

## OLD TIME REVIVALS.

(Continued from last issue)

When "Cochranism" was at its height, and had quite driven Mr. Phinney from his field of labor in the towns where it was raging, he went to Harrison, to commence there a series of meetings. His labors were blessed. The revival which followed resulted in the organization of the Harrison church, which yet remains. Already it has done good service in the Master's cause: long may it continue to win souls to Christ.

At the commencement of these meetings there was every prospect of good. Joseph Phinney, brother of Clement, resided there. He was not only impenitent, but very rude. After the first meeting, Joseph gathered his impenitent friends around him to put them on their guard against his brother. "Look out," said he, "or Clement will have you. I know him well. He will have a great revival here." How often the impenitent harden their hearts to resist the influence of the truth, and yet, when on their death-beds, think they have a claim to be converted! But notwithstanding this preparation against the truth, the revival began; the people became deeply interested; scarce could they pursue their labor, although pressed by the cares of harvest. As the preacher went from house to house, and from field to field, to converse with the people, he found many anxious in regard to their salvation.

Among these was Major Emerson, upon whom the impenitent relied much for their support in opposition to the revival. Joseph heard he was anxious, and had visited him to strengthen him. Mr. Emerson told him that he had determined to seek the Saviour. Joseph was not sparing in his ridicule. When the preacher visited the penitent man he said to him, "Your brother will kill me; he gives me no peace." Most earnestly did Mr. Phinney pray that all obstacles to the revival might be removed; he prayed in faith; he believed what he asked would be granted. While he was thus pleading with God, Joseph was just leaving his horse, a mile distant from the place of prayer. God arrested him in his wicked career. He fell to the earth like the persecuting Paul. He cried for help. His wife assisted him to return to his house. As he lay prostrated he lifted up his voice in prayer. A messenger hastened with the glad tidings to the preacher, around whom a company of the anxious had gathered. When it was said to that company concerning the persecutor, "Behold he prayeth," they were overwhelmed as by the power of God.

Mr. Emerson and Joseph soon found peace; the revival rapidly advanced; in it repentance, for repentance is usually more when Mr. Phinney left, his brother, in absence of preachers, took the lead of the company of Christians there gathered. He eventually became a preacher.

At the meeting in which Joseph first publicly confessed Christ, Mr. Phinney had been setting forth various obstacles that hindered the progress of religion. He said, some professors of religion become pharisaical, they care more about the letter than the spirit; they prevent their children from attending meetings

where the life and power of the gospel are manifested. As soon as the preacher took his seat, a lady arose, and in great excitement said, "I don't like to be twitted of my faults in public; strange that a preacher cannot come into the neighborhood, but that my neighbors must run to him each with a budget of tattle. I will not be treated so; my character shall be cleared up." "Dear," said Mr. Phinney, "who are you; I have been preaching about Pharisees; no one has said a word to me about any such here." The lady sent word to him afterwards to come and "clear up" her character, and Mr. Phinney's friends advised him to call and to re-assure her that he was not personal; but of course he had other employment on hand.

This was not the only time that he has been charged with personalities, as every preacher is liable to be who understands human character.

In 1820, in company with Elder Mark Fernald, of the Christian denomination, Mr. Phinney visited Kittery, in the Western part of Maine, and a portion of N. H., Portsmouth and vicinity. He attended a large meeting of importance among the people just named. He relates that at this meeting he attempted to preach, but made, as he considered, a perfect failure. A season of mortification followed, possibly repentance, for repentance is usually more needed than mortification at such seasons of a preacher's experience. The parents of the family he passed that night with were greatly backslidden. Early the next morning he betook himself to a retired grove for a season of prayer and humiliation. He resigned himself to the needed chastisement received the day before. As he returned happy in his soul, he met at the door a young lady, the daughter of his host. "Daughter," said he, addressing her, "do you love the Saviour?" "I do not," said she. "You ought to; he has been very kind to you." This simple remark having nothing of cant in it as employed by him, had its effect upon her mind. At family worship that morning she yielded her heart to the Saviour. She praised God; her parents were rebuked. In the fulness of her joy she hastened to one of the neighbors to tell some of her associates what had been done for her soul. As she rushed into their midst, she exclaimed, "The Saviour is good! the Saviour is good." The preacher (who accompanied her), gave his hearty "Amen, Amen." A season of prayer was commenced in that family. Soon two young ladies came to the door, being attracted, as they said, by some one shouting "Amen, Amen." Those who heard Mr. Phinney in those days will not find it difficult to believe that he might have been heard at a considerable distance on such an occasion. "Come in, come in," said he; "the Saviour is here forgiving sinners; come, join us."

This resulted in the conversion of three or four young persons besides the one with whom the work commenced. When the mind is enlightened, the work of salvation may be speedy. Neither weeks nor days of distress need pass, nor even hours; let the heart yield, and the work is done. So, too, in a single moment the grace of Christ may be rejected forever.

Of this the following is a painful illustration:

A few days later, Mr. Phinney was preaching in the town of Rye, N. H. The audience was large and attentive. A man of more than sixty years entered the house and approached the pulpit; his throat was cut from ear to ear, and the blood dripping therefrom. He gazed a moment, earnestly and wildly, upon the preacher, and then rushed from the church. The feeling of horror that pervaded all present, cannot be described. Mr. Phinney afterwards visited him, and received the following, in substance from his own lips:

"Some thirty years since, I was awakened to a sense of the need of salvation through Christ. I sought the Saviour of sinners and was happy. It was a pleasure to me to pray. Soon my mind came again under the influence of my former habits. I thought of wealth. The issue seemed to be presented distinctly to my mind: 'Will you be a genuine Christian, or will you be a rich man?' I chose wealth; the Spirit of God left my heart; I was given over. I have wealth, but I have lost my soul; my life is a burden to me; I would rather be in hell than suffer such torments on earth; I tried to take my life, but was prevented. I escaped from my friends to the church."

His wound did not prove mortal. He would not consent to have any one pray for him; he insisted that he had sinned against the Holy Ghost—that he was beyond the reach of hope. I have understood that he died in the same wretchedness. How truly it will be said to some, "Son, remember thou hadst thy good things on earth." Already they seem to feel the fires of hell in their own bosoms, and eternally, as they reflect upon their fool's choice, they will feel the gnawings of the worm that never dies. Reader, what choice have you made?

At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Phinney met the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. "Though many other preachers were present," says he, "as Dow was about to enter the pulpit, he selected me to take a place with him, doubtless because I was the shabbiest of all in my apparel." Similar poles do not always repel each other.

In this tour, also, he visited Hampton, where he preached in the Calvinistic Baptist Church. "When I saw the people assembling," says he, "I felt depressed in spirits. I betook myself to a place of retirement, and asked God for a message. He gave me one, and I delivered it: the people gladly heard and were deeply affected; but much good was prevented by the devil, for he put it into the heart of a well known hypocrite to take on at a great rate, and pretend to praise God." A distinguished divine gives it as his opinion that the devil, for a similar purpose, put it into the heart of 'a certain damsel' to follow Paul and others, crying out, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation."

(To be continued next issue)

Peace like the river's gentle flow,  
Peace like the morning's silent glow,  
From day to day in love supplied,  
An endless and unebbing tide.