

The Victories
of
Wesley Castle

C. W. WINCHESTER, D.D.

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The VICTORIES *of*

WESLEY CASTLE

BY

Charles Wesley
C. W. WINCHESTER, D. D.

AUTHOR OF "THE GOSPEL KODAK ABROAD" and
"THE WELLS OF SALVATION."



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To My Wife,

who has been my most sympathetic helpmeet and wise
counselor in all my ministry,

THIS VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

“**T**HE Victories of Wesley Castle,” exactly as it now appears, was given by the author, a chapter at a time, to his Sunday evening congregation, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of Wellsville, N. Y., in the Summer of 1900. It awakened a good degree of interest; and, it is believed, was productive of much spiritual profit to the many who heard it. It is now offered to the public in the humble faith that it will benefit those who honor it with a perusal.

In form and setting, the book is a fiction. But its substance is solid fact, from beginning to end. The hero is a composite character, adorned with some ideal excellences. No one person ever had all the experiences of Wesley Castle; but, with few exceptions, they are all the real experiences of real men. His inner spiritual conflicts and victories are a part of the life history of a man well-known to the author, for whom God has done exactly what the story says he did for the hero. Nearly all the characters are real persons, known to the author. Notably so are Carter and Chester Reynolds and the Osgoods and Sam Hooker.

As the author does not wish to be accused of exaggeration, in this first attempt at story-telling, he wishes it understood that those incidents in the narrative which seem most overdrawn are true to the very letter. If it is thought that

such revivals as are here described never were, the answer is,
THEY WOULD BE COMMON OCCURRENCES, IF THE CHURCH
WOULD LIVE UP TO THE PENTECOSTAL STANDARD.

The book goes out with the earnest prayer of the author
that the Holy Spirit will use it to the conversion and sanctifi-
cation of many souls.

CHARLES WESLEY WINCHESTER.

Wellsville, N. Y., September 10, 1900.



CONTENTS.

I.	The Voice Behind the Chair,	9
II.	The Death of Self,	26
III.	Abundant Life After Death,	46
IV.	Called to Endure Hardness,	65
V.	Fully Armed and Equipped,	85
VI.	The Shock of Battle,	106
VII.	Love Suffereth Long, and is Kind,	127
VIII.	Love Believeth all Things,	148
IX.	The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword,	166
X.	The Wingless Victory,	185

I.

The Voice Behind the Chair.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon in the latter part of the month of May. The air was redolent with the odor of flowers and resonant with the singing of birds and the buzzing of bees. Wesley Castle was sitting in his room, Number 20, in the North Dormitory of Mount Caesar College. He had just returned from dining in the Chapter House of the Psi Upsilon Kappa Fraternity, and from walking around the twenty-acre college campus. Before him was the labor of getting ready for the morrow's recitations. On the table were scattered the books from which his lessons were to be learned. He must translate twenty pages of Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus (that was not a long lesson, for the class was reviewing the work); he must refresh his mind on two chapters of Butler's Analogy; he must get ready to answer any question the professor might take a notion to ask anywhere in the first five chapters of somebody's Psychology; and he must get on the end of his tongue, so that it could roll off as smoothly as molasses from a faucet, when Prof. Dry-as-dust should turn the mental spigot, a demonstration of the method of calculating an eclipse of the sun. All this he had to do before supper, as he had a social engagement at half past seven, and recitations would begin the next morning at eight. He did not feel much like work. The day was too warm and pleasant to be shut up in that old stone prison-like building. And he was dull and sleepy from a mid-night initiation at the Psi Upsilon Kappa Chapter House. Instead of setting himself immediately to his task, he threw

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

himself into his rocking chair, put his heels in the window-seat and settled back for a doze.

Wesley Castle was a member of the senior class in Mount Caesar College. He was expecting to graduate, with the degree of A. B., on the eleventh day of July. It was the judgment of the entire faculty that the Institution had never sent forth from its halls a finer young man than he. In scholarship he stood at the head of his class, with a wide distance between him and the second man. He excelled in every branch of study. But his favorite subject was the ancient languages. It was a common remark in the college that Castle knew the Greek grammar by heart; that he never got stuck on a translation; and that he was the finest Greek undergraduate that ever trod the campus of Mount Caesar College. In moral character he stood one hundred on a scale of one hundred, every time. He had the perfect confidence of all his teachers and all his fellow students. He had never been caught in any mean, or doubtful, act, and no suspicion of any such thing had ever been entertained concerning him. And yet there was nothing slow, or dull, or stupid about him. He was full of innocent fun, and could laugh as loud and crack a joke as skillfully as any other fellow on the hill. Although he was as frank as Joseph, and as upright as Daniel, he was universally popular. Everybody liked Wesley Castle; and those who knew him best held him in the greatest admiration and affection.

Story-tellers are accused of exaggeration in describing their heroes and heroines. Nevertheless the truth must be told about Wesley Castle. Physically he was as near perfection as men often get. He was exactly six feet tall, in his stockings. He weighed about one hundred

The Voice Behind the Chair.

and eighty pounds. He was not stout, but very muscular. He belonged to a large-limbed and athletic family. His father was but an ordinary man in that respect, but his grand-father had been a veritable giant, in strength, the wonder of many counties. This youth seemed to have inherited his grand-sire's physical power; and he had so developed and trained it, by four years' rigorous drill in the college gymnasium, and on the athletic field, that he had the reputation of being the best athlete, as well as the finest scholar, that Mount Caesar had ever produced. He never played foot-ball, because he pronounced it barbarous. But in all the harmless sports of college athletics he easily carried off all the prizes. He had the eye of an eagle (no spectacles ever sat astride his nose); the lungs of a race horse; the heart of a lion; and the muscles of a centaur. If any one asks how he looked, the answer is: He had pleasant, though, perhaps, not handsome, features; gray eyes; heavy, auburn hair; and beardless face.

How old was he? When our story begins he was a few weeks under twenty-four years. A little old for a man in college. But he was delayed in beginning his course by the narrow means of his father, which compelled him to linger on the way, teaching school to pay his bills.

Viewed from the stand-point of literary and intellectual accomplishments, Castle was weakest as a writer and speaker. It is a strange thing to say—and yet it is true—that the scholar and athlete was timid on the platform, and took no pleasure in oratory, and, consequently, little in the production of essays and orations. And yet, on one occasion, just after the long vacation, which he had spent in reading the writings of that great

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

French author, Victor Hugo, imbibing, but not imitating, his peculiar style, he astonished the whole college with an oration of great brilliancy, delivered with the grace and power of a master. Still he would have declared that he was not a speaker, and never could become one.

What was Wesley Castle religiously? That is the most important question that can be asked concerning any human being. He was a firm believer in the Bible and the divinity of the Christian religion. His mental and moral make-up was such that he was never tempted to infidelity, and it would have been well-nigh impossible for him to have become an unbeliever. His ancestor, in the eighth generation, John Castle, came to New England, from old England, in the year 1635, and settled near the city, or village, of Boston. He fled from the old country to escape religious persecution, under the reign of Charles I. His descendants, like himself, for three generations, belonged to what was called "the Standing Order." It was the Congregational Church. It was the only Church known to the law. Everybody had to pay taxes for its support. No one could vote at town-meeting who was not a church-member. And the town-meeting elected the pastor and all church officials. Benjamin Castle, the great-great-grand-son of John and great-grand-father of our hero, removed to the State of New Hampshire, shortly after the Revolutionary War. There he became a Methodist, under the preaching of the earliest itinerants who penetrated to that northern wilderness. Bishop Asbury often slept under the roof of his log cabin, and preached to the settlers who gathered, from far and near, in his barn. Benjamin had a son and a grand-son who bore his name, and imbibed

The Voice Behind the Chair.

his religious convictions. So our hero was a birth-right Methodist. He began to attend Methodist Sunday school and Methodist preaching so early in life that he could never remember the first time.

Wesley grew toward manhood with a strong religious nature. Though he was not born holy, he was born with something in his soul which compelled him to think on religious things. From a very little child he never went to bed without kneeling in prayer in the room where he slept. He was reading the Bible through by course the twelfth time when he entered college. As early as the age of ten he was powerfully convicted of sin. Though he had never committed any outrageous sin, it seemed to him that he was the greatest sinner in the world. His greatest defect of character was a fiery temper, which often got the better of his will and threw him into violent volcanic eruptions. These were always brief, and were followed by longer periods of bitter remorse. This, and the ever-present feeling that he was a sinner, gave him many sleepless nights and caused him unspeakable sorrow. Scores of times, during those four dreadful years, he went to his room at night, not daring to go to sleep lest he should wake up among the lost. Often he would throw himself upon the outside of the bed, in his clothing, determined that he would not go to sleep. But, in a few minutes, overpowering slumber would seize him and hold him captive till morning. Then he would fall on his knees and thank a merciful God that he was alive and out of perdition, and make a solemn vow that he would do right and be right that day. But, alas, the next night would be like the one before; and his broken vows would be repeated, with tears and sobs of agony. One morning, after a terrible storm of passion

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

the previous day, he scratched a wound in his arm, and, dipping a pen in the trickling blood, wrote out, and signed, an oath that he would never get angry again, and that he would do right and serve the Lord as long as he should live. But, within a week, he tore the paper into shreds, and, in almost utter despair, exclaimed: "There is no use in trying any more. I can't be good. I shall go to hell, in spite of all that I can do." After that he was so wretched that he was tempted several times to kill himself. He used to envy the horses and cows and pigs, on his father's farm, because they had no souls, and could not sin, and would not have to go to hell when they were dead. A thousand times he said to himself: "O, if I were only a beast instead of a boy!"

One day, in summer, when he was twelve years old, the rain drove his father in from the field where they had been at work. According to his custom, the elder Castle got a book and began to read aloud. The boy was expected to listen. That time the book was a volume of Spurgeon's sermons; and the particular sermon was on the Judgment. As the father read on, the boy got under such awful conviction that he writhed and twisted in his chair as though it had been red-hot iron. At length he made some excuse to get out of the house and went up onto the haymow, in the big barn, and rolled upon the hay in a perfect agony. He had a good mind to get a rope and hang himself from the great beam which ran across the mow at a convenient and inviting distance. He would have done it, only he knew that, if he swung himself out of this world, it would only be to drop "alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone, which is the second death."

A skeptic might say: "What reason had a good boy,

The Voice Behind the Chair.

who had never told a lie, or uttered a profane oath, or run away from school, to feel like that? There was no reason. The only trouble with him was the miserable, Puritanical, fanatical teaching which he had received from his father and from the Methodist Church." If Wesley Castle were here now, and should hear that remark, he would answer: "I was in an agony that day because the Holy Spirit was showing me that my heart was enmity against God. It was not any particular sin which I had committed; but I was guilty of the unspeakable sin of not loving a being of infinite goodness and love."

Thus that "good" boy suffered the agonies of the damned, at times, for four long, and never-to-be-forgotten years. If he had confessed his feelings to his father or mother, he might have found relief. But, for some reason which he could never explain, or rather for no reason, except the perversity of the sinful heart, he would not take that most reasonable course. But, in the infinite mercy of God, a mighty revival visited that section of the "Old Granite State." In the village church, one evening, Wesley went to the Methodist altar, where so many millions have found the "pearl of greatest price," and was gloriously converted. His joy was as great as his sorrow had been. He learned the meaning of the second Beatitude, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." Immediately he joined the Church on "probation." In due time, he was baptized and was received into "full connection."

The peace which came into his heart, in the basement of that old church, up among the hills of New Hampshire, never wholly left him. He soon went away to the Conference Seminary to prepare for college. He

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

became so engrossed in study that he fell into the habit of neglecting some of the means of grace. In college he never took the decided stand for Christ which he knew he ought. He attended the Sunday services; he usually attended Prof. English's Tuesday evening class at the college; he maintained a correct Christian deportment. But he was not a positive force for the truth as it is in Jesus; he never, in his life, had prayed aloud; he had never done the first stroke of personal work for souls; he exerted no positive influence for Christ among his fellow students, over whom his influence in that direction might have been so great. If he had put forth half as much effort to induce young men to give their hearts to Jesus, as he had to persuade them to join the Psi Upsilon Kappa Fraternity, he would have been the greatest soul-winner on that classic hill.

These thoughts came into the mind of Wesley Castle, that afternoon, as he sat in his rocking chair, with his feet in the window. "What a poor, wretched specimen of a Christian I am," he said to himself. Suddenly he felt the presence of some person, standing behind his chair. At the same instant, he seemed to hear a voice. Many times since that memorable day, he has solemnly declared that he did hear a voice. It said: "You are not living as you ought. You ought to take a more decided stand for me." "I know it," was the young man's reply. "You must come out squarely for me, and do all you can for my glory, and to spread my truth." "I know I ought to; but I can't while I remain here. I began wrong when I entered college. It is too late to turn over a new leaf here. If you will let me alone now, I promise you that just as soon as I get away from here, I will begin again, and will do every duty and live

The Voice Behind the Chair.

wholly and only for you.” “Very well,” said the voice, “I’ll take you at your word. I’ll let you alone now; but I shall hold you strictly to your promise.”

The voice ceased. The conversation was so real that Wesley Castle sprung to his feet, to see who was there. He saw nothing, but a picture of “Christ before Pilate,” hanging on the opposite wall, about six feet away. The picture and frame did not measure more than two feet by two and a half. But it seemed to fill all that side of the room; and the figure of Jesus looked as large as life. The Savior seemed to turn his face toward him. Those sorrowful eyes met his eyes; and there was an expression in them which said: “I am suffering all this for you; I am going to the cross for you; and you have been ashamed of me all these years.” Wesley fell on his face before the picture. He fell at the feet of Jesus. He poured out his soul in a flood of tears. He confessed his unfaithfulness. He prayed for forgiveness. He promised henceforth to live for him who died for his redemption.

How long he lay on the floor, confessing, praying, weeping, he could never tell. Suddenly he was aroused by a loud knocking at the door. It was some time before he could realize where he was sufficiently to answer the summons. When he did, there stood Chester Reynolds, his classmate and most intimate friend. In he came, with a cloud on his face, and dropped into a chair.

“What is the matter, Chet? you look as though you had lost your last friend.”

“Matter? Haven’t you heard the news?”

“News? I’m sure I don’t know what you mean.”

“Why! You certainly knew that the fellows who got up the mock-scheme were all subpoenaed before the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

grand jury. Well, we've just got back; and every mother's son of us has been indicted for criminal libel, except you. Of course the faculty wouldn't suspect such a proper youth as you are. But they picked out every one of us, and nobody else. It is the greatest wonder in the world that they could guess so straight. Probably we shall be convicted and sent to prison. Of course they won't graduate us. That will break my poor father's heart. What shall I do? I don't care for myself. But I wouldn't have father know about this for a thousand dollars."

And then the young fellow laughed a grim, ghostly laugh at the thought of a Methodist minister's son having a thousand dollars.

Everybody who has been in college, and everybody who has lived in a college town, knows what a mock-scheme is. Such publications are the delight of students and the dread and detestation of professors. At the Junior Exhibition, in the month of March preceding the beginning of our story, a mock-scheme, of a very scurrilous character, made its appearance. It had the name of every speaker, metamorphosed in some ludicrous way, but easily recognizable, with his theme twisted into some outlandish and funny shape, and all in their exact order as on the genuine programme. Then there were cruel attacks on members of the faculty, exaggerating all their weaknesses, calling attention to their innocent eccentricities and holding them up to the laughter and contempt of the public. This particular edition of the "Gazette of the Infernal Regions" was very severe on the Rev. John Bradford Knox, D.D., LL.D., the President of the college, who had been growing in unpopularity with the students for several years. All his sins

The Voice Behind the Chair.

and short-comings, real and imaginary, had been raked together from the recollections of undergraduates, and the traditions of alumni, and poured into this surcharged sewer. As soon as the audience had assembled to listen to the orations of the Juniors, and before the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church had invoked the divine blessing, the mock-schemes came fluttering down, no one could tell whence, in a snow storm so dense that every gentleman and lady had from two to half a dozen copies of the precious document. The faculty were so indignant and angry at this exhibition of innate deviltry that they resolved that they would detect and punish its authors, if they never did any thing else for the remainder of their natural lives. It is unnecessary to describe all the methods which they employed. The result of nine weeks' labor, under the lead of Dr. Sharp, who was a noted criminal lawyer before he was professor of History, has been given.

Can it be that Wesley Castle had any thing to do with that mock-scheme? The facts in the case are these. One day, about a week before Junior Exhibition, Wesley and Chester were taking a walk in the village which lay around the base of the hill on which stood Mount Caesar College. Chester said, as they came opposite the principal hotel of the town: "Come in here with me; I have some business to attend to." Wesley followed him up stairs. On the second floor, Chester gave a peculiar knock on a certain door. When it opened, the young men walked into the secret conclave of "the Mock-scheme Committee." Chester was a member of that body. Wesley was perfectly innocent. He did not know where he was till the copy, nearly ready for the press, was read to him. Why had he been decoyed

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

into that place? They wanted his peculiar genius to compose for the scheme some doggerel verses, partly English and partly Latin. This request he foolishly granted. After a few minutes of thought he scratched off two stanzas, very funny but perfectly clean and innocent, which were accepted with shouts of approving laughter. That was Wesley Castle's initiation into membership in the "Mock-scheme Committee." That is all Wesley Castle had to do with the last mock-scheme which was ever published at Mount Caesar College.

On the night following the opening of our story the "Mock-scheme Committee" met. Wesley was present for the first time since his initiation. The fellows were all badly frightened. Several of them were Seniors, and they saw nothing before them better than expulsion, just as the four years of hard labor were about to end in honorable graduation. All were frightened; but not all were penitent. Wesley made this proposition: "I will go before the President, confess my connection with the mock-scheme, tell him that it was fun more than mischief that prompted the publication, suggest that you have been punished sufficiently, and ask him to forgive you on condition of each signing a written apology." Wesley labored from nine o'clock till midnight, to get them all to agree to that plan.

The next morning, at half past seven, Wesley knocked at the office door of Dr. Knox. It was early; but the President was in. "Come" was the response. "O, Mr. Castle. I am glad to see you. Take a seat. I wanted to see you to give you a piece of good news. Some time ago, without your knowledge, I recommended you for the chair of Greek in a western college. It is a fine position; but no better than you deserve. Three hours

The Voice Behind the Chair.

work, and a salary of fifteen hundred dollars to begin with, with an increase of two hundred dollars a year for five years. That will bring the salary up to twenty-five hundred dollars. You will have ample time for study; and I expect to live to see you the greatest philologist on the continent. The seven o'clock mail, last night, brought me a letter, announcing your election to the chair of Greek in the University of the State of California." The conversation which followed may be imagined; but needs not to be repeated.

As soon as Wesley could get to the subject that was on his mind, he said: "Dr. Knox, did you ever suspect that I had any thing to do with that mock-scheme?" The President's face grew dark at once. But he answered: "Certainly not. How could I suspect such a man as you have been for four years?" "Did any member of the faculty ever have any such suspicion?" again the young man asked. "No," said the President, "I am sure no one ever dreamed that you could have any thing to do with such a vile and wicked thing as that."

Then Wesley told Dr. Knox all about the matter just as we know it was, and made the proposition which had been agreed upon, without disclosing any man's name. Wesley's proposition was that the guilty fellows would all own up, and promise never to have any thing to do with a mock-scheme again, on condition that the legal prosecution should be dropped, and they should be allowed to go on and graduate as though nothing had happened.

The President looked very grave. He said he could not promise any thing till he had consulted the whole faculty. That he would do; and, if Mr. Castle would call again, the next morning at the same hour, the de-

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

cision of the faculty would be made known.

Wesley went out of the presence of Dr. Knox feeling as though he had been handling ice. When he called the next morning, the President informed him that the faculty had decided to accept the proposition of the offending students, and that he would meet them, in his office, that evening, at eight o'clock.

A more doleful funeral procession never wended its way to a cemetery than that "Mock-scheme Committee" on its way to the President's office, that Friday night. The fun was all gone. Many times that same company of thirteen had gone to class and fraternity banquets. Now they were going to a banquet of crow and humble-pie. Thirteen men on a Friday night. Who says Friday is not an unlucky day; and thirteen, an unlucky number?

The President met the young men with a face of granite and an air which was calculated to freeze them to the bone. One by one they were called into the private office and questioned as to the part of the mock-scheme of which each had been the author. On a copy which he had preserved Dr. Knox marked off each man's territory, and wrote his name over against it. He was very careful to find out who it was who put in the old story about his throwing a book at a professor's head, when he was himself a college student. Then the culprit signed a humble apology, which the President had drawn.

At length the torture was at an end, and the thirteen retired together, supposing, that, according to the solemn compact made between faculty and students, they were fully pardoned and restored to their forfeited rank. One of them remarked that he would rather be expelled from

The Voice Behind the Chair.

college a hundred times, and spend six months in jail, than to pass through such an ordeal again.

The next morning Wesley and Chester went to the city of Dorchester on some business for the Senior class. When they returned, at six o'clock, they found the college world, and the whole town, in a fearful commotion. This was the stunning intelligence which greeted their ears: "The whole thirteen mock-scheme fellows, Wesley included, are indefinitely suspended from college."

Wesley never had heard any thing in all his life so strange and dreadful as that. Indefinite suspension was the next thing to expulsion; and almost as bad. It meant that he could not graduate. It meant that his election to the chair of Greek in the University of the State of California would be revoked. Of course they would not have a man whom his would-be Alma Mater refused to graduate. It meant the utter ruin of all his worldly hopes. It seemed worse than death. Soon his grief gave way to rage. He became most furiously angry. He had not been so angry since he was a boy, before God came to him in converting grace in the old New Hampshire church. What infamous treachery the President and faculty had practiced against him and his fellow students. They had pledged their word that if the boys would confess their offense they would be fully pardoned; and now, instead, they were virtually expelled. It was capital punishment, where pardon had been promised. In all the history of the ages he could not think of such an infamous act. And the perpetrators of that blackest of crimes were professors of religion, and several of them were Methodist ministers. The Rev. Dr. Knox was expecting to be elected Bishop by the next General Conference. What had he done?

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

By accident, so far as he was concerned, he had learned about the mock-scheme, after it was finished, all but the harmless little doggerel which he had thoughtlessly consented to write. He was punished for confessing a trifling offense, if it could justly be called an offense, of which he had never been suspected. He was punished for saving the college from the disgrace of prosecuting some of its brightest students, and sending them to prison, when they meant nothing but to have a little fun, and to make their loved Institution like all the great colleges and universities, which had had mock-schemes from time immemorial.

That night Wesley did not get one hour of sleep. The next day, which was Sunday, he stayed away from church, the first time in all his life, so far as he could remember. He was under awful temptation. He was even tempted to throw away his religion, and try to be an infidel.

The following week was the longest in all the course of his life. The other students, who had been suspended, were ordered to leave town on pain of expulsion, if they showed their faces till the following Autumn. He was allowed to remain, but was, of course, denied all the privileges of the Institution. On Saturday Dr. Knox sent a private messenger to tell him that the faculty had decided to allow him to graduate; but he would remain suspended till Commencement day, and then he could not appear on the platform with his class, or cross the threshold of the hall where the graduating exercises were to be held. He would receive his diploma privately, by the hand of a messenger.

Wesley Castle made this reply: "Tell the Rev. John Bradford Knox, D.D., LL.D., President of Mount Caesar

The Voice Behind the Chair.

College, that I will not receive a diploma, bearing the signatures of such black-hearted perjurers as himself and the disreputable faculty of which he is the infamous head. So long as they hold the chairs which they disgrace, a diploma from Mount Caesar College would be an insult to any honorable man. I shall go out into the world and try to win a name in spite of their attempt to ruin me. Then, perhaps, after they have gone to dishonored graves, my dear Alma Mater will confer upon me the honors which I have earned.”

Till then Wesley Castle had never been able to hold his anger. Naturally he was angry like a flash of lightning, and over his passion as quickly. This time, however, he stayed angry several days.

The next day, Sunday, was churchless and almost prayerless. Wesley was in a dreadful state of mind. Years afterward he thought: “What would have become of my soul, if I had died that week?”

Monday morning he took the first train away from that place. As the cars pulled out of the village, he stood on the rear platform, and shaking his clenched fist toward the dear old buildings on the hill, took a solemn vow that he would never look upon them again, so long as the faculty contained one of those professors who had treated him so unjustly. Then he entered the car, threw himself into a seat, and burst into a flood of tears. Those were the first tears since he heard of his suspension, nine days before.

II.

The Death of Self.

Wesley Castle went from college back to the place of his birth, back to his father's farm. The next mail, after his arrival, brought him the official notification that he had been expelled from the institution from which he would have graduated, in a few weeks, with the highest honors. That was the Rev. Dr. John Bradford Knox's response to Wesley's refusal to accept his well-earned diploma at the hands of a covenant-breaker and perjurer.

Wesley told his parents all the trouble from the beginning. His mother made no reply but tears. His father said: "Wesley, you have done both right and wrong. You were wrong in having anything to do with the mock-scheme. When you found yourself in the room with the mock-scheme committee, you ought to have walked out as quick as you could. You did a noble deed when you confessed to the President. He and the faculty committed a shameful act when they broke their word with you. You did exactly right when you refused to take your diploma from such a band of robbers. If you had stayed and graduated, you would have disgraced the family name; I should be ashamed to own you as my son. Your last words to the President were well spoken. They are worthy a descendant of John Castle. But, if you were angry when you spoke them, you ought to repent and ask God to forgive you, and Dr. Knox also."

Wesley went to work on the farm. The muscular strength and endurance which he had gained in the college gymnasium were turned to a good account in driv-

The Death of Self.

ing the mower and harvester, and in pitching hay, and in cutting and binding corn-stocks, and in building stone-wall. Meanwhile he was trying to find a place to teach. That was what he had been preparing himself for by seven years of laborious study. Of course he lost the professorship of Greek in the University of California. The Trustees of that great institution would not have an expelled student of Mount Caesar College. Wherever he turned, that stood in his way. He made application for several good places, any one of which would have eagerly opened itself to receive him, a little while ago; but now his standing with Mount Caesar and Dr. Knox barred his way.

One day, in the latter part of November, he received a letter from the Principal, and virtual proprietor, of the Fairview Seminary, offering him a place. The writer had heard of Wesley, and all the facts about his expulsion from Mount Caesar, from a student who had gone to that college from his school. He said to himself: "I like the stuff of which that young man is made." He had two positions to fill—Mathematics, and Greek and Latin; and one or the other of the new teachers would be Vice-Principal, and head of the institution, while he was absent at the state Capital, serving as Senator, to which position he had recently been elected. Wesley could have either professorship, with, or without, the Vice-Principalship. The professorship alone would bring him six hundred dollars, and board and furnished room, with light and heat. The Vice-principalship would add one hundred dollars. Wesley chose the Greek and Latin alone.

Two weeks after he received Prof. Pelton's letter, Wesley was in his new field of labor. He had eight

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

recitations each day, except Saturday, each recitation covering three-quarters of an hour. He also had charge of a building full of boys, calling themselves young men, some of them as lawless as state's prison convicts. Then he presided at one of the tables in the dining-room; took his turn in conducting morning and evening devotions in the Seminary chapel; and had to hold himself ready to discharge the duties of policeman, anywhere on the grounds, at any time, by day or night. All that for six hundred dollars, and found. How different from the three hours of Greek, and twenty-five hundred dollars in the University of California. "This is what a man gets," Wesley said to himself, "for confessing a fault, and doing a manly thing. If I had kept my mouth shut, the faculty at Mount Caesar would never have suspected that I had any thing to do with the mock-scheme, and I should be professor at the University of California, instead of being in this one-horse, backwoods boarding-school. I know I did not do right in having any connection with that mock-scheme; but I meant no wrong, and my confession, when I was in no danger of being caught, ought to have atoned for the sin of composing that harmless little poetic squib. But, I suppose, I must suffer for my fault as long as I live. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard, even if he transgresses but a little."

As soon as Wesley found himself in Fairview Seminary, he remembered the vow which he made to God, in room No. 20, North Dormitory, Mount Caesar College, when the Almighty came and stood behind his chair, and seemed to speak in an audible voice. He never had forgotten that hour, and he never could. Now he began, at once, to redeem his pledge. His surroundings

The Death of Self.

conspired to help, and to compel, him to do so as he had vowed that he would. At every meal in the great dining-room, in the presence of a dozen teachers and a hundred students, the blessing was asked before the food was served, and thanks were offered after the repast. Twice every day the Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered, in the Seminary Chapel. Every Tuesday evening some one conducted a student and teachers' prayer meeting in one of the largest recitation rooms. Prof. Castle was one of five male teachers who had all this Christian work to perform. There was no honorable escape, if he had desired one. So he did his duty. Some times the cross was very heavy. For a long time he had no joy. One night, after the retiring bell had rung, and all the boys were quiet in their beds, he said to himself: "I have stood this long enough. I will begin anew, and get right with God. He was on his knees, or pacing back and forth across the floor, till four o'clock in the morning. He came to God, as a wanderer, as a sinner. He confessed his sins, his neglect of duty, his pride, his selfishness. He told God that he would do every duty, and be his, as long as he should live. He prayed that he might have the witness of the Spirit, and know that he was saved. He did not pray and wrestle for naught. The same peace came into his heart, that he first felt in the old church among the New Hampshire hills, ten years before. The next afternoon, before going to his first recitation, he wrote the following letter:

Fairview, January 20, 18—.

Rev. John Bradford Knox, D.D., LL.D.

Dear Sir:—You will doubtless be surprised at the receipt of a letter from me. It is with the greatest sadness that I think of my

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

last three months at Mount Caesar. As I told you, I regret my connection with that miserable mock-scheme. At the time I intended no wrong. I was taken by surprise. I see now that, in staying in the room with the Committee, and writing those verses, innocent in themselves, I made myself responsible for the whole of the vile and scurrilous sheet. I have repented in dust and ashes, before God, and he has forgiven me. I beg your forgiveness, once more. When I sent you that message, by your secretary, I was angry. In that I committed a great sin, for which I crave your forgiveness, as, I believe, I already have the forgiveness of God. I can not regret I refused to accept my diploma, in the circumstances in which it was offered. But I do deeply deplore the spirit in which I refused it. I do not expect that you will ever think of me as you used, or that we shall ever be friends. But I do hope, and beg, that you will assure me of your forgiveness, for the wrong I have done you.

Sincerely yours,

WESLEY CASTLE.

That letter went in the first mail that left Fairview after it was written. But the Rev. Dr. Knox never condescended to reply. It did no good in that direction; but it was its own answer. It brought great peace to the heart of the writer. From that time onward, he walked in the light of God. There was nothing between him and his heavenly Father. His spiritual sky was not always free from clouds. He could not always see the sun. But the day of justification and reconciliation had come; and the night of condemnation never returned.

There were many things which helped Wesley Castle to live a Christian life. Allusion has been made to some of them. Another is worthy of mention. There was a little Methodist Church in the village of Fairview. The workers were few. The Pastor, the Rev. Hannibal

The Death of Self.

Williams, was very glad when he knew that there was a Methodist professor in the Seminary, and resolved to use him to the utmost. He persuaded him to take a class in the Sunday School. He often asked him to lead the Thursday evening prayer meeting, when he himself had to be absent on another part of his charge. And, not seldom, at a Sunday morning or evening preaching service, he would say: "Will Prof. Castle come forward and lead us in prayer?" The first time this happened, it almost took away the professor's breath. To pray before the students at chapel exercises was bad enough. But to go up the aisle of the church, in the eyes of the great congregation, and kneel by the side of the communion table, and pray. It really seemed to him that it would kill him. But he responded to the call, and did the best he could, for three reasons. In the first place, he was a Methodist, and he would not go back on a Methodist minister, in the presence of a lot of Baptists and Presbyterians and Episcopalians. That was the only church in the place which had regular services; and the congregation contained representatives of almost every denomination in the United States. He would have them understand that a Methodist could pray anywhere, and at a moment's notice. In the second place, it would never do for the Professor of Greek and Latin in the Fairview Seminary to back down and show the white feather when he was called upon to do such a little thing as to pray. If he could not pray, people would think he could not teach the ancient languages. In the third place, he had promised God that he would do every duty, if it killed him. So he marched up the aisle and prayed. But he could not tell one minute after he rose from his knees what he had been saying, and, as he

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

went back to his pew, he was as wet with sweat as though he had been mowing away hay, in his father's barn, in a hot summer day. He would have given a month's salary, any time, rather than perform that duty. But he did it again and again, and gained new strength every time. God was giving him a very severe course of training in his spiritual gymnasium, to fit him for future happiness and usefulness. He took the instruction like a hero, and paid the tuition like a man, and grew stronger every day. He soon got where he enjoyed religion, which before he had only endured. Years afterward he declared that he grew in grace, the first three months at Fairview, more than he had during the previous ten years of his Christian life.

But he was not satisfied. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that the farther he advanced, the more dissatisfied he became. At first, his dissatisfaction was very vague and indefinite. Though he had become accustomed, from his college training, to analyze his mental states and operations, he could not tell what was the matter with himself. He was sure he was a child of God, and he had a growing relish for divine things. And yet he felt that there was a great lack somewhere; something was the matter with his religious experience.

At about the same time three things happened which helped to open the professor's eyes, and make him see what he needed, to perfect his religious experience. One evening a student, Walter Davis, called at his room, under a great burden of conviction, to have him pray with him, and help him to find the Savior. Castle was glad to help him; and did, the best he could. But, after the young man was gone, he said to himself: "How weak I am. Here I have been a professor of religion and a

The Death of Self.

member of the Church, for ten years; and yet I have so little of the life of God in my soul that I could not afford that boy much help to get to Jesus. What if he had come to have me translate a sentence for him in his Anabasis, and I had made as poor work as I made just now? What would I do? I would resign my position at once. If I did not know any more about Greek than I do about experimental religion, I would stop calling myself a professor of Greek. I must get a great deal better religious experience than I have now, or I shall soon have none at all."

One Friday night, when all the students were supposed to be attending the meetings of their literary societies, the Faculty were all invited to a social function in one of the homes of the village. At about nine o'clock Prof. Castle went to his room at the Seminary to get a book about which he had been talking with Dr. Struble, the leading physician of the community. Stepping noiselessly into the hall, he saw two students standing in front of his door. They did not see or hear him. So he stood and watched them. They were putting putty into his key-hole. That delightful little compliment had been paid to several of the other teachers. Now he was getting it. He became very angry. Seizing the two young men with his powerful hands, he dashed their heads together till they could see hundreds of stars which have never been laid out on any atlas of the heavens. As he butted their craniums against each other, he uttered some words which nobody at Fairview had ever before heard come from the lips of the dignified Prof. Castle. Then flinging them from him in a heap in the corner, he entered his room. He felt angry enough to kill the young rascals. But his passion was

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

gone in a moment. He saw how wicked he had been. Throwing himself on his face, on the floor, he cried aloud to God for mercy and forgiveness. He accused himself of murder. He was a murderer at heart. "Must I carry this passionate temper with me to the grave? I suppose I must. That is what nearly all the preachers and commentators say. It will be the death of me some time, I am afraid. I have fought against it for years, in my own strength and in the strength of God. Often I have beaten it, and kept it down. But it has been in my soul all the time, and is just as strong to-night as it ever was. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He did not return to the party. He lay there on the floor till the ten o'clock retiring bell rung, and long after. He prayed till he knew God had forgiven him. But he did not pray till the old passionate nature was killed; for, although the man after whom he was named, and to whose Church he belonged, had clearly taught that Christians may experience the death of the carnal mind, he did not believe that any such thing was possible.

The next morning the Professor called the young men into his room, their heads still sore and swollen from their star-gazing expedition, and asked their forgiveness for his angry words and actions. He did not apologize for chastizing them—that was their just due—but for his display of sinful anger. Of course they were glad to get off so easily. They wondered that the professor should ask their forgiveness; and departed, uncertain which to admire the more, the professor's tremendous physical strength or the nobility of his Christian character. As for the professor himself, he felt that God had forgiven his great sin of murder (he always called it

The Death of Self.

that); but his heart did not get over feeling bruised and sore for many days.

The Rev. Hannibal Williams had a protracted meeting at the church, during the month of February. He asked Prof. Castle to help him. This he promised to do, remarking, however, that he was wholly unfitted for that sort of service. But he attended as frequently as he could, and put forth every effort he knew how. He prayed and testified and, some times, exhorted after a fashion. But how weak he felt. His constant cry to God was: "More power! more power!" "Here I am," he said to himself, "trying to pull sinners out of the rushing, roaring river of sin, just above the awful Niagara of eternal damnation, and it requires nearly all the strength and skill I have to keep my own head above the water." An unsaved man he was not. A backslider he was not. A child of God he knew he was. And yet so weak! so weak!

One evening the Presiding Elder, the Rev. Dr. B. J. Hand, preached at the church. His theme was "Heart Purity." Wesley had never heard a sermon on that subject, so far as he could recall, though he had been brought up in that denomination of which the special mission is to "spread Scriptural holiness over the lands." In the light of that discourse he saw just what he needed, and, in a general way, he saw how to obtain it. After the service, Prof. Castle was introduced to the Presiding Elder. The first thing the latter said, as he grasped the young man's hand, was: "Professor, you have no business here. You ought to be preaching the gospel." That was the first time, in all his life, that any one had ever spoken to Wesley on that subject; and the Elder's words made no particular impression at the moment.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

That night, any one watching the window of Prof. Castle's room would have seen a light burning till sunrise. He did not sleep a wink. It was the most terrible night of his life. God turned his great search-light full upon him, and showed him the depths of his inmost soul. He looked down into it, as into a well a hundred feet deep, and saw it full of crawling, slimy, venomous, deadly things. He saw his angry temper, as he had never seen it before. He remembered the words of Jesus, in the Sermon on the Mount, "Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." He knew that that was the Great Teacher's definition of murder. He also knew that the best Greek manuscripts omit the words "without a cause." He had been angry with his brother man, times almost without number. Therefore he was a murderer; he had murder in his heart. Then he was fearfully ambitious. He could not bear to have any one surpass him. His desire to excel had always been an all-consuming passion. He was proud and sensitive to the last degree. He had always known, and deplored it. Now he saw it as never before; and loathed himself with unutterable loathing. He had an awful will, which did not like to yield to any thing on earth or in heaven. His master desire had always been to have his own way. That night he thought he could understand how Lucifer felt when he raised a rebellion among the angels and undertook to dethrone the Almighty. He saw some thing in himself which, if it could have its way, would hurl the Creator from his throne. He was horrified at what he saw, and groaned aloud like one undergoing the torture of the rack. He was on the rack. His soul, it seemed to him, was undergoing the tortures of the damned.

The Death of Self.

And yet he felt no condemnation. He felt that he was a child of God. Those things within him, which made his soul a veritable hell, were there without his consent. They had been there from before his birth. They had been there ever since his existence began. That was the teaching of the Bible: "behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me." Paul taught the same doctrine when he said: "the carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Since he was born again, in the old New Hampshire church, the carnal mind had been covered over, and, for the most part, held down, by the new life, the life of God. Of late he had been gaining a more and more perfect victory over his inborn sinfulness. But that volcanic eruption of murderous anger, when he knocked the boys' heads together for putting up his key-hole, was positive proof that the hell of depravity was still in his soul in all its original fury and power. It must be taken out of him before he could enter heaven. Why not now? God would have to do the work, if it was ever done. If God was a holy and almighty being, why would he not give him a holy heart at once. The Presiding Elder said he would. So then he began to pray: "Create in me a clean heart; and renew a right spirit within me." It was never known how long he prayed. But he got no relief; and he was praying that prayer when the rising sun looked into his eastern window.

From that time on Wesley Castle was an earnest and constant seeker for a clean heart, for fifteen months. He was at it almost all the time, when he was not obliged to be about his official duties, or was not asleep, and he spent many sleepless nights, searching the Bible and

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

praying the Psalmist's prayer. With his concordance, he went through the entire Bible, examining every passage which alludes to holiness and purity of heart. He read that part of Hymnal which bears the title "Sanctification," and committed many of the hymns to memory, especially the one which contains the stanza,

"O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart which always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!"

He read no other book on the subject of Christian purity, except Dr. Boardman's "Higher Life." That gave him much light; but he longed intensely after the sympathy and counsel of some one who had passed through the same experience as himself, and had obtained the blessing of a clean heart. He did not know where to find such a person. There was not a really spiritual Christian in all the Fairview Seminary or Church—that is, one to whom he would dare to go in such an emergency, unless it might be the Pastor. To the Rev. Hannibal Williams he went and unburdened his soul. But he got no help. All the Pastor had to say was that he believed in the Wesleyan doctrine of Entire Sanctification, every Methodist Preacher had to believe it, or say that he did; but he had never experienced the blessing. He did go forward for a clean heart once, at a camp meeting, but he did not get anything, and he gave it up. Wesley went away from the parsonage, after that interview, groaning in spirit, and saying to himself: "What are pastors and preachers for, if they cannot help a poor fellow like me in such trouble as this?"

In the midst of those terrible fifteen months, two very

The Death of Self.

important events took place. One Sunday morning, as Prof. Castle was sitting in the gallery of the old Fairview Church, with the choir, of which he was a member, he heard the same voice which spoke to him that May afternoon, in his room at Mount Caesar College, and felt the presence of the same being behind his chair. This time the voice spoke in a very soft, but very distinct, whisper, as though the speaker's lips were close to his right ear. The voice said: "Don't you think you ought to preach?" That was all it was—a huge interrogation point. But he could not get rid of it for many, many months. Unless his mind was very intently fixed on something else, he could see that great black, crooked sign dancing and making faces to him, in the air. From that time on he could not, without a strong effort of his will, hear a sermon, without making one of his own on the same text, as the minister went on with his discourse—a thing which had never been before.

The other event may best be told in an indirect way. One day, in commencement week, Mr. Mather, the Treasurer of the Seminary, waited on Prof. Castle to inquire if he would remain in the Institution the coming year, at the same salary as the present. The Professor of Greek and Latin blushed and said: "Yes; but I shall be obliged to have board for two." Mr. Mather said that would be all right; and the interview ended. That evening "The Ladies' Literary Society" of the Seminary gave a public entertainment. One of the items on the programme was the reading of "The Fairview Gazette." It contained, along with some serious and stately articles, many squibs and jokes about the teachers and students. There was one which sent a thrill of amusement and surprise through the whole

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

audience. It was this: "Prof. Castle will bring a bride to Fairview next Fall; for he has engaged board for two."

Mrs. Castle was the daughter of a Methodist minister, and an earnest Christian. She soon knew all about her husband's spiritual troubles, and became a seeker, with him, of a clean heart, the Pentecostal gift, the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Together they searched the Scriptures to know the mind of God on this subject. Together they spent many seasons and many hours of prayer.

Meanwhile Wesley's agony was becoming most intense. He had consecrated all to God; he knew he had. He was willing to do any thing the All-wise might require of him. One day he said to his wife; "If God commands, I will preach the gospel; or I will go as a missionary to the most distant island of the sea; or I will sell my books and resign my professorship and take a shovel and go to digging ditches. I am ready to do any thing, or go anywhere, or be any thing, if God will only give me a clean heart, and fill me with his love. I know what Jesus meant when he spoke about hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I am sure that no cast-away at sea ever longed for food or water as I long for the fulness of the divine Spirit. I cannot think of any thing—not even heaven—that I want a thousandth part as much as I want to have my heart cleansed from all sin. If that blessing were a hundred feet distant, and the only way to reach it were to walk to it, with naked feet, over a pavement of red-hot bricks, I know I would start for it without a moment's hesitation. I must have it, or I shall die. I will seek it till I have it, or till I die."

He spent hours and hours on his knees, pleading and

The Death of Self.

groaning for a clean heart. Whenever he could catch a moment between recitations, he would lock his door and throw himself upon his knees. His very breath was prayer. He was ready to accept help from any source. Once, on the cars, returning from a vacation trip, he saw a man, to whom he had never been introduced, but whom he had seen years before, when he was in college, conducting a revival meeting with a praying-band, of which he was leader. Wesley said to himself: "That is a devoted man of God; he must know all about this doctrine and experience." So he introduced himself to him, and sat down beside him, and unburdened his heart; but the good man, though a "master in Israel" could not understand him and could not help him. On that particular day, it seemed to him that he should die. He almost wished the cars would run off the track and dash him to pieces. And still he did not feel condemned. He felt that God smiled upon him, and called him his child. He was as deeply convicted of the need of a clean heart as he had ever been of the need of pardon and conversion. But the two kinds of conviction were very different. Then he was a guilty rebel, seeking escape from the sword of divine justice which was continually hanging over his head. Now he was a child of God, seeking the portion which belongs to every member of the divine family, here on the earth.

Some times he almost had the blessing. Again and again, it would seem to see it just above his head, and he would actually stretch up his hands to seize it; but it would elude his grasp. Then he would pant and groan and cry, like a starving child tantalized with a piece of bread.

One Sunday night, after church, he prayed in his

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

room till mid-night. His agony, at length, became so intense that it seemed to himself that he felt like the Savior in the garden, when he sweat great drops of blood. He was at the end of all his efforts. He could do no more. "If I were sinking into hell," he said, "I could do no more."

Just then he heard the very same voice which he had heard twice before—in his room at the college, and in the gallery of the Fairview Methodist Church; and he felt the presence of the same divine Being. This time the voice said: "Why don't you believe?"

"Believe what?"

"Believe that the blessing is yours. Have you not consecrated all to me?"

"Yes, Lord, I know I have. You know I have."

"Well then, believe that I accept you as an object of my sanctifying power. Believe that I do the work, this moment, according to my promise. Is it not written, 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them'?"

"Yes, Lord. I do believe. It is done according to your word." He sprung to his feet. "It is done," he said again and again. "The blessing of a clean heart is mine." He looked down at the chair, where he had been praying so long. It seemed to him that it would be a sin to pray for a clean heart any more. He never did pray for that blessing again, as long as he lived. He went to praising God that the work was done. And yet he had no feeling at all. He did not feel any different from what he had before except that he had left off struggling, and was at rest. He went to bed. He went to sleep, saying to God: "The blessing of a clean heart is mine. You have given it to me. You have not yet

The Death of Self.

given me the witness of the Spirit that my heart is cleansed from all unrighteousness; but you will when you get ready. I am willing to wait for it till the judgment day, if that is your will."

The next morning he woke up in the same state of mind and heart which he had when he went to sleep. So it was all the week—a perfect faith that the blessing was his; but no feeling, or very little feeling, that it was.

That was a very hard and trying week. The boys in his dormitory were unusually unruly and full of pranks, and the devil was unusually active. But his soul was kept in perfect peace. It seemed that there was a wall of fire, about ten feet high, and thirty feet in circumference, all around him. Satan would come, every little while, and poke his head above the fence and make faces at him, but could not touch him.

The next Sunday afternoon, the professor was sitting in his room, with Mrs. Castle. She was reading to him in the "Life of Carvosso." She came to a stanza of a hymn.

It was this:

"Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With a pure delight and inward bliss;
To know thou tak'st me for thine own:
O what a happiness is this."

Wesley said: "Let us sing it." He began without any emotion. But, when he reached the end of the second line, he could go no further. He was deluged with waves of glory. He was in an ecstasy of joy. It seemed as though heaven had come down into the room. It seemed to be filled with the brightness of a thousand suns. He was a thousand times happier than he had ever supposed he should be in heaven. God was right

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

there. He was as real as though he could be seen by mortal eyes. The great billows of bliss kept rolling over him. It seemed as though immense wings overhead were fanning him. The weight of glory became so heavy that it seemed as though it would crush him. He rose to his feet and staggered to the piano and leaned against it for support. For about thirty minutes he stood there bracing himself against the boundless ocean of divine love, which kept hurling its mountain-like waves over his head. At length he could endure it no longer, and he said: "O God, withhold thy hand, or I shall die of joy."

All this time he felt so clean. He felt, and knew, that his old passionate temper, which had tormented him all his life, was gone. All the pride, and selfishness, and unholy ambition, and self-will were gone, branch and root. All sin was gone. He was as sure as he was that he was alive that God had cleansed his heart from all sin. The words "ALL GONE, ALL GONE, ALL SIN IS GONE" kept reverberating through the chambers of his inmost soul; and he knew that they were the words of God.

That night, at the religious service held in the Seminary chapel, Prof. Castle gave a clear and ringing testimony that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all unrighteousness. That testimony was the beginning of a better life to many souls.

After the meeting he wrote the following letter:

Fairview, May 9th, 18—.

My dear Father:

I write a few lines to tell you, and my dear Mother and Sister, of the goodness of God. This afternoon I had a most beautiful vision of heaven—I can call it nothing else. God has revealed himself to me in mighty power. I have the witness, clear and strong, that God has cleansed me from all sin. Praise God, from

The Death of Self.

whom all blessings flow. Last Sabbath I resigned all to God, and believe that he accepted me entire; but I had not the witness, except in a slight degree. To-day the witness came, and all is glory.

Your affectionate Son,

WESLEY.



III.

Abundant Life After Death.

That Sunday night Prof. Castle was too happy to sleep. He did get some sleep, to be sure; but it was a peculiar kind of sleep, in which he did not lose his consciousness, but seemed to be floating away among the stars, on a silvery cloud, borne up on waves of celestial music. Although he hardly slept at all, he rose in the morning perfectly refreshed, feeling stronger in body than he ever had before in all his life. When, according to custom, he threw himself on his knees, at his bedside, to offer his morning prayer, he could not pray. He could not think of any thing that he wanted. He could only praise God for the fulness of blessing which he had received. Such a praise service he had never known. His heart was full of praise. He said "Praise the Lord" aloud, again and again. Then the great billows of joy began to roll over him, as they did Sunday afternoon. They kept coming, bigger and bigger, and higher and higher, and louder and louder, till he thought he should be drowned. When he tried to rise, he found that his strength was gone; he could not stand. It was a long time before he could get on his feet; and then he staggered like a drunken man. He thought of what the enemies of Christ said about the disciples who had just been filled with the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost: "These men are full of new wine." He was filled with the new wine of the kingdom. He was Spirit-intoxicated. It was a full half hour before he could compose

Abundant Life After Death.

himself sufficiently to go to breakfast. At the table he could not eat, he was so happy. The students gazed at him in wonder. They said to each other, after they left the dining room, "Did you see how Prof. Castle's face shone?" Long years after, that breakfast was remembered by many, and one, who became a minister of the gospel, declared that, at the time, and ever after, it seemed to him like the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

That Monday morning, it was Prof. Castle's turn to officiate at the chapel devotions. That duty had always been a cross to him. He had borne the cross without a murmur, and had derived strength and blessing from so doing. The cross had been growing lighter; but it had not ceased to be a cross. That morning, he selected, as a Scripture lesson, the third chapter of the First Epistle of John. As soon as he began to read the opening verses: "behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is," his eyes filled with tears of joy, and he was so blinded that he would have been obliged to stop, if he had not known the chapter by heart. As it was, he was so choked by the surges of blissful emotion which kept coming up from his overcharged heart that he left off with the ninth verse, "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God," gave out a hymn and sat down. While the hymn was being sung he sat, quivering with emotion, trying to compose himself, trying to dry his tears of ecstasy, trying to keep the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

hallelujahs from coming out of his lips. When the singing was over he staggered to the desk, knelt and began to pray. It was some seconds before he could utter a word, so overwhelming were his emotions. By a tremendous exertion of his will, he controlled himself sufficiently to speak a few sentences, and say "Amen." Rising from his knees, he hurried to his room, without stopping to speak to anybody, and, throwing himself upon a couch, rolled in an agony of joy for fifteen minutes, till he recovered strength sufficiently to go to his recitation room. For many weeks that experience was repeated every time he prayed at chapel devotions. He would have to hold in, with all his might, and pray soft and low and short and slow, lest he should go all to pieces, and shout, or lose his strength and sink unconscious to the floor, in the presence of all the teachers and students. Following every such attempt to pray in chapel, would be quarter of an hour, or more, of unutterable bliss in his room, in which he would roll on his couch, weeping, laughing, shouting, begging the Almighty to hold back the billows of salvation, so that his poor, weak body could recover strength for the duties of the day. This is no invention of the imagination. It is a historical fact that, after Professor Wesley Castle received the Second Blessing, the baptism of the Holy Ghost that Sunday afternoon, what had been his greatest cross became his greatest joy; that which had been the hardest duty for him to perform became the easiest; only, in a certain sense, it was hard because it was so exceedingly easy. Before he had borne the cross like a martyr. Now the cross was a pair of mighty wings, bearing his soul aloft to the third heaven of divine love and joy. Now he knew the meaning of Hugh Stowell's hymn about prayer:

Abundant Life After Death.

“There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.”

There was a student in Fairview Seminary, named Pulver. He was fitting for college. He had the law in mind. He was a brilliant young man, with a noble, manly character. But he was not a Christian. He was somewhat skeptical. He was a great admirer of Prof. Castle; and Prof. Castle was very fond of him. The professor had done his best to win Pulver to Christ. They had spent hours together, talking upon the subject of religion. Pulver always expressed himself with the most perfect sincerity and candor, and always listened with the greatest respect to all that the professor had to say; but he did not seem to be making the slightest progress toward the light. The conversation would usually begin with some infidel objection against the Bible. The professor would have no great difficulty in answering it, and in driving Pulver to the wall, for he was not well posted in infidel arguments, and was very far from being an infidel at heart.

Then the student would commonly talk in this strain: “Professor, I can’t see that what you call salvation saves anybody. I have known hundreds of professed Christians, and I can’t think of one who seemed to be saved. I have been to church and Sunday school and prayer meeting all my life; I suppose that I have heard thousands of sermons, from scores of ministers; and they all tell the same story. You know what they all say. This is about what it is: ‘I know by many years of painful experience that religion is a divine reality. I have a great many temptations. I make many crooked paths. I do, every day, the things I know I ought not to do,

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

and I leave undone many things which I know I ought to do. I know there is nothing good in me. But we read in the Good Book that, if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father. I hope to persevere in this way, and get to heaven at last.' They don't all talk quite as blue as that; but some of them are bluer still."

Once in talking with the professor, Pulver said: "We have an old man in our church at Booneville, where I live, whom everybody calls Daddy Wilson. He's a good man, and, I suppose, a Christian. I have never heard any thing against his character. But he talks blue, like all the rest of you Christians. One evening, in prayer meeting, he had been telling what an awful hard time he had, serving the Lord, and how much smarter and stronger the devil was than both of them. He got off his usual confession that he did, every day, the things he knew were wrong, and left undone the things he knew he ought to do, and sat down with a fearful groan. There is an infidel in the town, named Dick Wormley. For a wonder, he was at prayer meeting that night. He had never been seen in such a place before. Another thing about him which was not strange was that he was more than half drunk. As soon as Daddy Wilson sat down, drunken Dick got up, and, before any one could guess what he was going to say, he out with this, addressing the minister: 'Elder, I want to be baptized and joint the Church. Daddy Wilson is a good Christian, ain't he? I suppose he's as good as you've got. They call him one of the pillows of the Church. He's just related his Christian experience; and he's related mine too. He says he does, every day, what he knows is wrong, and leaves undone what he knows he oughter do. That's just what I do. If he's

Abundant Life After Death.

a good Christian, so am I. So, if you please, I want to join the Church.' ”

“Of course, I know Daddy Wilson is a great deal better man than Dick Wormley. But, so far as being a Christian is concerned, I can't see any difference between them. They both do what they know to be wrong, and omit to do what they know to be right. The only difference between them is that one commits greater sins than the other. They differ only in degree. No, after all, I think Daddy Wilson is the worse man of the two, according to his own testimony, for he has more light, and he professes to be a Christian, when he is not, and so is a hypocrite, and Dick Wormley professes nothing. According to your Bible, they are both sinners, and are both on the way to hell.”

“I said I never knew a professed Christian who seemed to be saved. I did one. Some years ago, the pastor of our Booneville Church died, and the Presiding Elder sent a young fellow, from the Theological Seminary, to fill out the year. He was very talented, and might have been very popular. They all said that he was the smartest preacher that they had ever had in that pulpit. But he preached that salvation saves, and the pillars of the Church did not like that. Almost the first sermon he preached raised an awful row. His text was: ‘Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.’ He told them that they could, by the grace of God, live without the commission of known sin; and that, if they did what they knew was wrong, they were sinners; and that, if they were sinners, they could not be saints; and that, if they were not saints, they were not the children of God, they had not been born again, but were on the road to perdition, just like ordinary sinners. The whole town

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

was in a ferment that week. The church people were as mad as hornets. You would have supposed that they loved sin, and that it was a glorious privilege to commit sin, and that the young preacher was trying to deprive them of their God-given rights. They could not have been more enraged at him, if he had preached Mormonism or Mohammedanism. A committee waited on him, before the next Sunday, and told him that they could not stand such doctrine as he preached. He asked them if he did not prove all that he said from the Bible. They said not from the Bible, as they understood it. Anyhow, whether it was Bible doctrine or not, Booneville would not stand it. 'Why,' they said, 'you have destroyed the hope of almost everybody in Booneville Methodist Church, to say nothing of all the Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Baptists. If you keep on preaching such damnable doctrine as that, nobody will be able to sleep in all these churches, and you will send us all to hell together. Of course nobody can live without sin. Haven't we tried it long enough to know?' The next Sunday the young fellow gave them a stronger dose than the first. He not only preached that the Almighty can keep a man from doing what he knows to be wrong; but that he can so cleanse his heart that there will be no bad passions left in him to incline him to sin. Everybody declared that such preaching was perfectly awful. So the Official Board wrote to the Presiding Elder, and he took the young theologian away, and sent a man who was warranted to preach the good, old, blessed, comforting doctrine that Christians must sin every day, in thought, word and deed. I think that young preacher had salvation, if there is such a thing; for, in all the abuse and persecution which he suffered at

Abundant Life After Death.

the hands of the Boonevilleites, he never lost his balance, and was never anything but gentleness and sweetness personified."

"Now your Bible teaches that salvation saves; that religion makes folks good and pure and victorious and happy in all circumstances. I don't believe the Bible much. But if I could find a few specimens of Christ's power to save, I might believe, and want to be a Christian too. If I can judge from what Christians say about themselves, I am just as well off without religion as with it; and better too, for I should have to be a hypocrite to be a Christian, and I know I am not now."

The professor could not answer the student. He tried to; he used many words. But he could not satisfy him, and he could not satisfy himself.

The Tuesday evening prayer meeting, following that glorious Sunday, was led by Prof. Castle. It was a wonderful meeting. Nothing like it had been known since the founding of Fairview Seminary. Nearly all the students were present; and all the teachers, except Principal Pelton. There were students there who had never been seen in such a place before. Everybody could see that God was with the professor, as soon as he rose to open the service. There was a shine on his face, and a something in his voice, which seemed to belong to the upper world. After the singing of two or three hymns and a short season of prayer, the leader spoke for about thirty minutes. He related his experience. He told the story of his conviction and conversion, when he was a boy. He told about his religious life at college. He gave a very vivid description of his conversation with God, in his room, that May afternoon, two years before. Then he related, quite minutely, how the Holy Spirit

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

showed him his need of a clean heart; how he was made to realize his sinfulness, while, at the same time, conscious that his sins had been forgiven; how he vainly struggled, for fifteen dreadful months, to get rid of the carnal mind; how, at last, he took the blessing, as a gift from God, that Sunday night; and how the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost came the following Sunday afternoon. He spoke with wonderful pathos and power. He seemed to his hearers to be surcharged with divine electricity. He appeared like a huge dynamo, belted on to the throne of Omnipotence. They thought that they could see sparks of celestial energy darting out from him in all directions. They were most powerfully moved, as a fierce wind moves the tops of forest trees.

When he reached the end of his story, the professor said: "Is there a Christian who feels the need of a heart washed whiter than snow, and who will now seek perfect cleansing through the baptism of the Holy Ghost? If so, get as near to this platform as you can." Instantly seventy-five persons, including all the teachers, were on their feet, pressing to the front. The front rank dropped on their knees, on the platform step; the others knelt close behind; and all began to weep and pray, each for himself, or herself, as though there were not another person in the room.

"Is there an unsaved person in the chapel, who wants to get to Jesus, and receive the forgiveness of sins, and a new heart, to-night? If there be one, get as far to the front as you can, and as quickly as you can," said the leader. Full a hundred students were on their feet, pressing to the front, in a minute.

It would be impossible to describe that after-meeting. The ten o'clock retiring bell was not rung till after

Abundant Life After Death.

twelve. More than a score of souls were joyously converted. Fifty believers entered into the experience of perfect cleansing. And a revival began which swept through the school, leaving less than fifty unsaved students, out of an entire enrollment of three hundred and twenty-five names.

Pulver was at that meeting. But he did not move. He sat on the back seat till the end, without the slightest manifestation of feeling. The next evening he came to Prof. Castle's room, and requested a few minutes' conversation. Almost the first thing he said was: "Professor, I want you to pray for me. I am a miserable sinner, and I can't live till to-morrow morning, if I don't get relief." That interview lasted two hours and a half. When it closed, Pulver was rejoicing in the consciousness that he was a child of God. To-day he is one of the most successful pastors and revivalists in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the conversation which passed between him and Prof. and Mrs. Castle, that Wednesday night, Pulver used language like this: "I was at the meeting in the chapel, last Sunday night, I heard your testimony that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed you from all sin. I could see that you were not the same man you used to be. You made me think of the young preacher at Booneville. I saw—everybody saw—how you were almost overcome when you read and prayed at the chapel devotions, Monday morning. I could see that God had come into your soul. I said to myself, the Professor has got what the Booneville supply-preacher told us about. Then your talk last night! That used me up entirely. I wouldn't go forward. But nobody there was more deeply stirred than I was. I could see that you'd got

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

what the Bible says the apostles got on the day of Pentecost. I could see that you'd got the salvation that saves. I know what your natural disposition is, Professor,—excuse my plainness of speech. I know what was in you when you knocked the heads of those fellows together, and almost cracked their skulls. That was what Paul calls the 'flesh' and 'the Old Man.' I know, by the way you talk and look, that the Strong Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Conqueror of death and hell, has knocked the Old Man clean out of you. Now I want the same kind of religion you have. I wouldn't give a cent for the kind you had when you got mad at those boys—excuse me, Professor—if I couldn't get any further. What you had then was all right, as far as it went; but it didn't go half far enough. Now I want to take the first degree to-night, if you think such a wicked fellow as I am can find mercy; and then I'm going on to get the second degree, as soon as I can, and all the other degrees, if there are any more, up to the thirty-third or the thirty-thousandth."

Just as he was going away, at half-past ten, he dropped this remark: "Professor, if all the preachers would get the experience you've got, and preach it, it wouldn't be long before the last sinner on the globe would get converted."

Prof. Castle's experience had to be tested, that he, and others might know whether it was pure gold. There was a recent arrival among the students, from the far West. He had been a cowboy in New Mexico. His father was governor of that territory. He went by the name of Carter. He was tall, muscular and very athletic. He was rough and uncouth in dress and manners. He was very ignorant, so far as books were concerned.

Abundant Life After Death.

His father had sent him to Fairview, partly to get rid of him, and partly to have him tamed and taught. He soon came in conflict with every rule in the school. He was as wild as a Texan steer. He would go and come, as he pleased, without any regard whatever for study-hours and rising and retiring bells. He would go to meals, and chapel, dressed in a red flannel shirt, with suspenders in plain sight, and without coat or vest. He persisted in smoking in his room, and anywhere else, on the Seminary premises, where he happened to be. He used profane language with the utmost freedom, without seeming to know what he was saying. He was up before the faculty, before he had been at Fairview a week. Principal Pelton told the teachers to be easy with Carter, and indulge him in his idiosyncrasies, and wink at his violations of rules, and get along with him the best way they could, for the sake of what he might be if he could be tamed, and for the sake of his father's money; for he was reported to be a millionaire.

Prof. Pelton's wishes were carried out till Carter became an unendurable nuisance. He did exactly as he pleased. He walked right over every rule and regulation. He treated the teachers as though they were his servants. He insulted them to their faces. Having plenty of money, and scattering it freely among his associates, he soon became exceedingly popular with the rougher portion of the boys, and was their ring-leader in all sorts of petty, and not so petty, violations of law and order. He was in a fair way to bring the institution into utter confusion, chaos and ruin. He caused the greatest annoyance to Prof. Castle, because he roomed in his building, and was under his special supervision. That particular member of the faculty gave a great deal of

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

thought and effort and prayer to his case, blending kindness and firmness, persuasion and authority, trying to arouse an honorable ambition, and a desire and determination to be a man.

Carter was at that wonderful prayer meeting. He surprised everybody by his respectful behavior. One of the teachers thought he saw him wipe his eyes while the leader was relating his experience. The next day he sought an interview with Prof. Castle, in which he confessed that he had committed almost every crime but murder, during his cow-boy life, and asked him to pray for him. They had prayers on the spot; but whether the fellow was sincere, or not, the professor was never sure.

Carter's pious spell lasted about a week. After that he was worse, and grew more and more hateful and unmanageable. One evening Prof. Castle found him, in his room, in a state of beastly intoxication. The next day, when he talked with him on the subject, he got angry and used the most profane and insulting language. The professor reported the case to the Faculty, and they passed a unanimous vote, expelling him from the Institution.

That was the beginning of trouble. The expelled student refused to leave the building. He swore that, having paid his board and tuition, he would stay as long as he wanted to. A constable was called, and he and his goods were put off the premises by force of law. Then he took rooms at the village hotel, and set himself to work to annoy the Seminary and its faculty, in every way his cunning and depraved mind could invent and execute. Depredations, too numerous to be mentioned, were committed upon the Seminary property. One

Abundant Life After Death.

night, the front of the principal building was daubed, from underpinning to roof, with stripes of black paint. One morning, the roof was found to be decorated with stuffed beasts and birds, taken from the museum of natural history. At another time, the door to the recitation room of the Professor of Natural Science was forced open, and a valuable manikin was carried off, never to be found. Everybody believed that Carter was the author of these deeds. But, although Prof. Pelton employed a detective from a neighboring city, nothing could be discovered to warrant the arrest of the cowboy from New Mexico.

Of course, Prof. Castle was the chief object of Carter's wrath and hatred, because it was through him that he had suffered expulsion. For weeks he racked his fertile brain to think of some diabolical outrage which he could perpetrate upon the man who was, at the same time, praying God to show him how he could do him good. Just what Carter intended to do to Prof. Castle, has never been discovered. But it is believed that he had made a plot to kidnap him, with the help of other students, carry him to some unfrequented spot, strip and maim and disfigure him, and leave him to get home the best way he could.

One Sunday night, during the service at the Seminary Chapel, he got into Prof. Castle's dormitory, and into the north-west corner room, on the fourth floor. That night, when all were asleep, the plot, whatever it was, was to be carried out.

At about half-past ten o'clock, the professor, who had not yet retired, heard a slight noise on one of the upper floors. He went up in the dark, to ascertain what was going on. He followed the sound till it led him to the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

room where Carter and his confederates were lurking. It is probable that the noise was made on purpose to draw the professor into a trap. As soon as the professor rapped, the light, which had been shining through the key-hole, went, out, and perfect silence reigned. The professor rapped again. Then the door partly opened, and a gruff voice asked: "Who are you? and what do you want?" It was Carter's voice. "I am Professor Castle," said the visitor, "and I want to come in." "You can't come in, without the password," was the answer.

The professor, in the dim moonlight which came in through the hall window, could see a tall form standing in the narrow opening between the partly-opened door and the casing. Without a word, he threw himself against the door. The next instant he was in the room, and the door was closed behind him. He was in the midst of a lot of desperate fellows, whose leader was equal to any crime. He had no time for deliberation. His first thought was to find out who the students were who were thus violating the rules of the school. In the dim light he could see eight or ten shadowy forms. He dove for them, with outstretched arms. He caught, and recognized by feeling, four or five. The rest, and all, terrified by the presence of the brave professor, whose herculean strength they knew so well, forgot their oath of obedience to their "wild-west" leader, and fled precipitately to their rooms and their beds.

Carter remained. With a horrid oath, he threw himself, with all his might, upon the professor. With curses and imprecations which we ought not to repeat, he yelled: "I've got you now! I've got you now! You had me expelled from school! I'll pay you back! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

Abundant Life After Death.

There was a terrible battle there in the darkness. Carter fought to kill the man whom he hated without cause. Wesley Castle fought to save his life. If he could have gotten away from the clutches of his antagonist, he would have fled to his room, and left him alone. If he had not been in that far-away corner of the building, he would have shouted for help. He knew that no one would hear him but the confederates of his enemy, and they would come help their leader. So he had to fight or die; for he quickly discovered that it was Carter's purpose to drag him to the open window and hurl him to his death, on the hard ground, forty feet below.

It was a desperate battle indeed. The antagonists were very nearly equally matched. Carter had the greater strength by nature. Wesley had had the better training, and was the quicker and more supple. Carter got his physical education on the plains, riding wild ponies and lassoing wild cattle. Castle got his on his father's farm, and in the gymnasium and athletic field of Mount Caesar College.

Carter's aim was to push, or drag, his antagonist to the window, and hurl him to the ground. Castle's aim was to defeat the purpose of Carter, and overpower, without hurting, him. It was fortunate for Castle that his enemy was unarmed: for, had he had pistol or dirk, so great was his anger, he would certainly have murdered our hero, without compunction or hesitation.

As long as the battle lasted, one of the wrestlers was cursing and swearing, while the other was silently praying for himself and his enemy.

Castle's strength and endurance had never been so severely tried in all his life. If he had felt that it was

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

right for him to injure his antagonist, he might have ended the fight by giving him a few blows in the face, such as he had learned how to deliver with boxing-gloves, at Mount Caesar. But he was determined not to do Carter any harm, unless it was absolutely necessary, to save his own life.

Nobody but a professional athlete could describe such a contest. It is beyond our power. The battle was going against Castle. Carter was driving him slowly toward the fatal window. But Castle had more reserve strength, and was cooler and more calm. Beside, though some would call such a suggestion superstition, Castle had an immortal helper. The angel, who wrestled with Jacob at Jabbok, was in that room that night. Summoning the last ounce of his bodily strength, and breathing out all his soul to God in prayer, and, at the same time, executing a skilful movement with his right foot, he threw Carter on his back, on the floor, near the bed. Planting his left knee on the pit of Carter's stomach, and his right on his left arm, grasping the other's right wrist with his left hand, and seizing his throat with the right, he cried: "Carter, do you yield? Yield, and you shall not be hurt. I do not hate you. I love you. I have got you down here to save my life. Promise me that you will not try to do me harm, and will go quietly away, and I will let you up. Will you promise?" "No, I won't yield to you," he hissed, with the most terrible oath that Castle had ever heard. "I'll die before I'll yield; and I'll shoot you the first chance I get."

Like a flash of lightning, Castle leaped upon Carter, planting himself, in a sitting posture, on his chest. Releasing Carter's hands, and leaving him free to strike and

Abundant Life After Death.

scratch as he would, he changed hands, and took him by the throat with his left. Then, with his right hand, he took from the old-fashioned bed-stead, which stood close by, the cord which supported the straw tick, and, with it, firmly bound his prisoner. It took much longer to do this, in the darkness, than it takes to tell it. But, at length, Carter was so securely pinioned that he could move nothing but his vocal organs, and eyes, and the muscles of his face, which he used most diligently in scowling and swearing at the innocent object of his bitterest hate.

The professor hunted around and found a lamp and some matches, and then, producing a light, sat down in a chair, near his enemy, and looked him in the face. As he did this, a flood of joyous emotion came rolling over his soul. He was happy, not because he had gained the victory over his mortal antagonist, but because of the victory which God had given him over himself. He did not feel the least spark of anger, or ill-will, toward the man who had tried to murder him. Instead he felt his whole soul going out toward him in love and pity and longing for his salvation.

“Carter,” said Castle, “you heard me relate my religious experience, at the prayer meeting. If this thing had taken place before I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, I know that I should have been so angry at you that I should have done to you what you tried to do to me; I should have thrown you out of the window. You are alive this minute through the grace of God, which has sanctified my soul. Carter, what makes you hate me so? I never did you any harm. I have always tried to do you good. I had to report you to the faculty. Nobody is to blame for your expulsion but yourself.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

Carter, I forgive you with all my heart. I love you. Won't you forsake your sins, and become a good man? Carter, if you will pledge me your word of honor that you will go quietly away and never disturb the Seminary again, I will unbind you, and let you go, and never tell anybody what has happened to-night. Will you make me that promise?"

Carter had nothing but curses and threats for the man who loved him so much. "I hate you. I'll kill you," were the last words, as the professor locked him in, and went down stairs.

The janitor was called, and dispatched for a brace of constables. Carter was ironed, and taken to the village "cooler."

Before Wesley Castle went to bed that night, he prayed long and earnestly for his enemy. He never prayed more sincerely for any thing in his life, than that God would have mercy on Carter, and save his soul. From first to last, he had not felt the slightest shade of anger or resentment. He had never had a greater calm in his soul than he had while he was fighting that terrible battle for his life. He knew that that calm was supernatural in its nature and origin; it was "the peace of God, that passeth all understanding." As he sunk into a dreamless sleep, the last word on his lips, and the last thought in his mind, was "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin."

IV.

Called to Endure Hardness.

There are many who believe that God speaks to men and women, in these days, just as really as he spoke to Abraham and Moses and Deborah and Samuel, in the ancient times. Five times in his life Wesley Castle seemed to hear God speaking to him in an audible voice. Five times God seemed to speak to his inmost soul through his fleshly ears. The first time was when the Divine Being came and stood behind his chair, in room No. 20, in the North Dormitory of Mount Caesar College, and reproved him for his lack of fidelity and fortitude in the Christian life. The second time was when, while he was sitting in the gallery of the Methodist Church at Fairview, at the Sunday morning service, the same voice whispered in his right ear, softly but very distinctly "Don't you think you ought to preach?"

It was only a question; but it was a tremendous one, and it rang through all the chambers of the young man's soul. For months and months, in all his waking and unemployed hours, that interrogation was in his mind: "Don't you think you ought to preach? Don't you think you ought to preach?" After that Sunday morning, Wesley Castle could not hear a sermon but he would find himself constructing a sermon on the same text which the preacher was using, though he had never done such a thing before. He could not rid himself of the impression that perhaps he ought to leave teaching and enter the ministry. And yet his reason told him that would be the height of folly; he was a student, but could never be an orator; he had fitted himself to teach,

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

but had never given much thought to writing and speaking; he was a good teacher, but would be a poor preacher. Apparently all his worldly interests lay on the side of continuing where he was. He could not decide what was his duty. He was willing to preach, if that was the will of God, although preaching was not his choice.

The fact that he was willing to preach, if the Lord willed, increased his perplexity; for, from what he had read in the biographies of eminent divines, he supposed that one of the strongest evidences of a genuine call to the ministry was an intense unwillingness to preach. This proof of a divine call to preach he certainly did not possess.

There is something very peculiar, and something very divine, about a real call to the gospel ministry. A Christian can go into the practice of law, feeling that it would be no sin for him to be a physician, or an engineer, or a merchant, or a farmer. He chooses the law for himself and of himself; and his choice is based on his own tastes and judgment, and on the judgment of his friends. He becomes a lawyer because he prefers the law to all other professions and occupations.

But a young man receives a Scriptural call to the ministry. He becomes a minister not because he prefers that occupation to all others—perhaps it is the very last which he would choose; not because he considers himself adapted to that work—perhaps he seems to himself to be utterly unfitted for the pulpit; not because his friends advise him to preach—perhaps they prophesy his utter failure. But he goes into the ministry because he hears God's voice in his inmost soul, saying: "Go, preach my gospel;" because he is impressed that it would be a sin for him to be a lawyer, or a teacher, or a farmer,

Called to Endure Hardness.

or any thing but a preacher; because he feels as Paul did, when he said: "Necessity is laid on me, yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel."

When God calls a man to the ministry, he makes that his life work, in such a sense that it would be wrong and a grievous sin for him to follow any other occupation. When the Almighty calls a man to preach, he makes success in any other pursuit an impossibility. When the Infinite One selects a man to be his ambassador, and sets his mark upon him, he can never again be just what he was before.

Full of doubt and uncertainty as to what duty was, Prof. Wesley Castle lived on for nearly a year, keeping his tormenting thoughts to himself. When he could endure them no longer, he poured them into the ear of his pastor, the Rev. Hannibal Williams. He advised the professor to try preaching, and see how he might feel. "We are almost at the end of the year," said the minister. "I intend to hold a watch-night service. I shall preach, and I want some one else to deliver a discourse. You have no license to preach. But that makes no difference. I will give notice that Prof. Castle will preach, at eleven o'clock. That will draw in the students, and hold them till the closing exercises, at mid-night, which are always very impressive." Prof. Castle was never certain whether the Rev. Hannibal Williams made the appointment for him to preach at the watch meeting solely to help a young man to decide the awfully important question of what his life work should be, or, largely, to help himself in running a four-hour service and in filling up the time.

But Prof. Castle preached, or tried to. He took a text, and did the best he could. Nearly all the teachers

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

and students from the Seminary were present. The preacher had some liberty and satisfaction; but said to himself, when he sat down: "I have convinced my hearers that, if I leave teaching to go into preaching, I shall spoil a good teacher to make a poor preacher."

That first attempt to preach took place four months before the experimenting preacher received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and while he was a most earnest seeker for that supreme blessing. Afterward he preached several times in school houses, out in the country. Not long after he received an Exhorter's license. About two months after "that illustrious day," the 9th of May, when all heaven seemed to come down into his little room, at Fairview Seminary, he was made a Local Preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Thereafter he had frequent invitations to preach, the acceptance of which brought a good degree of satisfaction to his soul. Gradually the question: "Don't you think you ought to preach?" began to assume the form of an affirmation: "You ought to preach;" and still he could hardly tell whether the "don't you think" was left off, or not. He often said to himself: "I would give worlds, if I had them, to know just what my duty is."

At length—it would be difficult to tell how, but providentially there is reason to believe—Prof. Wesley Castle was led to resign his position in Fairview Seminary and to join the Conference, and to take an appointment as pastor of a charge. It was the poorest appointment in all the Conference. But he went to it feeling that it was good enough. He was contented and happy. The great question whether he should preach was settled at last, and he was at rest. And yet he was not wholly

Called to Endure Hardness.

at rest every moment. The fear that he had made a mistake frequently came up in his mind to torment him. Of this, however, he was sure: it was not the love of self, or of position, or of money which had moved him to do as he had done; for, when he made up his mind to join the Conference, he had a letter in his pocket offering him a professorship of Greek in a college in the state of Ohio, with three hours work a day, and a salary of twelve hundred dollars.

The name of Wesley Castle's first charge was Littlefield. It was a circuit, named from the village where the parsonage was located. There were three preaching places—Littlefield, Sing Sing and Voorhes Hill. At Littlefield the minister preached in a church every Sunday morning and evening. At the out-appointments he preached, alternate Sunday afternoons, in school houses.

Littlefield was a wretched little tumble-down village. In all that region of country it went by the name of Slab City. There was not a house within its limits which had received a coat of paint within the last fifteen years, except the parsonage, which had recently been painted a dirty yellow. The church edifice was an old-fashioned structure, with a high pulpit at the front end, and a gallery running entirely around. Its inner walls were festooned with cobwebs and tatters of paper hangings. The floor was bare. The roof was leaky. Huge patches of plastering had fallen from the ceiling. Cracked and rusty stoves stood in the corners, on both sides of the pulpit. And a general air of dilapidation and decay pervaded the place. The oldest inhabitant declared that he could remember when there was a little trace of paint on the outside of the ancient structure; but not the faintest sign of any such thing was visible

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

when Wesley Castle first gazed upon those grim and frowning walls.

The little, old, yellow parsonage deserves more than a passing notice. It stood, or rather sat, without any underpinning, right on the ground, six feet from the street, and two feet below, with its broad side toward the same. Whenever there was a hard rain, the water and filth from the high-way, unless strenuously opposed, would pour down, through the front door, into the main room of the edifice, which served as sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen and bed-room. Beside this, there were two rooms on the ground floor and one above. The ceilings were so low that our six-foot preacher could lay the flat of his hand upon them, and have several inches to spare. The front door had no latch. So the preacher made one out of a long piece of hard wood. When put in its place, it reached from the catch to the middle of the door, where a screw held it, and permitted it to rise and fall. As there was no thumb-piece, with which to raise the latch from the outside, the amateur architect cut a long strip of leather from an old boot leg, fastened one end to the latch and stuck the other through a hole which he bored in the door. In the day time the latch-string hung out, inviting the passer-by to enter. At night the door was secured by pulling in the string.

In this hovel—for that is all it was—the Castles ensconced themselves, with their few belongings, determined to be happy and not to let the people know that they cared for anything better.

The new preacher got himself into trouble the first time he preached at Littlefield. His text was: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." He undertook to show what

Called to Endure Hardness.

the uttermost salvation is. It includes pardon for all sins. When God forgives a man his sins, he forgives them all, all at once; and the man is as innocent as though he had never sinned. Then he, at the same time, gives him a new heart, so that he hates sin, and loves righteousness, and has strength to do right and live without the commission of known sin. Then the uttermost salvation includes adoption. He who was a child of the devil is now a child of God and a member of the Royal Family of heaven. Along with adoption comes the Spirit of adoption. "The Spirit itself bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." The uttermost salvation includes entire sanctification. If a man who has received pardon and a new heart and adoption and the witness of the Spirit walks in the light, doing every duty and yielding himself up to every good influence, he will, ere long, discover that there are evil things still remaining in his heart; not sins, for he is kept from sinning by the power of God, but sin, the roots of sins to which he was once a slave, the sin principle which he inherited from fallen Adam. Then he will cry to God for perfect cleansing, and, plunging anew into the fountain filled with Immanuel's blood, will come forth washed whiter than snow, cleansed from all evil passions, from all leanings toward sinning, from the least and last remains of the carnal mind. Entire sanctification includes complete deliverance from unnatural appetites. Then the preacher related the experience of a friend of his who had been a slave to the tobacco appetite and habit, but had been delivered in a moment, in answer to prayer, and by the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, so that he loathed with all his

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

soul what before was as dear as his life.

Such was the plan of the first sermon which Wesley Castle preached after he joined Conference. He thought that it was a sound gospel discourse. He had great liberty in preaching. And there were several good, hearty amens from different parts of the house.

But in reality, though the preacher did not suspect it, that innocent, gospel sermon produced a great commotion. In the first place, many of the hearers took great offense at the idea that Almighty God can keep a soul that trusts in him from committing sin. They were very much displeased at the preacher because he wanted to rob them of their God-given right to commit sin. Then many others hated the word "Sanctification." They could not find any such word in their Bible, and they did not believe that there was any such thing. But the real harm which that sermon did was far beyond all that.

The village of Littlefield stood in a long, but not very wide, valley, whose deep and fertile soil was admirably adapted to the growth of the tobacco plant. For a mile and a half east and west, and for ten miles north and south, tobacco was almost the only crop which was raised. It was immensely profitable. At the time of our story tobacco was worth, in the farmer's shed, twenty-five cents a pound; and many of the farmers were getting fifty, and even seventy-five, dollars clear profit, over and above the cost of tillage, from every acre planted with the Indian weed. One man, Solon Silsbee, the only person in all the valley who seemed to have a real wide-awake conscience, actually refused three hundred dollars for the use of four acres of very choice land, for one year, to be devoted to tobacco. Everybody said:

Called to Endure Hardness.

“Solon Silsbee is a queer old bachelor. You never can tell what he is going to do; only—they added, in a half whisper—you can’t get him to do anything which he thinks is wrong.”

Tobacco was making the farmers rich very fast. The richer they got, the richer they wanted to be. Tobacco was their god. With insignificant exceptions, they raised nothing but tobacco; they talked about nothing but tobacco; they thought about nothing but tobacco; they dreamed about nothing but tobacco. It was tobacco seven days in the week. Some worked in their tobacco fields on Sunday. Others spent the holy day walking around through their tobacco fields, worshiping the bad-smelling god. The best of them talked about their tobacco crop, on the way to church; thought about their tobacco crop during the service; and conversed about their tobacco crops, out in the horse-sheds, while the women and children, and the minister, were in Sunday-school.

Of course the religion of those tobacco-raising farmers was, for the most part, nothing but a lifeless form. It ought to be stated, however, that there were a few pious people in the village who had no land on which to raise tobacco, or anything else; and there were several farmers on the hills who raised corn and hay and potatoes and oats, instead of tobacco, who had the real religion and knew what salvation means.

The richest man in all the valley was Martin Jackson. He did not belong to the Church; but his wife did; and he was a trustee. He was at church that morning, to hear the new preacher. He liked the sermon well enough till the preacher told the story about the man whom the Lord saved from the love of tobacco. He did

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

not like that a bit. Indeed he got very angry. He stayed through the service, for the anti-tobacco story was almost the last thing; but he went out, after the benediction, with maledictions on his tongue, declaring that the preacher told that story on purpose to insult him; that he would never hear him preach again, not even at a funeral; and that the Church should never have a cent of his money, as long as it kept such a fool as that for a pastor. Most of the church people were badly frightened. "The Church will surely go to pieces now," they thought, and some of them said: "We can't get along without Mr. Jackson's money and influence. O, why didn't that foolish preacher know enough to keep his mouth shut about tobacco? He's a smart fellow, away ahead of the ministers we have usually had. But he never can do any good on this charge. Why didn't he preach against Mormonism, or murdering little babies in India, or binding the feet of little girls in China?" And so a storm of indignation was raised against the unsuspecting preacher because he preached a sermon which had reference to persons living in this nineteenth century and in this republic of the United States.

The next evening an official meeting was held at the parsonage. One ignorant denizen of Littlefield called it "an artificial meeting at the passenger house." After prayer, the pastor stated the special object of the meeting to be to consider the subject of repairing and beautifying the house of God at Littlefield. The brethren gazed at him in astonishment. If he had proposed that they should all fly to the moon, they could not have been much more surprised. He told them that his plan was to paint the outside, replacing the rotten clapboards

Called to Endure Hardness.

wherever necessary; entirely renovate the interior, frescoing the walls, carpeting the floor, putting in new pews, replacing the old stoves in the corners with furnaces in the cellar; procure a first-class cabinet organ, or vocalion; and hang a bell in the tower. He said that he had made an estimate that the whole could be done for three thousand dollars.

One of the brethren asked: "Where in the world do you think the money is coming from to do all that?" "Out of your pockets, of course," coolly answered the pastor. "You don't know how poor we are, in this valley," was the response. "If Littlefield were a big city, perhaps such a thing could be done." In his estimation the building of Solomon's Temple was nothing, compared with the scheme proposed by the Rev. Wesley Castle.

Immediately the preacher found out where he was, and what difficulties were before him. A man who sat in the corner, whom the pastor had not seen before, spoke up, in a very gruff voice: "Elder, if you hadn't drove the richest man we have out of the church yesterday by your preaching, we might fix up the old tumbled-down meeting house. But we can't do anything without Martin Jackson." "You lie," yelled a man from the other side of the room. In an instant John Churchill and Simeon Perkins met in the middle of the floor, with eyes darting fire, and fists almost touching each other's noses. "Call me a liar again," said Churchill, the man who had sat in the corner, "and I will knock you down." "You are a liar," answered Perkins, "and I can prove it." Churchill drew back his first to strike. Instantly the young athlete, the pastor, was between them, with one hand on the shoulder of each, and each

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

at the end of one of his extended arms. "Gentlemen," he said with the most perfect calmness, and yet in a tone which could not be misunderstood, "you cannot fight in my house. If you must fight, go out in the street." "I beg your pardon, Elder," said Churchill, "but if he'll come out doors, I'll thrash him to within an inch of his life." With those words on his lips, he instantly left the house. That was the end of the first official meeting which Wesley Castle ever attended. Surely it was a rough initiation for a young preacher.

Why those two men were so ready to fight ought to be known. They had been enemies for many years—enemies and rivals. Both wanted to run the church. And beside they had had business troubles. Each accused the other of lying and cheating. Churchill had been a very wicked man before his conversion, if indeed he had ever been converted. Perkins was a well-meaning man, and a true friend of the Church. He had a genuine religious experience. But he was head-strong, and ignorant, and willful, and, worst of all, had a most ungovernable and unsanctified temper. He was notorious for this, and often brought great disgrace on the cause of religion by his sudden and awful tempests of anger. He was generally sorry afterward, and sometimes very penitent and humble. But, although he believed in growing in grace, and had a great deal to say on that subject, he did not grow any more meek and gentle and Christlike, but rather the reverse; as the years went by—so his brethren said—his temper seemed to grow more violent and uncontrollable. He did not like what the new preacher said that morning, about sanctification. He told his wife, on the way home, that he didn't believe anybody could get sanctified in a minute; he believed in

Called to Endure Hardness.

growing better and better, till the sin was all grown out of his heart. He did not believe that his tobacco plants could grow the weeds out of the field; for he dug, or pulled, up every one he could find. But he did think that the graces of the Spirit in his heart could grow out the weeds of sin and carnality. And yet he was a standing example of how men do not get sanctified by growth. He had been a member of the Church, and a Christian, for twenty-five years; and his wife declared (and nobody knew better than she) that he was just as quick-tempered and willful as he was the day after his conversion, and even more so.

Some one may wonder why Simeon Perkins called John Churchill a liar so quick, when the latter said: "We can't do anything without Martin Jackson." Perkins did not like Jackson, and did not think that the Church ought to be dependent on an ungodly man. With all his faults, he loved the Church; he was a liberal giver; he wanted the old meeting house fixed up, and believed that it could be; he liked the new preacher, though he did not like "his new-fangled notions" about sanctification. He liked the new preacher and stood by him through thick and thin, as long as he was on the charge.

Wesley said nothing more about repairing the church, except to individuals privately. As he went around over the charge he took a subscription book with him, and almost every day got one name or several, with larger or smaller figures placed opposite.

Meanwhile he kept steadily on preaching the truth as he understood it. Most of the people at Littlefield heard him with pleasure, though many had cold chills run up and down their backs whenever he said anything

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

about sanctification, or perfect love, or the Holy Ghost. As for the preacher himself, he had, at times, terrible conflicts and doubts. He thought that perhaps he had mistaken his calling. "O," he said to himself, "if I could only know, beyond a doubt!" Afterward he could see that, during those first months God was doing his best to make him know that the ministry was his place. The great Head of the Church wonderfully blessed him in his work, and gave him many souls; and yet he doubted. His doubts were not sinful; but they were very distressing. Almost every time he went into the pulpit, in that old church, to preach, his soul would be full of glory. As he stepped up into the pulpit, it would seem just as though could see the Lord Jesus sitting there on that old black, hair-cloth sofa; and when he stood up to preach, the Savior would stand up behind him, throw his arms of love and power around him, and hold him up, till he sat down, when the sermon ended, overwhelmed with wonder and joy. And still he doubted. He was not absolutely sure that he had not made a mistake in entering the ministry, till he had been in the pastorate more than half a year.

Something ought to be put on record concerning the two school-house appointments. Sing Sing was over the hill to the southeast, in a deep hollow. The people were poor, living, for the most part, on barren, stony farms. They worshipped in a wretched little school-house. But they were good. Those who professed religion were consistent Christians. They were pious. They knew the Lord. Many of them were filled with the Holy Ghost. They were united among themselves. They had the respect of the outside community. They maintained a flourishing Sunday-school all the year through;

Called to Endure Hardness.

and a prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Their Sunday afternoon meetings were always seasons of power. They could sing. They could pray. They could testify. They could shout. There was not one dumb one among them. The little school-house was always as full as it could well hold; and the very atmosphere seemed to be surcharged with divine electricity. Wesley Castle always found it a perfect delight to preach in the Sing Sing school-house. He did not have to make any effort to preach there, except to leave off; as the boy said about whistling, it preached itself. Frequently he would get so blessed while making the opening prayer, or reading the Scripture lesson, or giving out the first hymn, that he could hardly contain himself; he would have to stop and say: "praise the Lord" a dozen times, or weep out his joy for several minutes, before he could go on with the service. He often got wonderfully blessed just as soon as he crossed the threshold and entered that heavenly atmosphere, which always seemed to linger about the place. He hardly ever preached there without seeing somebody converted ere the service closed. Years afterward he declared that he had never enjoyed preaching in any place as much as in that little Sing Sing school-house. The first time he preached at Sing Sing he had hardly got started when he heard somebody, at the right and behind him, laughing very heartily. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" It greatly disconcerted him. He did not know what to make of it. His first thought was that somebody was making fun of his poor attempt to preach. But he soon said to himself, "no one would be so unkind as to laugh at a poor fellow because he don't know how to preach. It must be that that is his way of expressing his religious emotion." And so it was.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

After the service was over some brother came to the preacher and said: "You must not mind Father Axtell. When he gets happy he always laughs." Blessed old saint! Everybody respected and loved him. The preacher soon came to enjoy that laugh. Sometimes Father Axtell was too sick, or feeble, to come to meeting. Then the preacher missed the laugh, and felt that something was wanting, and did not have as good a time as usual. It was not Father Axtell that laughed; it was the Holy Ghost that laughed through his blessed face and lips. Would to God that all his people were so "filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost" that they could laugh as that old saint did.

Voorhes Hill was the exact opposite, in every respect, of Sing Sing. The school-house was much larger and better. The farms were more fertile. The people were more numerous and in far better circumstances. But they were a worldly, wicked, godless set. Drinking hard cider, dancing-parties, kissing-bees, cock-fighting, carting milk to the cheese factory on Sunday, Sunday visiting, and using coarse, vulgar and profane language were so common that everybody seemed to think that they were necessary and right. The church members were a little company, divided among themselves. There was hardly one of them that had any knowledge of experimental religion, unless it was a dim memory of a long-lost treasure. With one or two possible exceptions, they were false professors or backsliders. The new preacher soon found out that preaching on Voorhes Hill was like drawing a loaded sled over bare ground. It was almost impossible to preach at all. The place was so cold, spiritually, that he could seem to see his words turning into frozen vapor, as they came out of his mouth.

Called to Endure Hardness.

He would struggle and strive and agonize to preach, and feel utterly exhausted when he had finished. The very same sermon which he had preached the Sunday before at Sing Sing, preached at Voorhes Hill, would be as different as the singing of a nightingale is different from the croaking of a frog. The singing of the Voorhes people was "Hark from the tombs! a doleful sound." They could not sing. There was no sing in their hearts. The Holy Ghost, the Spirit of song, had not been on that hill for years. How could they sing? There was not one among them that could start a hymn. The preacher had to start his own hymns. The first time he tried to do it, he got confused and sang the first three stanzas in as many different tunes.

The Voorhes Hill folks took a dislike to the new preacher the first time they heard him. They discovered, almost instantly, that he belonged to a different tribe from themselves. They soon came to hate him. And yet, as they said, he was such a "smart preacher, so far ahead of anything they had ever had on that hill," that they could hardly help coming to hear him; and the school-house was full every time Elder Castle, as they called him, preached there.

There were many reasons why the Voorhes Hill people hated Wesley Castle. In the first place, he did not flatter them. He was too much of a Christian and a gentleman to flatter anybody. Flattery is a sin. The flatterer sins against himself, against his victim and against God. The last pastor was a great flatterer. He told the Voorhes-Hillites that they were the best people he had ever known. The new preacher told them the truth. He said nothing harsh. He always spoke in love. He noticed everybody. He visited around among them

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

more, they said themselves, than any other minister they had ever had; but he committed the unpardonable sin of telling them the truth. He loved them so much that he could not help telling them the truth. Instead of preaching against the sins committed in Salt Lake City and ancient Sodom, he preached against the sins committed on Voorhes Hill. He preached against drinking cider, against Sunday visiting (the Sunday he was not there, the school-house was closed; there was no Sunday-school; and all classes went in for a good, jolly time of fun and merry-making), against worldliness, against all the evil practices of that neighborhood.

That in Wesley Castle's preaching which caused the greatest offense was the oft-repeated, and Bible-proved, doctrine that a man cannot be a Christian and live in sin. If he had not proved it from the Bible, it would not have been so bad. But to prove from the word of God that a man cannot be a Christian and continually do the things he knows to be wrong, was perfectly horrible. Such preaching they could not, and would not, endure. They called it holiness. They said that Elder Castle was a holiness crank; that he preached holiness every time he came on the hill. But he told them that he had never preached them a holiness sermon; that they had not gotten far enough along for that sort of preaching; that it was nothing but justification that he was preaching. He told them as plainly as he could, but lovingly, with tears in his heart, if not in his eyes, that, if they were doing every day what they knew to be wrong, they were in the broad road to hell, and not in the narrow way to heaven.

Wesley Castle's unpopularity on Voorhes Hill grew and flourished very rapidly. And still, strange as it

Called to Endure Hardness.

may seem, the ones who hated him the most fiercely always came to hear him preach. The leading men and women in the Church got so that they would hardly speak to their pastor, and they would glare at him, when he was preaching, as though they were wild beasts. He soon came to feel that he had not a single friend on all that hill. Still he labored on, longing and weeping and praying and agonizing, and feeling that he could gladly die, for the salvation of men and women who hated him almost enough to treat him as the Jews treated his divine Master.

One Sunday, when it was his turn to preach at Voorhes Hill, he got a local preacher from a neighboring charge to fill his pulpit at Littlefield in the evening, and gave notice that he would stay and preach a second discourse to the Hill people. The house was crowded. He had good liberty in preaching—that is, good for that place. His text was: “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.” He poured the truth red-hot upon professed sinners and professed Christians. He could see that they were very angry. But he kept on, till he had said all that he thought the Lord would have him say. As he drove away from the school-house, after the service, a crowd of men and boys, some of them church members, jeered at him and called him insulting names.

Something else was in store for him. While he was preaching, some fellow, instigated by a member of the Church, went out to the horse-shed and cut the hold-back straps to his buggy. The horse which he drove belonged to Brother Simeon Perkins, and was very spirited and nervous. The night was moonless, and the stars were hidden by clouds, so that the driver could hardly see to keep the road. For about half a mile the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

road ran along a perfectly level space. The servant of God crossed this at a lively trot, thanking God, as he spun along, that he had given him such a measure of the Holy Spirit's sanctifying power that he could rejoice in the midst of persecution, and pray for his enemies.

The half mile came to a sudden end, at the top of a very steep hill. As soon as the descent began, the heavy buggy plunged, forward and downward, upon the horse's heels, and the frightened animal began to kick as violently as the steepness of the road would permit. In vain the driver shouted "whoa," and pulled the lines. He might as well have tried to stop a whirl-wind. It was a dreadful moment. A skittish, frightened horse, running away, on a dark night, down the steepest hill in all that hilly country! With death staring him in the face, Wesley Castle did not lose the divine calm out of his soul. He was not afraid to die. But it seemed to him that his work on earth was not ended; and he cried to God for help.

Suddenly the king-bolt of the buggy broke. The driver felt the seat give way beneath him. Clinging to the lines, the horse was dragging him, with the forward wheels, down the hill, at a terrific speed. The next instant darkness gathered over his bewildered brain; and Wesley Castle lay, bruised, bleeding, mangled, unconscious, on the hard and stony ground.

Fully Armed and Equipped.

Simeon Perkins sat in the kitchen, that Sunday night, reading *The Christian Advocate* and waiting for his Pastor to return with the horse. On the table stood a lighted lantern, ready to guide his steps to the carriage house and stable. Just as the clock struck ten, he heard the wished-for sound. But there was something about it which he did not like. The horse was galloping up the lane from the highway as no man would ever drive in a buggy. Something surely was the matter. Seizing the lantern and running out into the night, he found the horse standing at the stable door, trembling in every limb, covered with foam and sweat and dust, without the buggy and with only part of the harness dragging on the ground. A closer inspection revealed the startling fact that a sharp knife had severed both the hold-back straps. Instantly the shrewd, practical mind of farmer Perkins understood what had taken place. "The murderous villains!" he exclaimed. "A meaner and more venomous nest of rattlesnakes than those Voorheshillites cannot be found on the face of the earth. I told the Elder that it was not safe for him to go up there in the night. I told him that they hated him bad enough to kill him; and that they were wicked enough to kill him if they dared. This very minute he is lying dead or badly injured, somewhere on that first hill this side of the school-house."

Having put the run-away horse into his accustomed stall, he led out his fleetest and most trusty span, hastily threw their harnesses upon them and hitched them to the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

new "democrat." Calling his wife, who had retired for the night, he had her help him prepare a bed, consisting of a soft hair-mattress and sheets and blankets and pillows, and place it in the long, wide box of the wagon. Then, springing into the seat, he drove swiftly away. As the spirited steeds flew along the road toward the village, farmer Perkins said to himself: "The Elder is badly hurt, if he is not killed. He'll need something to bring him to his senses and make him comfortable while I'm bringing him home over the rough road." Just then he was opposite the home of Doctor Bass. A light was shining through the office window. Three minutes sufficed to make the kind-hearted physician understand the situation, and to get him into the wagon with his medicine-case and every other needful thing. The next light they saw shone out of the parsonage windows, where the preacher's little wife sat, studying the next Sunday-school lesson and waiting for her husband's return." "I'll stop and break the news to Sister Castle," said Brother Perkins. "We may bring back her husband's corpse; and that'll kill her sure, unless she has time to get ready to stand the blow." When Farmer Perkins and Dr. Bass drove away from the door of the little old, yellow parsonage, Mrs. Castle was on her knees, crying to God in an agony of prayer.

As the men drove rapidly along through the darkness, Dr. Bass said to his companion: "I think your minister is a very fine man. There was never so able and eloquent a preacher in this place before. He is worthy to fill the best pulpit in the largest city. But I think he is foolish to preach the way he does. He is getting everybody down on him. His rule seems to be to find out just what sins his people commit the most, and then to fire away at

Fully Armed and Equipped.

those sins with all his might. If I were a preacher, I would take the opposite course. I would find out the darling sins of my hearers, and then I would preach soft on those sins, or let them alone altogether, and make them think that I was brave by blazing away tremendously at the sins of the folks over on the other side of the ocean. I would find out what the people want, and then give it to them in big doses. Did you ever hear the story of the minister who agreed to take his pay for preaching in rye? Well, he was a sort of a played-out preacher. You Methodists call them Superannuated, or Locust Preachers, or Exhausters, or something of that kind. He was that kind of a preacher, and he was willing to preach cheap. There was an old abandoned church off on the hill, among the farmers, and he agreed to preach for so many bushels of rye a year. When he had preached a few Sundays, he noticed that his congregation was falling off, and he got frightened. So, one day, meeting one of the farmers in town, he said: 'What's the matter with the folks up there? They don't turn out to meeting very well. Don't they like my doctrine? What do they want? I'll preach any doctrine they want, if they'll only let me know what it is; for I must have that rye.' Now, if I were a preacher, I would do like that old fellow; I would find out what kind of doctrine the people want, and then I would preach it to them. I know what is the matter on the hill. Elder Castle preaches against drinking hard cider, and fighting roosters, and going visiting on Sunday, and lying about their neighbors. They don't like that; and I shouldn't think they would. I am up there often, and they tell me all about it. I don't believe the Elder has a single friend there. They say he preaches holiness all the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

time. I don't know what that means exactly; only it is something which is not very plenty on Voorhes Hill. If your preacher is alive, and gets well, you would better advise him to pull in his horns and not be so hard on the people." Brother Perkins did not make much answer to the doctor's words. About all he said was: "I've told him so; but he says he's got to give account to the Almighty for the way he preaches, and that he's going to preach the whole truth, whether it does any good or not, and whether the people love him or kill him."

By the time this conversation had ended, the team was at the bottom of the hill where the run-away had taken place. Simeon Perkins had driven thus far without making any examination by the way, because his judgment told him that the preacher must have been thrown from the wagon not far from the top of the hill. Now he jumped from the wagon seat, with the lantern in his hand, and began walking up the hill, swinging the light before him, while the doctor drove slowly along behind. Soon they heard a series of groans over on the left. A few seconds later the light was shining on a man sitting in the ditch. As the farmer and the physician drew near, they recognized Wesley Castle. As they held the lantern close to his face, he looked up at them in a dazed, half-conscious stare, and repeated the text from which he had been preaching, two hours before: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The Doctor proceeded at once to make an examination. There was an ugly wound in the head, from which the blood had been flowing profusely. Whether the skull was injured, or not, he could not tell; but he feared that it was. The right arm was broken below the elbow; and the left leg, below the

Fully Armed and Equipped.

knee. The good Samaritans procured some water from a little rill which was singing dolefully by the road-side, washed away the blood, bound up the head and lifted the sufferer gently upon the bed in the wagon. As they laid him on the mattress, he seemed to think that his sermon was ended, and he began to offer the closing prayer. With the most tender pathos, and in words which drew tears even from the doctor's eyes, he invoked the richest blessings of heaven on the heads of his enemies and persecutors. He did not pray for them as though they were persecuting him; for he did not seem to know that anything had happened—evidently he thought that he was kneeling by the side of the teacher's desk in the school-house. Then, after a moment's pause, he began another prayer. He poured out his soul to God for Littlefield Church and people. He prayed that all the people of God might be sanctified wholly; that the formal professors might become real possessors of the saving grace of Christ; that the wanderers might be reclaimed; that the Holy Spirit might be poured out, in convicting energy, on all the unsaved; and that scores and hundreds of sinners might be converted to God. He did not pray very loud, for he was too weak for that. But he did pray with marvelous unction and power; and the two men who sat on the seat, as the wagon moved slowly along over the rough road, wept like children, and the doctor said that he never heard anybody pray like that before, in all his life. Long years after, when he had become an earnest Spirit-filled Christian, he traced his conviction and conversion to that prayer. It is recorded in the annals of the kingdom of heaven that a mighty, sweeping revival, which visited Littlefield and the surrounding country, many months after, was born,

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

that night, in the heart of that bruised and half-dead preacher, and in the prayer which the Holy Ghost breathed through his lips.

At midnight Wesley Castle was in his bed, at home, with his wounds dressed, his fractured bones set and in splints, with consciousness fully restored, with his wife bending lovingly over him, and with but little pain in his body, and with the unutterable peace and joy of God in his soul.

The news of the outrage inflicted on the preacher in charge of Littlefield Circuit filled all that region with horror and indignation. There were exceptions, however. While nine out of every ten were loud in their denunciations of the intended murder, and no one dared openly even to excuse it, there were many, especially on Voorhes Hill, who were glad in their hearts that the meddlesome preacher, who did not know enough to mind his own business, and wanted everybody to be so awfully good, had got punished for his folly and impudence. Their consciences were the more inclined to tolerate them in cherishing those feelings because he had not been killed. If any thoughts of pity came into their minds, they drove them out with the reflection, "Well, he's alive. He ought not to complain. He ought to be satisfied with that. He got no more than he deserved. He's learned a valuable lesson, which will do him good as long as he lives." But the great mass of the people, including some on Voorhes Hill, were genuinely indignant that such barbarism should break out in a civilized country, and declared that the perpetrators and inventors should be hunted out, and punished to the utmost limit of the law. Many who had not been inside a church in years declared that they admired that kind of a preacher,

Fully Armed and Equipped.

and that, if he lived to preach again, they would certainly go and hear him. The saints at Sing Sing believed that the persecution of their beloved pastor, who, they were assured from heaven, would fully recover, was one part of God's plan for a mighty revival, which would, ere long, sweep over all that region of country.

The next two or three months the latch-string of the little yellow parsonage at Slab City was pulled so frequently that Mrs. Castle thought she would have to try her hand at making a new one. Every few minutes by day, and every hour far into the night, some one would come to ask how the Elder was getting along, or to bring something good to eat for the invalid or his wife. She was his only nurse. He did not need much nursing. His constitution was so firm, his blood was so pure and all the organs of his body were in such perfect health that about all he required was perfect quiet, while the wounded tissue was healing and the broken bones were knitting. He wanted his wife to sit by his bed all day and talk or read. Though the patient had some pain and much weariness, those were delightful days, and both the preacher and his wife spoke of them, in after years, as among the brightest and most profitable of their lives.

One day, while Mrs. Castle was reading to her husband from the Life of Bishop Hamline, a knock was heard at the door which opened upon the street from the room where the bed was. She had learned to save her strength by not answering calls at the door. So she said: "come," without rising. She had to say "come" several times. At length some one slowly pulled the latch-string, the door softly opened and a very rough-looking man appeared. "Take a seat, sir," said Mrs. Castle. Instead of doing as he was bidden, the stranger

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

came forward to the bed, dropped upon his knees, buried his face in the coverings and began to sob and weep as though his heart would break. It was some seconds before the man in the bed and the woman, who had risen from her chair, could recover from their surprise sufficiently to speak. At length the preacher said: "Who are you? What does this mean? What can we do for you?" It was a long time before the questioner could get any answer to his questions. When the man did speak, he said, in broken accents: "I want you to forgive me. I want you to pray for me. I cut your hold-back straps. I tried to kill you. I am your murderer." Then he burst into another loud fit of crying.

"What did you do it for?" said the invalid, with a troubled look in his face.

"Don't you know me?" answered the man, still on his knees.

"Get up here, and sit in this chair, and tell me all about it," said the minister.

After a great deal of urging the man took the designated seat.

"I think I have seen you," said the minister after eyeing him intently a long time. "I have seen you at the Voorhes Hill School-house, when I preached there, sitting on a back seat. But what did you want to kill me for? I never did you any harm. I never wanted to do anybody any harm. I want to do everybody all the good I can."

"I know you do. I know you never did me any harm. But I hated you," said the man, bursting into another fit of weeping.

By this time Wesley Castle was very much interested, if he was not before. "Go on," he said, "tell me all

Fully Armed and Equipped.

about it. You need not be afraid. I do not hate you. I love you. I will not have you punished."

"O," said the man, "I am not afraid of that. I want you to have me punished. It would be a relief to go to prison, or even to be hung. I have a cider mill up on the hill. I was angry at you because you preached against drinking cider. I thought you would ruin my business. Some of the Christian people told me you would. The class-leader told me so. He's my best customer. That night I was about half drunk. On the way to the school-house, I fell in with one of the church-members. You know him. It was—"

"Don't tell me who it was," exclaimed Wesley Castle, divining what was coming. "I don't want to know who it was."

"Well, he began to scold about you. I don't know exactly why; but, I guess, because you preach against sin, and want people to be good. He wound up by offering me five dollars if I would go out into the horse-sheds and cut the hold-back straps to your buggy. I was mad enough to do it without any five dollars. As soon as he hinted at it I was ready. I did it. O, can you forgive me? Will you pray for me? Is there any mercy for such a wretch as I am?"

What were the feelings of the minister toward that rough, hateful, wicked man, his would-be murderer? Did he hate him? No. A Christian cannot hate anybody. Did he love him? Yes. It seemed to him that he had never loved any soul as he did the soul of the man who had tried to murder him. Tears of pity and love filled his eyes. "I forgive you with all my heart. It is a pleasure to forgive you. I should have forgiven you before you asked me to, before you came to the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

house, if I had known about you. I love you; and God loves you a million times more than I ever can. Get down here and let me pray for you."

The angels have rarely bent above such a prayer meeting as that. The man in the bed prayed. He poured out his soul to God as he never had before for any human being, not even the cow-boy Carter. Mrs. Castle prayed. The man prayed for himself. It was not much of a prayer, so far as words were concerned. About all there was of it was: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." But God heard. That wonderful, supernatural, miraculous transformation, which we call "conversion" and which the Bible calls "the new birth," was wrought that very hour, and that sinner, saved by grace, went back to Voorhes Hill, to publish from house to house the great things which Christ had done for him, and to be the herald and first-fruits of a mighty revival which was soon to sweep over that god-forsaken community.

In some way the story got out that a man had been to the parsonage and confessed the crime of trying to murder the minister. Not long after the district attorney of the county called where the leather latch-string hung from the yellow door. He wanted all the facts in the case. He was going to bring the matter before the grand jury. He wanted to know who the confessed criminal was. He would bring him before the jury, and the greater criminal who paid him the five dollars. He would go to the bottom, and let no guilty one escape. Wesley Castle begged the representative of the majesty of the law to let the case entirely alone. He said: "I have forgiven all my enemies. I forgave them before I knew about them. I do not know who paid the five

Fully Armed and Equipped.

dollars, and I pray God I never shall. I shall not tell who it was who made the confession, unless I am obliged to. Let us leave it all to the Infinite Judge. He will bring things out all right. He will make all those people on the hill sorry for what they have done. If we prosecute them, they will grow worse. If we leave them to God, he will soften their hearts, and they will become his friends, and mine."

The district attorney reluctantly yielded. He went away saying to himself: "That is the strangest man I ever met. He is like Jesus, the Nazarene." Not many months later he was an active member of a church in the city of Dorchester. He traced his conversion back to that interview in the little yellow parsonage, where the leather latch-string hung from the door.

It was many months before Wesley Castle was able to resume the work of pastor and preacher. Meanwhile who took care of his charge? At Littlefield the church was closed, for several Sundays, except that Sunday-school was held as usual. After that the morning service was held, at which one of the brethren, the village school-master, read a short sermon, which the wife of the invalid pastor wrote out at his dictation. At Sing Sing the people were so strong and spiritual that they conducted their own meetings, and got along almost as well as they would if their shepherd had been with them. At Voorhes Hill the converted cider-mill man started a prayer meeting, in place of the Sunday afternoon preaching service, which soon became very popular. Though his education had gone no further than learning to read and write, he had good native ability, and, under the quickening power of the Holy Spirit, he soon developed marvelous skill and power in explaining

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

the Bible, which he studied most diligently, day and night. Ere long, by common consent, he became the spiritual guide and virtual pastor of that community. All the while there was going out from that bed in the parsonage a silent and indescribable influence which pervaded the whole circuit. How can it be explained? First, everybody was talking about that brave and noble man, who loved the truth more than he loved his own life. In him they saw what true religion was, as they never had before; and many said to themselves: "I wish I were just such a Christian as Elder Castle." The life he had lived for the few weeks he had been on the circuit, emphasized by his narrow escape from a martyr's death, preached hundreds of the most powerful sermons, where he could have preached only one had the devil allowed him to proceed in the usual tenor of a pastor's work. And, then, though he could not preach in the pulpit and visit from house to house, he could pray. As he lay there on his back, all those weeks, what uttered, and what unutterable, prayers he sent up to the throne of grace, for his dear people, eternity alone will be able to reveal. And so the work of God went on, though the chief workman was helpless in his bed; and clouds of mercy were gathering thick above Littlefield circuit, soon to burst in a mighty shower of blessing on the parched and thirsty ground.

The Voorhes Hill tragedy took place in the end of October. By the middle of January the pastor was ready to resume his work, so far as the broken bones and the bruises on the head were concerned. But the sufferer's nervous system had sustained a severer shock than the physician knew. That and over excitement, caused by too many calls from his friends and too much

Fully Armed and Equipped.

exertion in dictating the sermonettes which the schoolmaster called for every Saturday night, brought on a brain fever, which did not permit the patient to see his pulpit till the last of May. Then the doctor insisted that he should get away from home, for a little while, where change of scene would compel him to think of something beside his work and his charge. A trip to Washington was planned and consummated.

It will be remembered that when Wesley Castle joined the Conference, and for some time afterward, he was not sure that God had called him to preach. The devil tortured his poor brain with horrid doubts while he was sick, telling him that he had committed a fearful and damning crime by running as a messenger for the Great King before he was sent. This thought lingered with him after he got up from his bed.

One day, while he was in Washington, walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, that old, black interrogation point began to dance before his eyes, as in the months gone by; only this time it was bottomside-up. Instead of saying: "Don't you think you ought to preach?" it seemed to make faces at him, and say: "You are a fool to think that you ought to preach." Surrounded with wealth and power and pomp and pride, he was tempted to despise the humble life of a poor Methodist itinerant. He stood still. He clenched his fist. He raised his arm. He brought it down almost to the horizontal. The sentence: "I will never preach again" was half formed on his lips, when that same voice which had whispered: "Don't you think you ought to preach?" in the gallery of the old church at Fairview, shouted in his ear, as loud as thunder: "If you stop preaching, you will lose your soul!" That settled the question so that it stayed settled.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

His doubts about his life work were gone forever. He went home, thanking God for the providence which sent him to Washington.

In the month of June a District camp meeting was held on the shore of Crystal Lake. Pastor Castle planned to go and have a Littlefield tent. Leaving Mrs. Castle behind, he started for the camp ground, with a one-horse load of baggage and provisions, to be followed, the next day, by a larger company. He had never attended a camp meeting, to stay through the week. All the way Satan sat on the wagon seat, by his side, telling him that he could not enjoy a camp meeting; that it would be a noisy place; that it was just the place for excitable and fanatical people; that he was too quiet to get any good out of such uproar and confusion. Again and again the "old fellow with horns" hissed in his ear: "You'd better turn around and go back home." He did not yield to these suggestions in the least; but they troubled him greatly.

Arrived at the camp ground, he unloaded his baggage, put his horse in a neighboring livery stable, found where his tent was to stand, and went to work to lay a floor and to stretch the canvas. The superintendent of the grounds came upon him just as he was driving the last pin and informed him that the planks which he had taken for flooring were designed for seats, and that he must return them to the pile from which he had taken them, and find boards for his floor on another part of the ground. So he had to undo all his labor, and do it again. By the time his tent was up the second time, he was very tired; and the devil came and said: "What did I tell you? You were a fool to come to this camp meeting. It will be a disappointment to you, from the beginning to the

Fully Armed and Equipped.

end. The best thing you can do is to sell out your interest in the concern, and start for home early in the morning, so as to intercept your people before they are far on the way. You know that you have no business at a camp meeting." To these suggestions the preacher replied: "I won't go home. I will stay; and I will have a good time too." And yet he was sorely tempted.

The first service was held that evening. Wesley did not enjoy it very much. It was a barren season to his soul. That night he slept poorly, on a poor bed. He arose almost sick, and strongly tempted to be discouraged and blue. The morning service was not very profitable. All the while he was saying to the tempter: "Get behind me, Satan," and was praying for victory with all his might. His people arrived between the morning and afternoon services. That made him feel somewhat better. The afternoon meeting at the auditorium seemed dry and dull. After the service he took a walk alone in the woods. His thoughts were on divine things every minute, and he was holding on to God and resisting the devil. It was peculiar experience. He knew that he was trusting in God, and that he was not under any condemnation; and yet his heart was as dry and emotionless as a stone. He simply had no feeling at all.

Returning to the camp meeting enclosure, he entered a tent where a prayer meeting was being held. It was about to close. The leader, a minister named Hall, was talking, as Wesley entered, about that experience which the Bible calls by such names as "entire sanctification," "the baptism of the Holy Ghost," the being "filled with the Spirit" and "perfect love." The leader, Brother Hall,

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

used the term, "perfect love." He said: "I want every one of you who now has the blessing of perfect love to raise your right hand. I do not say every one who once had it, or who wants to receive it; but every one who has it now. Every one who now has the blessing of perfect love raise your hand."

At once a great debate arose in the mind of Wesley Castle. If it were written out, it would cover quite a large sheet of paper, although, such is the lightning speed with which the mind sometimes acts, it really did not last half a minute. It was something like this: "Have I the blessing of perfect love? Can I say that I have? I know that I did have it once. I do not know when I lost it. I know that I put my all on God's altar more than a year ago, and that God accepted the surrender, and that I have never taken anything off. It is true that I have not one particle of feeling; my heart seems as dry and dead as a stone; I do not feel that I am wholly sanctified. But I believe I am. If I am not, I may be. If I never had the blessing of perfect love, it is my privilege in Jesus Christ to have it now. I am wholly the Lord's. I claim the blessing now by naked faith, in the absence of all feeling. In token of my faith I will raise my hand."

He began to raise his hand. He had hardly got it as high as his ear when the Holy Ghost fell upon him in mighty power. In an instant his soul was all on fire with unutterable joy. The great billows of bliss began to roll over him, as on that ever memorable ninth of May, in the old Seminary at Fairview. For a long time he was swallowed up and drowned in seas of heavenly ecstasy. It seemed to him that he was too happy to live;

Fully Armed and Equipped.

that the earthen vessel would break, and his spirit would fly away into the invisible world. The meeting soon closed. But it was half an hour before he had strength to rise from the straw, into which he had sunk, and walk to his tent. When he did walk out into the outer air, he staggered and reeled like a drunken man. He was drunk with the wine of the kingdom, with which the disciples were filled on the day of Pentecost.

From that time on, till the close of the camp meeting, Wesley Castle hardly ate or slept. He was too happy to eat. He was too happy to sleep. By day he was in some religious service, or was wandering about the grounds, telling all who would listen what God had done for his soul. In this way he won very many souls from sin to salvation or from the lower walks of the Christian life to the higher paths of communion with God. By night he seemed to himself to be floating in the pure ether, above the clouds, almost in sight of the great blazing throne of Infinite Love. This abstinence from food and sleep did not cause any physical weakness. Instead, he grew stronger in body every day. He experienced the truth of the text: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

One morning Wesley Castle was appointed to preach at the stand. It was a wonderful time. He had never been so helped to preach before. The Holy Spirit so spoke through him that he hardly knew what he was saying, and hardly realized that he was speaking at all. The power of God came on the congregation in a wonderful manner. In the after meeting scores of Christians came

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

to the altar, seeking the fullness of the Spirit; and other scores of sinners, seeking the pardon of their sins. The meeting could not be closed till half-past one o'clock. When the preacher went to his tent, he seemed to be walking in the air, and he felt as though, by waving his arms, he could have flown, like a bird, above the tops of the trees.

That camp meeting closed, to the regret of Wesley and all the saints. After the tents had been struck, the pastor of Littlefield Circuit went to the livery stable to get his horse and wagon. While he was standing near the door, and the horse was being harnessed in the back part of the barn, he heard the hostler swearing in a terrible manner. Wesley was greatly grieved to hear the name of his heavenly Father insulted. A flood of tears came to his eyes. His heart melted into love toward the sinner. He walked to the other end of the stable and lovingly, but plainly, rebuked him for his sin. The man instantly burst into tears, and said: "I know I ought not to swear. I had a praying mother. I will never swear again, as long as I live. Pray for me that God will forgive me for this, and for all my sins."

It was a beautiful day. Driving up the hill, and looking back over the lake, and then turning his vision into his own heart, Wesley thought: "This is heaven. How can the heaven of heavens be any more blissful and glorious than this?"

At the top of the hill, the preacher found that his horse had lost a shoe. He stopped at a little blacksmith shop close by to have the shoe reset. While the smith was doing the job, he got angry at something and began to swear. Wesley reproved him as he had the hostler.

Fully Armed and Equipped.

The result was the same as in the other case. The man burst into tears, said he would never swear again and asked the man of God to forgive his sin and pray for him.

When Wesley reached home, his wife, not expecting his return so soon, was up on the hill at Brother Porter's, and the house was locked. So he went across the street to Sister Barber's. As he was weary from his ride and from the physical reaction following the excitement of the camp meeting, he asked the privilege of going into Sister Barber's parlor and stretching himself out on her couch. The windows were hung with thick paper shades and the room was almost as dark as the darkest midnight. The tired preacher had been lying awake, in calm, sweet repose, for about half an hour, meditating on the goodness of God, when suddenly the place seemed as light as the brightest noon-day; and he became conscious of the presence of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, each separate and distinct from the others. Whether he saw any form, or not, he could not afterward remember. But he could never forget that, for a few seconds, in that darkened room, supernaturally illuminated, his spiritual senses apprehended God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, as three separate persons. They spoke. As it seemed then, and as he remembered long after, they spoke in an audible voice. They spoke certain "unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for man to utter." They also said: "You will have great trials and afflictions, in the years to come; and you will have great victories and wonderful success." Then there came upon him a baptism such that all his previous baptisms seemed like trifles unworthy to be mentioned.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

For a long time he lay utterly powerless, so far as his body was concerned, while the batteries of heaven were charging him over and over again with volt after volt of divine electricity. When the rapture was over and he was able to walk the earth again, it was night. Mrs. Castle had returned, and he went over to the yellow parsonage and went to bed. For several days he was in such a state of mental and spiritual abstraction that he hardly spoke, and his wife hardly dared to speak to him. He had been in the third heavens, and it was not easy to get down to earthly things.

When Elder Castle stood in the pulpit, the Sunday following the camp meeting, he seemed to the people like a messenger direct from heaven. His face fairly shone. Some who, perhaps, were a little inclined to be superstitious afterward declared that they could see a halo of light all around him. He preached as they had never heard him preach before. His text was: "John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." He showed what the baptism of the Holy Ghost is; that it always comes after conversion; that it is for all Christians down to the end of time; that it is an imperative duty, as well as a glorious privilege, to seek and obtain it; that it means peace, purity, joy and power; that it is to be obtained through simple faith; and that all Christians may have it now. Then he related his own experience, in detail, closing with an account of what had taken place at the camp meeting. The congregation was profoundly moved. When, at the close, he invited all who would seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost to come to the altar, three-quarters of all the Christians

Fully Armed and Equipped.

hurried to the front. It was such a scene as had never been witnessed in that old church. That was in the morning. In the afternoon, the little Sing Sing school-house was in a blaze of glory. The people thought Father Axtell would go up through the roof. In the evening the minister preached again at the Littlefield Church. The house was as full as it could hold, though the evening congregations were usually small. It is impossible to describe the meeting. It is enough to say that many persons remarked as they were going home: "The revival has begun."



VI.

The Shock of Battle.

A revival of religion is a phenomenon in God's spiritual kingdom, as a shower of rain is a phenomenon in the kingdom of material things. In many respects the two phenomena are very much alike. For weeks and months there has been no moisture of either rain or dew. The grass and grain are scorched and dead. Even the trees are wilted and sear. The fountains and brooks have wholly disappeared. The largest rivers have shrunk within their narrowest beds. Clouds of smoke from burning forests and villages obscure the sun and blot out the moon and stars. Men and beasts gasp for breath in the thick and stifling atmosphere. All nature is clothed in sackcloth. The world's great funeral day seems just at hand. But God remembers his covenant with Noah and his seed. The thunder rumbles sweet music along the horizon. The lightning paints hope on the midnight sky. The hot, dry wind feels cool and moist. Soon the gentle rain begins to fall. The sprinkle becomes a shower. The shower settles down to a long and steady pour. When, at length, the clouds clear away, the air is pure and sweet. Every tree and bush and shrub and blade of grass is painted a vivid green. All creation is as fresh as though it had just come from the creating fingers of the Almighty; and every heart of man and beast sings for joy. That is a revival in nature.

In a certain community religion is almost dead. Comparatively few go to the house of God. Family prayer has ceased out of almost every home. The prayer

The Shock of Battle.

meeting has wasted away till the breath of life is almost gone. The aged are dying without a hope in Christ. The young are growing up in unbelief and vice. The multitude are rushing madly on to eternal death. God's name and God's day are profaned without fear or shame. God's law is trampled under foot as cattle trample stubble into the mud. A few, only a few, faithful ones are on their faces in the dust, crying to Heaven for mercy and salvation. By and by there comes a change. The Sunday congregations are larger. The minister preaches with greater power. Many are seen in God's house who have been absent for years, or who never came before. The saints pray and testify with new fervor and zeal. Family altars are rebuilt. Doors to places of private prayer, long closed, swing on their hinges many times a day. Soon the church will hardly hold all who are hungry for the word of life. Scores are asking "What must I do to be saved?" Hundreds turn their feet into the way of God's commandments. The haunts of vice are forsaken. The whole community is uplifted and transformed. That is a revival of religion.

Many of the professedly wise and great of earth despise revivals of religion, and speak of them, and of persons who labor to promote them, with ridicule and scorn. But we know that, while some men laugh and sneer, the angels rejoice. We also know that Christianity—and, with Christianity, civilization—has gained its greatest victories by means of revivals. But for the revivals under Moses, and Elijah, and Hezekiah, and Nehemiah, and the Apostles at Pentecost, and Luther and Wesley, true religion and civilization would have perished from among mankind.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

He is very ignorant of the history and the spirit of Christianity who cries out against revivals. Many object to revivals of religion because of the few, little, incidental evils and human imperfections which sometimes attend them. The same objections lie against revivals in nature. After a long drought, the storm which ends the distress and averts famine and death often causes considerable damage and loss. The swollen stream sweeps away bridges and covers fertile fields with gravel and flood-wood. The lightning, which comes with the life-giving rain, sets fire to the farmer's barn and stable. But who, on that account, would wish that the drought should last forever?

Great and genuine revivals of religion are frequently accompanied by some things which may be criticized, and which the wise and good regret. If there is a great revival, somebody will get excited and pray too long; some evangelist, or preacher, will drop some phrase or word which, in his cooler moments, he would not have spoken; something will be done which is not according to the rules of fashionable society; some sinner will profess conversion, who has not received what he honestly thought he had; some converts will backslide and become worse than they ever were before. But who, on that account, would wish that formality and spiritual death should continue forever in the Church and in the outside community?

A mighty, sweeping, old-fashioned revival visited Littlefield Circuit, under the labors of Wesley Castle. Its beginning was described in our last chapter. So far as the eyes and ears of men could perceive, it began on the Sunday following the camp meeting. Like the Pente-

The Shock of Battle.

costal revival, at Jerusalem, in the days of Peter, and like all genuine revivals, it began with the Church. As soon as all the members of the Jerusalem Church were filled with the Holy Ghost, the crowd came rushing in, and three thousand sinners were converted under the very first sermon which was preached to them. In that model revival no particular methods were employed. No notices of the meeting were put in the papers; no flaming posters were pasted on the theater boards; no "dodgers" were scattered through the city; no portraits of the apostles were hung in the store windows; they had no noted singer in the upper room, where the meeting was held; they had no choir or organ; there was no anxious seat or altar call. They simply obeyed the command of Christ and got filled with the Spirit. That was all the advertising that was needed. The people came. Peter preached a simple gospel sermon. The Spirit, who had come to him and to all his brethren and sisters, so mightily convinced "the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment" that many cried right out in the meeting, interrupting the preacher and saying: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" If all the members of any church will obey the Lord and get baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, the people will turn out and fill the church; and very many will get under awful conviction and will be scundly converted. That is the way, and the only way, to secure a revival which deserves the name. Such a revival goes with, or without, fine singing; with, or without, an evangelist; with, or without, eloquent preaching; with, or without, good weather and favoring circumstances. When the Holy Ghost comes and fills the hearts of all, or most of, the members of the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

Church, many sinners will be convicted and converted, in spite of all that earth and hell can do. That is the way it was on Littlefield Circuit.

There had not been a revival that amounted to much, on that charge, for more than a quarter of a century (except at Sing Sing, where there was a revival all the time). There had been protracted meetings almost without number. The people expected a protracted meeting every winter. Usually the results did not pay for the maple wood and kerosene oil which were burned in the old cracked stoves and the old dirty lamps. The people had come to think that there never could be a real revival at Slab City. What was the trouble? The ministers had all begun at the wrong end. They had tried to get sinners converted over the heads of a cold and back-slidden church. They had utterly disregarded the divine plan and the commands of the Great Captain. He said: "When the Holy Ghost is come, he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment;" "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high;" "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and then ye shall be witnesses unto me." The good men who had been the successive pastors at Littlefield for thirty years were so blind that they had never read those words of Jesus aright, and did not understand his plan of campaign, and so had gone away, usually at the end of the first year, disappointed and sore, declaring that there never could be a revival at Slab City.

The young preacher came onto the charge, notoriously the hardest charge in all the conference, without any ex-

The Shock of Battle.

perience in revival work, but fresh from the school of Christ and baptized with the Holy Ghost. He began work according to the divine plan. He had a great mass of hard coal to set on fire. Instead of building a shaving fire on the top of the pile, as all his predecessors had done, he dug in under the black mass of sin and worldliness and kindled a hard-wood fire beneath the very center of the mountain. Instead of preaching all the time to sinners that they must repent and be converted, he preached to professed Christians that they must consecrate themselves wholly to God and receive the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Having received a fresh anointing at the camp meeting, he preached, that first Sunday after his return, with such power that three-fourths of all the members at Slab City came to the altar to seek the fullness of the Spirit. They did not all receive that day. Some were not dead in earnest. Some recoiled when the Spirit of burning began to search their hearts and show them the evil which dwelt within, and, having lost what little religion they had, became bitter enemies to the pastor and fierce fighters against the work of God. But many, who had been wandering in the wilderness for long weary years, entered into the Canaan of Perfect Love that very day. Others followed in the succeeding days, until, within a week, there were more than a score who could testify, with their faces shining with the very glory of the upper world, that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed them from all sin." For two months there was a meeting every night; and although they were the months of June and July, the busiest in all the year to the farmers in the valley and on the hills, the church was crowded every night. For two weeks the minister

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

preached exclusively to the Church; and the burden of his preaching was: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" "Be filled with the Spirit." "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." By the end of two weeks the great majority of the Littlefield Church were away over into Canaan, "filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost," "praising God and having favor with all the people;" and sinners were beginning to stand up in the congregation, uninvited, weeping and trembling and asking: "What must we do to be saved?"

How were things moving on Voorhes Hill, where the preacher came so near being murdered? The second Sunday after camp meeting he preached there, the first time since the attempted murder in the latter part of October. The people gave him a perfect ovation. Some were still his enemies, hating him all the more because they had been unable to kill him; but they stayed away. All who came (and the school-house was full as it could hold) were the preacher's friends, made such by the love and heroism of the preacher himself and by the Spirit of God working through the converted cider-mill man, whom they now regarded as their class-leader and second pastor. It seemed to Wesley Castle as though he had never been in that school-house before, the atmosphere was so sweet and warm, where it had been so bitter and cold. He thanked God for the change, and preached, with great joy and unction, from the text: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." The people were melted into tenderness, and said to themselves: "The best sermon that can be preached from that text is the life and character of the man who is now preaching to us."

The Shock of Battle.

The next morning the cider-mill man knocked at the door of the old yellow parsonage. We will call him by the name by which he was generally known, Mun White. As soon as he was admitted he said: "Elder, I have come to talk with you about my religious business. I know that I'm converted. I know that I'm a new creature in Jesus Christ. But I'm not wholly saved. I thought I was, at first; but now I know I'm not. Before I got converted the devil was in me as big as a woodchuck; and he had his way with me all the time. He made me lie, and swear, and gamble, and smoke, and get drunk, and do a great many other bad things. Jesus Christ came and knocked the devil down, and, I thought, killed him. I really thought that the devil in me was dead. But, after a while, he woke up, and I found that he had only been stunned. Now he's alive in me tremendously. I don't swear or get angry; but some times I feel like it. I don't drink whiskey any more; but some times I hanker after it. I don't know that I do anything wrong—I'm sure I'd rather die than do anything that Jesus don't want me to do; but I feel like doing wrong things some times. I don't want to do wrong; but there is a devil nature in me that does want to do wrong. Then there's my tobacco. I've smoked and chewed ever since I was ten years old. When I got converted I didn't think it was wrong—I didn't think anything about it. Now I see it is wrong; but I'm not strong enough to quit it. Now, Elder, I came down this morning to have you tell me whether there's any way to have the devil in me killed, so that he won't trouble me any more, so that I can be right as well as do right."

That unlettered child of nature did not know that he

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

was asking a question which has vexed the mind of every lover of virtue in all the generations and among all the races. It was Paul's question when he exclaimed: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver from the body of this death?" Alas! the great majority of the philosophers and theologians have answered that question "No." They have said: "You can never be rid of the evil of your own heart. You must fight against the inner devil as long as you are in the body. The Eternal Son of God is not strong enough to throttle the man of sin, and choke him to death and cast his corpse out of your soul." But fortunately for Munson White he came for spiritual counsel to one who had studied in the school of John Wesley and St. Paul and the Holy Ghost. His answer was: "Yes. You can have that inside devil killed now, so dead that you will never feel him stirring in your soul again as long as you live. You will have to fight against the devil on the outside as long as you live. But you need not have any devil inside to let the outside devil in." Then the minister explained to the young convert, with the intellectual wisdom of a philosopher and with the spiritual wisdom of a saint, the Wesleyan and Bible doctrine of Entire Sanctification. With such a teacher, Mun White learned in half an hour all that it had taken his teacher fifteen months to learn without any human help. Then they went to God in prayer. The preacher prayed for the young convert, and the young convert prayed for himself. At the end of an hour Mun White started back for Voorhes Hill with the certainty in his heart, and the testimony on his lips, that the very God of peace had sanctified him wholly, throughout body, soul and spirit. It is recorded in one

The Shock of Battle.

of the books which will be opened and read at the judgment day that, after that interview with God and the preacher in the Slab City parsonage, Mun White never, to the day of his death, had the slightest craving for whiskey or tobacco, and never felt the uprising of anger or profanity, or any other form of the carnal nature, in his soul. That day the "old man" died and was buried. That day the "new man" began to live a free and perfect life.

There was no one in the Littlefield Church who needed the "second blessing" so much as Simeon Perkins. He was an honest God-fearing man, who sincerely loved the Church, and intended to do right, and had a genuine religious experience. But the old Adam was still in him, as big and strong and ugly as he was before his conversion. His old Adam took the form of a most willful and ungovernable temper. No one who was present at that official meeting at the parsonage ever forgot how he and John Churchill got mad at each other and would have had a pitched battle right on the spot, if their athletic pastor had not parted them. That was characteristic of Simeon Perkins. He was notorious, all through the county, for the quickness with which he would get angry and for violence and ferocity of his passion when he was angry. He went by the nick-name of "nitro-glycerine." The ungodly always sneered when they heard him pray or speak in meeting. He mourned over his fault, and often confessed his sinfulness, in private and in public. He struggled against it with all his might, and, sometimes, by the grace of God, he was victorious over himself. But the old Adam was in him all the time; and, although he, Simeon Perkins, had

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

been trying to grow in grace for twenty-five years, ever since his conversion, the old Adam was just as much alive as he had ever been.

Simeon Perkins was at the revival meetings every night. Whenever there was a chance he prayed and testified. He said a great deal about growing in grace, but carefully avoided the subject of entire sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Whenever seekers for full salvation were asked to rise, or to come to the front, he kept his seat.

On the second Sunday after the camp meeting a terrible scene took place at church. One of Brother Perkins' daughters had been keeping company with a young man whom her father did not like. There was nothing bad about him. He belonged to a respectable, but poor, family. But he was guilty of the unpardonable sin of not knowing how to make money; and Sarah Perkins' father had told her that, if she married William Edson, he would disinherit and disown her, and she should never cross the threshold of the house where she was born. True to her woman's nature she was all the more determined that she would marry the man whom she loved. Saturday night they were married. As Wesley Castle had not been ordained, and could not perform the marriage ceremony, he was saved the embarrassment of choosing between wounding the feelings of the lovers and displeasing the wrathful father of the girl. They went to a neighboring town and got the indissoluble knot tied by a strange minister.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. William Edson were at church and sat in a pew directly opposite the one where the bride's father was. Simeon Perkins did not

The Shock of Battle.

hear a word of the sermon. He sat cherishing his anger and shooting darts of fire, out of his eyes, at the happy couple across the aisle. As soon as the benediction was spoken, he was on his feet. With the look of a demon on his face he sprang forward, and seizing his hated son-in-law by the throat, began to pour upon his devoted head a torrent of the most abusive language that the inhabitants of Slab City ever heard. It would be impossible, if it were not improper, to repeat what the demon-possessed man uttered. But, among other things, he said, again and again: "I'll shoot you, you miserable whelp; I'll shoot you. If I had a revolver, I'd shoot you on the spot." He was perfectly crazy with rage. As he was much stronger than the young man, there is no telling what he would have done if the congregation had not gathered around. Women screamed with terror, and several fainted clear away with fright. But the men crowded around and told Simeon Perkins that he would have to take his hands off from William Edson. He declared that he would not. But when the athletic young pastor took him by the wrists, with a grip of steel, the victim of his passion fell to the floor, white and limp. With a look of mingled pity and rebuke the pastor released the frenzied brute in human form, and the latter strode out of the church, followed, as soon as she could recover strength to walk, by his humiliated and heart-broken wife.

At the preaching service, that night, the minister had a tremendous text—the awful scene of the morning—from which to preach a sermon on the need of the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost. He preached with thrilling and overwhelming effect. In the after meeting

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

many sought the baptism of the Spirit, for heart-cleansing, with cries and tears, and found, to the satisfaction of their hungry souls.

There was preaching at the church every evening that week. But Simeon Perkins did not show his face. People said he was ashamed to come, and would never come again. He did come, however, the next Sunday morning. Observant ones, who got a chance to look in his face, could see that he was not the same Simeon Perkins whom they had known so long. The preacher saw the change in a second, and knew what it was. As soon as the sermon was over, Brother Perkins rose and asked the permission to speak. The preacher nodded willing assent. Walking up the middle aisle, and leaning his back against the altar rail, he stood and looked, for a minute, at the congregation. The house was full, and a hush of wonder and awe was on every heart. The first words which came from the lips of Simeon Perkins were: "God has sanctified my soul. Halleluiah!" The next thing he said was: "I humbly ask the forgiveness of every person here for the sin of murder which I committed in this sacred place last Sunday. I have asked the forgiveness of my children, my wife and my God; and they have forgiven me." Then he went on and told what had taken place during the week. It was, in substance, this: Till Saturday night he had hardly slept or eaten. The most of the time he had spent in the barn, up on the hay. He had had an awful overhauling of his life and religious experience. God had showed him the depths of his soul. The All-searching One had uncapped the hell of depravity which was in the center of his being, and had let him see the fire and smell the brimstone. He

The Shock of Battle.

saw that he must have the depravity all taken out—that he must be cleansed through and through, and be filled with the Holy Ghost—or give up trying to be a Christian and sink into hell. Then he went to praying for a clean heart. As he kept on praying, one thing after another came up before his mind which he must surrender to God. He gave them all up without much difficulty. He was so hungry after righteousness that any sacrifice seemed small to obtain it. He thought that all was given up, and he was asking himself: “what now?” when something said: “How about raising tobacco?” At first he thought that the devil was asking the question to distract his mind and turn him from his purpose. But, ere long, he discovered that it was God. God made it very plain to him that it was wrong for him to raise tobacco. This was the way the Holy Spirit reasoned with him: “You know that smoking and chewing the vile Indian weed are great evils. They are blurring the intellect and poisoning the blood and debasing the manhood of millions of men, especially the young. You know that cigarette-smoking is damning multitudes of boys and that cigarette-smoking is but a part of the one great evil. You would not use tobacco yourself. You know that everybody who does use it is injured in property, in body, in intellect and in soul. If it is wrong to use tobacco, it is wrong to produce it for others to use. You can never take one step forward in your religious experience till you promise to quit raising tobacco.” Then began a terrible struggle between duty and selfishness. If he did not raise tobacco, he could not pay off the heavy mortgage on his farm. If he did not raise tobacco, he did not see how he could escape bankruptcy. With to-

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

bacco at twenty-five cents a pound, and wheat at one dollar a bushel how could he afford to quit raising tobacco? As soon as he began to hesitate God began to put the screws on him tighter than before. Every time he invented a new excuse for persisting in wrong-doing, the Almighty gave another twist to the screw of conviction. At length the man could endure the agony no longer and cried: "I yield, I yield, I will do right, if I die in the poor-house." Almost immediately the blessing came. The mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost fell upon him. He was baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. He could feel the "refining fire" going through his soul, burning out the inbred sin. He could feel the fiery waves succeeding each other, hotter and hotter, till at last, he was conscious that the last trace of sin was burned out, and that his heart was whiter than the driven snow. He closed his remarks with these words: "Brethren and Sisters, I know that God has wholly sanctified my soul, and that my old passionate temper which has tormented me, and disgraced the Church, so long, and all the roots of bitterness which have been in my soul, are gone forever. Henceforth all I have and all I am are the Lord's. I have raised my last tobacco. To-morrow I shall cut down, and plough under, my growing crop, and make a bonfire of two thousand pounds of the old crop, ready for the market, in my shed."

That morning service did not close till two o'clock. Man after man arose, in quick succession, all members of the Church, and confessed his lukewarmness and unfaithfulness and worldliness, and implored the forgiveness of his brethren and of God. Most of them were to-

The Shock of Battle.

bacco-raisers; and, without an exception, they confessed the sin of turning God's soil and sunshine and rain into poison and death, and registered a solemn vow that they would never grow another tobacco plant as long as they should live. That was manifestly the result of the Holy Spirit's work and of Simeon Perkins' example; for the preacher had never uttered a word, in sermon or exhortation, on the subject of raising tobacco. It was an impressive sight—those strong men, standing together in front of the altar, weeping like children, asking each other's forgiveness for the bad influence they had exerted and pledging themselves, with clasped hands and interlocked arms, to a life of perfect loyalty and obedience to Jesus Christ. Then they knelt and prayed that the Holy Ghost might come on them in sanctifying power; and they did not pray in vain.

The minister was about to pronounce the benediction when a very strange thing took place. A very rough, burly man rose from his seat at the farther end of the room and came rapidly up the aisle. It was John Churchill, the sworn enemy of Simeon Perkins, the man whom Perkins called a liar, and with whom he came so near having a fight at that first official meeting, at the parsonage. He did not come for war, this time, but for peace. Seizing his old-time rival and enemy by the hand, with an iron grip, he exclaimed, with voice choking with emotion: "Brother Perkins, forgive me. I've hated you, and lied about you, and cheated you. But I'm sorry; and I want you to forgive me and let me be your friend." Simeon Perkins returned the grip with interest, saying, as he did so: "Brother Churchill, there's nothing for me to forgive. The wrong's all on

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

my side. I have hated you, and lied about you and cheated you. If you can forgive me, we'll call it square, and be friends for ever." Throwing their arms around each other's necks, those neighbors who had hated each other so cordially for a score of years, lay upon each other's shoulders a long time, weeping tears of joy and love. The whole congregation was melted into tears; and many, who had never known the Lord, resolved that moment that they would seek and serve the God whose Spirit could work such wonders as their eyes had beheld that day.

After that Sunday morning, the revival moved on with mighty power. It burned deep and high. It swept over a circle whose diameter was about ten miles. There was hardly a home in all that area which the Holy Spirit did not enter in convicting and converting power. In very many instances whole families were converted, where before all were unsaved. Scores were converted who could not remember when they were last at church, or when last they heard the voice of prayer. The most notorious sinners and the most devilish infidels were saved, and became as pure and teachable, seemingly, as little babes. The revival destroyed certain forms of evil for which Slab City and the surrounding country had long been famous. There was one licensed rum-hole. The proprietor lost all his customers, and moved out of town, remarking that Heaven could not be a much worse place for his business than Littlefield had become. There was a gambling den, upstairs, in the back part of the building where the post-office was kept. It dried up, under the hot breath of the revival, and blew away. Slab City was famed, far and wide, for its profanity and

The Shock of Battle.

Sabbath-breaking. Almost everybody swore everywhere. And the church-goers were a little handful. Before the end of July almost everybody was praying (nobody dared to swear) and the church would not begin to hold the people who wanted to take part in the worship of God. Within a year from the time the revival began, a new church was dedicated, in place of the old, twice as large, and costing ten thousand dollars, every cent of which had actually been paid, without a fair, dinner, or show of any kind. A new, fifteen-hundred-dollar parsonage had, in the same interval, taken the place of the old yellow hut where the Castles began their house-keeping. Another effect of the revival was that it almost put an end to tobacco raising in all that valley.

The most blessed thing about the revival was that it was deep and thorough. Nearly all the converts came through shouting. They knew that they were converted. And most of them went right on, immediately after, and experienced the "second blessing," as John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, called it—entire sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost are the usual names by which it was known to the founders of the New Testament Church. As a consequence, very few of the converts went back to the world. The great majority became pillars in the temple of God. That revival gave many ministers and missionaries to the service of the Church. So much for a revival which began in the preaching of Christian holiness by a preacher who had the experience.

The sad part of the story is that there were some in the Church who fought the revival to the very end. They never spoke of the meetings or the minister, except

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

with sour contempt and bitter fault-finding. For the most part, they were the family and friends of Martin Jackson, who never forgave the preacher for driving away that worthy trustee by his foolish tobacco story. But for those opposers, the pastor believed that everybody in the town of Littlefield might have been converted.

It ought to be put on record that Simeon Perkins, who had been noted for his willful and passionate temper, ever after he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, was the very personification of calmness and gentleness and patience. He was strongest where he had been weakest. Persons who came into that community after the great revival, and became acquainted with Brother Perkins, could not believe the stories which were told of his former passion and ferocity. Simeon Perkins and John Churchill never ceased to be bosom friends, twin giants in the army of the Lord.

There were many remarkable conversions in that revival. Volumes could be written about them. One of the most striking cases was that of Sam Hooker. He was a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing. His wife supported him and six ragged children by taking in washing. He never went to church. He spent most of his time sitting in the only rum-hole in the village, or in roaming through the neighboring forests, on the hills, hunting for game which hardly existed, with a long, old-fashioned rifle. He had not seen the inside of a church in twenty years. One night, when the revival was at its hight, he woke up from a sound sleep, so he declared, and saw the devil, horned and grinning, standing by his bed. "I have come to get you," said the king of the bot-

The Shock of Battle.

tomless pit, "come along with me." Without a word, Sam Hooker rose up to a sitting posture, reached around to the head of the bed and laid hold of his rifle, which always stood there loaded while he slept, cocked it, brought it to his eye and fired. The devil disappeared, and Sam sunk back into sleep. The next morning the rifle was empty, and there was a bullet hole in the door. "If the devil is after me like that, it's about time for me to get religion," Sam said to himself. That night he went to church, went forward for prayers, told his story, confessed his sins and got converted. He also sought and obtained the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and became a very pattern of temperance, virtue, industry and godliness. He had been an awful tobacco slave, chewing and smoking almost from his cradle. He took to tobacco like a duck to water. He never had to learn to use the poisonous weed. It did not make him sick the first time he used it, as is almost always the case. The sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost took the love of tobacco out of Sam Hooker in the twinkling of an eye. Some weeks after, he had occasion to use some nails. He found some in a box which had contained tobacco, though none remained that could be seen. While he was driving the nails he put some of them in his mouth. The slight taint of tobacco which was upon them made him so sick that he thought he would die. He barely escaped the invisible pollution with his life. Thus it appeared that the Holy Spirit had so cleansed his body from all the poison of tobacco that it was purer and healthier than when he was born.

One Sunday afternoon in July, Wesley Castle was returning home from his Voorhes Hill appointment. He had had a glorious time, preaching and leading class.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

The revival flames were burning hot and high, under the lead of the Holy Spirit and Munson White. When he started from the school-house the rain was falling gently, and there were signs of a heavy shower. When he reached the foot of the hill, where he came so near losing his life the previous October, the rain was coming down in torrents, and the thunder was roaring and the lightning was flashing most fearfully. As he was driving slowly up a little hill, between two pieces of forest, suddenly a large man jumped out of the thicket, seized the horse's bridle and leveled a heavy revolver at his head. The man had thick, shaggy, red hair, and was dressed in a red flannel blouse. It was Carter, the cow-boy from New Mexico, who had tried to murder Prof. Castle at Fairview Seminary and, failing in that, had sworn to shoot him at sight. He supposed that his mortal enemy was in prison; but there he was, full of murderous hate, a practiced shot, with a loaded gun within six feet of his defenseless head.



VII.

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

Wesley Castle was face to face with death. He was looking into the muzzle of a cocked and loaded revolver, in the hand of a desperate, vindictive, demon-possessed man, whom nothing could dissuade from taking vengeance on the one whom he chose to regard as his greatest enemy. It was an awful moment. The next second that cruel finger would press the trigger, and a lump of lead would come crashing through his brain, and his soul would be in eternity. He could do absolutely nothing to save himself. The slightest movement to get out of range of the deadly weapon would only hasten the fatal shot. No argument, no appeal, no entreaty would have the faintest effect on that flinty heart. If he should cry for help, no friendly ear could hear, on account of the distance and the storm, and he would be dead before the words could get out of his mouth. So Wesley Castle sat, as motionless as marble, looking into the other world.

The time seemed very long. His whole life passed before him like a panorama. He recalled very many things which he had wholly forgotten. Every thing which he had ever done or said or thought stood out before his mental vision as fresh and vivid as a present reality. His mind dwelt especially on his childhood; his conviction; his conversion; his neglect of duty, while in college; his fifteen months' struggle for a clean heart; the glorious baptism of the Holy Ghost, which came to him on that ever-memorable Sunday afternoon; the revival at Fairview Seminary; his fight with Carter; his call to the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

ministry; and the events which had taken place on Littlefield Circuit. He could see every sinful act, word, thought, and feeling of which he had ever been guilty. O! how many and how great they were! In number they were as many as the drops of the ocean; in magnitude, they were like the great mountains. He shuddered at the sight. But, the next moment, he saw the huge billows of a crimson sea, whose farther shore was out of sight, come rolling in; and he knew that his past life was all under the blood which cleanses from all sin. Then the great billows of joy began to roll over his soul, as on that glorious Sabbath at Fairview Seminary. There was no shadow of fear on his mind. Perfect love had cast out all fear. In one second more he would be with Jesus, in paradise. He did not fear the bullet crashing through his skull. He did not fear the death agony. He did not fear the dark river; there was no dark river. He did not fear the judgment throne. But he thought of his wife; how lonely she would be without him. He thought of his dear people, and of the young converts who needed a tender shepherd's care. He thought of his life work, just begun. He wished he might live to complete it. Something whispered in his heart: "pray that your life may be saved, and God will answer your prayer."

Just then he heard a voice. The man behind the revolver was speaking. With a horrid oath, he hissed through his clinched teeth: "I have you now. You got me disgraced and expelled from school. You whipped me that night in room No. 60. I swore then that I would kill you; and I will. I'd kill you, if I knew I'd go to hell the next minute. I might have shot you from the bushes, as you rode along. But I wanted you to

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

know that I killed you. I'll give you just half a minute to get ready to die. In thirty seconds you will be a dead man."

Wesley Castle shut his eyes and prayed. He prayed for life, that he might work for God. How that prayer could be answered, he could not imagine. That it would be answered the Holy Spirit, who moved him to pray, made him believe.

Suddenly an awful peal of thunder shook the earth and air. Wesley had never heard anything like it. It was right there. His first thought was that it was the expected bullet, ploughing its way through his skull and brain. At the same instant, came a blinding flash of lightning. It was so intense that Wesley could see the red glare through his closed eye-lids. He could feel the waves of electricity going through his body. The horse bounded forward. The lines were still in the driver's hands. He drew them tight, and opened his eyes. The horse was free; but was standing still. The man with the revolver had disappeared. No! there he was, lying on the muddy ground as motionless as a corpse. In an instant Wesley was bending above him. He was not dead; but was stunned and paralyzed and unconscious. The lightning had not exactly struck him; in that case he would certainly have been killed. But the Being who loads and fires the artillery of the skies had taken so true an aim that the bolt struck a tree near the road, shivering it into kindling wood, while what human cannoniers call the wind of the shot swept the would-be assassin from his feet and hurled him to the ground, powerless and almost dead.

Wesley Castle looked into the face of his enemy without a spark of hate. But the words of holy writ came

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

into his mind: "vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." The benumbed right hand still clutched the revolver. Wesley wrenched it from the stony fingers and tossed it into the buggy. As he did so he noticed that one of the chambers was empty. It must have been discharged a fraction of a second after the Almighty discharged his artillery at the tree. So near had that soldier of the cross come to being transferred to the triumphant host above. What should he do with that almost lifeless form? It did not take him long to decide. Calling into requisition those mighty sinews and muscles, which had so often executed the behests of his mind and heart, he lifted his enemy from the ground and placed him in the buggy, half sitting, half reclining. Then, springing to the seat, he caught the lines, and, giving his fleet horse a sharp cut with the whip, he drove rapidly through the pouring rain and flying mud toward his home.

Within forty-five minutes Carter, still unconscious, was in the home of the man whom he had tried to murder. As gently as though he had been a sick baby in the hands of the tenderest of mothers, Castle removed his wet and muddy garments, washed and dried and chafed his body, laid him in the best bed which the house afforded, and went for Doctor Bass.

The minister told the physician that Carter was a former student of his, whom he had found, on his way home from Voorhes Hill, lying unconscious under a tree which a bolt of lightning had shivered into splinters. The rest of the story he told no one but his wife. The doctor, who, during the great revival, had become a "beloved physician" in the Lord, went to work on his patient with all the skill he had. At the end of an hour

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

Carter was conscious, but could not speak or move. He could make a noise, but could produce no articulate sound. He could turn his head a little, and move his lips, and open and shut his eyes. Beyond that, he was as helpless as a dead man. He seemed like one who had suffered a severe shock of apoplexy, stopping just short of death.

It was six weeks before Carter left his bed. The paralysis gradually passed away, very gradually. First the sufferer could move his fingers and toes. Then he could slide his arms along the sheets, and draw up his legs a little toward his body. Long practice and patient waiting gave him more perfect use of his limbs. When he could turn over in bed, he thought he had gained a wonderful victory. His mind was clear almost from the moment of returning consciousness. During those six weeks he did a vast amount of thinking. Such is the human mind that he could not help thinking. And then the Holy Spirit had a fair chance at him and compelled him to think. The Holy Spirit was aided in this work of conviction by the prayers and faith of the minister and his wife and of all the praying ones in the Church, to whom the pastor told the story of Carter's life, leaving out everything pertaining to the battle in room No. 60 and the attempted assassination on the Voorhes Hill road.

At first Carter was very ugly and hateful. As far as his paralysis would permit, he twisted his not too handsome face into a malignant scowl, which he wore whenever his host was in sight. If he had had the power, he would have killed the man who had saved his life. But slowly the scowl disappeared. Wesley kept out of the room most of the time, so as not to irritate the heart

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

which was full of revenge. But he spent hours in prayer for his conviction and salvation. The more he prayed the more he loved his enemy. At length he got the assurance that his prayers were heard and that Carter would be converted.

Mrs. Castle spent many hours every day in the room with Carter. He felt no grudge toward her, and would listen with pleasure while she read to him. He hated everything religious. So she read novels, which she did not enjoy herself, mixing in short readings from the Bible and from the biographies of eminent Christian men and women. She also read a very interesting book of travel, in which the author used what he saw to illustrate gospel truth. Art, architecture, history, science and religion were so intermixed that they could not be separated; and the sick man swallowed a great deal of bitter medicine, such as his soul needed, for sake of the sugar with which it was liberally coated.

Little by little that flinty heart grew soft. One day, about a month after Carter was laid on the parsonage bed, Mrs. Castle read him the story of the betrayal, trial and crucifixion of Jesus. She used a harmony of the Gospels, which put into one narrative all that the four Evangelists have left us. She was a very fine reader, having taken an extensive course in elocution under the best teachers, and that day she read with unusual pathos and power. It was a contrived plan between her and her husband, and he was at prayer, at the same time, in the room which served the double purpose of parlor and study. The invalid seemed annoyed and offended, at first; but he could not help himself, he had to listen. Soon he became intensely interested. He recalled a time, in his early childhood, when his mother, now a

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

saint in glory, read him that same story. His heart was tender then. He remembered how he wept bitterly and asked his mother how they could treat Jesus so. Mrs. Castle's reading brought that scene back to his mind as distinctly as though it had taken place but yesterday. A flood of tender memories swept over his soul. When the reader had finished and glanced toward the bed, he was in tears. It was a strange event; he had not shed a tear in many years. Seeing the lady looking at him, he was ashamed of his weakness and tried to appear unconcerned. But she saw the tears and rejoiced and thanked God.

The next day, when Mrs. Castle sat down to read, with a work of fiction in her hands, Carter made signs to her to read in the Bible. This she was only too glad to do. After that it was the Bible every day, and many hours every day. The invalid was very attentive and greatly interested. He had frequent periods of weeping and was no longer ashamed of his tears.

Meanwhile the paralyzed man was regaining the use of his physical powers, more and more. He got so that he could articulate a few words. One day Mrs. Castle made out this sentence: "Do you think your husband would forgive me?" Of course her answer was an emphatic "Yes." "Will God forgive such a wretch?" he managed to ask. The lady's answer was God's own answer: "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Then he asked for a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote out a most humble and thorough confession of his sins, addressing it to God and to his servant, Wesley Castle. Handing it to Mrs. Castle, with the request that she would give it to her husband,

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

he lay back upon his pillow with a look of peace and contentment such as his face had never worn before, since he was an innocent child.

Then there was a long conversation between the minister and the invalid, in which, of course, the minister did most of the talking. But they both wept very freely; and they pressed each other's hand; and they looked reconciliation, and friendship, and love into each other's eyes. And the minister prayed. His wife thought she had never heard him pray so before. She never had; for he had never had such a case before to present to the throne of grace. O, what a prayer it was! And that godly woman prayed, as only a woman can pray. And the poor sinner prayed for himself, as best he could. Those prayers went up to heaven like sweetest incense. "Likewise there was joy in the presence of the angels over" that repenting and converted sinner.

A week later a special prayer meeting was held at the parsonage. Fifteen or twenty of the most Spirit-filled members of the Littlefield Church were present. After that meeting Carter was out of bed, well in body and full of the Holy Ghost. A more completely transformed man never was known. He did not look like the old Carter. The red hair and freckled face were still there; but there was a new light and a greater depth in those blue eyes, which seemed to transfigure the whole aspect of the man. His speech, his manners, his dress were changed. The old swagger and bravado and cowboy ways utterly disappeared. He was mild and gentle and tender and sweet. He was a perfect gentleman. Everybody was attracted to him. All his old habits were gone for ever. His strongest passion now, next to love for Christ, was love for the man whom he had so in-

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

tensely hated and tried to kill. He stayed at Littlefield for some weeks, helping the pastor in his work and winning many souls whom no one else could reach. He often related his experience; but he wisely left out those darkest chapters, his fight with the professor and the attempted crime on the Voorhes Hill road. Those incidents the Castles kept to themselves.

Carter went back to Fairview; confessed his crimes to Prof. Pelton; made restitution so far as he could with money; and then returned to New Mexico. He is now a flaming evangelist among the cow-boys and miners of the far West, preaching that salvation saves and that all the saved may be filled with the Holy Ghost, and winning many souls to shine in Christ's crown and in his own.

Wesley Castle's first year in the ministry was near its close. The Conference was to sit in the first week of October, and the fourth Quarterly Conference was held about the middle of September. That body passed a unanimous resolution, asking the reappointment of the present pastor for another year. But the pastor said: "No." "Under your labors, the membership of the charge has grown to five hundred, or will when the probationers have been received into full membership," they said; "and we can, and will, pay you a thousand dollars, if you will come back."

The pastor replied: "If the Bishop and Presiding Elder say I must, of course, I shall come back. But I shall ask to be sent to a new field. Some other man can take care of the work here as well as I, and I will go and, with the help of God, stir up some other dead community." The Presiding Elder said he thought Brother Castle was right, and so the Quarterly Conference broke up with many tears.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

At the parsonage the Presiding Elder and the pastor had a long talk. It would be impossible to repeat the conversation exactly; but it was something like this:

Said the Presiding Elder: "I want you to go to the First Church in the city of Dorchester. You are too talented and too well educated to stay on such a charge as this. They want a young man like you, and already have their eyes on you. I do not know that the Bishop can be persuaded to appoint a man who has not yet been admitted into full connection in the Conference, and is unordained, to such a charge as that; but First Church Dorchester generally has its own way. They pay twenty-five hundred dollars and an elegant parsonage, and if they are determined to have you, they will get you. I want you to go there; and I think I can get them to ask for you. Their fourth Quarterly Conference will be held to-morrow night. The subject of a pastor for next year will come up then. Their present pastor has stayed as long as the law allows. You are my man for the place, above all others."

The young minister blushed and said that he did not think he had experience and ability for such a place; and that some older man was entitled to it.

The Presiding Elder replied: "You can fill the bill exactly. And if it is not you, it will be some other young man; for First Church is determined to have a young man."

Then after a long pause and a good deal of hemming and hawing, Doctor Bateman, the Presiding Elder, said: "But, Brother Castle, there is one thing I must tell you. You can't go to First Church, Dorchester, unless you change your style of preaching."

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

“What’s the matter with my style of preaching,” asked the young man.

“I don’t mean the style of your preaching exactly,” said the Elder. “Your style is fine. I don’t know a man in the Conference whose style of preaching I like better than yours. But I mean the things you say when you preach. You pitch into sin too fiercely. You preach against playing cards and dancing and theater-going and wine-drinking and all the other things which people do which you think are not right. That will do here in the country. But it will never do in the city of Dorchester. If you should preach that way in First Church, you would have to leave at the end of the first year, and you would hardly have a friend that year. Nearly all the prominent people in First Church go to theater, and have card parties and dances in their homes, and scarcely ever go to prayer meeting. Some of them have wine on their tables. Then they don’t believe in revivals. You will have to go easy on that subject, and get all your converts quietly from the Sunday-school and the Young People’s Society. You can’t pitch in and get sinners converted as you do here. You will have to go slow and be conservative and please the rich and worldly folks who manage the church.”

“Why, Dr. Bateman,” said Wesley, “do you think I have been harsh and severe and extreme and fanatical here on this charge? Have I not preached the truth lovingly and in the spirit of the Master, and have not the results justified the course I have taken? If I have not been preaching as I ought why have you not criticised me and taught me a better way?”

“I have no fault whatever to find with you,” said the Elder, “so far as this charge is concerned. You have

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

accomplished more here in one short year than all your predecessors have accomplished in forty years. But the kind of preaching and the kind of work you have done here will not succeed in First Church, Dorchester. If you were to preach there as you have here, you would tear the Church all to pieces.”

“Have I preached anything here but the truth?” meekly asked the young preacher.

“No. So far as I know you have preached the truth, just as we all believe it. But there are some truths which it will not do to preach in some places. We must please the rich and influential, you know, and keep them in the Church. I want you to preach the truth of course; but you must preach it in such a way that nobody will take offense.” said Dr. Bateman.

“Is that the way Jesus did? When he found that the wealthy and influential scribes and Pharisees did not like his preaching, did he change it and trim the sharp corners off the truth so that they would give him their support?” asked the pastor.

“No, I suppose not,” said the Doctor, with considerable sharpness; “but the times have changed, and we must adapt ourselves to the spirit of the age in which we live. I have been in the ministry much longer than you have, and I have found that those ministers succeed the best and get, and keep, the best places who best adapt themselves to their surroundings and know how to give the public what it wants. And now, while I have this opportunity, I want to say to you—something that has been on my mind for a good while—that if you will change your way of preaching, and stop denouncing popular sins, and avoid giving offense to high-toned sinners, and leave out all references to eternal punishment, and study

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

to please, and lay yourself out to preach fine literary sermons, as I know you can, you can, in time, have any appointment in this, or any other, conference; you can go to the top; perhaps you can be Bishop some time. But if you keep on as you are doing now, you will never get above a six, or eight, hundred dollar appointment, or possibly a thousand. There are two courses open to you. Keep on in your present path, and your ministerial life will prove a failure. Get into the other path, and you will make a grand success. I can't bear to have a young man with your natural ability and education throw himself away." The Doctor spoke with great warmth and grew very red in the face. Wesley was so astonished at what he had just heard that he could not make any reply. So the Presiding Elder went on: "There is one thing more. You must not preach holiness so much. You have got the reputation all through the District, of being a 'holiness crank!' Now that will kill you sure. I stand up for you and tell them that you are nothing of the sort. They make that objection at First Church. Now I am very much interested in you. I am proud of you. I want you to succeed. If you will promise me that you will heed the advice which I have kindly given you, I can almost guarantee you First Church, Dorchester, as your next appointment. Otherwise, I see nothing but disappointment and failure before you."

It was a long time before the young minister could reply. Not because he was tempted to make the promise required; but because he was so astonished that a Christian minister and a Presiding Elder could talk that way. At length he said: "Doctor Bateman, I am amazed at what I have heard from your lips. Your idea of the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

ministry and mine differ radically. When God called me to preach, he called me to preach his truth just as I find it in the Bible. That I am fully resolved to do. I have flung away my reputation and all thought of worldly and ecclesiastical honor. I shall preach the truth as I understand it, and do all I can to snatch the souls of my fellow men from everlasting burnings, if I go to the poor-house for it. I am not a holiness crank, or any other kind of a crank. I am not fanatical. I am not extreme. I preach the Bible and Methodist doctrine and the Methodist Discipline. Of course, I preach holiness; I could not preach the gospel, if I did not. But I do not preach holiness, distinctively, all the time, nor quarter of the time. I preach upon as great a variety of gospel themes, I venture to affirm, as any minister in the Conference. You know that those who hate the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification would charge a man with preaching it all the time, if he were to preach it definitely once a quarter. Doctor Bateman, I have always loved and respected you. I know that you are my friend. I know that you have far more experience and wisdom than I have. But I cannot accept the advice which you have just given me; if I should, I know I should lose my soul."

That ended the conversation. Wesley Castle had gained another victory. But it cost something, as all victories do. The next time he met his Presiding Elder, the Doctor treated him with great coldness. At conference not a word was spoken to him about his appointment by the Bishop, or a Presiding Elder, or a representative from any church; and he spoke to no one on that subject. He possessed his soul in perfect peace. At the close of the session he was read off for a charge

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

he had never heard of, under a Presiding Elder who was a total stranger to him. Evidently Dr. Bateman had dropped him in disgust.

The name of Wesley Castle's new charge was Newport. There was one preaching place, a pretty, medium-sized church, in a village of about a thousand inhabitants, on the banks of a small river and a canal. The membership of the Church was two hundred. The salary was five hundred dollars, with the use of a comfortable parsonage.

The preacher went to his new field of labor full of faith, hope and courage. But he soon discovered that he was in a very hard place. There were many reasons for this. In the first place the whole community was greatly stirred up over a split in the Church and the starting of a rival organization. For twenty-five years the Methodist Church had been the only church in Newport. Prior to that time an unsuccessful attempt had been made to establish Presbyterianism, and a church edifice had been built. But the enterprise failed, and the building became the property of a "Deacon" Norton, who lived in Newport and attended the Methodist Church, but belonged to another denomination in a neighboring town.

Connected with the Methodist Church, or congregation, was a large and influential family named Babington. The head of the family was a man of sixty named Julius. He kept a store, had some money, was very insinuating and captivating in his manners toward those whom he wished to use and, through political influence at the State Capital, controlled a section of the canal and the hiring and discharging of all the lock-tenders and the laborers who kept the water-way in repair. In one way

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

and another the Babingtons managed to have half of the people of Newport under their combined thumb, and to run the only church in the place.

One of the sons of Julius Babington was a blind man named Joseph. He and his wife and a cousin were the only Babingtons who actually belonged to the Church. Joseph, or Joe as everybody called him, was notorious for his cunning, for his ability to pull the wool over people's eyes and to cheat them out of their very teeth, and for his violent and revengeful temper. Although he was blind, he made a good (or bad) living by shaving notes. He and his wife quarreled like cats and dogs. And yet they belonged to the Methodist Church. No pastor, who had ever been in Newport, would have had the courage to expel a Babington, if he had committed murder.

But Joe Babington got out of sorts with his pastor, for some reason, and the whole Babington tribe withdrew, swearing eternal vengeance against the Methodist Church. They went to Deacon Norton and said: "Come! let's start a new church. We'll make it a church of your denomination and we'll tear that cursed old Methodist Church all to pieces." Deacon Norton jumped at the chance of doing such a Christian deed as to destroy a sister denomination. He donated his hall, the old Presbyterian Church. He poured out his money like water. The building was transformed into a neat and beautiful house of worship. The great denomination to which Deacon Norton and his family and a few other Newportites belonged adopted the ill-begotten ecclesiastical brat. And a pastor was called and duly installed.

Such was the state of things when the newly-appointed Methodist minister arrived in Newport. Fully half of the

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

former Methodist congregation had gone to the Babington Church; many others seemed on the point of going; those who remained were discouraged; and such a spirit of strife and hatred had been engendered among all classes of people that it was next to impossible to do anything in the way of getting men and women converted to God.

The further history of the Babington Church ought to be recorded. The finale was reached after Wesley Castle left Newport. The Babingtons and their lick-spittles, being the majority, dismissed the pastor and called Joe Babington, the blind note-shaver and wife-beater, to be their shepherd. Against the bitter protest of Deacon Norton and a few others, they got a denominational council to ordain and install him. They expelled Deacon Norton, and his family, and his friends, and all who would not be the slaves of the Babingtons; and Newport saw, what is spoken of in the Bible, "the blind leading the blind." The rest of the proverb came true: "both fell into the ditch." Joe Babington soon died, under the curse of God. His father and mother did not long survive him. The rest of the family were scattered. And their spurious, so-called "church" came to naught.

Deacon Norton, in telling the story of the Babington Church, and his connection and disconnection with it, said that it reminded him of an incident he had read: "A man bought a piece of land, on which was a barn and a very wild mule. He wanted to get the mule into the barn. This he succeeded in accomplishing, after a vast amount of coaxing. But no sooner was the mule in the barn than he turned around and kicked the man out."

The first reason why Wesley Castle found Newport a very hard charge was that he could not do anything, or

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

much of anything, for the salvation of souls, on account of the strife and war which existed in connection with the Babingtons and their pretended "church." Not to be able to get sinners to Christ and believers into the experience of full salvation was extremely disheartening and painful to such a minister as Wesley Castle. He was not in the ministry to kill time, or to make a living.

In the second place, the people received him very coldly. His predecessor had been exceedingly popular with all classes, till the Babington fight began, and those who remained in the Church loved him all the more because the Babingtons hated and persecuted him. When Elder Sweet left, at the end of the full term, almost all the people declared that they could not, and would not, like the next minister. That vow they fully kept. They thought they could not be loyal and true to Elder Sweet, if they did not hate and persecute Elder Castle. Their hearts were so small and microscopic that they could not love two of God's servants at the same time. And so they shut him out of their hearts, and kept their hearts doubly locked against him as long as he was on the charge. They simply would not love him; they would not speak well of him; they would not think well of him. Wesley Castle was a very sensitive and affectionate man. He soon discovered the state of things. He saw something was wrong the first Sunday. The atmosphere of the church seemed frosty. Only a few came up to speak to him, after the sermon; and he could see that the cordiality of most of them was forced and unreal. The consciousness that he was disliked and repelled grew upon him, and grieved him to his heart.

There was an additional reason why the members of the Newport Church did not, and would not, like their

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

new pastor. His reputation had come before him. He was reported to be a "holiness crank." "He was altogether too good for anything. He wanted everybody to be so awfully good. He didn't want anybody to have a good time. He didn't think young people should ever have any fun. He never laughed himself, and thought it was a sin for anybody to laugh. He preached nothing but holiness sermons, from one year's end to another."

The doctrine of Entire Sanctification, as it is taught in the Holy Scriptures and in the writings of John Wesley, was very unpopular in the Newport Church. There was a special reason for this. The only persons in the Church who had ever professed to enjoy the "blessing" were a Brother and Sister Thorne, who were cranky and disagreeable and hateful to the last degree. There were no two persons in the whole Church who had so little of the spirit of Christ—so everybody declared—and yet they professed to have the most. Five years before Sister Thorne came home from camp meeting and said that she was "wholly sanctified." Immediately after she raised a big row in the choir, of which she was a member, and acted as though she was possessed of the devil. Everybody said: "If that is sanctification, I hope I shall never catch it." And so, instead of going to God's word, and the writings of the holy men and women, to find out what sanctification is, they set their eyes on those mistaken professors and hated and resisted the truth with all their might. The very words "sanctification" and "holiness" and "perfect love" and the "baptism of the Holy Ghost" were a stench in the nostrils of nearly all the members of the Newport Church.

Wesley Castle soon found this out. The first time he preached upon the subject of holiness the congregation

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

looked as though they had been eating choke-cherries. As soon as he came out of the pulpit many came up to him and assaulted him violently with bitter and hateful words.

That was a hard and bitter year indeed. The minister kept sweet, if his name was not Sweet, and the people did hate him and punish him because he was Wesley Castle instead of Barnabas Sweet. God greatly blessed him in preaching. He preached the very best he could, speaking upon a great variety of themes, trying to avoid seeming to harp upon one string. He could not leave out holiness; for he had the experience in his soul, and it gave a divine and heavenly tinge to all his preaching. But not one in ten, or even twenty, of his discourses was definitely on that subject. He preached with power and unction and joy; but his preaching seemed to do no good. It was like throwing a rubber ball against a stone wall. The people would not receive the truth from him. And so the word of God which he spoke bounded back into his own heart.

Most of the people did nothing but criticise and find fault. The minister could not do, or say, anything right. Of course they disliked the minister's wife. They were true to the proverb: "Hate me; hate my dog." The Castles were virtually ostracized by the whole community. Everybody, almost, shunned the parsonage as though its inmates had had the small-pox. Strangers moving into the place, who preferred the Methodist Church, were driven to the other church by the hostile criticisms uttered against the Methodist pastor by members of his own flock. False and damaging reports concerning him were set in circulation through all the sur-

Love Suffereth Long, and Is Kind.

rounding country, so that other churches would not want him for pastor.

Wesley Castle knew all this. He hardly ever went upon the street but he heard some mean thing which some member of the Church had said about him. All this was torture to his sensitive soul. It soon began to tell upon his physical health. He lost his appetite. He was troubled with insomnia. He ran down in weight from 180 to 150 pounds. His step lost much of its elasticity; and his eyes, much of their sparkle and fire.

One Sunday morning, about two months before the end of the conference year, he was not in the pulpit when the bell ceased to toll. Mrs. Castle came in and whispered to the class-leader. That official went into the altar and announced to the congregation that there would be no preaching, because the Pastor was dangerously sick. A few persons went out of the house with stinging consciences; they were beginning to realize what they had done.



VIII.

Love Believeth All Things.

It may seem incredible that a man so manly, so robust, so strong-willed, so heroic and, above all, so full of faith and of the Holy Ghost as Wesley Castle is represented to have been should be sick in bed, and "dangerously sick," because of any neglect and unkindness on the part of the people over whom he had been appointed pastor. But it should be remembered that he was only a man, and a very sensitive man too. He was full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; but he carried this treasure in an earthen vessel. So long as he retained the gift of the Holy Ghost, he was without sin; but he was not without feeling. Indeed his ability to feel mental and physical pain was all the greater because he was cleansed from all sinful passions and motives.

A man might willingly carry a heavy burden on his back, for one whom he loved, and yet the load might crush him to the earth. The Pastor of Newport Church felt nothing but love toward all his people. He was willing to endure all their criticism and fault-finding and abuse, as long as God should will. But the burden was too much for his physical endurance. The unkindness of those whom he loved, and for whose salvation he would gladly have died, broke his heart in a figurative sense, and almost broke his literal, physical heart.

The coldness and bitterness and hostility of the Methodists of Newport, and of the people generally, and the consequent impossibility of doing anything for their spiritual uplifting, so affected Wesley Castle's body, through his mind and soul, that he was prostrated by a

Love Believeth All Things.

severe attack of heart disease. It came upon him Sunday morning, after an almost sleepless night, while he was on his knees, praying for grace and strength for the work of the day. The doctor came and stayed till noon. He did not think that the minister had any organic disease; but declared that, if he survived this attack, he must not enter the pulpit again for several months. To Mrs. Castle he said: "You ought to get your husband out of this god-forsaken hole. It is the meanest community I ever knew. I would leave to-morrow, if I could. If the Elder would get away, and would make up his mind never to come back, I think he would be perfectly well in a month."

"But how can he leave, Doctor? Conference is only two months away, and there are a thousand things to do in closing up the year, beside the preaching," said Mrs. Castle.

"I'd like to preach for him once," said the doctor. "I'd like to tell those hypocrites what I think of them. It would do me good, whether it did them, or not. But he's got to get out of here anyway, or die. Preaching! What difference does it make whether anybody preaches here or not? I tell you preaching is wasted on these folks. If the twelve Apostles should rise from the dead and come and preach in Newport, it wouldn't do a bit of good. The members of this Church over here would drum them out of town; and their divine Master too, if he were with them."

On the way out the doctor met the class-leader at the door. "How is the Elder?" asked the man who had led the opposition against his pastor, whom, as a loyal Methodist, he was bound to believe the Lord had sent.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

“How is the Elder?” said the doctor, putting all the vinegar and gall he could into his voice and face. “I should think you would be asking about the man you have murdered. Go back and gather that gang together that you call a church, and tell them to put on sack-cloth and ashes and ask the Almighty to forgive them for killing a man so much above them that the best of them is not fit for a mat for him to wipe his feet. I am no Christian; I am an infidel; you think I am on the way to hell. But if I thought I was a thousandth part as mean as you are, I would go out into the woods and hate myself to death.”

As soon as the minister was well enough to travel, he locked up the parsonage and went, with his wife, to his father's farm. There he stayed till one week before conference. He had taken all the collections, in money or pledges. He was sure he could not do any good by preaching to that people; he was only killing himself, and adding to their condemnation. He went back; collected in the money for the benevolences; received what little the Stewards had for him on salary (it brought his total receipts for the year up to less than three hundred dollars); preached his farewell sermon, full of love, without a word of scolding or censure; and went to conference. He felt that the year had been a total failure, so far as doing anything for God and souls was concerned. And yet he was full of joy and of the Holy Ghost; and he had fully recovered his bodily health and strength.

A committee of three came to conference to get a preacher for First Church, Dorchester. There was going to be a vacancy, because the man sent them the year before had fallen heir to a large fortune, through

Love Believeth All Things.

his wife, and had, at the same time, contracted a very troublesome form of ministerial sore-throat.

During the year something very delightful had taken place in connection with First Church. A National Camp-meeting for the promotion of Christian Holiness had been held near the city, under the management of some of the best and wisest men in Methodism. Nothing but Methodist doctrine was preached; all fanaticism and wild-fire were kept out; all side-shows were strictly prohibited; and all the results were most blessed, in every way. Many of the members of First Church attended this feast of tabernacles; and some fifty of them experienced the blessing of "perfect love," through the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Among the fifty were some of the most influential men and women in all that society. They went home, full of the fire of love, and went to work to get the entire Church converted and sanctified. They organized a Tuesday evening holiness meeting; they brought holiness to the front in the regular church prayer meeting; they circulated tracts and periodicals and books on the subject of the "higher life." Their spirit was so sweet and their methods were so wise that they accomplished a vast amount of good, and only a little opposition was aroused. When they found that they were to have a new pastor, they united in prayer that God would send them a man who would preach the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, and who could preach it out of his own experience. At the same time they set to work to answer their own prayers. They soon made up their minds that Wesley Castle was the man they wanted.

At the fourth Quarterly Conference the subject of a new preacher came up. There were three parties.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

About one-third of the members wanted a holiness man. One-third were decidedly opposed to that idea. The other one-third did not care. In the first third were two very influential men, the District Attorney, James Weston, who made an official visit at the yellow parsonage when Wesley Castle was pastor at Littlefield, and Chester Reynolds, Wesley's most intimate friend at Mount Caesar College. The latter gentleman had married the only child of the wealthiest merchant of Dorchester and was his father-in-law's partner in business. These men succeeded in getting a resolution through the Quarterly Conference asking the appointment of Wesley Castle to be their pastor, and were put on the committee to go to Conference and secure their choice. The vote asking for Wesley was not unanimous at the first; but it was made so by the votes of several brethren who did not want the board to seem to be divided, and who thought they would like to have Brother Castle for pastor, in spite of his holiness, because of his acknowledged ability in the pulpit. And so the Bishop, when he announced the appointments at the close of the conference session, read this: "Dorchester, First Church, Wesley Castle."

First Church was regarded, by all the ministers in the Conference, as a very desirable appointment. The salary was twenty-five hundred dollars. The membership was over six hundred. The church edifice was a splendid structure, costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and containing sittings for one thousand persons. The parsonage was good enough to be the residence of a millionaire. All the preachers said that Dorchester First Church was an unusually fine appointment for a young fellow like Castle, who had just come from a five hundred dollar charge and had just been ordained Deacon.

Love Believeth All Things.

Our hero was not all elated by his appointment. If he had dared to choose, he would greatly have preferred a humbler place. When he knew that he was likely to be sent to First Church, he was strongly inclined to go to the Presiding Elder, or Bishop, and protest against it. But after earnest prayer, he made up his mind to keep his hands off. He did just what he would have done if he had been told that the cabinet had decided to send him to the worst charge in the conference; he did nothing. When he heard the appointments read, and knew his destiny, he was tempted to be afraid, and his heart began to sink within him. The next instant, a passage of Scripture came to his mind in such a way, which he could not describe, that he knew that it was a message from God to him: "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." The last phrase seemed to be emphasized; and the young man was sure that it meant that there would be a great revival in Dorchester, under his labors. So he went to his new field full of courage and faith, with the earnest of victory in his soul.

Dorchester was a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. It contained many factories and a large population of laboring men and their families. It was notorious for the corruption of its municipal government. It had more whiskey saloons than any other city of its size in the State. There were four Methodist Episcopal Churches, of which the First was the largest and most influential. All the other leading Protestant denominations were well represented; and there were several large Roman Catholic churches.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Dorchester

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

was made up of all sorts of people. Some were very rich; some were very poor. Some lived on the finest avenues in the city, and moved in the most aristocratic circles of society; some came from the poorest dwellings on the worst alleys. But there was a preponderance of wealthy and well-to-do families.

Spiritually First Church was a mixture of very good, good, indifferent, bad and very bad. There was a large body of very spiritual members, as devoted and holy as any church ever contained since the day of Pentecost. At the other extreme was a lot of people who never went to prayer meeting, who had wine on their tables, and went to the theater, and card parties, and balls, and horse-races, and were just like the world, only they had their names on the church-roll, and came to church Sunday morning—that is, when the weather and everything else was just to their mind. From these extremes the Church graded up and down to a considerable class, in the middle, whose outward lives and conduct were without fault, but who never gave any evidence that they knew what conversion and experimental religion are.

Other facts about First Church, worthy of mention, are that it counted among its members the mayor of the city, a notorious politician whose reputation was as rank as limburger cheese; the proprietor of the most widely-circulated Sunday newspaper in the county; the chief stockholder and president of the trolley street-car line, which, of course, ran its cars every day in the week; a wealthy capitalist who owned a row of buildings containing the worst whiskey dives and gambling dens in the city; and a trustee and class-leader who, it was generally believed, was accustomed to go from the Sunday morning service to a neighboring saloon and get a drink of beer,

Love Believeth All Things.

or something stronger, and come back and lead his class. To what place such a leader as that would lead his class, it would not be pleasant to conjecture. It would not seem that the Almighty could greatly revive his work in and through a church which would tolerate such a nest of unclean birds as that. But the new pastor began his work strong in the conviction that he would see a mighty work of grace wrought under his leadership.

Wesley Castle's faith took in large things. He believed that he should see his own church filled with converted and wholly sanctified members; revivals, enkindled from the altars of his church, in all the other congregations; the Sabbath rescued from desecration and neglect; the saloon and kindred haunts of vice banished to their native place; the politics of the city washed pure and white; harmony and justice established between capital and labor; and the great mass of the people walking in the ways of honesty, virtue and holiness. Although he was but one among a score of Christian pastors, and the youngest and least experienced of them all, he felt that, in a certain sense, God had sent him there to be the shepherd of shepherds, and to bring that whole city near to Him. He cherished this exalted ideal with the utmost modesty and self-distrust; but with a mighty, and absolute faith in him who had said: "Fear not; for I have much people in this city."

How should this enormous task be accomplished? What was the first thing to be done? Should the preacher begin by preaching on municipal reform? Should he launch his thunder-bolts at the head of the mayor? He might earn a reputation for courage and audacity by such a course; but it would not do the first particle of good. Should he preach against the saloon and the

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

whiskey curse? Yes. He would give that devil his due, from time to time; but if that should be the only, or chief, burden of his preaching, nothing great would be accomplished. Should he blaze away at the Sunday papers and the Sunday cars? He intended that his hearers should find out exactly what he thought on that subject; but that kind of preaching alone would amount to nothing. Should he give a series of lectures on the relations of capital and labor? He did not believe that that was the mission of the gospel preacher. Should he make the air lurid with his denunciations of cards and dancing and the theater? His pulpit should not be silent in regard to those forms of evil; but there was a better way, he thought, than to preach whole sermons on that subject. Should he begin his pastorate by expelling the beer-drinking class-leader, and the trustee who rented his property for whiskey saloons, and the editor of the "Sunday Telegram?" He was determined that that should come, in the end, if they did not mend their lives or withdraw of their own accord; but to begin with a church trial would be beginning at the wrong end, he was sure. Should he gather the whole Church, or as many as would come, and ask them to pledge themselves to do, in every thing, as Jesus would do if he were in their place? That would be trying to gather grapes before the planting of the vines. More than half the church were so untaught in spiritual things that they could not tell what Jesus would do; and so sinful that they would not do as Jesus would, if they could, and could not, if they would. Should he organize a lot of brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and societies for this purpose and for that? No. There was machinery enough

Love Believeth All Things.

already. Not more wheels, but more power to run the wheels they had, was what they needed.

In the opinion of Wesley Castle all the modern devices for reforming society and saving the world are delusive and vain. He preferred God's more simple and reasonable way. He saw the Upas tree of sin, casting its dark shadow over Dorchester and the whole world and filling all the nations with poison and death. He saw that political corruption and Sabbath desecration and intemperance and gambling and the various forms of vice are simply the fruit which grows upon the tree of sin. What good would it do to pluck off the fruit and cast it out of the garden? Immediately the tree would put forth other fruit of the same kind. What good would it do to cut off the branches? Other branches, just like them, would grow out in their stead. To pluck off the fruit and cut off the branches of the Upas tree is man's way. God's way is to cut down the tree, and then put a charge of dynamite under the stump and blow it out of the ground. Wesley Castle had no faith in man's way. He had perfect faith in God's way. He said to himself: "What good would it do if I could smash the corrupt party machine which now rules this city? The same cause which produced this would soon produce another as bad, or worse. What good would it do if I could close all the saloons and gambling-dens? The cause remaining, there would soon be as many haunts of vice as before. With the help of God I will destroy sin, which is the cause of municipal corruption, and drunkenness, and gambling, and Sabbath-desecration, and strife between employer and employee, and individual, family and social evil of every kind. Let others spend their time in shaking off the leaves of the Upas tree of sin, and in getting rid of

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

the fruit, and in breaking off the twigs and in sawing off the branches. My labor shall go, with that of the Almighty, toward destroying the tree, trunk and roots."

Such language may seem like boasting. But the speaker was boasting in God, and not in himself. At another time he said: "There is a Upas tree in every human heart, unless God has taken it away. If there were no Upas in the heart of man, there would be none in the world. Conversion is the cutting down of the Upas. Entire sanctification is the pulling of the stump. When Brother Hobson, the beer-drinking class-leader, is converted, he will stop going to the saloon. When the saloon-keeper is converted, he will refuse to sell Brother Hobson beer, even if he should want it. When all the people of Dorchester are converted, nobody will drink whiskey, and nobody will want to sell whiskey. When the mayor is converted, and all the members of the Common Council, we shall have a clean city government. When the editor of the Sunday Telegram is converted, there will be no Sunday Telegram. When all the people, or the vast majority of them, are converted and wholly sanctified, nobody will patronize the Sunday newspapers or Sunday cars, and there will be nothing but justice and good will between capitalist and laborer. My work shall be to get all the people, or as many as possible, converted and sanctified."

This enthusiastic and faith-full minister had many things to encourage him. There was Chester Reynolds, his old college classmate. Like Barnabas, he was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." He was also possessed of abundant wealth. He had the confidence of everybody. He gave about four hours a day to business, and the rest of his time, which he could

Love Believeth All Things.

spare from rest and sleep, to the work of God. He was at the head of a city mission on Canal street, in a building which he bought, unaided, for eighteen thousand dollars. He conducted a service there himself every Sunday afternoon, and supported a reformed man who lived in the building and kept the work going all the time. He owned a canal boat, fitted up as a floating church, a sort of salvation man-of-war, which threw gospel shells and spiritual dynamite into the devil's forts all along the canal for twenty miles. He also had a gospel wagon, a little chapel on wheels, in which a chosen band went out, every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and held gospel meetings in different parts of the city.

Chester Reynolds knew scores of commercial travelers, and had led many of them to Christ. Back of the office, in the central store of the six groceries belonging to the firm of Rossiter & Reynolds, was a little private prayer room, the spiritual birthplace of many men, who came to the front room solely for worldly business, and were caught in the gospel net by that wise fisher of souls. One Wednesday evening, at the First Church prayer meeting, a stranger, relating his experience, said: "I was traveling for a large tobacco house. I called at the office of Rossiter & Reynolds. Brother Reynolds said they did not deal in tobacco any more. I remained to chat a few moments. Before I knew it, we were talking upon religion. He made the conversation so interesting that I stayed, perhaps, twenty minutes. Then he asked me if I would not like a word of prayer. I said I would. We went into the little back room. I can't tell just what took place there, only he told God all about me; and, when I got up off my knees, I knew that my sins

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

were forgiven and that I belonged to the heavenly family.”

Chester Reynolds was the father of a large spiritual family; and he kept track of all his converts, and endeavored, by personal conversation and by giving them books and tracts, to lead them into the enjoyment of the “second blessing,” as John Wesley calls it—entire sanctification, the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The money which he dispensed so freely was not all his own. Much of it belonged to his father-in-law. But father, daughter and son-in-law were all one in loyalty to Christ and love for souls. The pastor had the assurance that the three would stand by him and help him to hold up the banner on which was emblazoned the cross and the motto “Holiness to the Lord.”

Then there was James Weston, the District Attorney. Some people think a man cannot be a lawyer and a Christian too. But James Weston was a standing refutation of that stupid slander. He was a first-class lawyer and a first-class Christian. He was a man of commanding influence in the Church and in the city. He loved the new minister as no other member of First Church could, because it was through his influence that he had been brought to Christ. It was no small encouragement to the young pastor to know that such a man would stand by him through thick and thin.

Beside these four, there were more than fifty men and women, of the same spirit, whom some in the Church sneeringly called “the Holiness Crowd.” They did not all belong to the social and intellectual elite—though many of them did,—but they were all persons of solid character, who commanded universal respect. There was not one fanatic, or crank, or extremist among

Love Believeth All Things.

them. But they had all been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. They constituted the pastor's body guard. They were in the fullest sympathy with him in all his work. They were ready to do anything which he requested. They gathered every Sunday morning for a half hour prayer meeting before the public service. They held the preacher up before God, in the arms of their faith, while he was preaching. The word reached the hearts of the luke-warm and unconverted red-hot, having passed through their hearts, which were all aflame with love to God and souls.

In such circumstances the new pastor began his work at First Church, Dorchester. The first time he stood in the pulpit he looked into the eager faces of a congregation which filled the auditorium to its utmost capacity. His fame as a preacher had come before him. Everybody was expecting something well worth the hearing.

A large chorus choir, behind the pulpit, led the congregation in singing the old-fashioned hymns which the preacher selected to match his discourse. The prayer came right from the minister's heart, and lifted every Christian heart toward heaven, while it tugged mightily at every unbelieving heart. The text of the sermon was: "Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

The sermon was not distinctively upon entire sanctification. It was much broader than that. It covered the whole subject of holiness, from the new birth of the soul to its glorification in heaven, and on into the cycles of eternity. The preacher described the holy state in which man was created. He showed how man lost his original perfection; how Jesus, the sinless man, God himself manifested in the flesh, came to earth and

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

suffered and died that he might perfectly restore to man the divine image which he had lost; and how faith, following repentance and consecration, is the sole condition on man's part by which he is to be made perfectly holy. He defined holiness. It is likeness to God. It is likeness to Jesus Christ, God revealed. It is purity of action, word, thought, motive, feeling and desire. It is freedom from sin. It is whiteness of soul. It is beauty of character, the only real beauty possible to a human being. He described the several steps in what the text calls "following holiness." The first is justification, the pardon of the actual sins which the sinner has committed; regeneration, the implanting of the life of God in the soul and the impartation of power to keep from committing sin and to do the will of God; entire sanctification, the destruction of the carnal mind, the casting of all evil out of the heart; and growth in all virtue and goodness, extending through time and eternity. He explained that sanctification, the becoming holy, is both negative and positive. On the negative side it is the emptying of the soul of all native and acquired impurity and sin; and is consummated, in an instant, in this life, by the power of Almighty God, on the simple condition of faith. On the positive side, sanctification is the filling of the soul, which has been emptied of sin, with all virtue and goodness; and is a gradual work, because the capacity of the soul will never cease to enlarge in this world and in the world to come. He took, as an example, one of the Christian virtues—love. At the moment of regeneration love to God is implanted in the soul. But the opposing sin-principle remains. In entire sanctification God removes from the soul every thing which is opposed to love, so that it is made perfect in love.

Love Believeth All Things.

After that the soul's capacity to love increases moment by moment, and the man never ceases to grow in that element of holiness which we call love. He asserted, and proved, that the only purpose of the gospel is to make men holy, and more holy; that there is nothing in true religion but holiness; that he who is opposed to holiness is opposed to the Christian religion and to its divine Author; and that every gospel sermon is a holiness sermon.

In conclusion, the preacher drew a beautiful, a charming, a fascinating picture of holiness, so that every saved person in the house felt: "I want, above all things, to be holy." Then he painted such a vivid and horrible picture of sin that every person in the congregation who was living in the commission of any known sin or in the neglect of any known duty saw his own portrait and turned pale with shame and fright. He did not name any of the sins of the congregation. But he described sin. He held up the mirror in such a light that every sinner saw his own ugly features, and shudderingly whispered: "That is I."

The congregation of First Church had never been so powerfully stirred before. As the people went out of the church, after the benediction, no man felt like speaking to his neighbor. Every one was busy with his own heart. Every one said to himself: "The Judge has come to this city," not meaning the preacher, but God. Every sinner stood convicted before the judgment seat of conscience; and yet no one was angry at the preacher.

The mayor of Dorchester said: "The preacher aimed that whole sermon at me. I am the sinner. I ought to get out of that vile political ring, and do what I can to

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

purify the politics of this city.” The proprietor of the Sunday Telegram said: “The preacher aimed that whole sermon at me. I am the sinner. I ought to stop publishing a Sunday paper.” The president of the electric railroad said: “The preacher aimed that whole sermon at my head. I am the sinner. I ought to give the conductors and motor-men one day in the week for rest and worship.” The wealthy trustee who rented his buildings for saloons and gambling hells said: “The preacher shot that sermon at me. I am the sinner. I ought to turn all those vermin out of my buildings, as soon as the leases expire.” One of the stewards who kept a drug-store, and sold whiskey to some of the young men of the best families in the city, said: “That sermon was all for me. I am the sinner. I ought to stop sending men to hell by the drunkard’s railroad.” Brother Hobson, the leader of the Sunday noon class, said: “That sermon all belongs to me. I am the sinner. I will not go to the saloon to-day.” Scores of men and women who had not been in a prayer meeting for years, and who had been violating the Discipline of the Church, which they had sworn to obey, ever since they joined the Church, by playing cards and patronizing theaters and attending dancing-parties, said: “That sermon belongs to me. I am the sinner. I must give up the world and serve the Lord with all my heart.”

And yet the preacher had said nothing about political corruption, or Sabbath-desecration, or whiskey-selling, or whiskey-drinking, or gambling, or dancing, or theaters.

That Sunday morning hundreds were convicted “of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment,” by the

Love Believeth All Things.

Holy Spirit, under that holiness sermon. That night there were more sleepless pillows among the members of First Church, Dorchester, than the angels ever saw before.

But the pastor never passed a more restful night in all his life.



IX.

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

The Rev. Wesley Castle had hardly begun his work in First Church when a mighty wave of Temperance reform struck the city of Dorchester. The causes of this phenomenon were many. In the first place, the Rum devil had become so rampant and outrageous that, at last, the friends of God and humanity had become aroused. Dorchester was one of the worst rum-ruled and rum-cursed cities on the face of the earth. If a prize had been offered for the greatest number of saloons, in proportion to the population, for the most crimes and lawlessness occasioned by strong drink, and for the largest army of young men marching to perdition under the flag of king Alcohol, it is probable that Dorchester would have carried off the palm, with a wide interval between her and the second competitor.

Under the administration of a Methodist mayor, and a common council a majority of whose members were brewers and saloon-keepers, everybody could get a license to sell liquor who wanted it, and not the slightest attempt was made to close the saloons on Sunday, or to enforce any of the laws against the free sale and use of intoxicating drinks. Things got to such a pass that it almost seemed as though rum ran in the gutters of the principal streets, and as though there was not a sober young man left in the city. The good people had really become alarmed, and were in a condition to be led, by the proper person, into doing something to stay the awful tide of ruin which was sweeping over the town. By using another figure of speech it might be said that

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

the public mind and conscience in Dorchester were like a mass of very combustible matter, ready to be set on fire by a single spark.

Several such sparks were quickly supplied. Connected with Wesley Castle's congregation were a man and wife, named Osgood. She was member of the Church, a Sunday school teacher, an earnest worker in every department of religious effort, and a lady of the greatest culture and refinement. Everybody held her in the highest esteem. Her husband had been highly respected. He belonged to a good old Methodist family. He was a very popular and successful dentist. His patrons had been the most wealthy people in the city, and his income had been almost princely. But, alas, of late he had been drinking to excess. His practice had fallen off. He had gone from worse to worse, with rapid strides. He had frequent, and terrible, sprees, sometimes lasting many days and even weeks; and all his friends, and his wife's, were bewailing his dreadful fall and his swiftly approaching doom.

One night Dr. Osgood came home, in a state of beastly intoxication, bringing a drunken companion with him, and one of the chief instruments of his profession. The two seized the lady of the house, and, while the assistant devil held the struggling and screaming woman, the other extracted every tooth in her head. She had been distinguished for the beauty and perfection of her teeth; and her husband had often descanted to his patrons and patients upon the subject, declaring that she did not know what the toothache was, that she had never lost a tooth, and that she had never had one filled or treated in any way. Now, under the hellish frenzy inspired by the demon of strong drink, he vented

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

his insane rage on that which had been his pride and boast.

Left to herself till morning, the poor woman almost died of pain and terror and loss of blood and nervous shock. The immediate author of her misery was in still greater distress when he came to himself and knew what he had done. When the story of the strangely horrible outrage got out among the people, as it did in spite of the woman's attempt to conceal it, a shudder went through the whole city, and men looked into each other's faces and said: "How long shall we endure this unspeakable crime and curse?"

While everybody was talking about the Osgood case a still more startling event took place. In Wesley Castle's flock were two young men named James Porter and Charles Toor. They had grown up in the Sunday school, and had professed religion and joined the Church. Their parents were neighbors, and they had been fast and intimate friends from early childhood. It was a strange thing to see one and not see both. The families to which they belonged were poor; but they had many friends among the best people in the city, and were universally respected and liked. Such had been their standing. But, like a majority of the young men of Dorchester, they had been sporting for a good while along the banks of the river of intemperance which ran so broad and deep through the city. They waded out farther and farther toward the middle of the stream of ruin and death. They often drank to excess. They sometimes got drunk. They ceased to be regular attendants at church and Sunday school.

One day, when the machine-shop, where they worked, was shut down for repairs, they started out for a good

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

time. They drank several glasses of whiskey, during the day, in the drug-store of Brother Davis, one of the stewards of the Church to which they belonged. In the evening they came into the same store, at about ten o'clock, and each took a drink. They were disputing over some trifling thing when they entered. The dispute became warmer. Soon they began to fight. Brother Davis parted them and told them that, if they wanted to fight, they must get out of his store. Pushed partly by his hands and partly by his tongue, they moved toward the door, uttering angry and threatening words. Porter was the first to step upon the sidewalk. As he did so he turned and faced Toor, with a word of defiance upon his lips. At the same instant Toor struck him with a clasp knife, which, unnoticed, he had taken from his pocket and opened, as they were moving slowly toward the door. The blade pierced Porter's heart, and, in half a minute, he lay dead upon the sidewalk. Toor dropped the bloody knife and fled. A week later he was brought back in irons and committed to jail, to await his trial. Subsequently he was sentenced to state prison for life.

The next day the city was wild with excitement. The tragedy took place Monday night. The funeral services were held on Wednesday. The pastor of the First Church officiated. He was very calm, and said nothing about the cause of the young man's death. But the daily papers of Saturday contained the notice that, in the evening of the next day, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Wesley Castle would preach on the subject: "Who killed James Porter?" The church was jammed as full as it could hold, and hundreds were turned away. The preacher was all on fire

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

with holy boldness and indignation. He laid the murder of Porter at the door of the Mayor and Common Council of the city, who appointed men on the board of excise who, they knew, would license men to sell intoxicating drinks; at the door of the excise commissioners themselves; at the door of the man who sold the liquor which Toor drank that day; at the door of the voters who elected such a common council and mayor; and at the door of all the men and women in the city, who, by their examples, helped to keep alive the custom of drinking alcoholic beverages. The audience was most profoundly stirred, and amens and murmurs of approval were heard from all over the house.

When the preacher had finished a strange man, tall and swarthy, with a broad-brimmed hat in his hand, came striding down the aisle. Advancing to the front of the pulpit, and addressing the pastor, he asked the privilege of speaking a few words to the congregation. The pastor nodded assent. Then, facing the people, with flashing eyes and fierce gesticulation, he gave such an exhortation as they had never heard to rise up and wipe out the curse of intemperance from their beautiful city. Closing, he introduced himself as "Doctor Bacon, a reformed man and a Temperance Evangelist," and invited them to go to the Opera House, the next evening, and hear him speak upon Temperance. Twelve hundred people went away from First Church, that night, in a very excited state of mind. Two of them were very angry, the Mayor and the proprietor of the drug store whose door step was stained with the blood of James Porter. They went home breathing out hatred and vengeance against the impudent and fanatical preacher who had dared to brand them as murderers.

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

From that time Wesley Castle had two enemies in Dorchester, who would not hesitate to do any thing they possibly could to injure and destroy him.

Monday night the Opera House was packed with people eager to hear Doctor Bacon. There was something mysterious and weird and fascinating about him. A person who heard him once could hardly help hearing him again. He did not seem to have much learning; but he had a kind of native eloquence which swept his audiences with irresistible power. He never said anything about himself, except that he had been a drunkard, and had been down to the very depths. One night he gave a description of delirium tremens. It was awful. He made his hearers see snakes and dragons and devils, and smell the smoke of the bottomless pit. He would not tell where he came from. But his dress and speech and manners indicated that his home had been in the remote Southwest. All Wesley Castle could get out of him was that he had known Carter, the New Mexico cow-boy, and the preacher made up his mind that he was one of Carter's converts.

Beginning with that Monday evening meeting was a long temperance campaign. Some of the most earnest Christian men in the city came forward and promised to be responsible for the cost of using the Opera House, and a majority of the pastors agreed to stand by the work. Doctor Bacon was awfully severe, and even savage, in his attacks on those whom he held responsible for the curse of intemperance, especially church-members who used alcoholic drinks, or had anything to do with the liquor traffic, and, most of all, ministers who opposed the reform movement which he was so earnest in promoting. He said a great many things which the pastor

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

of the First Church could not approve. But he, and most of the other pastors, and a large proportion of the best men and women in the city, stood by him because they believed his motives were good, and that a great work was being accomplished for the reformation of the community. How could they do otherwise, when they saw hundreds of intemperate men signing the pledge, every night, and knew that the rum power of the city was fighting the movement with all the resources at its command?

Doctor Bacon was sometimes very personal in his remarks. One night he gave special attention to one of the pastors, who had, that day, had a keg of beer rolled into his cellar. He did not call him by name; but he told who he was not, till everybody knew who he was. On another occasion he held up for the contempt and indignation of his audience a certain Methodist in the city who rented his buildings for saloon purposes. He called him a "hypocrite," and declared that he was going straight to hell. Of course that greatly offended one of Mr. Castle's wealthiest members, and made him feel unkindly toward his pastor for standing by the man who so bitterly denounced him. At another time he gave nearly a whole evening to the man in whose store the liquor was bought which made Toor murder Porter. In the most terrible language he invoked the curses of heaven on the man who could profess to be a Christian, and teach a class in Sunday school, and pass the bread and water in the love-feast, and, at the same time, sell that which turns men into murderers and sends their souls to hell. His denunciations were so awful that they almost made the hair rise on the heads of his hearers. They did not know that the English language was cap-

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

able of giving expression to such lurid, withering, blasting curses. He closed with a prophecy, and he seemed to be inspired as he uttered it. He declared that the vengeance of God would soon fall on that man in such a way that all would know that it was a punishment for his sins of hypocrisy, avarice and murder. Nobody who heard that prediction could ever forget it. Within a month, the druggist's son, who was in business with him, a young man, seemingly, in perfect health, was smitten with apoplexy, on the street, and died, without coming to consciousness, a few hours after. A few months later the father was climbing a ladder, to the roof of his house, for some purpose, when he fell backward to the ground and broke his neck. When Mr. Davis' death was reported, men looked in each other's faces and said nothing; but no one could help recalling Doctor Bacon's prophecy.

And so the temperance reformation went on, till several thousand persons had signed the pledge; till a club of five hundred reformed drunkards and moderate-drinkers had been organized; till many saloon-keepers had poured their liquors into the gutter, and had gone out of the business; and till, seemingly, a public sentiment had been created strong enough to utterly banish the licensed liquor traffic from the city at the next charter election. Everybody said that it was the greatest temperance revival that had ever visited that part of the world.

Doctor Bacon departed, with the blessings of thousands and the curses of hundreds; the temperance meetings came to an end; and Wesley Castle resumed his regular work. By attending the meetings of the "Reform Club," of which all the pastors were honorary

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

members; by visiting the reformed men, in their homes and places of employment, so far as he had time; by circulating temperance literature; and by frequently preaching upon temperance, in its various aspects, he did his best to preserve and extend the great temperance reformation. But he was soon compelled to see that things were going back to their former condition. Within three months all but two of the men who left the saloon business had gone back. In the same time the attendance at the meetings of the "Reform Club" had diminished to one-quarter of what it was at the start. In six months three-quarters of the reformed drunkards had returned to their cups. By the time the charter election came around the sentiment of the voters had swung back to its old position of indifference to the evils of intemperance, and the old mayor and the whiskey aldermen were re-elected. And, in a year from the date of the killing of James Porter, as far as anybody could see, Dorchester was in as bad a condition as it had ever been.

The pastor of First Church was one of the first to see that the reform chariot was running down hill. He did not wait till it was at the bottom. He began at once to preach the true reform. One Sunday morning he delivered a discourse in which he told his hearers that he believed in reform clubs, and temperance pledges, and temperance lodges, and the W. C. T. U., and the Prohibition Party, and every other reform party, and moral suasion, and legal suasion, and every other kind of suasion. "But," he went on to say, "the only real reform is to get men converted and entirely sanctified. When a man has been regenerated and filled with the Holy Ghost, he will be right and do right. He will be

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

temperate; he will be chaste; he will be honest; he will be a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, a good alderman, a good mayor, a good legislator, a good president. When all men have been regenerated and entirely sanctified, this earth will be heaven. The more souls we can get converted and sanctified, the more the society of earth will resemble the society of heaven. The only true reformation is holiness. Henceforth, as never before, my work shall be to get men and women converted and sanctified. I give you fair notice: I shall not let up on you, I shall not stop preaching holiness, till every member of this Church is soundly converted and wholly sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit, or till I am sent to some other field of labor. Every sermon I preach from this pulpit will be a holiness sermon, for holiness is all there is of the gospel. I shall preach upon repentance. But repentance is the threshold to holiness. I shall preach upon justification and regeneration. But they are only the vestibule of the temple of Holiness. I shall preach upon the adoption and assurance. But they are rooms in the same glorious building. I shall preach all the Christian graces. But they are only the fruit of the Spirit of holiness. I shall preach upon heaven. But heaven is nothing but the abode of those who are perfected in holiness. I shall preach upon hell. But hell has no terrors, and no existence, except for those who are destitute of holiness. I shall preach upon the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. But the only reason for presenting that doctrine is that it is an incentive to the pursuit of that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. I shall preach upon the resurrection of the dead. But there is no resurrection worthy the name except for those who experienced Christian holiness be-

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

fore they died . I shall preach for the purpose of comforting those who are in mourning and sorrow. But the only comfort is that which is imparted to the soul by the Comforter, the Spirit of holiness. I shall preach upon Temperance. But there is no real temperance which is not a part of Christian holiness. I may preach a series of sermons on Bible characters and Bible history. But the Bible is nothing to use but a treatise on Holiness; that is the reason why we call it the Holy Bible. And so every sermon which I shall preach from this pulpit will be a holiness sermon. That is the only gospel preaching which I know. Those who do not like holiness preaching will do well to go to some other church, if there be a church where holiness is not preached, or stay at home.”

There was a good deal of grumbling over that sermon. The Mayor of Dorchester was present. He told somebody, going home, that he did not believe in holiness; and he uttered the word holiness with a sneer. The proprietor of the Sunday Telegram was at church that morning, while the newsboys were distributing his paper through the city. He said that he did not believe in holiness. Brother Davis, who sold the liquor which made Charlie Toor drive the knife through the heart of James Porter, was at church that morning. (This was before he fell from the ladder and broke his neck.) He almost always went to church Sunday morning. He was one of those Pharisees who could “devour widows’ houses, and for a pretence make long prayers.” He said that he did not believe in holiness. Brother Hobson, the whiskey-drinking class-leader, was at church that morning. From the house of God he went in through the back door of a neighboring saloon and got a drink

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

to fire him up for the class meeting. As he was wiping his lips, after the drink, he remarked that he did not believe in holiness. Mrs. Small, a member of the Church, who gave a euchre party the week before, on prayer meeting night, said she did not believe in holiness. There were a great many others at church that morning, who found fault with the sermon and said they did not believe in holiness. They were worldly-minded, pleasure-loving, mammon-worshiping men and women, who belonged to the Church because it was the style, and who did not want any more religion than was absolutely necessary to get to heaven. But there were many others who were delighted with the sermon, and said they believed in the kind of holiness their pastor preached, and thanked God they had such a preacher, and were resolved to be just as holy as a holy and almighty God could make them. And so there was a division in the Church, according to the words of Jesus when he said: "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

It has been related how Wesley Castle's first sermon at Dorchester put a large part of the congregation under conviction. Such was the effect of almost every sermon he preached. He was never personal (except when he preached upon "Who killed James Porter"). He was never harsh. He never scolded. He was always tender and melting. He was often tearful and pathetic. He always preached out of a heart full of love. And yet there was something in his preaching which cut sinners, in the Church and out of the Church, to the very bone. The word of God, in his mouth, was the sword of the Spirit, "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," and was

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

“a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” He had much praise throughout the city for his ability as a pulpit orator; and yet, when strangers went out of the house, after hearing him for the first time, they were less likely to say “that was a great sermon, or what a great preacher that man is,” than to think “what a miserable sinner I am.”

As the pastor of First Church kept pouring the truth upon the people in convicting power, the result was two-fold. Some resisted. They saw the light; but they would not walk in it. They knew what they ought to do; but they would not do it. They did not say “I won’t” to the Holy Spirit, and to conscience, at first. They hesitated; they halted between two opinions; they tried to beg off. But finally, as the truth kept coming in greater power, they came to a positive conclusion. They said: “I will not do what I know I ought to do.” Then they became very hard, and began to drift rapidly away from God. Then another thing took place. They came to dislike and hate the minister. At first they took no offence at him. They were so busy with themselves that they did not think much about him. But when they resisted the truth, and the truth kept coming, then they began to dislike the channel through which it came. Their dislike rapidly grew into positive hatred. Quite likely they would not have admitted that they hated that earnest, devoted, noble man, who preached the truth just because he loved them so. Perhaps they did not really know that they did hate him. But they did hate him; and for no other reason in the world except that he told them the truth. They hated him according to a universal law, as old as sin, that, when we resist the truth, and will not do what we know we ought, we

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

hate the person who persists in telling us the truth. King Ahab, in describing to King Jehosaphat a certain preacher whom the latter wished to hear said: "I hate him; for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil."

And so it came to pass that, within six months after the beginning of his pastorate at Dorchester, Wesley Castle was cordially disliked and hated by nearly half the members of his flock. He was all unconscious of the fact. He loved his people with all the intensity of his great, loving nature. He loved them enough to die for their salvation. He could not imagine that they could have any other feeling toward him.

Chief among the enemies of the pastor were the mayor, druggist Davis and class-leader Hobson. These men, with many helpers, busied themselves in scattering "firebrands, arrows and death" through the congregation. They talked the minister down, with all their might, and did all they could to destroy his influence in the church and in the city.

But the larger portion of the congregation accepted the truth and walked in the light. Those who had already received the Holy Ghost received large additions of grace and power, and waxed fat and strong through the abundant supplies of rich, juicy, spiritual food which were dealt out to them every Sabbath from the pulpit. Many earnest souls who had not hitherto understood their full privileges in Jesus Christ, but were walking in all the light they had, soon discovered what their birth-right was, and crossed over into the Canaan of perfect love without delay. Others, not so quick to learn, were nevertheless drinking in the truth, and were moving up toward the Jordan which divides the wilderness state

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

from the land which flows with milk and honey. Many backsliders and worldly-minded professors saw the desert in which they were wandering, and returned to their Father's house. Others, not a few, who had been in the Church for years, doing Christian duty but having no joy, found out that they had never been converted, and went back to the beginning, and sought and found the pardon of their sins and the witness of the Spirit.

The pastor appointed an inquiry meeting for every Friday afternoon and evening. Many scores, convicted by the Sunday preaching, came and found what their souls needed, under the wise instruction and uplifting prayers of the man of God.

One of the first inquirers was one of the most prominent members of the Church, a lady who enjoyed, and deserved, the respect and esteem of all who knew her. As soon as she began to speak, she burst into tears and exclaimed: "I have belonged to the Church ever since I was fifteen years old; but I have never been converted. The first sermon I heard you preach put me under conviction. Many times, since I joined the Church, I have been dissatisfied with my experience, and have gone to my pastors for help; but they have always put me off by telling me that I was all right. I have tried to believe that I was all right. But now I know that I am all wrong. I am nothing but a poor miserable sinner; and I want to know what I must do to be saved." That lady was the first of a large number of inquirers, in essentially the same spiritual condition.

And so the work of God went on. First Church did not have, that year, what is usually called a revival. Not many sinners outside the Church were converted. But a large number of the members of the Church were

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

converted; a larger number of backsliders were reclaimed; a still larger number of believers received the baptism of the Holy Ghost; all sincere and honest persons who sat under the preaching were brought nearer to God; and the soil was prepared for a mighty harvest of souls in the not distant future.

Here is a specimen of the work done that year, The pastor received this letter:

Chicago, Ill., June 10, 18—.

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Though a total stranger, I venture to address you a few lines. I heard you preach, one week ago last Sunday morning. Your text was "Be Filled with the Spirit." When you announced it, I said to myself, there will be nothing for me in that sermon. There was nothing in it addressed directly to sinners (and I was a sinner of the deepest dye). It was wholly for Christians. But you set forth the privilege of Christians in such a beautiful light that I said to myself, if I could be such a Christian as that, I would be a Christian. I went out of the church powerfully convicted of sin. I did not sleep that night. I had no peace for several days. But I have found peace in Jesus Christ. I know I am saved. I could not help writing to tell you about it. I am a commercial traveler. I travel all over the United States. I have heard all the great preachers. But that was the first sermon that ever really went to my heart. I may call upon you, with your consent, the next time I visit Dorchester. I am determined to go on and get the fullness of the Spirit. I cannot rest satisfied till I know I am cleansed from all unrighteousness. Pray for me.

Yours with great respect,

THOMAS SCOFIELD.

In the month of September a District Conference was held in Dorchester, at the Madison Street Church. Wesley Castle was appointed to prepare and read a paper upon the subject: "Has the Methodist Church lost its Evangelistic Power? If so, why?" The essayist

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

answered the first question in the affirmative. He asserted that Methodism was not the evangelist force it once was, or that it ought to be. The second question, "Why?" he answered, substantially, in these words: "The Methodist Church does not have the great revivals she used to have, and is not the mighty soul-winning power she used to have, chiefly because Bishops, Presiding Elders and pastors have so largely left off preaching the doctrine of Entire Sanctification. John Wesley declared that that was the great depositum of Methodism; and that God had raised up the Methodists chiefly to proclaim that truth. Now hardly one of our ministers in twenty ever says a word upon that subject, except to ridicule what Paul and Wesley taught."

In the course of his paper Mr. Castle made the following quotations from Wesley:

"Where Christian perfection is not strongly and explicitly preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing of God. Till you press believers to expect full salvation now, you must not look for any revival."

"This I always observe—where a work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospers. Some are convinced of sin, other justified and all stirred up to greater earnestness for salvation."

"The more explicitly and strongly you press all believers to aspire after full sanctification, as attainable now by simple faith, the more the whole work of God will prosper."

Meanwhile the Mayor and Brother Hobson were laying pipes and pulling wires to get rid of pastor Castle at the end of the year. Druggist Davis would have been with them in their labors, only he had gone into eternity, to settle with the Supreme Judge for the murder of

The Sharp, Two-Edged Sword.

James Porter and for his other sins. These haters of holiness and of everything good canvassed the whole congregation, and got as many as they could to say that they thought it would be better to have a change of pastor.

When the fourth Quarterly Conference came they were all ready to spring their trap. After the regular business had been transacted the pastor retired, and the conversation began. The Mayor was the leading speaker on his side. Of course he had nothing personal against the pastor. He was a good man and meant all right. He was an able preacher too; but he was not adapted to that place. He had been around through the Church and congregation, and had found that a large majority, especially of the paying members, wanted a change. When the Presiding Elder asked what was the matter, why the people wanted a change, he got this answer: "He preaches holiness all the time, and is dividing the Church." Then the Mayor played his last card. He declared that, if Elder Castle returned, full half the Church would leave; the salary and other expenses could not be met; and the Church would go to pieces. The Presiding Elder (it was not Dr. Bateman; his term of office expired at the last session of the annual conference) asked the Mayor if he intended to withhold his support in case the present pastor returned. He tried to avoid giving a definite answer. Finally, when he was pressed to the wall, he said that, if Elder Castle came back, he should leave. "Well," said the Presiding Elder, "if you will not stand by your minister whom the Bishop sends, whoever he may be, you have no right to say anything about the question now before us; and we will not have another word from you."

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

Then Brothers Weston, and Reynolds, and Rossiter, and others had their say. They told the Presiding Elder that the past year had been the best in the history of the Church, for many years, in every way; that they could see a great revival in the near future, if the present administration should be continued; and that, if necessary, they would see all the expenses of the Church met, without a cent from the Mayor, or Brother Hobson, or any of the kickers.

When the vote was taken a large majority were in favor of the reappointment of Wesley Castle to First Church, Dorchester.



X.

The Wingless Victory.

Two committees went from First Church, Dorchester, to the Annual Conference at Centerville. One committee was sent by the Quarterly Conference to secure the reappointment of the Rev. Wesley Castle. The other was a self-appointed committee, bent on getting rid of the pastor who was. This last named body secured an interview with the Bishop early in the conference session. They were the Mayor of Dorchester, the editor and proprietor of the Sunday Telegram and Class-leader Hobson.

“Well, Brethren,” said the Bishop, “what can I do for you?”

“Bishop,” answered the Mayor, who had been selected as spokesman, “we came to ask you to give us a new minister at First Church, Dorchester. We have a membership of over six hundred and pay a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars, with the use of an elegant parsonage, and are the leading church in the conference. Our present pastor has been with us one year. He is a good man, and, in some places, he would do a great deal of good; but he is not adapted to our place.”

“Are you a committee appointed by the Quarterly Conference?” asked the Bishop.

“No,” said the Mayor; “but we represent nearly all the wealth and intelligence and social influence of the Church; and we know what the Church wants. We must have a change.”

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

“But what is the matter with your present pastor? Why do you want a change?” asked the Bishop.

“O,” said the chairman of the committee, “he has divided the Church. If he comes back, half the Church will leave, and, if he stays long enough, he will kill the Church entirely.”

“How has he divided the Church?” asked the Bishop.

“By preaching holiness,” said the Mayor.

“Divided the Church by preaching holiness? I don’t see how preaching holiness could divide a Church. We are all commanded to be holy, and to follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord; and I can’t understand how preaching that without which no man can see the Lord can divide a church. It is the nature of holiness to unite all the people of God, and make them love each other. You must be mistaken. If holiness would divide a church, I should think it would divide heaven. Did you ever hear that they had a division in heaven because there was too much holiness there? You must be mistaken. If your Church is divided, it was not holiness that did it; but the absence of holiness.”

“The Mayor is right, Bishop,” spoke up the proprietor of the Sunday Telegram. “Elder Castle preaches nothing but holiness; and he has divided the Church. If he comes back, we can’t support him. The people who have the money will all leave, and he can’t get his salary. I shouldn’t think he would want to come back. It would be a kindness to him to send him somewhere else.”

“But,” said the Bishop, “if I take Brother Castle away, I shall do my best to send you a good holiness preacher in his place. We do not intend to have any preachers in the conference who are not holy men. Every man who joins Conference is obliged to say pub-

The Wingless Victory.

licly, before all his brethren, that he believes in holiness, entire sanctification, perfect love. It is the duty of every Methodist preacher to preach holiness. Every intelligent, loyal Methodist preacher does preach holiness. Why, Brethren, you do not seem to know what Methodism is. Did you ever hear that the special mission of Methodism is to 'spread Scriptural holiness over all these lands?' Do you not know that our great founder, John Wesley, declared that what you call holiness, entire sanctification, perfect love, is 'the grand depositum which God has lodged with the people called Methodists, and for the sake of propagating this chiefly he appears to have raised us up?' Now, Brethren, do you tell me that preaching the great distinctive doctrine of Methodism divides a Methodist church? If preaching holiness divides your church, it must be that it ought to be divided."

The Bishop paused; and the three members of the committee looked at him, and at each other, in dumb amazement and confusion.

The Bishop went on: "Let me suppose a case. It is not the case of your church. Do not think I am personal. Suppose there were a church which numbered among its members a lot of brewers and distillers and saloon-keepers and wine and whiskey-bibbers. There are such churches, though, I trust, none of our denomination. Now suppose the pastor of that church should preach total abstinence and the annihilation of the saloon, as all Methodist preachers are required to do, and delight to do. What would be the result? If he kept on preaching that way, and preached as though he meant what he said, don't you suppose he would offend the brewers and distillers and saloonists and wine-bibbers? Don't you

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

suppose they would leave the church, if the minister didn't stop that kind of preaching? And wouldn't that be dividing the church? And wouldn't the friends of whiskey say that the minister had divided the church by preaching temperance? If such a division should take place, who would be to blame—the pastor, who preached temperance, or the enemies of temperance who would not endure the truth? If a lot of brewers and distillers and liquor dealers should ask me to remove their pastor because he divided the church by preaching temperance, would you think that I ought to do so?"

The committee made no reply, and the Bishop went on: "I am quite sure that you would say that, if preaching total abstinence from alcoholic beverages and the total abolition of that great curse, the American saloon, would divide a church by repelling the saloon and whiskey element of the congregation, that church ought to be so divided, and the sooner the better. Jesus Christ came to make a division among men. He came to separate a people out from the world, whose motto, and whose life, should be 'Holiness unto the Lord.' If preaching the real holiness, in the right spirit, by a holy man, divides your church, then it ought to be divided, and the sooner the better; and when it is thus divided, it will be all the stronger and more prosperous."

The Bishop paused, and looked in the eyes of the committee. As they had nothing to say, he went on again: "I think I understand the case of your Church. You have a lot of people among you who do not love the prayer meeting and the class-meeting, who have no family altar, who hanker after the theater and the ball-room, who are worldly, who never do any spiritual work in the Church, who belong to the Church chiefly for its social

The Wingless Victory.

benefits and because they think religion is a good thing to have in the dying hour. Am I not right?" The Bishop glanced around the circle, and they all nodded assent.

"Now are not these the ones, chiefly, who complain because the pastor preaches holiness?" Again the Mayor and the editor and the class-leader nodded their heads; and the Bishop proceeded: "There may be some others who do not like holiness preaching, some who attend prayer meeting and try to be religious. But they are ignorant, or prejudiced, or stuck fast in an old rut, or have something in their lives which will not bear the light. All who really want to be right with God like holiness preaching. Now if Brother Castle stays with you, and keeps right on preaching holiness—that is preaching the gospel; for that is all it is—the kickers will either get converted and get right with God, or they will get out of the Church entirely. If the former does not take place—if they won't get right with God—the sooner they leave the Church the better. Then, I will tell you what will happen. When you and those whom you represent get right with God, or get out of the Church, your Church and your city will be visited by the greatest revival you ever heard of."

The Bishop paused to take breath. His visitors were as white in the face as a sheet. Then he looked the Mayor in the face and said: "Brother, do you attend prayer meeting, and take part? Do you go to class-meeting? Do you have family prayers? Do you observe the rule of the Discipline which forbids dancing and theater-going and things of that sort?" The Mayor shook his head.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

“How is it with you?” said the venerable President of the Conference to the proprietor of the Sunday Telegram. That worthy gave the same answer as the Mayor.

“You publish a Sunday newspaper, I understand. Is that true?”

The man blushed with shame, and did not deny the charge.

Turning to the third member of the committee, the Bishop said: “You are a class-leader. Of course you go to class-meeting; but are you right with God in other respects?” The Bishop looked into the man’s eyes as though he could see into the very depths of his innermost soul. The All-seeing One did give him power to read the man’s character, and he knew that he was a double-dyed hypocrite. The whiskey-drinking class-leader quailed and writhed under the searching gaze of those clear, gray eyes.

“Brethren,” said the Bishop, “I must leave you. The Presiding Elders are waiting for me in the cabinet-room. I have only this more to say to you, I do not wonder that you do not like holiness preaching, though what you hate is not entire sanctification, as you imagine, but only justification. You hate all real religion. My advice to you is to put yourselves under the tuition of your noble pastor and the Holy Spirit and let them lead you into the enjoyment of salvation. Then you will be perfectly delighted with what you so much dislike now. Tell those who sent you, when they send another committee to me, to talk about the appointment of a pastor, to select men who have family prayers, and go to prayer meeting, and enjoy religion. Unless I hear something entirely different from what you have told me, Brother Castle will be your pastor next year. Your complaint against him is the

The Wingless Victory.

very best of recommendations. I sincerely hope that, when we meet again, you will be in such an improved spiritual condition that you will like holiness preaching. Good afternoon, Brethren;" and the Bishop bowed the machine politician and the editor of the Sunday newspaper and the whiskey-drinking class-leader out of the house.

While he was at conference, Wesley Castle received the following letter :

Mount Caesar College, October 10, 18—.

Rev. Wesley Castle.

Dear Sir:—It is my pleasant duty to inform you that, on the unanimous recommendation of the Faculty of the Institution, the Trustees of Mount Caesar College have conferred upon you the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts. The diplomas have been forwarded to you by express. The Trustees and Faculty deeply regret the injustice which was done you at the end of your college course, six years ago. It grew out of a misunderstanding and misrepresentation, for which an individual was responsible who is no longer connected with the Institution. It is hoped that you will accept this as a sufficient apology.

I also do myself the honor to inform you that you have been unanimously elected to the chair of Greek Language and Literature in Mount Caesar College, at an annual salary of three thousand dollars. Please inform me immediately of your acceptance ; also state how soon you can enter upon the work of your professorship. The chair is now vacant, and it is hoped that you can come to it at once. In closing, permit me to say that all your friends at Mount Caesar (and the number is very large) are happy in the thought that the sad estrangement and separation of the past is so soon to end in joyful reunion and fellowship.

Most respectfully yours,

MILTON CHILDS,
Secretary of the Board of Trustees,
Mount Caesar College.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

There was a most powerful temptation to the young minister. To be in such a position as that had been the ambition of his life. His natural adaptations were all in that direction. The ministry was a hard and discouraging calling. He had tried it three years, in utter abandonment of self and the world, and had met with little but opposition and persecution. Twice he had barely escaped being murdered. Now he had a chance to get away from all perils and hardships, in a position which would bring him ease and comfort and honor for the rest of his life. He did not know what to do. In his perplexity he did two very wise things. He sent two telegrams. One was to Heaven, for divine direction; the other was to his wife, to come immediately to the seat of Conference.

Mrs. Castle read the letter and handed it back to her husband. "Wesley, what are you going to do?"

"Mary, what shall I do? I want to do the will of God. Perhaps he wants me to go to Mount Caesar. Perhaps I can do more good there than in the pastorate. I shall be a minister still, and shall have abundant opportunities to preach. I shall be able to lead a multitude of students to Christ, and into the enjoyment of the fullness of the Holy Ghost."

"That is what I think, Wesley. And then you will get away from the bitter opposition and persecution which you have suffered ever since you went into the ministry. You will have to preach holiness as long as you do preach, and that will expose you to persecution everywhere. It is an unpopular doctrine, and the churches will not stand it. Then, at the very best, we shall be moving all the time, and shall never have a settled home. When you begin to be old, no church will

The Wingless Victory.

want you, and you will be a stranded old Superannuate. As a professor of Greek, you can do good work till you are eighty. What is the use of enduring all the abuse you are sure to get, in the pastorate, beside the risk of being killed outright, when you can have an easy time at Mount Caesar, and do just as much good beside? You told me, coming up from the station, that we have got to stay at Dorchester. You know what that means. Half the Church hate you bad enough to murder you; they will murder you by inches. You know you can't do anything there, the opposition is so great. I feel like shaking off the dust of my feet against First Church. They have treated you shabbily. I vote for going to Mount Caesar."

"Well, wife, said the perplexed and tempted minister, "we will not settle it now. We will wait on the Lord to-day; and I will answer the letter to-morrow."

That night Wesley Castle had an answer to the telegram which he had sent to Heaven. It was two passages of Scripture, which were so impressed upon his mind that he knew that they were the voice of the Holy Spirit, speaking to him. He was almost as sure as he was of his own existence. The Scriptures were these: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," and "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."

Mary Castle had a message too. It was this: "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

The question was settled. It was a great disappointment to the flesh. But the inmost soul of Wesley Castle, and of Mary, his wife, was filled with peace and joy. Faith had won another victory.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

When the Castles, returning from Conference, stepped off the cars at the Union Station in Dorchester, they were met by Brother Weston and Brother Reynolds and hurried away, in a carriage, to the church. There they found a crowd of people, assembled to give them a royal reception. It seemed as though the whole city was there. Half of the First Church were present, and large delegations from all the other Methodist churches, and representatives of all the other Protestant churches, and prominent citizens who belonged to no church. Addresses of welcome were given; the warmest expressions of individual admiration and affection were showered upon the returning pastor and his wife; a sumptuous banquet was enjoyed by nearly a thousand persons; and the hands of the honored guests were shaken till hands were sore and shoulders lame. Everybody said that Dorchester had never witnessed anything which could compare with the reception tendered Rev. and Mrs. Castle.

Amid the joy of that evening Wesley Castle felt a sickening sensation in his soul. He saw that he was pastor of a divided church. While hundreds of First Church people were present, other hundreds were conspicuous by their absence. The Mayor, and the proprietor of the Sunday Telegram, and Brother Hobson, and all that tribe were somewhere else that night.

There was a different kind of a reception, at the parsonage, the next day. The other sort of people began to come about nine o'clock in the morning. The first was the Mayor. He had very little to say. His face looked like a thunder cloud. He asked for his church letter, almost as soon as he sat down in the proffered chair. The pastor wrote it for him with all possible dispatch, only delaying to ask him to what church he wished to be

The Wingless Victory.

commended. The Mayor was surprised by the question, supposing as many Methodists do, that he could carry the letter in his pocket till there was a new minister whom he liked, and then return it to the same church from which it was received. He refused at first to name any church. But, when he found that he would get no letter, if he did not, he said: "Madison Street Methodist Church."

When the Mayor left the parsonage, without a "good-morning" on his lips, there were five other persons coming up the walk after church letters. The pastor did nothing but write church letters all that day. His blanks gave out before ten o'clock. After that he was obliged to write out every letter in full. So he called his wife to his assistance. Later he sent down to the office of Rossiter and Reynolds and borrowed a writing-machine and a young lady operator. And so he managed to get through the biggest day's work, probably, of that kind, that any minister ever had to perform. When the last applicant had departed, at six o'clock, he had given two hundred and ninety-eight letters, and there were three hundred and fifty names remaining on the church register. After going carefully through the list, he said to his wife: "Mary, every one of the kickers has left, so far as I know them, except Brother Hobson. When he takes his letter, I shall be pastor of a united church."

Just then Brothers Rossiter, Reynolds and Weston, and their wives, came in. When the pastor repeated what he had just told his wife, Brother Reynolds clapped his hands and shouted "Hallelujah! praise the Lord! Now we can do something. Now we shall have the mightiest revival this city ever knew."

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

With Chester Reynolds fully agreed all the other visitors. That informal meeting lasted till eleven o'clock. Others, of like spirit came in. They had prayer. They took counsel of God and each other concerning the work before them. Their hearts were melted into one as never before. When they separated the brethren assured the pastor that they would stand by him to the end, with the last ounce of their influence and the last dollar of their money, declaring, at the same time, that they were most heartily glad that the kickers had gone.

When Wesley Castle went to bed that night he was too happy to sleep. He had victory in his soul. He knew that God was about to visit Dorchester in mighty power.

The story of the great revival at Dorchester, if fully written, would fill volumes. It began with, what is seldom seen, a perfectly united Church. The whiskey-drinking class-leader having withdrawn, under threat of expulsion, "they were all with one accord in one place."

What methods were employed? There were no particular methods. Methods are of little account when the Holy Ghost is the revivalist, as he was at Dorchester.

From the middle of October till the end of December the pastor's work was chiefly to get his whole Church into the enjoyment of the blessing which the disciples received on the day of Pentecost, and to get those already in that experience up onto higher plains of holiness and power. To all his preaching on that subject there was not one murmur of dissent from a member of his flock. All drank in the word with the greatest eagerness. What joy it was to preach to such a congregation! He also established a Sunday afternoon "holiness" meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Hall for the benefit of the members of

The Wingless Victory.

other churches; and many Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Lutherans, as well as Methodists, attended, and became acquainted with the "Other Comforter," whom Jesus had promised to send, but of whom they had hitherto heard nothing, to any purpose.

The pastor made an earnest effort to get the whole Church together on the last night of the old year. A "watch meeting" was appointed. Out of an entire membership of three hundred and fifty, three hundred and twenty-five were present. The pastor talked to them about the expected revival. He described the revival he hoped to see—hundreds and thousands born again by the Holy Ghost; drunkards and gamblers reformed from within, so as to stay reformed; saloons closed for lack of custom, and banished by righteous public sentiment; Sunday newspapers and Sunday trolley-cars suppressed by loss of patronage; the city government reformed and purified; brotherly love established between capital and labor; and the whole town filled with peace and purity and joy.

How did the pastor tell his people such a revival was to be secured? Did he ask them to pledge themselves to do, in every thing, just as they thought Jesus would do in the same circumstances? No. He knew that that would amount to nothing, because they could not do as Jesus would, in their own wisdom and strength. Did he assign work to every one, and make them promise that they would go and do it? No. He knew that they could accomplish nothing, unless God wrought in them mightily by his Spirit; and that, if God so wrought, no direction, on his part, and no pledge on theirs, would be needed.

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

What did the pastor say? In substance, this: "If you will all seek, and obtain, what the one hundred and twenty received on the fiftieth day after the resurrection of our Lord, the revival, which I have described, will certainly come." That thought he elaborated and illustrated and enforced till all understood, and till all were crying mightily to God for the fulfillment of the promise: "I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh."

It ought not to excite the surprise of any one, who believes the Bible, to say that "the promise of the Father" was fulfilled, that night, to every one of the chosen three hundred and twenty-five. There were no visible tongues of fire. There was no sound of a mighty rushing wind. But "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," and, from that hour "began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

The next day the revival had come. One hundred souls sought God at the altar of the church, with tears and sobs of penitential grief, and were gloriously converted. Night after night, the following week, the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Before the second Sabbath dawned five hundred sinners had professed saving faith in Jesus Christ. It all came about through the simple preaching of the gospel, and prayer, and the singing of old-fashioned hymns, and personal work performed, without urging or special appointment, by those whom the indwelling Spirit thrust out into the golden harvest field, where the Spirit himself had already wrought powerful conviction in the hearts of all classes of persons.

The second week the meetings were held in the Opera House, where three thousand persons could comfortably sit; and the four Methodist Churches and their pastors

The Wingless Victory.

united in the work. At the end of the third week there had been counted one thousand professed conversions. All the converts were pressed to go forward and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, like Philip's converts at Samaria, and most of them did experience that second blessing, within a few days after their conversion. Thus surcharged with divine love and power they scattered the holy fire all over the city, like Samson's foxes in the standing corn of the Philistines.

Nearly all the other Protestant churches soon burst into revival flames. Sparks fell even upon the Roman Catholic churches. After many scores of their members had been converted, the priests held "missions" (their name for revivals) in all their congregations. And so the conflagration became universal.

All sorts of persons were converted—the poor and the rich, the low and the high, the vile and the moral, the ignorant and the educated, the intemperate and the sober, the licentious and the chaste, day-laborers and millionaires, dwellers in the slums and owners of marble mansions, blatant infidels and those who had always believed in the reality of religion. A great army of young men were converted; and, filled with the Spirit, they organized themselves into companies and squads to capture every other young man in the city. Commercial travelers, and strangers stopping in the city for a night, found Christ and carried the holy contagion into distant towns and states. The very atmosphere of Dorchester seemed to be charged with a kind of divine ozone, which affected every one who lived there, or who came to spend a night or a single hour.

The saloons were almost deserted; and most of them were entirely closed, either because their patrons were

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

gone, or because their owners were converted. Nearly all the hotels threw out their bars, and turned their bar-rooms into places of prayer. When the whistles on the great mills and shops sounded the noon hour, almost the whole city went to prayer, in the churches, and factories, and stores, and offices, and hotels, and homes. Everywhere the people were singing gospel songs. The policemen had nothing to do, and left their beats and went to church. Theatrical companies and minstrel troupes and show-men of every kind avoided Dorchester, as though it had the plague, because they could not get a house. The human buzzards and hyenas, who had become so vile that they would not yield to God, fled the town, as birds forsake a burning forest. On Sunday the streets were deserted except as they were thronged with worshipers going to church, or returning home. Sunday street-cars ceased to run. Sunday newspapers ceased to be hawked about the streets. An immense petition was presented to the railroad companies not to allow any trains to stop at Dorchester on Sunday; and to the Postmaster General at Washington not to allow the postoffice to be opened on the first day of the week. It seemed as though everybody in Dorchester had turned to the Lord.

The happiest person in all the city was the chief human instrument of this marvelous revolution. The pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church was filled with unspeakable joy. O how glad he was that he did not accept the proffered professorship at Mount Caesar College. And yet he was never farther from being puffed up with pride. He worked in loving harmony with his brother pastors of all churches, their acknowledged leader, but not their over-lord or critic. The foul demons of bigotry and proselytism did not show

The Wingless Victory.

their hateful heads. Wesley Castle had the joy of seeing most of the kickers, who had left his Church, returning to the fold, soundly converted and baptized with the Holy Ghost. Among them was the Mayor, who became as earnest a worker for Jesus Christ as he had been for the political party to which he belonged. The whiskey-drinking hypocritical class-leader never repented, but suddenly died in the midst of the revival.

It was found necessary to make special provision for the spiritual welfare of the people living in the factory and tenement portion of the city. Under the lead of Chester Reynolds and his father-in-law, an immense wigwam was erected on a vacant lot loaned by one of the factory corporations. Carter, the Cow-boy Evangelist, who had come East, for a visit, drawn by the world-wide fame of the Dorchester revival, was induced to take charge of the wigwam work for a few weeks. His labors were blessed in the conversion of hundreds of souls and the complete transformation of that whole district. Behold the power of the gospel! Castle and Carter were true yoke-fellows, spiritual athletes, laboring together with all the love of David and Jonathan.

* * * * *

The revival at Dorchester was a real work of divine grace. There was no harmful reaction. It was deep and permanent. It added two thousand members to the churches, besides hundreds, already members, whom it brought to Christ. It filled the churches with life and fire. It closed the saloons, so that, though five years have elapsed, they have never been opened. It purified the politics of the city. At the next charter election, after the revival, a live Christian man was elected Mayor; and all the out-going aldermen were replaced

The Victories of Wesley Castle.

with Christian men. To-day there is not an officer in the city government of Dorchester who is not intelligent enough to discharge the duties of his office, and good enough to preach the gospel. The problem of municipal government has been fully solved at Dorchester; and committees from scores of other cities, on both sides of the ocean, have visited her to learn how she does it. Of all the cities in the civilized world, of her size, her tax rate is the lowest, the next higher being twice as high. No street-car ever stirs in Dorchester on Sunday. No newspaper can be sold on the streets of Dorchester on Sunday. Her police court rarely has a case of any kind. There has not been the slightest ripple of difficulty between employer and employee, in Dorchester, since the great revival. The utmost good will exists between the two classes. They are no longer two classes. They are one class, because they are nearly all the disciples of one Master, Jesus Christ. Wages are one half higher in Dorchester than anywhere else, for the same kind of work. Nearly all the factories and mills have taken their operatives into co-partnership; and they share in the profits of the concern. There is not a labor union in the city, nor a combination of capitalists. The employers and the employees both say: "We have no need of organizations. We are brethren. What is good for one is good for all." The only law and arbiter between capitalist and laborer is the "Golden Rule," given by him who is the Supreme Capitalist and the Great Master Workman.

Christ rules in Dorchester, because he rules, through the Holy Ghost, in the hearts of a vast majority of the people. Dorchester has been reformed, from within, by the indwelling and inworking Spirit of God; not, from

The Wingless Victory.

without, by human wisdom and man-made devices. When will reformers learn that the only way to really reform society is to reform its individual members by the regenerating and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost?

* * * * *

Wesley Castle was deluged with letters from all over the Christian world, asking about the great revival in Dorchester, and how it was brought to pass. He had many invitations to visit England, to address synods and conventions and congregations on that fascinating topic. He resolved to cross the sea. He needed a change. He believed God wanted to use him over there to promote his work. He invited Carter to go with him. Mrs. Castle would not be left behind.

The day of departure had arrived. Almost the whole city turned out to bid the travelers "good by." All the pastors were present, in a body, including the Catholic priests. Without any shadow of arrogance or sectarianism on his part, or of jealousy or suspicion on theirs, they looked upon Wesley Castle as their spiritual father.

The last hand-shakes had been exchanged. The three travelers stood on the rear platform of the last car, waving unuttered and unutterable farewells to their thousands of admirers and friends. As the train slowly started for the great city, where the ship was waiting to bear them across the sea, the crowd struck up a hymn, and the band joined in:

"God be with you till we meet again."

Those who stood nearest, caught the last words of Wesley Castle: "NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS."

8th 1900

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