be performed by the saints in the Gospel day by singing, and that our worship in singing, in order that it may really and truly please God, must be as strictly spiritual (or in the spirit) as their's was mechanically perfect. As their worship was necessarily so much of the outward sort, they could employ musical instruments to make melodious sounds; but as our worship is so inward and spiritual, we have serious doubts whether we can worship acceptably in the use of them. We cannot help thinking that the church has strayed from spirituality, in respect to this part of worship, and needs reform. In reforming, all will admit she must be more spiritual; and in order to grow more spiritual, must she grow more mechanical? This I understand to be the doctrine taught by some teachers of church music in these days.

We are not under the Jewish, but under the Gospel dispensation. What then is taught by precept and example concerning it, in the New Testament? As to example, we recollect but one instance of Christ and His Apostles singing a hymn. What the words were which they sung, we are not told; but we naturally conclude they sung the language of their hearts, uttered by their tongues, of praise or prayer, or both — not by musical instruments, which cannot either think or speak. We have much said in Revelations, it is true, of singing, and harpers harping with their harps; but for our part, we should think it only a symbolical expression, to represent the harmonious adoration of the heavenly hosts. The harps must be spiritual, at any rate — not things without life, giving sound — not sounding brass or tinkling cymbals, but the overflowings of holy charity, in the variety suited to the various gifts in heaven.

In regard to the preceptive teaching, Ephesians 5: 19, Paul says: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." Was not St. Paul speaking to Christians? Yes. And can unconverted persons, and impenitent, be filled with the Spirit, and thus speak to themselves, or to their own case, or in the language

of their hearts, or the language of prayer and praise in truth, and thus make melody in their hearts to the Lord? Certainly not. How is it then that the church can give up the singing to them? Can they worship by proxy? Does not God require in singing, as well as praying, that our words should be true to the thoughts and feelings of our hearts? You may say they sing what we feel; but are they not responsible for singing what is a lie in their own case? And does not the church mislead them, and cause them to remain impenitent, by teaching them that though they have denied Him their service and their hearts, they can take a part in His worship? Does not God say to the wicked, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or take my covenant on thy tongue, seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee?" But the churches say they may do it, and employ them to do it in their stead. If the unconverted can worship for us in singing, why not in praying? And, indeed, they pray for us in singing, inasmuch as psalms and hymns are composed of both prayer and praise. If we can pray one way by proxy, why not in another? And why need we pray at all ourselves? Let us get up our praying schools, and have our young people taught methodically, and mechanically, and correctly, to pray for us, and give it up to them to do it, as we have in many instances our singing — yes, and preaching, too, whether converted or no. Do you say that singing schools are necessary for Christians, in order that they may chord together, and sing harmoniously? Still, we ought to remember that the poor have the Gospel preached unto them, and they feel very warm-hearted and thankful, and some of them have the gift of a good voice, and want to praise God, by joining in this delightful part of worship; and they perhaps have had neither time nor money to attend your singing schools, and study the gamut with you. And many an old saint, whose eyes are too dim with age to do it, but whose voice is so tolerable as not to interrupt or make discord, loves to join with the saints in praising God. They have been to the singing schools of Christ — some of them earlier and some later. And they can testify that when in these schools, the saints sung together, speaking to their own case, from their own full hearts, and thus made melody in

their heart, for all their hearts were one; though they usually sung but two of what are called the parts of music now — the tenor or air, and the bass. They chorded most beautifully, and there was not a jarring string; and then the words they sang, and the power of the Spirit attending those words, gave the charm and riveted them to the hearts of others. Are not these the best kind of singing-schools for Christians? O, for more of them! We care not how many parts they learn, so that they do not forget the best part, that good part which Mary chose.

But really, we poor, illiterate Christians are robbed of a precious privilege — one which we have greatly enjoyed and prized highly in time past. In many congregations there are from twenty to fifty persons in the gallery, to praise God for us, who, if we may judge from their dress and demeanor, are not otherwise very devoted. And if we have a hymn book, or can sing the tune, and attempt it, the eyes of the whole assembly are turned on us, as innovators of their good order; and perchance some young dame in the gallery turns her head with a sneer at our discord with some note. If we have no book, we are only entertained with a sound, consisting of musical notes, harmoniously joined, but can understand but few, and sometimes none of the words they sing. But we would bear personal inconvenience with all patience, could we be assured that this mode of worship by singing had a tendency to make the church more spiritual and holy, and lead more sinners to repent. But we must say, so far as our experience and observation go, it has the contrary effect.

Yours for reform from all that is wrong.

ELLEN STEWART.

#### ADDRESS TO UNSANCTIFIED PROFESSORS.

BROTHER WINEBRENNER:— There is a class of professed Christians, for whom I feel peculiar sympathy, and have a longing desire to say something for their comfort and encouragement. And if you will kindly indulge me to speak through the Advocate, it may be that it will reach the eye of some, whose anxious hearts may respond to what I write. This class, though endeavoring to serve God, after a sort, and often feeling and feasting, measurably, on the comforts of justification from all past sin, yet are deeply



conscious that the work of sanctification not only does not prosper and progress in their souls, as it should, but that they are fallen from a degree of sanctifying grace, which once they possessed. On account of this, any spiritual, experimental preaching, or living testimony of present enjoyment of this blessing finds a response in their breasts, which it finds in no other.

As the soul, fallen from justification, on hearing a spiritual testimony from another, or on being restored to the lost blessing, is cited back to the time when he enjoyed the very same; so is he cited back to the pleasant yet painful remembrance of a time when he too had such a hold on Christ, by faith, that He was truly all in all to him, and all his heart was love. By living, active, loving, fruitful faith in the atonement and power of Christ, all the law was fulfilled, and he loved God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself.

But alas! in some way the tempter has taken advantage of such souls, on this subject, and caused them to doubt, like Peter on the waves, and like him, they have begun to sink, and through unbelief they have lost that which is most valuable of all possessions. But while they feel their danger, and mourn over their loss, they need not despair, for our blessed Saviour is within speaking distance. Cry, cry to Him, he will lift you up, and take you on board the ship of perfect love again. Your case is fitly represented by what our Lord said of the woman who had lost a piece of money; though she might still have had possessions of silver and other goods. We will suppose this was a piece of gold, which, though very small, and on that account more difficult to be found again, was a peculiar pocket-piece of great value to her. And what did she do? Did she give it up as lost forever? No. She immediately lit a candle, swept the house, and searched diligently till she found it. Then, brother, sister, let us follow her example — feel (though in the dark) all around for the candle. — Take hold of God's word again — some promise, say, the following: "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it."

Now where is the match, or means, to light the candle? Take this: "All things are possible to him that believeth." Light by your faith, through the aid of the Holy Spirit; then you will have light to see the rubbish which is collected in your hearts

and habits of living. Take the precepts and commands as a broom to sweep, and search diligently, committing the rubbish to flames of self-denial. But rest not in what you do, for these are only means — the end must be obtained. You must find the identical precious gold piece, and see it with your eye of faith, and grasp it with your hand of faith. And then will you feel like calling on all around to rejoice with you, for you have found your piece which was lost. It is never found but in deep humility and by diligent search, sweeping away pride, selfishness, anger, deceit, lying, love of fashion, love of vain company and amusements, intemperance in eating and drinking, and all other sinful indulgences. It comes to destroy old things and make all things new.

But as soon as the witness of the Spirit is lost, by doubting, the subject appears dark again, as before, because we have receded somewhat from the moral Sun, or Fountain of light. Yet we need not despair; neither should we think our case solitary nor that we have sinned against so great light that we cannot be restored. For in those days of darkness on the deep things of God, it is often more from want of light, than sinning against light, that our hold on this precious pearl is lost. In the days of primitive Methodism, when so many enjoyed perfect love, it was common to hear professors declare they had lost and regained it more than once. That great and good man, Mr. Fletcher, declared in presence of a select band of brethren, that he had lost and regained it four or five times, because Satan, under one pretext and another, kept him from observing the order of God. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Hear his own words: "Alas! I found that 'he who hideth his Lord's money, or talent, and improveth it not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.' Now, my brethren, you see my folly. I have confessed it in your presence. And now I resolve before you all, to confess my Master. I will confess Him to all the world; and I declare unto you, in the presence of God, I am now 'dead unto sin, and alive unto God.' And this is through Jesus Christ my Lord; he is my Prophet, Priest and King; my indwelling holiness; my all-in-all." Thus he continued from that time to live and testify

till his death, which was indeed so triumphant as to make the words of the poet true: "The chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

But some there were who appear to have kept on an even course, and never lost the evidence, but like flaming meteors, have flown through this sinful earth, drawing thousands of lesser stars after them. Among these was William Bramwell. Hear him: "Thus to lose myself in Jesus, I find is all my glory. Then nothing but Christ, in thought, word, and preaching or praying. All is the Son of God—His mind, His way, His word, His manner. To this I am coming; I am near, I am just going into my Lord. Here the noise of self, of the world and the devil is over. All is burning love, all is rest, and all calm within. The eye fixed, the soul established, the tongue loosed, and all in the spirit. Here the Lord teaches, governs and supplies. This is the salvation belonging to all believers. This is the glorious liberty of the children of God. This is for you; and I pray that you may never rest without it."

O that the writer of this epistle had, like Bramwell and some others, held on, and walked without faltering in the liberty of the Gospel! But having twice lost it, she would magnify the Lord, whose mercy had restored her. Now she humbly speaks for their encouragement, who mourn over a similar loss. At first she lost it by not making a confession of it, lest she might lose it, or fail to honor the doctrine by a sufficiently pure and godly walk, and fearing the people would not believe. But believing she could not regain the lost treasure without confessing her backslidings, she confessed to them what God had bestowed, and how it was lost. Again it was restored; and for a year or more her heart burned with perfect love—and how easy and plain did the way appear—and she thought she could persuade all her brethren to believe and enter it. But riding out one day, after a span of horses which had a habit of running away with their driver, she felt fear, and Satan quoted to her the Scripture, : "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." Here she (not being able to distinguish between that natural instinctive fear, which is in every living creature, necessary to its self-preservation, and that

tormenting fear of God, and death, and hell, which tortures the mind of sinners,) doubted, and again lost the more precious than golden treasure. And long did she search ere she found it again. But did she find it? Yes, to her great joy, and full assurance and satisfaction. She still found it is only faith, simple faith, that brings the blessing. She does not say she has never sinned since that, but sin wounds far deeper, and sends her quickly to her knees confessing in deepest shame and sorrow. And God, faithful and just, forgives and cleanses again. All glory to His holy name.

ELLEN STEWART.

COPLEY, Ohio, 1856.

#### A WORD TO CERTAIN YOUNG MEN.

This, our happy and highly favored country, is called "The home of the brave, and the land of liberty;" and the Great Creator has done all that could wisely be done, to make it so. But man's worst foe is man, and in a thousand ways he contrives to frustrate the Divine will, which decrees his happiness, and that of his fellow creatures. There is in many places in Ohio, a class of persons (I hope you have none such in Pennsylvania,) who, because in a land of liberty, use that liberty for an occasion to gratify the flesh, in violation of the rights of others; and brave decorum because in the land of the brave. I allude to a set of young men, who often attend places of worship, and after sitting and apparently listening (I say apparently, for some object out of doors must engross their attention more than what is spoken within,) they get up, one or two, or three at a time, and sometimes whole companies, and deliberately march out, hat in hand, and after refreshing themselves in the open air, resting the sitting apparatus, and loudly talking, careless of disturbing listeners within, they sometimes march back again. And this routine we have known to be repeated more than once during a meeting; while, as an honorable exception, a few young men sit quietly through the service, though doubtless as weary as they. Old and infirm persons, from the ages of forty to eighty, can sit quietly through, and feeble women count it a great privation to withdraw with their crying infants, so desirous are they of enjoying

such privileges. I have often queried what can be the reason for all this difference. Is it because these young men have some hidden physical weakness, that disables them to sit on a hard seat? Or, because they are young and tender, while the others are old and tough? If so, let us not blame them, but withhold harsh epithets, and, if possible, prescribe a remedy. I have thought of one which, if no one can think of a better, we may adopt, i. e., for the elderly gentlemen to contribute the needful cost, and the elderly women to form a sewing society, and make soft cushions to cover the seats where these young men sit.

ELLEN STEWART.

COPLEY, Ohio, Dec. 13, 1857.

#### THE GOSPEL MINISTRY ENTITLED TO A SUPPORT.

##### AN ADDRESS TO ALL TRUE DISCIPLES OF JESUS CHRIST.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:— There is a subject, properly called a part of the whole counsel of God, which His ministers approach with great diffidence, and many scarcely dare to touch, lest the world, and even some in the church, should suspect them of being governed by sinister motives — a subject, too, of vast moment to the interests of Zion, and on which there is such confusion and want of system in the Christian world, that we have often queried whether it was not the duty of all Christ's ministers (at least of many of them) to come out boldly, and declare the whole counsel of God on the subject, in spite of personal delicacy, which can arise only from selfishness, and trusting in God to vindicate their character, simply lay the truth, as drawn from the Old and New Testaments, before the people. But instead of calling in question the fidelity of my brother ministers, and being so situated as to preclude that temptation to personal delicacy and fear which deters them, I feel it both a duty and privilege to write freely on the subject.

All who subscribe to the foundation doctrines of Christianity, agree that those who are called of God to spend their time and physical strength in preaching the Gospel, ought to be supported by the people among whom they labor; and yet there is a sad deficiency in carrying out this sentiment in practice, by reason of

which Zion bleeds and languishes. Many places are destitute of the preaching of the Word, and many faithful servants of God and their families have suffered great destitution, and often have been compelled to leave the vineyard, where it was plainly the will of Heaven that they should labor on, and seek a sustenance by some secular employment. Now, is it not plain that when this is the case there is a great wrong somewhere, and among the many, some are to blame, and will have a sad account to give at the last day?—some who, when they saw the machinery so sadly out of joint, should have searched diligently to find out the cause, and restore the missing cogs of Zion's machinery, that all might work harmoniously and in the order of God. Do we need any arguments to prove that those who labor with us in word and doctrine, ought to live with us, not raised above the mediocrity, to revel in luxury, nor sunk beneath, to pine in poverty?

Under the Old Testament dispensation, the ministers of religion were supported by the contributions of the people; and St. Paul asks the question, "Who goeth a warfare at his own charges? or planteth a vineyard and eats not of its fruit? or feeds a flock and partakes not of the milk thereof? And Moses commanded not "to muzzle the ox that treads out the corn," plainly intimating that whatever be our providential calling, God wills that he should live thereby, and it is counted fraudulent in His sight when it is denied; so that he that ploughs or threshes, should plough or thresh in hope. And again, St. Paul asks, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall be partakers of your carnal things? They that wait on the altar, partake with the altar, and they which preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel." The blessed Saviour sanctioned this doctrine, when He gave the charge to His disciples, in sending them out into His vineyard, saying: "Take with you neither purse nor scrip, neither two coats, for the laborer is worthy of his meat.

But it is needless to multiply words. On this subject we all agree. The great difficulty is in reducing it to practice, in the manner and to the extent required, in order to the general prosperity of Zion. Two things stand in the way. One is a want of system — the other is covetousness. These together constitute

the huge sycamore, the towering mountain, which only faith, carried out in practice, can remove. While and wherever these great obstacles stand in the way, Zion must bleed and languish.

But brethren and sisters, while we mourn the desolation caused by them, can we not bring our faith up to the dimensions of a mustard seed, that they can be removed, and cast into the sea of oblivion?

On the subject of a systematic course, I have in mind a state of things which I will pen; not with a design to dictate any particular mode, but to elicit, in abler minds and heads, thought and reflection. Here is a church of God in a given place, surrounded by professors of the religion of Christ, of every sect and name, beside non-professors, many among them being wealthy. Here are some who are deeply spiritual, and whom God has endowed with qualifications for leading spirits, who, whether they take a wrong or a right course (who, unless they besot or bemean themselves by flagrant iniquity,) must and will have great influence, and upon whom rests a fearful responsibility. These, well knowing the truth of the proverb, "What's everybody's business is nobody's," at least one, two or more of them, with earnest prayer to the Father of Lights for wisdom, have set their heads together to concert a plan, so general in its nature, that if imitated all over Christendom, would remove this obstacle—(not contracted to our little Zion, as it is called; no, they scout that unmeaning word, knowing that the Bible has made such an impression upon the world of the oneness of the church, that they laugh at its nonsense)—a plan calculated to serve the double purpose of bringing the people into united and concerted action, inviting all to join with them and tear down the mount of covetousness from its base, removing it out of the church forever. For how can the church have general prosperity while she embraces, honors and caresses the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth?

But to their plan, which is this: To tax every member of the church according to their proper income, from the millionaire to the widow with her two mites, in money or produce, according to circumstances, a tenth or less, as wisdom may direct—to provide store-houses and barns, and proper managers, as receivers

and distributors; so that if a poor brother or sister has but a pound of butter, a piece of meat, or a bushel of grain, to pay his or her tax, it may be safely stored, and thus a fund be collected of all the necessaries of life, which may be handed out on application, of such things as are needed; and thus save the ministers the inconvenience, as often happens by unsystematic and promiscuous distributions, of having a superabundance of one article, and great lack of another; and the servant of God (and the people) must be hindered from his work, to make the exchange. Such a fund, or church treasury, might, besides providing for our preachers and their families, serve for every benevolent purpose.

But, say you, must we refuse every rich person who will not submit to such a tax, and turn out all such that are in the church? I answer by asking, would not the church thereby be cleansed from much of that abomination, covetousness? And if we chanced to have an Ananias and Sapphira in our number, God would take care of them. I am for having all our brethren and sisters who have riches imitate the example of Gerrit Smith, according to what they possess. O, how my heart glows with love to that man, for his benevolent deeds, while I write. I hear a loud voice from heaven, saying to all who possess the riches of this world, "Go thou and do likewise."

ELLEN STEWART.

*Copley, Summit County, Ohio.*

#### A CHAPTER ON NEIGHBORHOOD VISITING.

##### ADDRESS TO CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

Dear Sisters—"Hear me, for I am rent in cares,  
And groan beneath the weight of more than three score years."

—POET.

This day, dear sisters, is the 65th anniversary of my birth-day, and with another poet I feel to say to my waiting soul:—

"Come away to the skies,  
My beloved arise,  
And rejoice in the day thou wast born."

As an offering of the first fruits of my feeble intellect, through you, to Him who gave and has preserved my life, I would here record and call your attention to a few thoughts which have

dwelt much on my mind for a few years past. The present is an age of reform, and it is found that former usages and customs of society are out-grown in many things, and in this enlightened age must be changed, or wholly thrown away, to make room for better ones. For one, I have plainly seen, and often with heartfelt sorrow, that there was something wrong in the customs of society in regard to the above subject. Yet I could not fully ascertain wherein it consisted, or what was duty concerning it. But I could not join in neighborhood visits or parties, to spend afternoons in chatting and drinking tea, without great compunction and a consciousness that the time had been, at least on my part, misspent. At last I abandoned the custom altogether.

Often had I, at some urgent request, gone with the secret resolution that I would associate with those that knew not God as the physician does with the sick, not to catch the disease of sin, but to cure it by introducing religious conversation. But in many cases, where there were not some deeply pious persons present, to lead or assist, there would either be a profound silence at the mention of religious subjects, or some one would dispute the ideas advanced, and bring on useless discussion; or they would show signs of dissatisfaction at the intrusion. In short, I became convinced that such visits did me more harm than I could do good.

Now, my dear sisters, I verily believe that if we calculate, like Caleb and Joshua, to wholly follow the Lord, if we would aim at eminence in holiness, we must refuse to participate in idle and fashionable visits, in which no good end, either for God or man, can be accomplished. Do not understand me to think, that in order to be holy it is necessary to be hermits, or to exclude ourselves from human society. No indeed. We may often spend an hour with each of our near neighbors, and converse all that is necessary or profitable, on business or religion. In so doing, we should shun the temptation to deceitfulness and pride of life, so prevalent in fashionable society, by avoiding the insincere expressions of gladness at the coming, urgency to stay, and to come again, &c., which one who would keep pace with her aristocratic neighbors feels indispensable. Alas, how often have Christian women been caught in this snare! But how can we but tremble

when we consider that God abhors all dissimulation! It is in its nature to lie. Do you say, how can we be so singular, or odd, as the world calls it — how can we break off our associations, and let our neighbors know that we do not desire their visits? I answer, if we are not willing to be singular, we can never be holy; for a holy man or woman is a singularity, and always was, since the fall of man; and the Scripture says they shall suffer persecution. But when it is understood that we are conscience-bound in this matter, they will soon cease to think hard of us, and learn to visit us after our fashion. And if our behavior is otherwise consistent, it will add not a little to our Christian influence.

I claim not precedence in the above ideas, though they have not generally been thought of. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him;" and there are always some in advance of their times. The good Mr. Baxter, in his rules for holy living, said, "If this woman would make fewer visits, and that one not always be talking, they might advance in holiness." Mr. Wesley, in his advice to those professing holiness among his people, said, "But above all things, shun that bane of all religion, the company of those good sort of people, (as they are called,) i. e., persons who have a liking to, but no sense of religion. I never come from the company of these saints of the world, (as John Waldesso calls them,) faint, dissipated and shorn of my strength, but I say, God deliver me from a half Christian!" "If we had a holy ambition," as said Baxter again, "not to walk in those ways that God might possibly forgive, but those which he would infallibly reward," those of us who are able might make feasts for the poor, the lame, halt and blind, donation visits, or benevolent sewing-circles. They might be so conducted as to be pleasing to God and profitable to all, giving us to taste the unspeakable pleasure of doing good.

I am aware that the above remarks may be more applicable to country places than to cities; and to American women, or what are termed Yankees, than to our beloved Dutch sisters, who, from my slight acquaintance, I judge are more free from the pride of life and the lust of the eye, which is not from the Father, but is of the world. And the divine approbation is manifest in their greater fervor and warm-heartedness in devotion. But lest I

make them proud I forbear, and leave them to prove their superior piety to the world. Perhaps there are some things among them likewise that need reform. Search it out dear sisters, and rest not till all is right. "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you, and ye shall be my daughters, saith the Almighty." Seek to please God, and seek not the friendship of the world. For St. James declares, "Whosoever will be the friend of the world is the enemy of God." By being the friend of the world is doubtless here meant a sinful likeness or conformity to the fashions and customs of the world. That we may all speedily escape from this, is the ardent prayer of

Yours in a precious Christ,  
ELLEN STEWART.

*Copley, Ohio, July, 1857.*

#### AN ADDRESS TO WEALTHY CHRISTIANS.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—Have you duly considered the great responsibility of your station, and sought to know what God requires of you, in this enlightened day of ours? Will you listen to a few hints and weighty considerations on the subject? Do not say, because you cannot count your thousands or millions, that you are not the characters addressed. According to Mr. Wesley's definition, many among us are rich; i. e., every one that has the means of supplying his own family's wants, and something over, is a rich man. One thing is certain, that God, whose the earth is, and its fullness, will call us to a strict account, how we have improved what He made us stewards of, be it more or less. Another thing is equally certain, that He intended that upon you should rest, according to your pecuniary ability, the solemn responsibility of not only preventing suffering among the poor, helpless and friendless, but that you, in a pecuniary sense, should be pillars to uphold and support the mighty temple, built of "living stones," the church. "The Zion of God" should furnish wings (or means) for the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to fly to the utmost bounds of earth; or, in the language of Isaiah, "to sow beside all waters," and "send thither the feet of the ox and the ass," or the beautiful feet of the "messengers of

peace," that bring glad tidings of good things. A blessing is pronounced on them that aid in doing this, so that the widow, giving two mites, with pure motives, does more towards accomplishing this stupendous work, than all the offerings of the ungodly rich, who seek their own praise and glory.

But O, the weight of that curse that must rest on the shoulders of those that have lavished their spare pennies, dollars, hundreds or thousands, on their own persons, in gold, pearls, costly array, barns, furniture, luxury, and profusion in eating and drinking, unnecessary cost on public edifices, to popularize their cities and villages, while a voice, loud and long, comes from destitute millions, in distant lands, saying, send us the Gospel; and the poor and needy shiver with cold, and pine and perish with hunger beneath their shadow. God have mercy, and save us, as individuals, from sharing in this iniquity, and the certain and fearful curse which must follow it.

Do not say this language is too severe; it is no more so than are the Scriptures. Hark, what does the Saviour say? How hardly shall they that have riches enter into heaven; sooner could a camel go through the eye of a needle. With the graceless it is impossible. But God can deliver us from the inordinate love of wealth, which leads the rich into covetousness and vile idolatry, and the poor to pine in discontent and murmur. God can deliver us — with Him all things are possible. Fly to Him, ye rich. Ask Him to unclench the convulsed nerves of your hands, that they may be wide open to the poor, to the cause of missions, and every institution of benevolence. Put your wise heads together, and form a social system, whereby something worthy of the boasted light of the nineteenth century may be done.

Answer me, is it not chiefly on account of covetousness and pride that God has a controversy with the churches? Go into the superb temples of worship, in populous cities, where costly silks rattle and gold and satin shine. Is that the place where the lowly Jesus displays His love and power, to warm and comfort the hearts of saints, and melt the flinty hearts of sinners? No, in general it is all you can do to gaze on outward splendor, and when tired of this, to keep awake under the preaching. The Lord's poor can find no nourishment, if they find a seat; and to

the rich, one of the Tribune's pads would be a convenience.— Would it be so if the Church would abridge her expenses to her necessities, and husband the surplus to support the living instruments and institutions to forward the cause of Christ and the weal of human kind? Ah, no!—then should we see fulfilled the glowing promise to the Church in the 35th chapter of Isaiah: "Then shall the wilderness and solitary places be glad for them: the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose; it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing. The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it; the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. That promise we shall see accomplished, and if we will, may aid in fulfilling it. That we may, is the prayer of yours in a precious Christ.

ELLEN STEWART.

#### A CHAPTER ON SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

Perhaps none more need caution, warning and watchfulness against what is denominated spiritual pride, than such as are most devoted to God and His work, and have been signally blessed and made useful. As Christians we have a mighty, a skillful and cunning adversary to contend with, and well might St. Peter say, "Be watchful, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." At first he will try to scare us from duty. If this fails, he will summon to his aid Mr. Shame, so aptly mentioned in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; and if this will not do, and we decidedly and determinedly follow after Jesus, in the way of the cross, and are likely to overcome and gain a final victory, he will shift his mode of attack, and with all the appearance of an angel of light, begin to commend us to ourselves, praise our good deeds and performances, and congratulate us on the great victories gained over himself. If by his inward suggestions he cannot succeed, he will call in the aid of well meaning but injudicious persons, to flatter and caress. And if we become in any measure puffed up and vain, in the same proportion the pure and holy Spirit flies from us, and leaves us to work alone, because we have lost the sense of our dependence on Him, and on Him who said, "without me

ye can do nothing." And sorry work do we make it, to work without Him in His vineyard. Though with a complete set of outward machinery, or such mechanical qualifications as we may please, we cannot profit.

On a visit to the State of New York, I made the acquaintance of a gifted Methodist sister in Rochester, said to be a subject of the celebrated work of Sanctification. Being in much labor of mind and athirst for the blessing, I hoped to gain some instruction from her. But though her appearance was sanctimonious, I was forced to turn from her with pity and disgust. To all but herself it was evident that instead of standing by faith in Christ, in all humility of soul, she was puffed up with a sense of her own holiness and self-reliance. She appeared sincere, and I hope has long since escaped from the snare.

In the same State a young minister came on our circuit, it being his second year of traveling. In both years his labors had been signally blessed of God, especially among the youth. After this he was stationed at a distance, until about two or three years after, when he came and preached for us again. But Oh, how changed! His manner, his countenance, his gestures, all betrayed the state of his mind, and the discerning saw him on the pinnacle of pride and self-esteem. We were told he afterwards saw where he stood, and broke down before God, weeping and mourning over his pride, and again found his place at the feet of Jesus.

A Quaker and a Methodist once agreed to tell each other the faults of their denominations. After the Methodist told the faults of the Quakers, the other proceeded, saying, "One fault of the Methodists is, they praise their preachers too much. When we are comforted and edified under preaching, we only say, 'The Lord has favored our brother to-day.'"

ELLEN STEWART.

#### A DREAM.

DEAR EDITOR:— One night my thoughts dwelt long and anxiously on the perilous condition of a world lying in wickedness, every moment liable, by disease or accident, to be hurried out of time, without preparation to meet their God, or enter heaven.— And considering how many laborers there are in the vineyard of

God, and how much is done and suffered to save sinners from a burning hell, and yet how few can be persuaded to make their escape, while they have time and opportunity so to do, with sorrow and eagerness I inquired, why are they so deaf to warnings and entreaties to turn to God, when the most of them acknowledge the truth of what is preached to them, and would turn away with disgust, and say those men are liars, if they preached the opposite doctrine, i. e., that there was no danger? Then again I asked, if the matter is truth which is preached, is there not some fault in the manner by which such labor is lost?

While musing thus, I fell asleep, and had the following dream: I thought I stood in the suburbs of a large city, and saw in the most populous part of it an elegant building which was on fire. It appeared as if the devouring element had just commenced its ravages, in a back part, near the ground. But the flame bursting occasionally, with a volume of black smoke, presaged its certain destruction, unless by some means extinguished. Yet its progress was slow, owing to an unusual stillness of the atmosphere and surrounding elements. Many anxious spectators collected, some of whom had friends and relatives in the burning edifice. These were for rushing forward to the rescue, with the first means that offered. Others said, "No, there are firemen in the city. It is their business and prerogative to extinguish the fire." So they called for them, and they came with their engines and apparatus in hand. Men and women stood trembling, watching their speed; but alas! though fountains of water were near, and all the means ready, the firemen were not agreed as to the manner of preparation for action. Some were for going immediately to the fountain, filling their engines, and plying them against the fire without delay. But the leaders said, "Nay, they must first be awakened who are sleeping in that house." On rushed eagerly a part of their number to awaken the sleepers, but again their leaders called them back saying, "You are not prepared to deliver a message to those people. There are the president and statesman, doctors and lawyers,—there are the learned and the great, and the wise sleeping there. And though you succeed in awakening them, and tell them of their danger, you cannot make them believe it, or persuade them to make good their escape, un-

less you are able to speak grammatically, eloquently, with elegance of diction, and profound rhetoric. They will only be disgusted with your uncouth language, and laugh at your illiterate harangue.

So I saw that the greater number came back, to make preparation; and pen in hand, they sat glancing at ancient and modern history, and hastily drawing from treasured stores of memory, the sayings of learned authors and ancient fathers. Then with books and notes in hand, they hastened to the burning house. Its aspect by this time was threatening, though the progress of the flames was still slow, for the four winds seemed holden, as if by the commissioned angel, from blowing on that house. They called out timidly to the sleepers, "Up! get you out of this place. Escape for your lives, for the Lord will destroy this city!" But the awful fact of their present case and astounding danger were delivered in such eloquent style and pleasing manner, that they mistrusted not that death and destruction were so near, and only admired the eloquence of the speakers. When they had gone to another apartment, I heard one saying, "A. is certainly an able man." Another said, "B. is the best speaker I ever heard." Another, "C. is smarter than either of them." In fact the minds of both speakers and hearers were so absorbed in the beautiful theory or letter of the message, that they thought not of immediate danger.

In the meanwhile the winds of heaven were let loose, and the whole edifice, with surrounding ones, was enveloped in flames.—Few of the inmates escaped with life, and some of the firemen also perished in the flames. I saw them melted in the curling flames of crackling fire. I heard their heart-rending lamentations, and thus soliloquized to myself in the agony of my soul: O, how foolish, how infatuated were these men! Why could they not have seen that truth, undressed in the trappings of excellency of speech and of man's wisdom, has greater power and charms? To dress her is to obscure her beauty. When in her lovely nudity, she is most lovely in the eyes of the good, and most convincing, most terrific in those of bad men.

ELLEN STEWART.

*Copley, Ohio, Feb., 1858.*



## STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the *Church Advocate* of March 18th, in an article from the pen of Miss E. H. Sears, which, though doubtless aiming at the inculcation of pure and right principles, contains remarks too indiscriminating in their nature. This is an error too common with us all. We come in contact with some newly risen association, in which we see inconsistencies and errors, which shock our sensibilities. Our education and surroundings naturally tend to prejudice our minds against all who are associated with them, or denominated under the same name or term; and without being fully informed whether there be any wheat with the chaff, with our broad, indiscriminate broom we sweep them all by the board.

I fear, by the way, that I fell into this error, in writing of the Spiritualists, in my former letter, and by way of atonement would say just here, that I am acquainted with individuals among them who are truly amiable in their daily life and spirit, and appear every way unexceptionable; only, not being sufficiently armed with biblical knowledge and correct theology, to withstand the supremely sophistical and plausible arguments of modern unbelievers, they have been swept by the (to them) irresistible tide. I doubt not there are hundreds of this same class. God remembers them in mercy, and will provide for their reclamation to the truth. Let us pray for them.

But to the article. I think, though it were admissible in general, of the French women, that they were governed only by such motives in youth and riper years, as the love of notoriety, and led thereby to alternate infidelity, and to be zealous devotees of religion, it is still very likely that there is, and ever has been, a pious and respectable minority, who, governed by purest motives and principles, are the seed and nucleus from which will spring the final triumph of truth in that nation.

In like manner, I doubt not what is said by Miss S., of green youths and apprentices, who form debating clubs; and girls, of whom you find plenty in the factories in New England and Ohio, is true to a great and lamentable extent. But the epithet, "strong minded," is not applicable to them, nor is likely to be, so long as their progress is in the direction of self-conceit and

pride. Into this they are led by those who destroy their reverence for the Sacred Book, and inspire them with a zeal not according to knowledge, and arrogant pretension and the foolish preferences and unsparing denunciations described by her.

In short, there is a class, not only in the factories of New England and Ohio, but all through the land, of whom all she says is true. But she seems to place all the votaries of women's rights, or those who are dignified with the (with many reproachful terms,) "strong minded," or who adopt what, from its first inventor, is called the Bloomer dress, in the same category, and congeals them into one great abhorrent lump. Whereas, the main supporters of the women's rights cause are believers in the Bible, and inculcate its doctrines, and exemplify them in daily life and conversation; and their arguments in their organs are based upon the Scriptures, and the Declaration of American Independence. Witness a few numbers of the *Lily*, which I will send herewith, which I hope will be read with that candor and liberality which becomes Christians of the nineteenth century; and I think when they are thus read, you will agree with me, that to the writers of that organ, though not exclusively, belongs the title of "strong minded." Those who deny the Bible and its doctrines, unjustly arrogate to themselves the title; and to shield themselves from the arrows of truth, raise their banners, emblazoned with the inscription of Abolition, Temperance, Women's Rights, Benevolence, Brotherly Love, &c. As to their adopting the Bloomer dress, it does not derogate from the self-evident and sorrowful truth, that in this direction a reform is needed, and that Mrs. Bloomer, or any other woman or man, who studies to find, and presents when they think they have discovered an improvement, or an inducement to their sex to take off the screws, wherewith hundreds, if not thousands, have crushed their vitals to the death, and to so far rebel against the imperious tyrant, Fashion, as to ensure freedom to their limbs and promote health, are the benefactors of mankind; and though they are not appreciated, but reproached by the world, for their pains, God will reward them.

True, as Miss Sears says, the class she describes in her last article are the weak, not the strong minded, and are false pretend-

ers to progress in true wisdom; and if they pursue the same course to the end, will find not only their pretensions, but their hopes, a sham. But that every woman, who has found and occupied any other sphere than housewifery, boiling sour-kROUT or mending stockings, is governed by the motives she has described, or is out of her appropriate sphere, is not true. That in all things in which her mind (youthful and plastic, as I suppose,) is not rightly informed, she may be enlightened, and be a shining light in the world, is the prayer of hers,

Respectfully,

ELLEN STEWART.

*Copley, Ohio, April, 1858.*

THE APPLE TREE.— SOLOMON'S SONG, 2: 3.

BY CHARLOTTE CARPENTER.

Where is my precious Apple Tree—  
The glory of the wood?  
O that I now could find it!  
I know its fruit is good.  
I've often sat beneath its shade,  
Its fruit was sweet to me;  
But now I cannot find it—  
Where is my Apple Tree?

Where is my charming Apple Tree?  
It is an ever-green;  
In summer and in winter  
It always may be seen.  
Its leaves will heal the nations  
Of all impurity;  
It grows at living waters—  
Where is my Apple Tree?

Where is my glorious Apple Tree?  
It's always yielding fruit;  
Its flavor is delightful,  
Our appetites to suit.  
If we were ever feasting,  
Its fruit would never cloy;  
It gives us life and pleasure—  
Sin only can destroy.

Where is my lovely Apple Tree?  
It never will decay;  
The moment you behold it,  
All sorrow flies away.  
If you should feast upon it  
To all eternity,  
You would not wish to leave it—  
Where is my Apple Tree?

Where is my beauteous Apple Tree?  
If you its name would know,  
'Tis Jesus: He, the antetype,  
Will endless life bestow.  
If you will feed upon it,  
Immortal you shall be,  
And reign with Him forever,  
My glorious Apple Tree.