

The Story of a Live Soul.

C. C. FINNEY did not believe in Religion because he could see no really religious people.

At last he went straight to God for himself, and found all he needed there.

Having got really saved, he at once left off making money, and set to work to get others saved.

He talked to people about their souls as simply and earnestly as if he had been pleading for anybody in a court of justice.

The consequence was that sinners of all classes fell under conviction, cried for mercy, and got saved in the most outrageous and unheard-of manner.

In spite of creed, church, organisation, and every other disadvantage, he went on to perfection, and set hosts of others to get sanctified.

He kept at it, more or less, for over fifty years, and died in excellent condition of body, mind, and soul.

The Story of many a Thousand more.

The case of the three-fourths majority who never enter the places of worship.

As every honest enquirer in the world may do, if he likes to try.

As any thoroughly aroused and saved persons always will to the end of time.

As any man, woman, or child, who really knows God, can do, by His Spirit's teaching and power, with saving effect.

Just as thousands every week fall into the fountain at The Salvation Army services, and fill the air with their "Hallelujahs."

In spite of every possible form of opposition, the truly earnest soul presses on to know and enjoy all the full freedom from sin, doubt, and fear offers.

Full-souled sermons strengthen rather than weaken a man or woman in

PRESBYTERIAN

SALVATIONIST:

OR

THE LIFE OF C. C. FINNEY.



London:
WILLIAMS & WILKINSON, Limited,
100, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

X FIN

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

"THE WAR CRY,"

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY; or by post to any address for six months for 26 penny stamps.

Contains all the latest news of The Army, together with original Articles, Addresses, and Songs, by the General, Mrs. Booth, and other members of the family, and by the Officers and men.

There is no more effectual way to spread the great salvation than by increasing the circulation of *The War Cry*, which is calculated not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to the most self-sacrificing and energetic attacks upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the most confident efforts to establish the kingdom of Christ.

"THE LITTLE SOLDIER,"

THE CHILDREN'S "WAR CRY."

ONE HALFPENNY WEEKLY; or by post to any address for six months for 26 penny stamps.

Mostly written by saved children, and all about the salvation of children, with news of the work amongst them all over the world.

SALVATION SONGS,

Compiled by WILLIAM BOOTH,

Containing upwards of 600 of the most Scriptural, clearly-expressed, hearty, enthusiastic, and useful Religious Songs, ancient and modern, which have ever appeared in the language. Admirably adapted for use at open-air, theatre, and other soul-saving Services, and for the rejoicing of persons in their first love.

32mo. from 6d. upwards. 18mo. from 1s. 4d. Each size obtainable in superior bindings.

SALVATION ARMY MUSIC,

For Soul-Saving Services, Open-Air Meetings, and the Home Circle, containing over 600 of the Hymns and Tunes used in The Salvation Army.

Limp cloth, 2s. 6d.; cloth boards, 3s. 6d.; and superior leather bindings, 4s. 6d. and 6s.

SALVATION SOLDIER'S SONG BOOK, 1d.

HOLINESS HYMNS; specially adapted for All Night and Holiness Meetings. Paper covers, 1d.

CAPTAIN TED, being the story of the holy Life and victorious career of Captain EDWARD IRONS, of The Salvation Army, drowned at Portsmouth, 1879. Paper, 6d; cloth, 1s.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE SALVATION ARMY. Part 1., price 2d.

HOLY LIVING: OR WHAT THE SALVATION ARMY TEACHES ABOUT SANCTIFICATION. 1s

W. CORRIE'S UP-LINE TO HEAVEN AND DOWN-LINE TO HELL. 1s.

W. CORRIE'S SALVATION MINE: UP TO GLORY, DOWN TO DEATH. 1s.

GEORGE FOX AND HIS SALVATION ARMY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. 1s.

SALVATION IN THE CONVENT: LIFE OF MARIE GUYON. 1s.

LIFE OF C. G. FINNEY, THE PRESBYTERIAN SALVATIONIST. 1s.

JOHN WESLEY THE METHODIST. 1s.

ALL ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY. 1s.

All Army Publications may be obtained from Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria-st., London, E.C., the Captains of The Army, by order of any Bookseller, and at all Railway Book Stalls.

THE INNER AND OUTER LIFE

OF

C. G. FINNEY,

THE

GREAT PRESBYTERIAN LAWYER

AND

SOUL-SAVER,

WHO DID NOT BELIEVE, AS SOME FOOLISHLY TEACH,
THAT SOME ARE

DOOMED TO GO TO HELL,

WHETHER THEY WILL OR NO,

OR

FORCED TO REMAIN IN SIN

WHILST THEY ARE IN THE FLESH,
AND WHO, CONSEQUENTLY, GOT WHOLE POPULATIONS TO

REPENT AND BE SAVED.

MOSTLY WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.



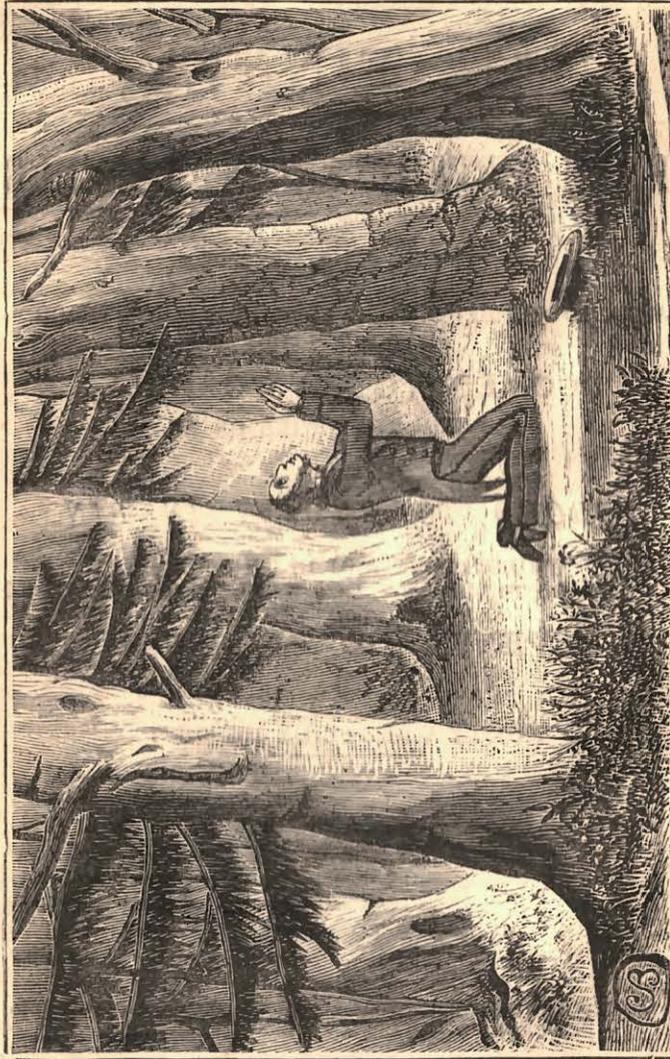
LONDON:

SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS, 101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1882.

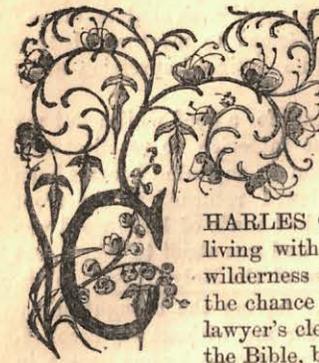
Par/R 22.

GETTING "OUT OF THE WOOD."



SAVED IN THE LORD'S OWN TIME AND PLACE.

"I will be found of you when ye shall seek Me with your whole heart."



C. G. FINNEY.

CHAPTER I.

A GLORIOUS CONVERSION.

HARLES G. FINNEY was the child of parents living without any religion, in what was then a wilderness of New York State. He had rarely the chance of hearing a sermon till he became a lawyer's clerk at Adams. Here he began to read the Bible, because he found it quoted in old law books, and attended a church. But he was completely discouraged for some time by observing that they kept praying for things they did not get. At last, however, he became so wretched that he was determined, whatever they might do, he would get saved.

So he went into a wood near the town and knelt down, but could say nothing. He was, in fact, afraid lest anybody should come and hear him pray. A slight rustling in the leaves thoroughly awoke him to this fact, and, when he saw it, he was broken down in penitence before God. Then the Holy Spirit led him into a simple trust and a perfect peace that he could not understand.

"Just at dark Squire W—, seeing that everything was adjusted, bade me good-night, and went to his home. I had accompanied him to the door; and, as I closed the door and turned around, my heart seemed to be liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out; and the utterance of my heart was, "I want to pour my whole soul out to God." The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the room back of the front office, to pray.

"There was no fire, and no light, in the room; nevertheless, it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw Him as I would see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at His feet. I have always since regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality, that He

stood before me, and I fell down at His feet and poured out my soul to Him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with my choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed His feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched Him, that I recollect.

"I must have continued in this state for a good while; but my mind was too much absorbed with the interview to recollect anything that I said. But I know, as soon as my mind became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office, and found that the fire that I had made of large wood was nearly burned out. But as I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me, like immense wings.

"No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know, but I should say I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more;' yet I had no fear of death.

"How long I continued in this state, with this baptism continuing to roll over me and go through me, I do not know. But I know it was late in the evening when a member of my choir—for I was the leader of the choir—came into the office to see me. He was a member of the church. He found me in this state of loud weeping, and said to me, 'Mr. Finney, what ails you?' I could make him no answer for some time. He then said, 'Are you in pain?' I gathered myself up as best I could, and replied, 'No, but so happy that I cannot live.'

He turned and left the office, and in a few minutes returned with one of the elders of the church, whose shop was nearly across the way from our office. This elder was a very serious man; and in my

presence had been very watchful, and I had scarcely ever seen him laugh. When he came in, I was very much in the state in which I was when the young man went out to call him. He asked me how I felt, and I began to tell him. Instead of saying anything, he fell into a most spasmodic laughter. It seemed as if it was impossible for him to keep from laughing from the very bottom of his heart.

There was a young man in the neighbourhood who was preparing for college, with whom I had been very intimate. Our minister, as I afterward learned, had repeatedly talked with him on the subject of religion, and warned him against being misled by me. He informed him that I was a very careless young man about religion; and he thought that if he associated much with me his mind would be diverted, and he would not be converted.

"After I was converted, and this young man was converted, he told me that he had said to Mr. Gale several times, when he had admonished him about associating so much with me, that my conversations had often affected him more, religiously, than his preaching. I had, indeed, let out my feelings a good deal to this young man.

"But just at the time when I was giving an account of my feelings to this elder of the church, and to the other member who was with him, this young man came into the office. I was sitting with my back toward the door, and barely observed that he came in. He listened with astonishment to what I was saying, and the first I knew he partly fell upon the floor, and cried out in the greatest agony of mind, 'Do pray for me!' The elder of the church and the other member knelt down and began to pray for him; and when they had prayed, I prayed for him myself. Soon after this they all retired, and left me alone.

"The question then arose in my mind, 'Why did Elder B—laugh so? Did he not think that I was under a delusion, or crazy?' This suggestion brought a kind of darkness over my mind; and I began to query with myself whether it was proper for me—such a sinner as I had been—to pray for that young man. A cloud seemed to shut in over me; I had no hold upon anything in which I could rest; and after a little while I retired to bed, not distressed in mind but still at a loss to know what to make of my present state. Notwithstanding the baptism I had received, this temptation so obscured my view that I went to bed without feeling sure that my peace was made with God.

"I soon fell asleep, but almost as soon awoke again on account of

the great flow of the love of God that was in my heart. I was so filled with love that I could not sleep. Soon I fell asleep again, and awoke in the same manner. When I awoke, this temptation would return upon me, and the love that seemed to be in my heart would abate: but as soon as I was asleep, it was so warm within me that I would immediately awake. Thus I continued, till, late at night, I obtained some sound repose.

“When I awoke in the morning the sun had risen, and was pouring a clear light into my room. Words cannot express the impression that this sunlight made upon me. Instantly the baptism that I had received the night before returned upon me in the same manner. I arose upon my knees in the bed, and wept aloud with joy, and remained for some time too much overwhelmed with the baptism of the Spirit to do anything but pour out my soul to God. It seemed as if this morning’s baptism was accompanied with a gentle reproof, and the Spirit seemed to say to me, ‘Will you doubt?’ ‘Will you doubt?’ I cried, ‘No! I will not doubt; I cannot doubt.’ He then cleared the subject up so much to my mind that it was in fact impossible for me to doubt that the Spirit of God had taken possession of my soul.”

CHAPTER II.

A SALVATION LAWYER.

The morning after his conversion, he says, “I went down into the office, and there I was having the renewal of these mighty waves of love and salvation flowing over me, when Squire W—— came into the office. I said a few words to him on the subject of his salvation. He looked at me with astonishment, but made no reply whatever, that I recollect. He dropped his head, and, after standing a few minutes, left the office. I thought no more of it then, but afterward found that the remark I made pierced him like a sword; and he did not recover from it till he was converted.

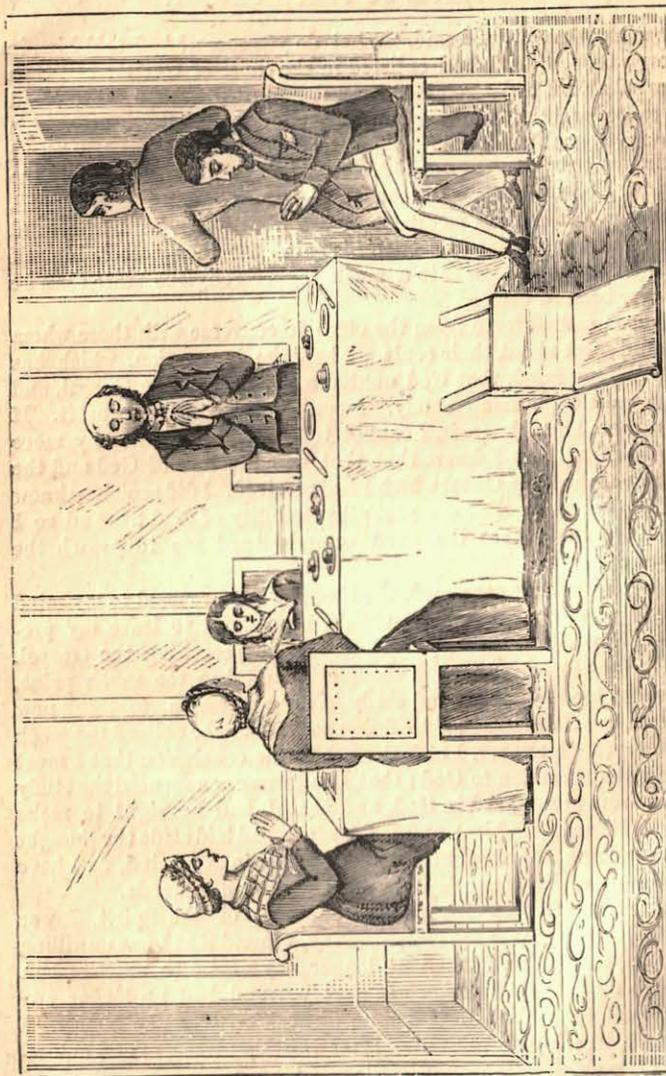
“Soon after Mr. W—— had left the office, Deacon B—— came into the office and said to me, ‘Mr. Finney, do you recollect that my cause is to be tried at ten o’clock this morning? I suppose you are ready?’ I had been retained to attend this suit as his attorney. I replied to him, ‘Deacon B——, I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause, and I cannot plead yours.’ He looked at me

with astonishment, and said, ‘What do you mean?’ I told him, in a few words, that I had enlisted in the cause of Christ; and then repeated that I had a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause, and that he must go and get somebody else to attend his lawsuit; I could not do it. He dropped his head, and, without making any reply, went out. A few moments later, in passing the window, I observed that Deacon B—— was standing in the road, seemingly lost in deep meditation. He went away, as I afterward learned, and immediately settled his suit. He then betook himself to prayer, and soon got into a much higher religious state than he had ever been in before.

“I soon sallied forth from the office to converse with those whom I should meet about their souls. I had the impression, which has never left my mind, that God wanted me to preach the Gospel, and that I must begin immediately. I somehow seemed to know it. If you ask me how I knew it, I cannot tell how I knew it, any more than I can tell how I knew that that was the love of God and the baptism of the Holy Ghost which I had received. I did somehow know it with a certainty that was past all possibility of doubt. And so I seemed to know that the Lord commissioned me to preach the Gospel.

When I was first convicted, the thought had occurred to my mind that if I was ever converted I should be obliged to leave my profession, of which I was very fond, and go to preaching the Gospel. This at first stumbled me. I thought I had taken too much pains, and spent too much time and study in my profession, to think now of becoming a Christian, if by doing so I should be obliged to preach the Gospel. However, I at last came to the conclusion that I must submit that question to God; that I had never commenced the study of law from any regard to God, and that I had no right to make any conditions with him; and I, therefore, had laid aside the thought of becoming a minister until it was sprung in my mind, as I have related, on my way from my place of prayer in the woods.

“But now, after receiving these baptisms of the Spirit, I was quite willing to preach the Gospel. Nay, I found that I was unwilling to do anything else. I had no longer any desire to practise law. Everything in that direction was shut up, and had no longer any attractions for me at all. I had no disposition to make money. I had no hungering and thirsting after worldly pleasures and amusements in any direction. My whole mind was taken up with Jesus and His salvation; and the world seemed to me of very little conse-



A UNIVERSALIST, WHO HAD THOUGHT EVERYBODY WOULD BE SAVED, FLYING TO CHRIST FOR REFUGE.

quence. Nothing, it seemed to me, could be put in competition with the worth of souls; and no labour, I thought, could be so sweet, and no employment so exalted, as that of holding up Christ to a dying world.

“With this impression, as I said, I sallied forth to converse with any with whom I might meet. I first dropped in at the shop of a shoemaker, who was a pious man, I found him in conversation with a son of one of the elders of the church; and this young man was defending Universalism.* Mr. W——, the shoemaker, turned to me and said, ‘Mr. Finney, what do you think of the argument of this young man?’ and he then stated what he had been saying in defence of Universalism. The answer appeared to me so ready, that, in a moment, I was enabled to blow his argument to the wind. The young man saw at once that his argument was gone; and he rose up without making any reply, and went suddenly out. But soon I observed, as I stood in the middle of the room, that the young man, instead of going along the street, had passed around the shop, had climbed over the fence, and was steering straight across the fields toward the woods. I thought no more of it until the evening, when the young man came out, and appeared to be a bright convert, giving a relation of his experience. He went into the woods, and there, as he said, gave his heart to God.

“I spoke with many persons that day, and I believe the Spirit of God made lasting impressions upon every one of them. I cannot remember one whom I spoke with who was not soon after converted. Just at evening I called at the house of a friend, where a young man lived who was employed in distilling whiskey. The family had heard that I had become a Christian; and, as they were about to sit down to tea, they urged me to sit down and take tea with them. The man of the house and his wife were both professors of religion. But a sister of the lady, who was present, was an unconverted girl; and this young man of whom I have spoken—a distant relative of the family—was a professed Universalist. He was rather an outspoken and talkative Universalist, and a young man of a good deal of energy of character.

I sat down with them to tea, and they requested me to ask a blessing. It was what I had never done; but I did not hesitate a moment, but commenced to ask the blessing of God as we sat around the table. I had scarcely more than begun before the state of these young people rose before my mind, and excited so much compassion

* The doctrine that everybody will somehow get to heaven at last.

that I burst into weeping, and was unable to proceed. Every one around the table sat speechless for a short time, while I continued to weep. Directly, the young man moved back from the table and rushed out of the room. He fled to his room and locked himself in, and was not seen again till the next morning, when he came out expressing a blessed hope in Christ. He has been for many years an able minister of the Gospel.

"In the course of the day, a good deal of excitement was created in the village by its being reported what the Lord had done for my soul. Some thought one thing, and some another. At evening, without any appointment having been made that I could learn, I observed that the people were going to the place where they usually held their conference and prayer meetings. My conversion had created a good deal of astonishment in the village.

"With one consent the people seemed to rush to the place of worship. I went there myself. The minister was there, and nearly all the principal people in the village. No one seemed ready to open the meeting; but the house was packed to its utmost capacity. I did not wait for anybody, but arose and began by saying that I knew that religion was from God. I went on and told such parts of my experience as it seemed important for me to tell. This Mr. C—, who had promised his wife that if I was converted he would believe in religion, was present. Mr. M—, the old lawyer, was also present. What the Lord enabled me to say seemed to take a wonderful hold upon the people. Mr. C— got up, pressed through the crowd, and went home, leaving his hat. Mr. M— also left and went home, saying I was crazy. 'He is in earnest,' said he, 'there is no mistake; but he is deranged, that is clear.'

"As soon as I had done speaking, Mr. Gale, the minister, arose and made a confession. He said he believed he had been in the way of the church; and then confessed that he had discouraged the church when they had proposed to pray for me. He said also that when he heard that day that I was converted, he had promptly said that he did not believe it. He said he had no faith. He spoke in a very humble manner.

"I had never made a prayer in public. But soon after Mr. Gale was through speaking, he called on me to pray. I did so, and think I had a good deal of enlargement and liberty in prayer. We had a wonderful meeting that evening; and, from that day, we had a meeting every evening for a long time. The work spread on every side.

"As I had been a leader among the young people, I immediately

appointed a meeting for them, which they all attended—that is, all of the class with which I was acquainted. I gave up my time to labor for their conversion; and the Lord blessed every effort that was made in a very wonderful manner. They were converted one after another with great rapidity, and the work continued among them until but one of their number was left unconverted.

"The work spread among all classes; and extended itself, not only through the village, but out of the village in every direction. My heart was so full that, for more than a week, I did not feel at all inclined to sleep or eat. I seemed literally to have meat to eat that the world knew nothing of. I did not feel the need of food, or of sleep. My mind was full of the love of God to overflowing. I went on in this way for a good many days, until I found that I must rest and sleep, or I should become insane. From that point I was more cautious in my labours; and ate regularly, and slept as much as I could.

"The word of God had wonderful power; and I was every day surprised to find that a few words, spoken to an individual, would stick in his heart like an arrow.

"After a short time I went down to Henderson, where my father lived, and visited him. He was an unconverted man; and only one of the family, my youngest brother, had ever made a profession of religion. My father met me at the gate and said, 'How do you do, Charles?' I replied, 'I am well, father, body and soul. But, father, you are an old man; all your children are grown up and have left your house; and I never heard a prayer in my father's house.' Father dropped his head, and burst into tears, and replied, 'I know it, Charles; come in and pray yourself.'

"We went in and engaged in prayer. My father and mother were greatly moved; and in a very short time thereafter they were both hopefully converted. I do not know but my mother had had a secret hope before; but if so, none of the family, I believe, ever knew it.

"I remained in that neighbourhood, I think, for two or three days, and conversed more or less with such people as I could meet with. I believe it was the next Monday night, they had a monthly concert of prayer in that town. There were there a Baptist church that had a minister, and a small Congregational church without a minister. The town was very much of a moral waste, however; and at this time religion was at a very low ebb.

"My youngest brother attended this monthly concert of which I have spoken, and afterward gave me an account of it. The Baptists

and Congregationalists were in the habit of holding a union monthly concert. But few attended, and therefore it was held at a private house. On this occasion they met, as usual, in the parlour of a private house. A few of the members of the Baptist church, and a few Congregationalists, were present.

"The deacon of the Congregational church was a spare, feeble old man, by the name of M—. He was quiet in his ways, and had a good reputation for piety; but seldom said much upon the subject. He was a good specimen of a New England deacon. He was present, and they called upon him to lead the meeting. He read a passage of Scripture according to their custom. They then sung a hymn, and Deacon M— stood up behind his chair, and led in prayer. The other persons present, all of them professors of religion, and younger people, knelt down around the room.

"My brother said that Deacon M— began as usual in his prayer, in a low, feeble voice; but soon began to wax warm and to raise his voice, which became tremulous with emotion. He proceeded to pray with more and more earnestness, till soon he began to rise upon his toes and drop upon his heels again, so that they could feel the jar in the room. He continued to raise his voice, and to rise upon his toes and come down upon his heels more emphatically. And as the spirit of prayer led him onward he began to raise his chair together with his heels, and bring that down upon the floor; and soon he raised it a little higher, and brought it down with still more emphasis. He continued to do this, and grew more and more engaged, till he would bring the chair down as if he would break it to pieces.

"In the meantime the brethren and sisters that were on their knees, began to groan, and sigh, and weep, and agonize in prayer. The deacon continued to struggle until he was about exhausted; and when he ceased, my brother said that no one in the room could get off from his knees. They could only weep and confess, and all melt down before the Lord. From this meeting the work of the Lord spread forth in every direction all over the town. And thus it spread at that time from Adams as a centre, throughout nearly all the towns in the county."

PLEASE NOTE.—This was not in a Methodist, but a Congregational church, there being no stranger present to excite anybody. The absence of just such demonstrations and results from prayer-meetings of any kind anywhere can only be accounted for by the absence of real prayer, and, therefore, of the Lord.

CHAPTER III.

GOING TO CATCH MEN.

It was impossible for such a man to continue at any mere worldly employment. He felt the "must" in him, and he was eager to obey—to go forth in any possible way to tell about Christ.

"Having had no regular training for the ministry, I did not expect or desire to labour in large towns or cities, or minister to cultivated congregations. I intended to go into the new settlements and preach in school-houses, and barns, and groves, as best I could. Accordingly, soon after being licensed to preach, for the sake of being introduced to the region where I proposed to labour, I took a commission, for six months, from a female missionary society located in Oneida county. I went into the northern part of Jefferson county, and began my labours at Evans' Mills, in the town of Le Ray.

"At this place I found two churches—a small Congregational church without a minister, and a Baptist church with a minister. I presented my credentials to the deacons of the church. They were very glad to see me, and I soon began my labours. They had no meeting-house; but the two churches worshipped alternately in a large stone school-house, large enough, I believe, to accommodate all the children in the village. The Baptists occupied the house one Sabbath, and the Congregationalists the next; so that I could have the house but every other Sabbath, but could use it evenings as often as I pleased. I therefore divided my Sabbaths between Evans' Mills and Antwerp, a village some sixteen or eighteen miles still farther north.

"I will relate, first, some facts that occurred at Evans' Mills, during that season; and then give a brief narrative of the occurrences at Antwerp. But as I preached alternately in these two places, these facts were occurring from week to week in one or the other of these localities. I began, as I said, to preach in the stone school-house at Evans' Mills. The people were very much interested, and thronged the place to hear me preach. They extolled my preaching; and the little Congregational church became very much interested, and hopeful that they should be built up, and that there

would be a revival. More or less convictions occurred under every sermon that I preached; but still no general conviction appeared upon the public mind.

"I was very much dissatisfied with this state of things; and at one of my evening services, after having preached there two or three Sabbaths, and several evenings in the week, I told the people at the close of my sermon, that I had come there to secure the salvation of their souls; that my preaching, I knew, was highly complimented by them; but that, after all, I did not come there to please them, but to bring them to repentance; that it mattered not to me how well they were pleased with my preaching, if, after all, they rejected my Master; that something was wrong, either in me or in them; that the kind of interest they manifested in my preaching was doing them no good; and that I could not spend my time with them unless they were going to receive the Gospel. I then, quoting the words of Abraham's servant, said to them, 'Now, will you deal kindly and truly with my Master? If you will, tell me; and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.' I turned this question over, and pressed it upon them, and insisted upon it that I must know what course they proposed to pursue. If they did not purpose to become Christians, and enlist in the service of the Saviour, I wanted to know it that I might not labour with them in vain. I said to them, 'You admit that what I preach is the Gospel. You profess to believe it. Now, will you receive it? Do you mean to receive it, or do you intend to reject it? You must have some mind about it. And now I have a right to take it for granted, inasmuch as you admit that I have preached the truth, that you acknowledge your obligation at once to become Christians. This obligation you do not deny; but will you meet the obligation? Will you discharge it? Will you do what you admit you ought to do? If you will not, tell me; and if you will, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.'

"After turning this over till I saw they understood it well, and looked greatly surprised at my manner of putting it, I then said to them, 'Now, I must know your minds, and I want that you who have made up your minds to become Christians, and will give your pledge to make your peace with God immediately, should rise up; but that, on the contrary, those of you who are resolved that you will not become Christians, and wish me so to understand, and wish Christ so to understand, should sit still.' After making this plain, so that I knew that they understood it, I then said: 'You who are

now willing to pledge to me and to Christ, that you will immediately make your peace with God, please rise up. On the contrary, you that mean that I should understand that you are committed to remain in your present attitude, not to accept Christ—those of you that are of this mind, may sit still.' They looked at one another and at me, and all sat still, just as I expected.

"After looking around upon them for a few moments, I said, 'Then you are committed. You have taken your stand. You have rejected Christ and His Gospel; and ye are witnesses one against the other, and God is witness against you all. This is explicit, and you may remember, as long as you live, that you have thus publicly committed yourselves against the Saviour, and said, 'We will not have this man, Christ Jesus, to reign over us.' This is the purport of what I urged upon them, and as nearly in these words as I can recollect.

"When I thus pressed them, they began to look angry, and arose, *en masse*, and started for the door. When they began to move, I paused. As soon as I stopped speaking, they turned to see why I did not go on. I said, 'I am sorry for you; and will preach to you once more, the Lord willing, to-morrow night.'

"They all left the house except Deacon McC—, who was a deacon of the Baptist church in that place. I saw that the Congregationalists were confounded. They were few in number, and very weak in faith. I presume that every member of both churches who was present, except Deacon McC—, was taken aback, and concluded that the matter was all over;—that by my imprudence I had dashed and ruined all hopeful appearances. Deacon McC— came up and took me by the hand, and, smiling, said, 'Brother Finney, you have got them. They cannot rest under this, rely upon it. The brethren are all discouraged,' said he; 'but I am not. I believe you have done the very thing that needed to be done, and that we shall see the results.' I thought so myself, of course. I intended to place them in a position which, upon reflection, would make them tremble in view of what they had done. But for that evening and the next day they were full of wrath. Deacon McC— and myself agreed, upon the spot, to spend the next day in fasting and prayer—separately in the morning, and together in the afternoon. I learned in the course of the day that the people were threatening me—to ride me on a rail, to tar and feather me, and to give me a 'walking paper, as they said. Some of them cursed me; and said that I had put them under oath, and made them swear that they would not

serve God; that I had drawn them into a solemn and public pledge to reject Christ and His Gospel. This was no more than I expected. In the afternoon, Deacon McC— and I went into a grove together, and spent the whole afternoon in prayer. Just at evening the Lord gave us great enlargement, and promise of victory. Both of us felt assured that we had prevailed with God; and that, that night, the power of God would be revealed among the people.

"As the time came for meeting, we left the woods and went to the village. The people were already thronging to the place of worship, and those that had not already gone, seeing us go through the village, turned out of their stores and places of business, or threw down their ball clubs where they were playing upon the green, and packed the house to its utmost capacity.

"I had not taken a thought with regard to what I should preach; indeed, this was common with me at that time. The Holy Spirit was upon me, and I felt confident that when the time came for action I should know what to preach. As soon as I found the house packed, so that no more could get in, I arose; and, I think, without any formal introduction of singing, opened upon them with these words: "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe to the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him." The Spirit of God came upon me with such power, that it was like opening a battery upon them. For more than an hour, and, perhaps, for an hour and a half, the word of God came through me to them in a manner that I could see was carrying all before it. It was a fire and a hammer breaking the rock; and as the sword that was piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. I saw that a general conviction was spreading over the whole congregation. Many of them could not hold up their heads. I did not call that night for any reversal of the action they had taken the night before, nor for any committal of themselves in any way, but took it for granted, during the whole of the sermon, that they were committed against the Lord. Then I appointed another meeting, and dismissed the congregation.

"As the people withdrew, I observed a woman in the arms of some of her friends, who were supporting her, in one part of the house; and I went to see what was the matter, supposing that she was in a fainting fit. But I soon found that she was not fainting, but that she could not speak. There was a look of the greatest anguish in her face, and she made me understand that she could

not speak. I advised the women to take her home, and pray with her, and see what the Lord would do. They informed me that she was Miss G—, sister of the well-known missionary, and that she was a member of the church in good standing, and had been for several years.

"That evening, instead of going to my usual lodgings, I accepted an invitation, and went home with a family where I had not before stopped over night. Early in the morning, I found that I had been sent for to the place where I was supposed to be, several times during the night, to visit families where there were persons under awful distress of mind. This led me to sally forth among the people, and everywhere I found a state of wonderful conviction of sin and alarm for their souls.

"After lying in a speechless state about sixteen hours, Miss G—'s mouth was opened, and a new song was given her. She was taken from the horrible pit of miry clay, and her feet were set upon a rock; and it was true that many saw it, and feared. It occasioned a great searching among the members of the church. She declared that she had been entirely deceived; that for eight years she had been a member of the church, and thought she was a Christian, but, during the sermon the night before, she saw that she had never known the true God; and when His character arose before her mind, as it was then presented, her hope 'perished,' as she expressed it, 'like a moth.' She said, such a view of the holiness of God was presented, that, like a great wave, it swept her away from her standing, and annihilated her hope in a moment.

"I found at this place a number of Deists, some of them men of high standing in the community. One of them was a keeper of an hotel in the village, and others were respectable men, and of more than average intelligence; but they seemed banded together to resist the revival. When I ascertained exactly the ground they took, I preached a sermon to meet their wants, for on the Sabbath they would attend my preaching.

"I took this for my text: 'Suffer me a little, and I will show you that I have yet to speak on God's behalf. I will bring my knowledge from afar, and I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker.' I went over the whole ground, so far as I understood their position, and God enabled me to sweep it clean. As soon as I had finished and dismissed the meeting, the hotel-keeper, who was the leader among them, came frankly up to me, and, taking me by the hand, said, Mr. Finney, I am convinced. You have met and answered all my

difficulties. Now I want you to go home with me, for I want to converse with you.' I heard no more of their Infidelity; and, if I remember right, that class of men were nearly, or quite, all converted.

"There was one old man in this place, who was not only an infidel, but a great railer at religion. He was very angry at the revival movement. I heard every day of his railing and blaspheming, but took no public notice of it. He refused altogether to attend meeting. But in the midst of his opposition, and when his excitement was great, while sitting one morning at the table, he suddenly fell out of his chair in a fit of apoplexy. A physician was immediately called, who, after a brief examination, told him that he could live but a very short time; and that if he had anything to say, he must say it at once. He had just strength and time, as I was informed, to stammer out, 'Don't let Finney pray over my corpse.' This was the last of his opposition in that place.

"During that revival my attention was called to a sick woman in the community, who had been a member of a Baptist church, and was well-known in the place; but people had no confidence in her piety. She was fast failing with the consumption; and they begged me to call and see her. I went, and had a long conversation with her. She told me a dream which she had when she was a girl, which made her think that her sins were forgiven. Upon that she had settled down, and no argument could move her. I tried to persuade her that there was no evidence of her conversion in that dream. I told her plainly that her acquaintances affirmed that she had never lived a Christian life, and had never evinced a Christian temper, and I had come to try to persuade her to give up her false hope, and see if she would not now accept Jesus Christ that she might be saved. I dealt with her as kindly as I could, but did not fail to make her understand what I meant. But she took great offence; and, after I went away, complained that I tried to get away her hope and distress her mind; that I was cruel to try to distress a woman sick as she was, in that way—to try to disturb the repose of her mind. She died not long afterward. But her death has often reminded me of Dr. Nelson's book called, "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity." When this woman came to be actually dying, her eyes were opened, and, before she left the world, she seemed to have such a glimpse of the character of God, and of what heaven was, and of the holiness required to dwell there, that she shrieked with agony and exclaimed that she was going to hell. In this state, as I was informed, she died.

"While at this place, one afternoon, a Christian brother called on

me and wished me to visit his sister, who, as he informed me, was fast failing with consumption, and was a Universalist. Her husband, he said was a Universalist, and had led her into Universalism. He said he had not asked me to go and see her when her husband was at home, because he feared that he would abuse me, as he was determined that his wife's mind should not be disturbed on the question of universal salvation. I went, and found her not at all at rest in her views of Universalism; and, during my conversation with her, she gave up these views entirely, and appeared to embrace the Gospel of Christ. I believe she held fast to this hope in Christ till she died.

"At evening her husband returned, and learned from herself what had taken place. He was greatly enraged, and swore he would "kill Finney." As I learned afterward, he armed himself with a loaded pistol, and that night went to meeting where I was to preach. Of this, however, I knew nothing at the time. The meeting that evening was in a school-house out of the village. The house was very much packed, almost to suffocation. I went on to preach with all my might; and almost in the midst of my discourse I saw a powerful-looking man, about in the middle of the house, fall from his seat. As he sunk down he groaned, and then cried or shrieked out that he was sinking to hell. He repeated that several times. The people knew who he was, but he was a stranger to me. I think I had never seen him before. Of course this created a great excitement. It broke up my preaching; and so great was his anguish that we spent the rest of our time in praying for him. When the meeting was dismissed, his friends helped him home. The next morning I inquired for him, and found that he had spent a sleepless night, in great anguish of mind, and that at the early dawn he had gone forth they knew not whither. He was not heard from till about ten o'clock in the morning. I was passing up the street, and saw him coming, apparently from a grove at some distance from the village. He was on the opposite side of the street when I first saw him, and coming toward me. When he recognized me, he came across the street to meet me. When he came near enough, I saw that his countenance was all in a glow. I said to him, 'Good morning, Mr. C——.' 'Good morning,' he replied. 'And,' said I, 'how do you feel in your mind, this morning?' 'Oh, I do not know,' he replied; 'I have had an awfully distressed night. But I could not pray there in the house; and I thought if I could get alone, where I could pour out my voice with my heart, I could pray. In the morning I went into the woods; but when I got there, said he, 'I found I could not

pray. I thought I could give myself to God; but I could not. I tried, and tried, till I was discouraged,' he continued. 'Finally I saw that it was of no use; and I told the Lord that I found myself condemned and lost; that I had no heart to pray to Him, and no heart to repent; that I found I had hardened myself so much that I could not give my heart to Him, and, therefore, I must leave the whole question to Him. I was at His disposal, and could not object to His doing with me just as it seemed good in His eyes, for I had no claim to His favour at all. I left the question of my salvation or damnation wholly with the Lord.' 'Well, what followed?' I inquired. 'Why,' said he, 'I found I had lost all my conviction. I got up and came away, and my mind was so still and quiet that I found the Spirit of God was grieved away, and I had lost my conviction. But,' said he, 'when I saw you, my heart began to burn and grow hot within me; and instead of feeling as if I wanted to avoid you, I felt so drawn that I came across the street to see you.' But I should have said that when he came near me, he leaped, and took me right up in his arms, and turned around once or twice, and then set me down. This preceded the conversation that I have just related. After a little further conversation I left him. He soon came into a state of mind that led him to indulge a hope. We heard no more of his opposition.

"At this place I again saw Father Nash, the man who prayed with his eyes open, at the meeting of presbytery, when I was licensed. After he was at presbytery he was taken with inflamed eyes, and for several weeks was shut up in a dark room. He could neither read nor write, and, as I learned, gave himself up almost entirely to prayer. He had a terrible overhauling in his whole Christian experience; and, as soon as he was able to see, with a double black veil before his face, he sallied forth to labour for souls.

"When he came to Evans' Mills he was full of the power of prayer. He was another man altogether from what he had been at any former period of his Christian life. I found that he had a 'praying list,' as he called it, of the names of persons whom he made subjects of prayer every day, and sometimes many times a day; and, praying with him, and hearing him pray in meeting, I found that his gift of prayer was wonderful, and his faith almost miraculous.

"There was a man by the name of D—, who kept a low tavern in a corner of the village, whose house was the resort of all the opposers of the revival. The bar-room was a place of blasphemy,

and he was himself a most profane, ungodly, abusive man. He went railing about the streets respecting the revival, and would take particular pains to swear and blaspheme whenever he saw a Christian. One of the young converts lived almost across the way from him; and he told me that he meant to sell and move out of that neighbourhood, because every time he was out of doors and D— saw him, he would come out and swear, and curse, and say everything he could to wound his feelings. He had not, I think, been at any of our meetings. Of course he was ignorant of the great truths of religion, and despised the whole Christian enterprise.

"Father Nash heard us speak of this Mr. D— as 'a hard case,' and immediately put his name upon his praying list. He remained in town a day or two, and went on his way, having in view another field of labour.

"Not many days afterward, as we were holding an evening meeting with a very crowded house, who should come in but this notorious D—? His entrance created a considerable movement in the congregation. People feared that he had come in to make a disturbance. The fear and abhorrence of him had become very general among Christians, I believe; so that when he came in, some of the people got up and retired. I knew his countenance, and kept my eye upon him. I very soon became satisfied that he had not come in to oppose, and that he was in great anguish of mind. He sat and writhed upon his seat, and was very uneasy. He soon arose, and tremblingly asked me if he might say a few words. I told him that he might. He then proceeded to make one of the most heart-broken confessions that I almost ever heard. His confession seemed to cover the whole ground of his treatment of God, and of his treatment of Christians, and of the revival, and of everything good.

"This thoroughly broke up the fallow ground in many hearts. It was the most powerful means that could have been used, just then, to give an impetus to the work. D— soon came out and professed a hope, abolished all the revelry and profanity of his bar-room, and, from that time, as long as I stayed there, and I know not how much longer, a prayer-meeting was held in his bar-room nearly every night.'

There might be thousands of just such men as this saved if somebody would take the trouble to pray or labour sufficiently for their salvation. Old Father Nash was no "Revivalist." He had been a careless, formal "minister," praying with open eyes till he heard Mr. Finney's trial sermon, and began really to seek and serve God. What may not you do yet?

CHAPTER IV.

A LONG LIFE OF SALVATION.

We have so far reproduced the story of the beginning of a life whose one great lesson was the grand, unbounded power of the Holy Ghost, when allowed to work with men as He wills. Mr. Finney was a Presbyterian minister, pledged and trained to a Calvinistic creed, and to a quiet and staid church system.

But, before he was a minister, he was a saved and sanctified man of God. His personal knowledge of Jesus, the Saviour of all men from all sin, swept away all the follies of human creeds and systems from before his mind, and he dared to follow God as a little child in doing and allowing whatever seemed most likely to promote the full salvation of others.

His entire autobiography of 470 odd pages abounds with instances of God's wonder-working power such as we have already reproduced. The fact that he was spared to continue in such labours, more or less, for fifty-four years, stands out as a most substantial evidence of the amount of wise salvation toil which a healthy man can go through. Speaking of the first six months, he says:—

“During the whole six months that I laboured in that region, I rode on horseback from town to town, and from settlement to settlement, in various directions, and preached the Gospel as I had opportunity. When I left Adams my health had run down a good deal. I had coughed blood; and at the time I was licensed, my friends thought that I could live but a short time. Mr. Gale charged me, when I left Adams, not to attempt to preach more than once a week, and then to be sure not to speak more than half an hour at a time. But instead of this, I visited from house to house, attended prayer-meetings, and preached and laboured every day, and almost every night, through the whole season. Before the six months were completed, my health was entirely restored, my lungs were sound, and I could preach two hours, and two hours and a half, and longer, without feeling the least fatigue. I think my sermons generally averaged nearly or quite two hours. I preached out of doors; I

preached in barns; I preached in school-houses; and a glorious revival spread all over that new region of country.”

It is an encouragement to us to know that in the presence of all this glorious activity, and the signs and wonders that followed it, common ministers constantly criticised Mr. Finney's plain, simple style of speaking and working, and would have had him “deliver sermons” and “celebrate Divine worship” just as they did in their cold, lifeless churches, if he had not had grace and wisdom from on high to disregard all their counsels and reproofs, and be content to be despised as unfit to occupy their pulpits. At a Presbytery meeting he was asked to preach, as a sort of trial. Seeing that the pulpit was a little box stuck up against the wall, he stood in the aisle, which he walked about in as he spoke to the people. But after the meeting one minister said to him,—

“Brother Finney, if you come up our way, I should like to have you preach in some of our school districts. I should not like to have you preach in our church; but we have got school-houses in some of the districts, away from the village—I should like to have you preach in some of those.’ I mention this to show what their ideas were of my method of preaching; but how completely they were in the dark in regard to the results of that method of addressing people! They used to complain that I let down the dignity of the pulpit; that I was a disgrace to the ministerial profession; that I talked like a lawyer at the bar; that I talked to the people in a colloquial manner; that I said ‘you,’ instead of preaching about sin and sinners, and saying ‘they;’ that I said ‘hell,’ and with such an emphasis as often to shock the people; furthermore, that I urged the people with such vehemence, as if they might not have a moment to live; and sometimes they complained that I blamed the people too much. One doctor of divinity told me that he felt a great deal more like weeping over sinners, than blaming them. I replied to him that I did not wonder, if he believed that they had a sinful nature, and that sin was entailed upon them, and they could not help it.

“After I had preached some time, and the Lord had everywhere added His blessing, I used to say to ministers, whenever they contended with me about my manner of preaching, and desired me to adopt their ideas, and preach as they did, that I dared not make the change they desired. I said, ‘Show me a more excellent way. Show me the fruits of your ministry; and if they so far exceed mine as to give me evidence that you have found a more excellent way, I

will adopt your views. But do you expect me to abandon my own views and practices, and adopt yours, when you yourselves cannot deny that, whatever errors I may have fallen into, or whatever imperfections there may be in my preaching, in style, and in everything else, yet the results justify my methods?"

There is now a considerable Presbyterian sect in America which believes just as Mr. Finney did, that no man is born beneath a doom of damnation from which there is no escape, and that men may be saved not only from the guilt and power, but from the very inbeing of sin; and there are doubtless many Presbyterians in the enjoyment of all this great salvation. May there speedily arise in every church multitudes of ministers and laymen who will advocate a full salvation with the same daring boldness and the same glorious results which Mr. Finney was able to record! He was simply a man fully saved and let loose upon the world. He says, describing service in one very wicked place:—

"I saw several of the men there from whom I had, the day before, heard the most awful profanity. I pointed them out in the meeting, and told what they said—how they called on God to damn each other. Indeed, I let loose my heart upon them. I told them they seemed 'to howl blasphemy about the streets like hell-hounds;' and it seemed to me that I had arrived 'on the very verge of hell.' Everybody knew that what I said was true, and they quailed under it. They did not appear offended; but the people wept about as much as I did myself. I think there were scarcely any dry eyes in the house.

"Mr. C—, the landlord, had refused to open the meeting-house in the morning. But as soon as these first services closed, he arose, and said to the people that he would open the meeting-house in the afternoon.

"The people scattered, and carried the information in every direction; and in the afternoon the meeting-house was nearly as much crowded as the school-house had been in the morning. Everybody was out at meeting; and the Lord let me loose upon them in a wonderful manner."

In one day the great mass of the people were thus brought under conviction.

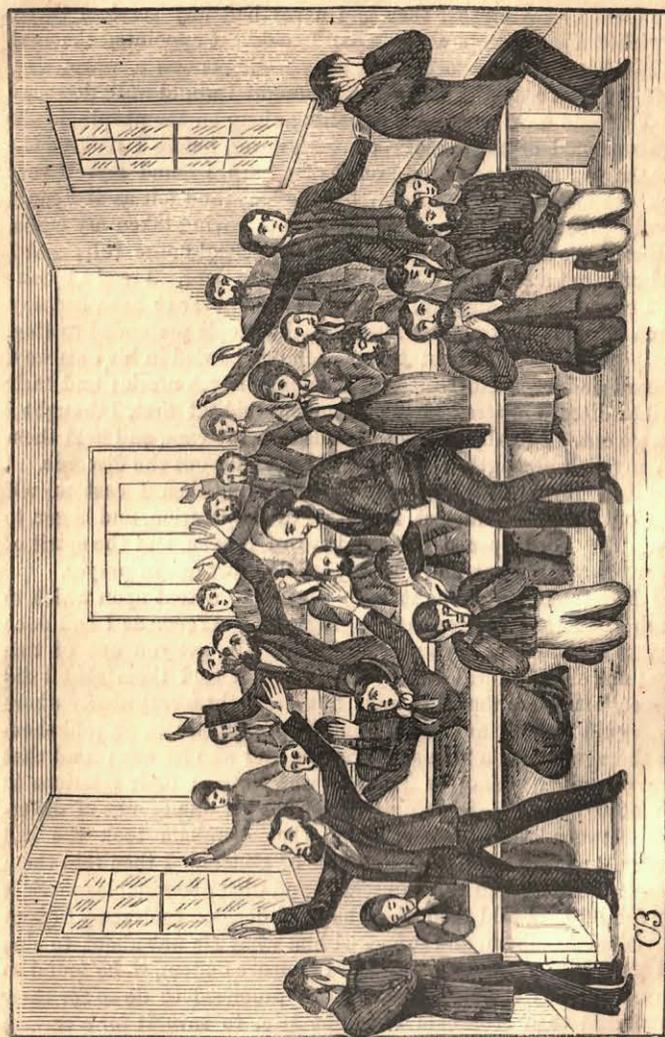
"On the third Sabbath that I preached there, an aged man came to me as I was entering the pulpit, and asked me if I would not go and preach in a school-house in his neighbourhood, about three

miles distant; saying that they had never had any services there. He wished me to come as soon as I could. I appointed the next day, Monday, at five o'clock in the afternoon. It was a warm day. I left my horse at the village, and thought I would walk down so that I should have no trouble in calling along on the people, in the neighbourhood of the school-room. However, before I reached the place, having laboured so hard on the Sabbath, I found myself very much exhausted, and sat down by the way and felt as if I could scarcely proceed. I blamed myself for not having taken my horse,

"But at the appointed hour I found the school-house full; and I could only get a standing-place near the open door. I read a hymn; and I cannot call it singing, for they seemed never to have had any church music in that place. However, the people pretended to sing. But it amounted to about this: each one bawled in his own way. My ears had been cultivated by teaching church music; and their horrible discord distressed me so much that, at first, I thought I must go out. I finally put both hands over my ears, and held them with my full strength. But this did not shut out the discords. I stood it, however, until they were through; and then I cast myself down on my knees, almost in a state of desperation, and began to pray. The Lord opened the windows of heaven, and the spirit of prayer was poured out, and I let my whole heart out in prayer.

"I had taken no thought with regard to a text upon which to preach; but waited to see the congregation. As soon as I had done praying, I arose from my knees and said: 'Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city.'" I told them that I did not recollect where that text was; but I told them very nearly where they would find it, and then went on to explain it. I told them

that there was such a man as Abraham, and who he was; and that there was such a man as Lot, and who he was; their relations to each other; their separating from each other on account of differences between their herdmen; and that Abraham took the hill country, and Lot settled in the vale of Sodom. I then told them how exceeding wicked Sodom became, and what abominable practices they fell into. I told them that the Lord decided to destroy Sodom and visited Abraham, and informed him what He was about to do; that Abraham prayed to the Lord to spare Sodom, if he found so many righteous there; and the Lord promised to do so for their sakes; that then Abraham besought Him to save it for a certain less number, and the Lord said He would spare it for their sakes; that he kept on reducing the number, until he reduced the number



A PROPER PRESBYTERIAN PRAYER MEETING

C3

of righteous persons to ten; and God promised him that, if He found ten righteous persons in the city, He would spare it. Abraham made no farther request, and Jehovah left him. But it was found that there was but one righteous person there, and that was Lot, Abraham's nephew. 'And the men said to Lot, Hast thou here any besides? Son-in-law, and thy sons, and thy daughters, and whatsoever thou hast in the city, bring them out of this place; for we will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord; and the Lord hath sent us to destroy it.'

While I was relating these facts I observed the people looking as if they were angry. Many of the men were in their shirt sleeves; and they looked at each other and at me, as if they were ready to fall upon me and chastise me on the spot. I saw their strange and unaccountable looks, and could not understand what I was saying that had offended them. However it seemed to me that their anger rose higher and higher, as I continued the narrative. As soon as I had finished the narrative, I turned upon them and said, that I understood that they had never had a religious meeting in that place; and that therefore I had a right to take it for granted, and was compelled to take it for granted, that they were an ungodly people. I pressed that home upon them with more and more energy, with my heart full almost to bursting.

"I had not spoken to them in this strain of direct application, I should think, more than a quarter of an hour, when all at once an awful solemnity seemed to settle down upon them; the congregation began to fall from their seats in every direction, and cried for mercy. If I had had a sword in each hand, I could not have cut them off their seats as fast as they fell. Indeed, nearly the whole congregation were either on their knees or prostrate, I should think, in less than two minutes from this first shock that fell upon them. Every one prayed for himself who was able to speak at all. Of course I was obliged to stop preaching, for they no longer paid any attention."

"As soon as I could sufficiently control my feelings, I turned to a young man who was close to me, and was engaged in praying for himself, laid my hand on his shoulder, thus getting his attention, and preached in his ear Jesus. As soon as I got his attention to the cross of Christ, he believed, was calm and quiet for a minute or two, and then broke out in praying for the others. I then turned to another, and took the same course with him, with the same result; and then another, and another.

"In this way I kept on, until I found the time had arrived when I must leave them, and go and fulfil an appointment in the village. I told them this, and asked the old man who had invited me there, to remain and take charge of the meeting, while I went to my appointment. He did so. But there was too much interest, and there were too many wounded souls, to dismiss the meeting; and so it was held all night. In the morning there were still those there that could not get away; and they were carried to a private house in the neighbourhood, to make room for the school. In the afternoon they sent for me to come down there, as they could not yet break up the meeting."

"When I went down the second time, I got an explanation of the anger manifested by the congregation during the introduction of my sermon the day before. I learned that the place was called Sodom, but I knew it not so, and that there was but one pious man in the place, and him they called Lot. This was the old man that invited me there. The people supposed that I had chosen my subject, and preached to them in that manner, because they were so wicked as to be called Sodom. This was a striking coincidence; but, so far as I was considered, it was altogether accidental.

"As nearly as I can learn, although that revival came upon them so suddenly, and was of such a powerful type, the converts were sound, and the work permanent and genuine. I never heard of any disastrous reaction as having taken place."

This fearless, plain straight dealing must always tell. Another curious instance of it occurred at a place filled with Universalists, who teach that nobody will have to stop in hell for ever. Mr. Finney was invited by one Deacon R—— to go, and took for his text, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

"I saw that Deacon R—— was very uneasy; and he soon got up and went and stood in the open door. As there were some boys near the door, I supposed, at the time, that he had gone to keep the boys still. But I afterwards learned that it was through fear. He thought that if they set upon me, he would be where he could escape. From my text he concluded that I was going to deal very plainly with them; and he had been made quite nervous with the opposition which he had met with from them, and wanted to keep out of their reach. I proceeded to pour myself out upon them with all my might; and before I was through, there was a complete upturning of the very foundations of Universalism, I think, in that

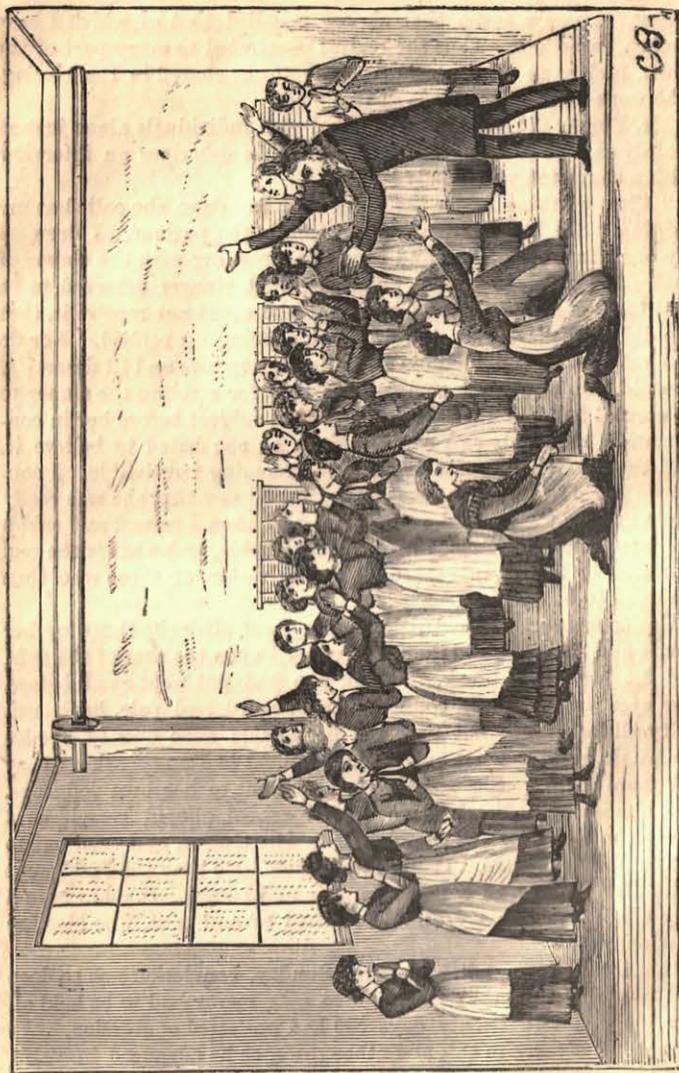
place. It was a scene that almost equalled that of which I have spoken, in Sodom. Thus the revival penetrated to every part of the town, and some of the neighbouring towns shared in the blessing. The work was very precious in this place.

Mr. Finney did not hesitate to deal with individuals alone just as plainly as with his congregations. He thus describes an interview with a convicted young lady :—

"After writhing under the truth for a few days, she called at my lodging. She sat down upon the sofa in the parlour. I drew up my chair in front of her, and began to press her with the claims of God. She referred to my preaching that sinners deserved to be sent to an eternal hell; and said that she could not receive it, that she did not believe that God was such a Being. I replied, 'Nor do you yet understand what sin is, in its true nature and ill desert; if you did, you would not complain of God for sending the sinner to an eternal hell.' I then spread out that subject before her in conversation, as plainly as I could. Much as she hated to believe it, still the conviction of its truth was becoming irresistible. I conversed in this strain for some time, until I saw that she was ready to sink under the ripened conviction; and then I turned and said a few words about the place which Jesus holds, and what is the real situation of things, in regard to the salvation of those who thus deserved to be damned.

Her countenance waxed pale, in a moment after she threw up her hands and shrieked, and then fell forward upon the arm of the sofa, and let her heart break. I think she had not wept at all before. Her eyes were dry, her countenance haggard and pale, her sensibility all locked up; but now the flood-gates were opened, she let her whole gushing heart out before God. I had no occasion to say any more to her. She soon arose and went to her own lodgings. She almost immediately gave up her school, offered herself as a foreign missionary, was married to a Mr. Gulick, and went out to the Sandwich Islands, I think, at the same time that Dr. Judd went out. Her history, as a missionary, is well known. She has been a very efficient missionary, and has raised several sons, who also are missionaries.

In another town, after his first Sunday, conviction was so deep and overwhelming that meetings to seek mercy had to be held all day long, and in twenty days 500 had professed conversion. We cannot but observe in this and other cases, as he advanced in years, how the work was often prevented from attaining full proportions



SALVATION STOPPING THE MILL.

from the effects of tradition and public opinion, and want of experience in such work. When audiences were all being wrought upon by the Holy Ghost, Mr. Finney would send them home for fear of undue excitement! What the work might have been in some cases judge from the following account of the state of things produced in a factory:—

“The next morning, after breakfast, I went into the factory, to look through it. As I went through, I observed there was a good deal of agitation among those who were busy at their looms, and their mules, and other implements of work. On passing through one of the apartments, where a great number of young women were attending to their weaving, I observed a couple of them eyeing me, and speaking very earnestly to each other; and I could see that they were a good deal agitated, although they both laughed. I went slowly toward them. They saw me coming, and were evidently much excited. One of them was trying to mend a broken thread, and I observed that her hands trembled so that she could not mend it. I approached slowly, looking on each side at the machinery, as I passed; but observed that this girl grew more and more agitated, and could not proceed with her work. When I came within eight or ten feet of her, I looked solemnly at her. She observed it, and was quite overcome, and sunk down, and burst into tears. The impression caught almost like powder, and in a few moments nearly all in the room were in tears. This feeling spread through the factory. Mr. W—, the owner of the establishment, was present, and seeing the state of things, he said to the superintendent, ‘Stop the mill, and let the people attend to religion; for it is more important that our souls should be saved than that this factory run.’ The gate was immediately shut down, and the factory stopped; but where should we assemble? The superintendent suggested that the mule room was large; and, the mules being run up, we could assemble there. We did so, and a more powerful meeting I scarcely ever attended. It went on with great power. The building was large, and had many people in it, from the garret to the cellar. The revival went through the mill with astonishing power, and in the course of a few days nearly all in the mill were hopefully converted.”

Of all the glorious work wrought, there was, as we have already pointed out, one grand secret—fellowship, close, constant, perfect, with God. He says:—

“I shall never forget what a scene I passed through one day in my room at Dr. Lansing’s. The Lord showed me as in a vision what

was before me. He drew so near to me, while I was engaged in prayer, that my flesh literally trembled on my bones. I shook from head to foot, under a full sense of the presence of God. At first, and for some time, it seemed more like being on the top of Sinai, amidst its full thunderings, than in the presence of the cross of Christ.

"Never in my life that I recollect, was I so awed and humbled before God as then. Nevertheless, instead of feeling like fleeing, I seemed drawn nearer and nearer to God—seemed to draw nearer to that Presence that filled me with such unutterable awe and trembling. After a season of great humiliation before Him, there came a great lifting up. God assured me that He would be with me and uphold me; that no opposition should prevail against me; that I had nothing to do, in regard to all this matter, but to keep about my work, and wait for the salvation of God."

He once induced a worldly Church not only to abandon their finery and follies, but to adopt a public confession of their backslidings, which was read out to the congregation whilst the members of the Church stood weeping.

In 1832, Mr. Finney formed a Salvation Church in a theatre in New York City. About 500 people were converted in three weeks, and all sorts of efforts for the salvation of the masses were arranged for. Out of persons converted in this Church, no less than seven Congregational Churches were formed, Mr. Finney having ceased to be a Presbyterian minister, owing to a dispute which arose between him and his presbytery.

In 1849 and 1858 he visited England, spending, on each occasion, two years in various localities. His good work here and in New York had been interrupted by his becoming connected with a college undertaking at Oberlin, which absorbed much of his time during the latter part of his life. He seems, however, to have continued his proper work in the Oberlin Church to the last, preaching repeatedly in the last month of his life.

He peacefully slept in Jesus, August 16th, 1875, aged 83.

Soldiers, there is only one way to gain and keep the fulness of Divine blessing and power. It is to let God have all His own way, and to turn aside from all merely human teachings and systems. Let us never be content with anything short of the mighty power that lays sceptics and opposers low, and let us never allow anything to lead us off in any other direction than that of living and dying to save souls.

R.

Printed at the Headquarters of The Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

SALVATION SOLDIERY!

A Series of Addresses and Papers descriptive of the Characteristics of God's best Soldiers. (With Eight Illustrations.)

BY THE GENERAL.

Price One Shilling; cloth boards, gilt, Two Shillings.

BY MRS. BOOTH:—

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Price One Shilling; cloth boards, gilt, Two Shillings.

CONTENTS:—

COMPEL THEM TO COME IN STRONG DRINK <i>versus</i> CHRISTIANITY HEART BACKSLIDING FEMALE MINISTRY	THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN DEALING WITH ANXIOUS SOULS WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS AND CHRISTIANITY
---	--

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Price One Shilling; cloth boards, gilt, Two Shillings.

CONTENTS:—

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY A PURE GOSPEL ADAPTATION OF MEASURES ASSURANCE OF SALVATION HOW CHRIST TRANSCENDS THE LAW	THE FRUITS OF UNION WITH CHRIST WITNESSING FOR CHRIST FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT THE WORLD'S NEED THE HOLY GHOST
---	--

. The above Papers (comprising "Practical Religion" and "Aggressive Christianity") may be had separately, price 1d., except "Compel them to Come In," 3s. 6d. per hundred.

GODLINESS.

Price One Shilling; cloth boards, gilt, Two Shillings.

CONTENTS:—

SAVING FAITH CHARITY CHARITY AND REBUKE CHARITY AND CONFLICT CHARITY AND LONELINESS CONDITIONS OF EFFECTUAL PRAYER	THE PERFECT HEART HOW TO WORK FOR GOD WITH SUCCESS ENTHUSIASM AND FULL SALVATION REPENTANCE ADDRESSES ON HOLINESS HINDRANCES TO HOLINESS
---	---

HEATHEN ENGLAND AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

THIRD EDITION. Price One Shilling; Plain Cloth, Two Shillings.

This book contains full descriptions from life of the utterly godless condition of millions of the inhabitants of the British Islands, of the origin and history of The Salvation Army, and its General, together with hundreds of examples of the value and success of the various operations which it carries on.

THE SALVATION NAVY.

Being an Account of the Life, Death, and Victories of Capt. JOHN ALLEN, of The Salvation Army. Price, 1s.; gilt, 2s.

All Army Publications may be obtained from Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria-st., London, E.C., the Captains of The Army, by order of any Bookseller, and at all Railway Book Stalls.