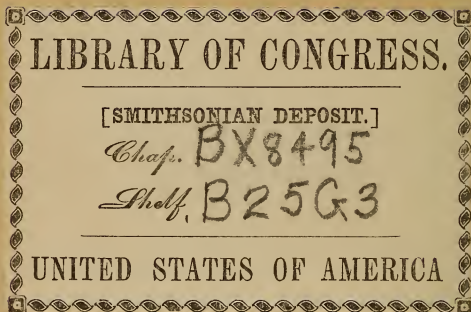


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THE
CONVERSION OF A SKEPTIC:

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MEMBER OF THE BAR.

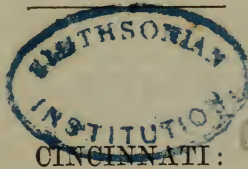
i. e. Charles R. Baldwin

BY

REV. MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS,

AUTHOR OF "FOOT-PRINTS OF AN ITINERANT," "SACRED
HOUR," AND "BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS."

"I WORK FOR GOD AND GOOD."



PUBLISHED BY SWORMSTEDT & POE.

FOR THE AUTHOR.

1858.

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P R E F A C E .

MY first attempt at authorship was "The Foot Prints of An Itinerant," an autobiographical work which was issued in the fall of 1855. It contained so many family and personal reminiscences, that at the time of composing it, I had not even conceived the idea of giving it to the public during my life-time.

I yielded, however, to the wishes of kind friends in whose judgment I had the greatest confidence, so far as to change my original design, and to superintend its publication myself. In this way I was *providentially* led, as I now believe, to a *resort to the pen*-- and to look to the profits arising from my literary labors for a livelihood. And thus far I have had no cause to complain that my humble efforts have not been appreciated by the church and a generous public. The aggregate number of volumes already issued, of the "Offering," "Foot Prints," "Sacred Hour" and "Brief Recollections," amount to "TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND."

While unable to *preach*, I still feel impelled to *write*. And believing as I now do, that of all the various forms of useful books, taste and inclination lead many persons to give a decided preference to works of a biographical character for their effect in the way of example, and as affording an interesting style of communicating moral and religious knowledge, in a way that comes home directly to the heart, I have taken a mournful pleasure for the last few years, in laboring according to the best of my ability in this instructive and highly profitable field of religious literature. It is a pleasing task, and a sacred duty that we owe to the memory of pre-eminently good and holy men, as well as to posterity, to hand down to subsequent generations those illustrious examples of purity, goodness, and truth—the “*great lights*” of the Christian Church.

The materials to make up the biographical sketch of Charles R. Baldwin, which is here recorded, have been collected from widely different sources. And although not so complete as could be wished, they are sufficient to show the powerful work of God, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, upon a man of a strong, clear intellect—together with the “instrumental

means" employed in his complete deliverance from the fascinating mazes of skepticism.

It has been the design of the author to let Mr. Baldwin speak for himself—hence are given letters and extracts from his journal and private papers in various forms. These exhibit his true sentiments and real character, the depths of his feelings, and entire consecration to his work, more concisely and far more fully than the ablest biographer otherwise possibly could do. I acknowledge with pleasure my indebtedness to those family friends who have so kindly responded to my numerous inquiries touching his private character, habits, and social relations. And especially my heartfelt thanks are due to his widow, Mrs. Ann E. Baldwin, who has so promptly furnished me with the most interesting and valuable materials for the work.

Mr. Baldwin was of a highly respectable family and well educated—a man of superior intellectual endowments, a highly gifted attorney, floating on a tide of great worldly prosperity, and standing high in the estimation of his fellow citizens. But immediately after his conversion to God, he brought all his *worldly honors* and laid them down at the feet of Jesus and

consecrated his powers of mind and heart to the service of his Divine Master.

With what noble, and conscientious determination he withdrew from the honorable, and to him lucrative profession of the law, and devoted himself to the great work of "saving souls from death," let the following unadorned recitals show to the world. "A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine the lessons of experience. Yet a man may read them all and go forth none the wiser." Yet I am sure the careful reader can not peruse these pages, especially those written by the lamented Baldwin's own hand, without feeling himself religiously elevated, his heart "*strangely warmed*," and his soul fired anew with a holy ambition to imitate the noble example of the "good and great."

MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

West End, Dayton, July 10, 1858.

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CONVERSION OF A SKEPTIC.

MOUNTAIN HOME NATIVITY.

CHAPTER I.

IN New England, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, there is a town of the name of Stockbridge, which has been noted for a long time as the shrine of the pilgrim and the theme of the poet. This lovely village was incorporated as far back as 1739, and doubtless took its name from the celebrated town of Stockbridge in "OLD ENGLAND," which it is said by travelers to resemble in a striking manner. I am indebted to a curious and authentic little work, by the late Miss E. F. Jones, called "Stockbridge, Past and Present," for the following historic facts and minute description of the mountain home nativity, or birth-place of the hero of this unostentatious little volume.

Stockbridge was originally settled by the Housatonic Indians, or the "people of the continual flowing waters." A mission station was established among them in the year 1734, by the Rev. John Sergeant, of Newark, New Jersey, who, at the time, was a tutor in Yale College, New Haven. A church and school house was erected at the mission in Stockbridge and opened for religious services on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, 1739. It stood on the green a few rods north-east of the present "South Church." It must have been erected of excellent materials, and as evidence of its firmness, the frame work is still used in a barn several rods west of its original location. The town is beautifully situated. It seems cradled in mountains. The scenery is wild and romantic. On the south are bold peaks, and the more western part of Monument Mountain, so named by the English a long time ago, from the cone-shaped pile of stones upon its southern slope, but by the Indians called Maus-wos-see-khi, or Fisher's Nest. On the west is Stock-

bridge Mountain, and on the north the Rattlesnake of the English, called by the Indians, Deow-kook, or Hill of the Wolves. This mountain is two miles in length, and is entirely within the limits of the town, though quite on its northern border. It contains a cave of some interest, although its surface is easily tilled. In the south-east, Beartown Mountain extends to a considerable distance; but to the east the land stretches off several miles, as *if to let in the morning*—and between Beartown and a low range beyond, another valley opens to the east. The grounds are undulating, and the village of Lee lying in the lower parts of the first named, is overlooked, so that the eye rests upon the high mountain range in the eastern part of the county, whose patches of wood and of cultivation form an agreeable alternation. Within this cradle, the village occupies a position south-east from central. West of this is Glen Dale; East street runs to the north and is in the north east part of the town; and Curtisville lies in the north-west

part between Stockbridge Mountain and the Mountain Mirror. Within the town are various hills, which possess more or less beauty. Among these is the one south of the Academy, upon which Arnold was burned in effigy, called Laurel Hill, which in the Indian tongue would be, Aum-hoo-ne-moo-seck. It stands almost in the heart of the village, and in the season of bloom is a most beautiful object. Esquire Fields' description is most graphic :

“ Or wanders 'mid yon laurel bowers,
Whose blushing beauty clothes the hill,
As though a very snow of flowers
Had fallen from heaven and lay there still.”

The Housatonic river winds among the *meadows*, as its name denotes. It rises in Windsor, on the east; and Lanesborough Pond on the north; these two streams unite in Pittsfield. In Stockbridge the river is five or six rods wide, and averages between two and three feet deep. Its curves are beautiful; particularly one called the “Ox-bow.” The best view of the village is from “The Hill,”

which rises north of the village. But we are informed that no one can see all Stockbridge until he has taken the bird's-eye view to be obtained from the top of the house formerly owned by Dr. West. It is said that an old African woman, who used occasionally to work at Dr. West's, would go, when her work was done, and sit upon the stairs leading from the upper garret to the roof, "because it was so near to heaven." But if near to heaven is synonymous with away from earth, it is one of the last places we should think of selecting for such a reason; for one seems there in the very center of created beauty. It is not self-praise, says Miss Jones, for us to talk thus of our own valley. It came from the hand of its Creator, fashioned for a canvas, and since the hand of art has been employed in painting its surface, His skill has guided every woodman and every builder, that all should be arranged in symmetry, where symmetry was to be desired, and *beautiful disorder* where confusion would add a charm. It is not our palaces, our parks, our

temples, or our artistic lakes and glens; we have none of these; but it is that He who is excellent in counsel and wonderful in working, has vouchsafed to paint a picture here which is ever redolent of praise. And may it be, that not from earth alone shall rise that savor, which mind—elevated, sanctified mind, should ever give.

Stockbridge has been long and favorably known for its morality, general intelligence, and educational facilities. It was the residence of "brave hearts," in the time of the Revolutionary struggle—the home of noble and patriotic men,

"In days of auld lang syne."

The names of such men as Edwards, West, Dwight, Woodbridge, Sergeant, and the Sedgwicks, are associated with its interesting and classic history. If, as Washington Irving has truthfully said, it is an advantage to a man to be born at the foot of a lofty mountain, or on the banks of a rolling stream—that his mind would necessarily be expanded by the sublime

and picturesque scenery around him, Mr. Charles R. Baldwin possessed rare and singular advantages above many of his peers. And the sequel will most certainly convince every candid reader that he faithfully improved all the facilities of his romantic birth-place and youthful mountain home, for the development of his mental and moral powers, and that he made a diligent use and wise improvement of all the means of instruction afforded him in early life by a gracious and benignant Providence.

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EARLY MENTAL CULTURE.

CHAPTER II.

OF the early childhood and mental training of Charles R. Baldwin, I have obtained but little information. Fortunately, however, among his papers a short record has been found, containing an important memorandum written by himself, in which he says: "I was born in Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on the 19th of March, 1803. My parents were Clark and Phedema Baldwin. I was the youngest of twelve children. My mother died on the 23d of August, 1805; consequently I have no recollection of her. I have, however, always understood that she was a very pious woman, of excellent sense, good mind, and highly esteemed by all who knew her. My father was a farmer, and I was brought up to labor with him on the farm. He was once in affluent

circumstances, but a great deal of sickness in his family, with other causes, reduced him quite low in worldly goods. I have no recollection of the time when I could not *read and write*. In the year 1815, my father exchanged the farm on which he lived, for lands on Lake Erie, in the State of Ohio, and gave possession of the premises, April 1st, 1816. But in consequence of the sickness of one of my sisters he was compelled to remain in Stockbridge. He rented one-half of the old homestead and garden, and I assisted him in supporting the family by manual labor, generally earning from seventy-five cents to one dollar per day. The winter and following spring I reviewed my elementary studies and acquired a knowledge of surveying, preparatory to my contemplated residence in northern Ohio. During the summer of 1817, I labored hard, and perhaps but few were more efficient in the corn-field, meadow, or harvest-field than myself. I engaged in this work the more cheerfully, because my brothers had generally left home at the

age of eighteen or twenty years. My oldest brother, Amos Glover Baldwin, was an Episcopal clergyman, my brothers Joseph, Cyrus, and Philemon had removed to Virginia, and Daniel and George to Ohio. I was the only son now left to aid my father in procuring a support for the family. In the winter of 1817, I could obtain no employment that suited my taste; and a 'classical school' having been established under the supervision of Major Jared Curtis, an excellent instructor, I became a scholar, and for the want of something else to study, rather than from any *fixed design* of acquiring a knowledge of the languages, I commenced the study of the Latin Grammar. The second or third day my preceptor inquired of me if I had not gone through the Latin Grammar before. I told him that I had not. I finished it in one week, and spent the two following weeks in the *minor authors*; at the beginning of the fourth week took up Virgil. I learned very rapidly, though my memory was not remarkably retentive. At

the end of the twelfth week I had finished the twelve books of the *Ænead*. I now felt a NEW FIRE BURNING WITHIN ME—I was no longer content to be an humble farmer. Prompted by ambition, I looked forward to a period when I might fill the highest office of State. My father and sisters, and especially my oldest brother and many of my friends indulged the most sanguine expectations in regard to my future career. They were all anxious to urge me forward.

“During the summer of 1818, I pursued at intervals the remainder of my Latin studies. The winter session following, I read the Greek Testament. I continued to pursue my studies closely during the following summer; went through Horace; I also studied Blair’s Lectures on Rhetoric, and had daily exercises in composition. I also read with admiration Pope’s translation of the *Iliad*, and when only sixteen years of age I was considered by my acquaintances a good scholar.

“In the latter end of the summer of 1819,

my brother George came home from Ohio, for the purpose of removing my father and sisters to their new home on Lake Erie. He had been absent four years, and I had grown so rapidly that he did not recognize me. When we first met I was in the post-office opening the mail; when he came in he could not identify me. Our first interview was exciting and deeply affecting. Arrangements were soon made for the removal of the family—a tract of land not yet sold was disposed of, and some articles sold and a few others that were more suitable purchased—so that by the first of October, 1819, everything was in readiness for our departure for Ohio. But my place of destination was to Virginia, where my brothers Joseph, Cyrus, and Philemon had resided for many years. As they were wealthy, highly respected, and I expected to be soon introduced—if not to move in the “higher circles” of society—some extra expense was necessarily incurred to set me off to the best advantage. This was strongly opposed by brother George on the *score of pru-*

dence, but my sisters urged the *necessity* of a 'fine outfit,' and *pride* carried the day."

During his residence with his brother Joseph in Virginia, he continued to prosecute his studies with even greater success. Although not a college graduate, he was pronounced by competent judges a man of good scholarly attainments. He was a good Greek and Hebrew scholar and read the Latin language with great ease. He had a *precocious mind*. His eldest brother informs me that young Charles could indite a good letter at six years of age. He was frequently heard to say himself that he had no remembrance of the time that he could not read and write. He seemed to learn almost by *intuition*. His perceptive faculties were of the most extraordinary character, and the powers of his mind were developed early. In early life he had an unquenchable thirst for literature. When only eighteen years old he was employed as tutor in the Winchester Academy. He was remarkably exemplary in his conduct and outward deportment. While young

he was never known to tell a lie, or prevaricate on any occasion.

He was universally esteemed and admired by his fellow-citizens, who evinced their appreciation of his talents by inviting him to deliver an oration on the "Anniversary of Washington's Birth Day," before he had reached the twentieth year of his age. A bright future was now before him, and many on that day predicted that he would soon stand in the front ranks of literature.

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LEGAL PRACTICE.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BALDWIN while engaged in the Academy at Winchester, determined upon his course of life for the future. He made choice of the profession of law, and immediately commenced the work of preparation. The law seemed exactly adapted to his genius and peculiar talents. He now resolved to become a member of the bar as soon as he could qualify himself for the responsible duties of such an honorable vocation. It was a matter of great surprise to his most intimate friends, that he should progress with such rapidity in the study of the law, and at the same time attend so faithfully to his duties as teacher in the Academy. He was enabled in a short period to master the fundamental principles of the law, as well as the forms and technicalities requisite for ad-

mission to practice. All his previous habits of thought and logical powers of mind, were of great advantage to him in soon acquiring a large amount of legal knowledge.

He always loved to study, and now that he felt anxious to become a good lawyer, he applied himself with unusual assiduity to the study and reading of the course prescribed. To the surprise of his acquaintances he soon announced himself ready to pass the usual ordeal before those whose duty it was to decide upon his competency for the profession of the law. The examination was conducted by one of the best judges of law in that part of the State of Virginia, and was highly satisfactory to all present. The judge was astonished at the readiness with which he answered the most difficult questions proposed by the committee. At the close of the examination Mr. — inquired of Mr. Baldwin how long he had been engaged in the study of his profession, "Just six months, sir," was the truthful and prompt reply of the young aspirant. The judge was

amazed, and instantly replied in the following complimentary manner: "Well, well, sir, if you learn as much more in the next six months, you will have as much legal knowledge as I possess myself."

Mr. Baldwin entered upon the practice of his profession at Wheeling, Virginia, but did not continue there long; this was in the year 1825. While there, he delivered an eloquent oration on the 4th of July, at the Flats of Grave Creek, which was published by the request of the "committee of arrangements."

In the fall of that same year, or early the next spring, he removed to Charleston, Kanawha county, in Western Virginia, and commenced the practice of law amongst strangers. Without wealth, or the aid of interested and influential friends, he had to rely entirely upon his own resources, and untried powers as a counselor-at-law, under very unfavorable circumstances. The Kanawha bar at that time was not inferior to any in the State of Virginia, composed of eminent lawyers, such as

Hon. Judge Summers, Col. Benjamin H. Smith, Col. Joseph Lovell, Judge Josiah L. Fry, Judge Matthew Dunbar, James Wilson, and others of good legal attainments.

It was not long, however, until Mr. Baldwin's legal and acquired abilities brought him into favorable public notice, and put him on equal footing with the ablest members of the bar. After a successful practice for a few years he stood inferior to none, and was generally employed in the most important cases in the criminal court, by one or the other of the parties. He soon rose to a high eminence in his profession. He was a great lover of order, and very systematic and exact in all his business both legal and otherwise. His mind was of the highest order, close, discriminating, and logical. I have heard it said of him, that if his opponents' legal pleadings were not perfect, he was sure to detect it, point out the error and expose its fallacies, accompanied sometimes with a very severe rebuke. He was an able debater, and possessed great skill and ingenuity

in managing a case in court. He was greatly beloved and respected by the members of the bar, and stood deservedly high in the estimation of his fellow citizens.

But few young men were ever favored with a more flattering prospect of a brilliant career and professional celebrity, than Charles R. Baldwin. At the time that he relinquished the practice of the law, no man in Western Virginia was considered his superior. He had a lucrative business and had already accumulated a handsome property. The road to still higher distinction was now open and plain before him, and of this fact he was not ignorant himself, for, after entering the ministry, at times when making appeals to his hearers to become religious—in comparing the superiority of religion over earthly things, he would express himself thus: “That if the honors of this world were of the most value and importance, then he had sacrificed what was *attainable* by him, but he did not so view it. He considered the claims of religion and the smiles of his Savior *first*,

and counted all things but loss so that he might win Christ." And never, perhaps, did any uninspired man act more fully on that principle, *literally* giving up *all* for Christ. "Like Moses, who, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, for he had respect to the recompense of reward."

A member of the bar who was intimately acquainted with him, remarks: "I was associated with him in the practice of law in the courts of Cabell and Logan, for several years before he withdrew from the bar, and had a favorable opportunity of knowing him as a lawyer. Mr. Baldwin was a popular counselor, an eloquent and able advocate, and a pleasant companion. He was an especial favorite with the people of Logan, and, thereby, had acquired the appellation of 'THE LOGAN CHIEF.'

"He was remarkable for his industry and *fidelity* to his clients, and at the time of his

conversion, had a liberal share of the practice. Although my recollection at this day does not allow me to speak of his opinions on Theology, yet I do know, that his conversion at that time was regarded as one of the most *remarkable* within the circle of my acquaintance. But from the moment I first met with him after the occurrence, I never had a doubt of his sincerity; the change was *too manifest* to be misunderstood. I would refer you to Col. B. Smith, and Hon. Judge Summers, who attended the higher courts with him, and others at Charleston who knew him better, all of whom will bear testimony that Mr. B. was highly esteemed by the court and bar, as a gentleman and lawyer."

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ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BALDWIN was not only a good pleader, but an eloquent speaker. He possessed fine oratorical powers; and had he continued at the bar, would, doubtless, soon have been called to a higher position—to fill offices of trust and honor in the councils of the nation. He delivered a number of addresses and orations which were received with the warmest demonstrations of applause, and very highly commended by the secular press. His last address before entering on the ministry, was on the subject of “African Colonization,” and delivered in the Presbyterian Church at Charleston, Virginia, July 4th, 1832. This, an able oration, contains much information in regard to the early history of that philanthropic enterprise. A number of his prophetic decla-

rations on that day, have been already fulfilled to the letter, and form a part of the history of our common country. The whole address is characterized by good sense and an enlightened judgment. Mr. Baldwin was a great friend of the Colonization scheme, and in proof of his sincerity, he manumitted the only servant which he ever owned

His first oration of which I find any printed record, was delivered in the Presbyterian Church, on the "Anniversary of Washington's Birth Day," February 22d, 1824, in Winchester, Virginia, while he was connected with the "Winchester Patrick Henry Society." This seems to have been an occasion of much more than usual interest. The celebration was gotten up by the Patrick Henry Society, whose noble exertions were seconded by the volunteer companies of Winchester, and the citizens generally. This excellent oration was published by the request of the society. The topics in this production are various and well connected, and embellished with some fine touches of

fancy. The prominent events in the history of the Father of our country are sketched with judgment and with feeling. The sentiments on European policy, as directed by the Holy Alliance, are those of an American, and patriot, while his allusions to down-trodden Greece, not only evince the scholar, but the foe to oppression and the ardent defender of freedom.

I cannot forbear making one or two extracts: "Assembled this day, my fellow-citizens, to offer the humble tribute of our admiration and gratitude to the memory of the immortal savior and deliverer of his country, by the appointment of the Patrick Henry Society, it becomes my duty to direct your thoughts to those scenes which naturally present themselves to the reflecting mind upon the recurrence of this anniversary, and to point out some of the benefits that have resulted to mankind from this event which we are now commemorating. Associated as this day must be in your minds with the glorious anniversary of our independence, to which you have been

accustomed to perform annual honors—I should despair of imparting anything of novelty or interest, or even of engaging your attention, did I not reflect that the praises of Washington are as exhaustless as the love which he bore for his country; and that the humblest effort to excite veneration for his character, love for his virtues, and gratitude for his services, can not but be regarded with an eye of indulgence by this enlightened audience. There is no event in the annals of America more worthy of being held in perpetual remembrance than the birth of Washington. Besides the eternal debt of gratitude we owe him as the deliverer of our country, and the founder of this mighty republic, these are the considerations that should induce us to do honor to this day.

NATIONAL FESTIVAL CONSECRATED.

“On this great national festival, consecrated to the purest and most expanded feelings of benevolence and patriotism, and to the liveliest

feelings of joy and gratitude, in which we are all partakers—we should sacrifice upon the altar of our country's good, all party animosities, all selfish interests and local prejudices; and unite in doing honor to those brave men, who, with their 'hearts, and blood, and dearest treasure,' purchased this fair inheritance of liberty, in which, as their children, we all have a common property. By dwelling upon the wisdom, the virtues, and constancy of our fathers, we shall not only more duly appreciate the value of the services which they rendered, and the blessings they secured to us, and feel the cord of sympathy bind us more closely together, but the contemplation of such exalted merit will inspire us with the same magnanimous sentiments that animated their bosoms, and by placing such glorious models before our eyes, will excite an irresistible desire to follow, though at an humble distance, in their illustrious footsteps. We are told that Scipio and other noble Romans never gazed upon the images of their ancestors, without having their

minds powerfully drawn toward virtue. And let me ask, what American can contemplate the life and character of Washington, without being sensible of the presence, and acknowledging the loveliness of virtue?

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

“The occasion, then, will naturally suggest some of the most distinguished and prominent features in the life and character of Washington. Commencing at the period of mere unthinking childhood, we find in him a vigor of intellect, a dignity of deportment, and a strict regard to truth and justice, that elicit our admiration, and which show that the impress of his character was from nature’s own hand. His manners were frank and conciliating, his feelings generous, disinterested, and his heart warm and sincere. In his fifteenth year his chivalrous spirit felt the kindlings of a passion for military glory. He resolved to enter the naval service, but the tears and prayers of his widowed mother, and his strong

sense of filial duty, induced him for a while to relinquish the pursuit of fame and sacrifice his hope of greatness—to the happiness of his beloved parent. Here is a picture shaded with the softer colors of filial piety, that sets human nature in a fairer light, than though emblazoned with the splendors of victory, and decked with the gaudy pomp of triumph.”

Many passages in this oration are truly beautiful and descriptive, especially the one in which he portrays Washington tendering his services to execute a most hazardous commission to the French commandant on the Ohio—through immeasurable forests, the gloomy haunt, and fearful abode of the murderous savage, *the hissing serpent*, and prowling beasts of prey—the safety of his country his object, and the God of heaven his guide.

Mr. Baldwin delivered his second oration at the Flats of Grave Creek, below Wheeling, July 4th, 1825. This oration was published by request of the “committee of arrangements,” and signed by Mr. John B. Roberts,

Chairman, and Joseph McLean, Secretary. It contains many patriotic and eloquent paragraphs.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

“In the career of our national existence, we have just entered the year of Jubilee! Let us pause and ask ourselves, if, indeed, we have cause for rejoicing? Is this great event, the Declaration of Independence, worthy to be commemorated? Has it increased the stock of national happiness and afforded additional security to our civil and political rights? Has experience shown that the advantages gained, are sufficient to compensate for the services which they cost, and may we safely recommend them to other nations?”

These questions were all most ably and eloquently answered by Mr. Baldwin. Speaking of the contrast between the condition of our country in 1825, and what it was at the time of the revolution, he says:

“The banks of this beautiful river (Ohio,)

then one unbroken forest, the secure lurking place of the savage, and the beast of prey, now present everywhere the delightful spectacle of flourishing towns and cities, and beautiful farms teeming with the choicest products of our happy clime—affording a comfortable subsistence to a numerous and rapidly increasing population. If we look farther to the West the prospect is still more gratifying. The overwhelming wave of population has flown far beyond the Mississippi, and has borne on its bosom the wealth, and learning, and refinement of the East. The Father of Waters and his tributary streams, have become the auxiliaries of commerce, and distribute the rare productions of every country, and the merchandise of the world, to the countless thousands who have settled along their banks. Villages and cities have everywhere sprung up as by enchantment. The spirit of improvement is this moment at work removing the obstructions of nature, leveling mountains, penetrating the gloomy recesses of the forest,

converting the barren wilderness into a fruitful field, facilitating social and commercial intercourse, and diffusing wealth and happiness through our widely extended empire.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS.

“ Whence all these wonderful changes? Whence these mighty improvements? Whence these rapid strides toward national greatness and grandeur? Whence but to the influence of national liberty? To the freedom of thought and action? To mild and wholesome laws which secure to every man the fruits of his labor; the undisturbed enjoyment of his acquisitions? Whence but to the natural operation of those principles which the Declaration of our Independence has unfolded? But if our progress in wealth and population is a subject of pride and exultation in the development of our moral and intellectual energies, we have the most abundant cause for gratulation. Our government is based upon the virtue and intelligence of the people; and our experience

has thus far shown that it rests upon a sure foundation. The ruling principle that governs all our institutions is, *'equality of rights.'* Under our constitution, the energies of the American people have been fully developed. In a government of the people, where every man feels an interest in the proper conduct and management of public affairs, talents united with integrity cannot long remain concealed.

CHANGES IN EUROPE.

“Turn your eyes toward the other side of the Atlantic, and mark the mighty changes which within the last forty years have taken place in Europe. The French revolution followed upon the heels of our own—kingdoms have since been convulsed; empires have tottered upon their bases; thrones have crumbled into ruins; tyrants have been prostrated in the dust, and the whole civilized world has been shaken to its center. Who can deny that these tremendous struggles for ascendancy between light and darkness, between knowledge

and ignorance, between liberty and despotism, between the desire to enslave and the desire to be free;— who can deny that the progress of knowledge is gradually undermining the foundations of tyranny, and approximating kings and subjects to that equality which the God of nature has established? Who can deny that these wonderful events have grown more or less out of the American revolution? The attitude of the United States is solemn and imposing. We stand forth to the contemplation of the whole world. The example of our government, of our laws, of our opinions, is held up to universal attention, and has already made proselytes in every civilized nation on the globe. The force of this moral engine has already effected wonders, and is yet destined to revolutionize the world.

A GOVERNMENT OF COMPROMISE.

“The convulsions of Europe are not yet ended. The blood of the murdered Riego was not spilled in vain. The altar of lib-

erty is yet smoking with the sacrifice, and the republican soil of Spain will nourish and bring to a more perfect maturity, seeds of patriotism already planted there. The wounds of revolutionary France may yet bleed afresh, and her infatuated monarch may lament—too late—that he did not profit by the tragic example of the misguided Louis XVI. Heaven avert these direful portents! The progress of truth is irresistible, its convictions have flashed an ill-omened glare upon the destinies of Europe, and monarchs who have shut their eyes upon the “signs of the times,” may be awakened to a painful consciousness of their real situation, when the storm is raging around them, and pouring its fury upon their defenseless heads.”

Mr. Baldwin closed his oration in these words: “OURS IS A GOVERNMENT OF COMPROMISE—IT CAN BE SUSTAINED ONLY BY MUTUAL FORBEARANCE AND MODERATION. Is there one among you who would subvert the principles of the constitution, who would

destroy the fabric of social order, who feels no interest in the prosperity of his state, who participates not in its glories, who has no desire to see perpetuated its well-earned honors, who would not even lay down his life to preserve those rights which our fathers bled to redeem, and died that they might transmit, unimpaired, to their posterity?

— “Go, mark him well,
For him no minstrels raptures swell ;
High tho’ his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish might claim,
Despite those riches, power and pelf,
The wretch contented, all in self
Living shall forfeit all renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.”

The third and most eloquent oration of Mr. Baldwin, was delivered at Mercer Academy, Charleston, Virginia, on the 4th of July, 1827: “The birth day of American liberty has again dawned. Once more we are assembled to commemorate with suitable demonstrations of gratitude and joy, the great event which gave

us a 'separate and equal station among the powers of the earth.' We are come together to testify our respect and veneration for the founders of the Republic, to record our attachment to the principles which they promulgated, to profit by the lessons of wisdom which they taught, and to renew the solemn pledges of patriotism which they redeemed with their blood."

In this concise and eloquent manner the oration begins, and after retracing our early history, the interesting struggle which gave birth to our independence, Mr. Baldwin exhibits with the hand of a master the consequences of that decisive act in the unexampled prosperity and happiness which we still enjoy. On inquiring into the causes of our unparalleled growth and prosperity, he remarks:

"Ours is a government of equal rights and equal laws. With us there is no inequality of rank, no ennobling or degrading distinctions which are not founded upon personal considerations. Hereditary names, family alliances,

and splendid names, constitute with us no claims to political distinction. The path to glory lies equally open to the nameless child of penury, as to the favored voluptuary of fortune. He has the same inducements, the same inspiring hopes to call forth his latent abilities, to incite him to vigorous exertion, and to spur him onward in the race of intellectual improvement. The consequences of this equality have been auspicious to the individual and to national advancement. On all sides we have seen genius and talent emerging from the obscurity of humble station, and rising to the highest offices of power and distinction. Our common country claims and rewards the services of all her children. With the field of competition so broad, with the list of aspirants so formidable, with such powerful incentives to exertion, it need not be a subject of surprise that such numbers of highly gifted minds have come forward upon the theatre of intellectual operation—whose combined knowledge, zeal, and patriotism, have

contributed to raise our country to such an exalted pitch of greatness and glory. Every man is permitted to adopt whatever profession or calling in life which best comports with his interest or inclination. Here is furnished every motive to action. Talent and enterprise find their appropriate rewards.

THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE.

“To the bold and restless spirit of enterprise which liberty fosters, and to the mild and protecting character of our laws, may be traced the rapid increase of wealth, and the wonderful improvements which our country every where exhibits. That spirit is still at work—conquering *space* and *time*, removing the *barriers* which nature has opposed to friendly and commercial intercourse, and bringing remote places and countries into the same neighborhood. Science has come down from among the stars, and become the hand-maid of industry—the nurse of commerce—the instructress of the arts of civilized life. Who shall assign bounds to her discoveries?

“Who shall limit their application to the practical purposes of life? If we take past experience for our guide, we may safely conclude that so far from having attained her culmination, she has but commenced her dawn upon the world.”

A REMARKABLE FORESHADOWING.

Mr. Baldwin then remarks with true prophetic ken: “We may live to see even greater things accomplished. The day may not be far distant, when the proud Alleghanies shall bow to the genius of internal improvement, and stand in their humiliation a monument of the triumphs of scientific power over physical nature—*when the metropolis of our own State shall be but one day’s remove from us, and the dwellers upon the banks of the Mississippi become the neighbors of those who inhabit the seaboard. This may be called enthusiasm—anything but probability; and yet within the present century, the realities of the present day were deemed even more absurd and chimerical.*”

I will close this notice with one extract more, upon the subject of the establishment of our "free school system," and the distribution of the funds provided for the instruction of the poor, affording them a sufficient education for the ordinary business and intercourse of life.

THE FRUITS OF THIS SYSTEM.

"The fruits of this wise system," Mr. Baldwin remarks, "is every where apparent. Labor directed by skill is proportionably more productive. Knowledge is power. The means and resources of a community are multiplied in proportion as their understandings are informed, and their judgments rendered less liable to be imposed upon. Justly appreciating the influence of education, in inspiring correct principles, in refining the taste, in liberalizing the feelings, in enlightening the understanding, and opening to the mind more healthful sources of enjoyment, we seek to plant the *conservative principle* deep in the intellectual soil. We

know that the first impressions upon the infant mind are derived from the mother; that to her is committed the delicate task of teaching the young idea how to shoot—that the earliest lessons of virtue are taught by maternal lips; that the character is in a great measure formed by the precepts which are first instilled, and the examples which are first set before it; and we endeavor by all the means which learning and science can afford, to render the female sex worthy of the high destiny to which they are called. We desire that as nature has been prodigal to their persons, education and knowledge may give a correspondent beauty and elegance, and an attractive charm to their minds; that the eye which sparkles with vivacity, may beam with intelligence; that the features which are robed in loveliness, may be animated with thought; that the lips which nature has touched with persuasion, may breathe pure and virtuous sentiments; that the influence which females justly possess in every enlightened community, may, in ours,

be exerted to beneficent purposes; and that those who are ornaments of society, may be also its pillars and support.

“It is the peculiarity of our system of education, that it visits the lowliest abodes of poverty—it searches out with *magnetic instinct* whatever of *latent genius and talent* the country possesses; it draws humble merit from the obscurity of its situation into the sunshine of public view; it arouses the slumbering energies of mind into action, and gives an impulse and a right direction to abilities which else had remained dormant and motionless forever. In other countries, not blessed with a similar institution, where the means of education are afforded only to a few, many a child of genius lives and dies in obscurity,

“Whose hands the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.”

A NEW INTEREST IMPARTED.

“A new interest has been imparted to this day. The fiftieth anniversary of American

liberty dawned upon two illustrious patriots, who had contributed largely to the independence of their country; and who, more than any others then living, were the objects of their country's best affections and warmest gratitude. The one was the author of the Declaration; and the other, its ablest supporter and boldest advocate. They had each attained the highest executive office in the government. On the jubilee of American freedom—the very day which they themselves had immortalized, while a nation was joining in one universal chorus of thankfulness and praise to its great deliverers, the souls of Jefferson and Adams, satisfied with the retrospect of half a century, winged their way together to the regions of immortal bliss. The one departed at the very moment when his name and his works were the theme of eulogy on every tongue; and the spirit of his great compatriot lingered only to catch the last strain of gratitude which was wafted upon the evening breeze, when he, too, took his ethereal flight. Wonderful

coincidence! Who does not recognize the hand of Providence in this? Who could have wished for his country's friends and benefactors a more glorious and happy exit? * * * *
The day is now complete. Death has placed upon it the last seal of immortality and consecrated it to the affections, as it was before to the admiration of mankind. Hitherto, the sensations excited by its return, were of an unmixed joy. The American patriot, as the glad light of it saluted his eyes, thought only of liberty, of deliverance from foreign oppression by our venerated sires. But, hereafter, the tear of chastened regret shall suffuse his eye, as he remembers that on this day, too, the mighty spirits of Jefferson and Adams ceased to maintain a visible connection with this world. The cypress shall bend with the laurel, and strains of sorrow shall mingle with the festive songs of exultation and joy. Henceforward,

“With one auspicious and one drooping eye,”
shall the American patriot perform the solemn

rites of this anniversary, and the swell of proud and grateful emotion with which he dwells upon the charter of his country's liberties, shall be chastened and subdued into a feeling of tender sorrow, as he recollects that the bold hand which traced, and the eloquent lips which pleaded her independence, were, on this day, motionless and sealed forever."

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS HABITS.

CHAPTER V.

THE parents of Mr. Baldwin were members of the Episcopal Church in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His mother was a devoted christian, and had her children all dedicated to God in early life. She died, however, before young Charles was quite three years old. When very small, his mind was enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and he often felt inclined to give his tender heart to the Savior. Time, however, gradually effected a change in his moral feelings. Worldly pleasures and wicked associations grieved the Holy Spirit, and gradually erased nearly all serious impressions from his mind and heart. It is true that occasionally an alarming providence, such as the death of a young companion, or a heart searching sermon would arouse his conscience, and excite

in him for a short season an earnest desire to "flee from the wrath to come." But these convictions for sin were generally of short duration, "like the morning cloud and early dew." The continued resistance of the Holy Ghost soon left him more confirmed in rebellion against God, and at a greater moral distance from his "father's house."

In his intercourse and dealings with the world, he was strictly honest, and in his outward deportment generally upright. Having been baptized in infancy and taught to observe the forms and ceremonies of religion from a child, at times he imagined he was "better than other men." At the age of eighteen years he received the "rite of confirmation" in the Episcopal Church, at Winchester, Virginia. Lest I might be charged with giving an improper coloring to this event in his history, I will state it in his own language: "This act was more out of respect to the memory of my deceased father, than for any regard which I had for religion or for that

'ordinance.' For a few days previous to my confirmation *I tried to feel solemn*, and repeated over some forms of prayer on my knees, but my *heart* was not engaged in the work, even when kneeling at the altar to receive the 'imposition of hands.' When I left the church, I left all my religious impressions behind—joined my gay associates, and in a few months became intoxicated. In a few years I became habitually addicted to many fashionable vices—odious in the sight of God, though not regarded in that light by the moral part of the community in which I then lived."

How dangerous to trust to a mere form of religion while the heart remains unchanged. The Church with all its forms and ceremonies can not regenerate the heart. Alas! how many thus enter within her pale whose lips and hearts are unclean, and continue to pursue the same selfish ends as before. Of such St. Paul thus speaks in his letter to Timothy: "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power

thereof; from such turn away."—2 Tim. 3: 4, 5.

The course pursued by our young friend at this period of life, was calculated to harden his heart and blind the mind to the light of truth. He was now drifting with the current of worldly pleasure, and following the desires of the flesh "without let or hindrance." He was soon prepared by such a course of training to fall an easy prey to the snares of Satan. He was willing and ready to embrace any system of "philosophy, so called," or false religious opinions that would hush the voice of conscience, quench the strivings of the Spirit, and banish from the mind all serious thoughts of death and the terrors of the "judgment to come." Unfortunately for him at this critical juncture, he was persuaded to read "Hume on Miracles." Having previously forsaken God and hardened his own heart by rejecting the truth, he was soon led captive by the sophistries of this cunning infidel writer. His faith in the christian Scriptures and the religion of his fathers was power-

fully shaken, and not long afterwards he proclaimed his "*skepticism*" to his friend—and it was not long before he denied the depravity of the human heart, and the necessity of the atonement.

He professed to believe and inculcate the doctrine that it was possible for man to reinstate *himself* in the favor of God, and by the *mere reformation* of his outward conduct independent of any supernatural agency. Hear his own statements on this subject:

“To me the ‘preaching of the Cross was foolishness.’ If there was any such a thing as *religion*, I supposed it to consist in *mere amendment of life*—a rigid adherence to moral duties coupled with the observance of the mere external forms of devotion. I could not comprehend *how* the *heart of man* could be changed, even if a change was necessary. I therefore disbelieved in the agency of a Holy Ghost. I opposed and denounced all orthodox churches; but the Methodist Church I despised above all others. I regarded her members as the

very 'filth and offscouring of the world.' What they called 'conversion,' I supposed was nothing but an undue excitement, produced ordinarily by powerful and well directed appeals to the passions, and the noise and excitement of their meetings operating simply on weak nerves. And what they termed 'conversion' or a 'change of heart' as they professed to receive it, I thought was simply the *change* experienced by the *dying away* of that excitement—the calm that usually succeeds the storm—or the removal of the cause, etc., etc. Such I tried to *persuade myself* was the religion of the Methodists."

While thus exercised in mind upon the subject of the christian religion, he became a private tutor in a family of wealth and distinction for seven months. I am sorry to be compelled to state from the facts before me, that his abode with this professed christian family had a tendency to strengthen him in his skepticism and to increase his opposition to the doctrines of experimental religion. In

speaking of this part of his history, Mr. Baldwin remarks as follows: "This family were Methodists, and the father had much *outward zeal*. He observed the *forms* of religion, but I have now good reason to believe had none of the true and genuine spirit of Christ. I then knew but little of the Methodists, and my impressions far from being favorable, were not changed for the better by my acquaintance with this man. I saw in him personal and family pride, vanity, petulance, avarice, anger, ill-will, and a spirit of resentment—in fact almost every thing but the fruits of the Spirit, which are meekness, humility, patience, gentleness, goodness, long-suffering, and truth; the characteristics of all true disciples of Christ. The preachers were in the habit of stopping at his house; the table groaned with luxuries; the topics of conversation were not religious. I regret to say the deportment of some of those ministers who visited that house was light and trifling. Surely their conversation was not 'with grace seasoned with salt

good to edifying.' But I forbear to dwell here. The picture, although shaded with a dark lining, is truthfully drawn. It is very true that 'charity that never faileth,' should deter us from a censorious spirit, or from harshly 'judging others.' Yet it is still true, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

What a solemn and instructive lesson we are taught in this part of the narrative. We see there is a wide difference between a mere profession of religion and the daily practice of its sacred duties. If religion consisted simply in a *profession* of the belief in the existence of God, and imposed no restraints upon the actions and passions of men; if it required the performance of no moral duties, or self-denial, probably all men would soon become religious. Alas! many do not go beyond a simple *profession*, and their conduct is so inconsistent with the morality of the gospel and the precepts of the Savior, that they furnish subjects of ridicule for the skeptic and infidel. Conduct is the true test of religious

character. The question is not what does the man *profess*, but how does *he live*? Does his practical observance of moral duty *quadrate* with his theory of religion. If we would honor and recommend religion to our fellow-men, we must practice and illustrate its precepts in our own lives. We must be kind, generous, and benevolent; just in our acts and words. We must cultivate the graces of the Spirit, and be upright in all the relations of life. If we fail to do this, our religion is but an empty name. Aye, we are as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal;" yea, it is worse, our "religion is vain."

The real character of the engraving on the seal may easily be determined by the *impression* on the wax. Giving precept is a good thing, but living upright before our fellow-men is much better. A great part of mankind are instructed and more deeply impressed by objects which appear to their outward senses, than arguments addressed to their understandings. A good godly example has done what the most

“convincing speech” has failed to do. Exemplary christian deportment has led many a poor sinner to Christ; while on the other hand, many “who were not far from the kingdom of God,” have been disgusted and shocked at the very “threshold,” and deterred forever from entering in by the light and trifling conduct of some inconsistent professors of religion. “And when one shall say unto him: what are these wounds in thine hands? Then shall he answer: Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.”—Zech. 13: 6.

“How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give,
For my behavior here.”

SANDY FOUNDATION SHAKEN.

CHAPTER VI.

AT this period in the history of Mr. Baldwin, there were seasons of unrest and disquietude. His mind at times would become greatly agitated. Perplexing and harassing fears would arise in his soul, despite all his philosophy and infidel reasoning. There were hours of sober reflection, during which he felt himself insecure. Could infidelity succeed in destroying the hope of the christian, has it anything better to offer as a substitute? Nothing that is worthy the consideration of an intelligent creature. This solemn thought often rested with powerful weight on the heart of Mr. Baldwin. He began to realize daily, that a state of doubt and uncertainty in regard to a future life was a most painful one. He felt it difficult to dismiss the whole subject

from his mind, even by engrossing himself in the pleasures and business of the world. However, he generally spoke and acted in reference to the great interest of the salvation of the soul, as if there was no hereafter. In order to get rid of unpleasant emotions and to fortify his own mind in opposing the truth, he would occasionally ridicule and make sport of the whole subject. In this blind and unhappy state he remained for several years. Yet such was his outward conduct that only his most intimate friends were apprised of the distempered state of his soul, and the increasing alienation of his heart from God. It is true, a few of them knew, that at one time he was a communicant in the Episcopal Church; but, alas! he was now an infidel, fearfully blinded by the God of this world, and led captive at the chariot wheel of Satan.

But let us adore the goodness of God in awakening him to a sense of his true condition. On a certain occasion he attended church to hear a deeply pious minister preach. The text

was, "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matthew, 16: 26. The Holy Spirit assisted the minister, and the word was carried with power to the heart of this proud barrister. In giving an account of this sermon, Mr. Baldwin remarks: "If the sermon demolished my skepticism, the prayer which followed it *completely* melted down my proud and obdurate heart. I felt as I had not done for many years before, and I would at that moment have given everything I had for religion—such as I had on that occasion conceived it to be. But I went away without forming any resolution to seek it, and 'straightway forgot what manner of man I was.' The same day I spent two or three hours with the preacher, but the conversation did not turn upon experimental religion or vital godliness, nor was anything said calculated to deepen the convictions of my mind. I soon felt comfortable in my mind again and held on to my old opinions.

I finally concluded that the morning exercises had been the effect of warm feelings, flowing from a heart naturally benevolent, and had ceased with the occasion which had called them forth." Alas! how many fall into this fatal snare of the tempter.

REVIVAL INFLUENCE SPREADING.

Some time after this a revival of religion took place in a neighboring village. A great many were awakened and a number converted to God, among whom were several of Mr. Baldwin's acquaintances. In regard to this meeting he makes the following statement:

"I must confess when it was first announced I was exceedingly uneasy, and began to fear that the power of the Lord might come down among us, and that I might be compelled to yield. MY SANDY FOUNDATION WAS SHAKEN; I could not tell what to make of the reports which I heard. Subsequently a meeting was held in our own place and a number professed religion. On Sabbath morning I saw them

come forward, and one in particular who had been an intimate friend of mine, who exhibited a composed and tranquil countenance. I confess that I *secretly* envied him, and thought after all that there *might be* a blessed reality in the religion of Jesus Christ."

At this period our young friend was not "far from the kingdom of God." "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I KNOW THAT THOU BELIEVEST." Mr. B., however, remarks: "I was only '*almost persuaded*;' I felt little or nothing, and unfortunately I had no faith in many that I saw professing religion. I could perceive no change in them, except occasionally an apparent seriousness of transient duration. I could SEE NOTHING, neither could I FEEL ANYTHING AT ALL SUPERNATURAL. Our town soon became as lively as it was before the revival. The men seemed as worldly-minded and the women gave as splendid parties, and soon many of the professors were as gay and thoughtless as ever."

Such conduct had a very bad effect upon the

mind of Mr. Baldwin. Eternity alone will reveal the full amount of injury done to the cause of the Savior, by the trifling conduct and vain conversation of many who profess His name before men. 'Neither do men light a candle to put it under a bushel but on a candlestick.' At this time Mr. B. remarks:

"Had any one put this question to me—'Do you believe in the truth of divine revelation?' I must have answered frankly, I do not. The Bible may be true, or it may not; I have no decided opinion one way or the other. I neither believe nor disbelieve. But the tendency of my mind was still against religion—*experimental religion*. I had no conception what it was, and I did not believe in its existence. I thought my chance as good for eternity as many who professed religion. I had become temperate and moral in my outward conduct, I was upright in my dealings, and seldom used profane language except when I was angry, and if I did not keep the Sabbath holy, I excused myself from the press-

ing nature of my business, which made it necessary that I should sometimes labor on that day. Upon the whole, I regarded myself as a very correct and upright man, and I fully intended to make myself more so. I was a liberal supporter of religion according to my means. I attended fashionable places of public worship whenever it was convenient. I also endeavored to keep on good terms with the christian part of the community. My unbelief I prudently kept to myself, and though not a religious man, I was generally regarded as friendly to religion by the religious portion of my fellow-citizens."

DEBATING WITH A UNIVERSALIST.

On another occasion he attended the church of God, when, no doubt, the Holy Spirit was silently operating upon his wicked heart. On his return home he met with a gentleman who was a professed Universalist and a Unitarian in theory. This man immediately took

exceptions to the sermon. The minister had said something about eternal punishment which displeased him very much, and he attempted to explain away those passages of the Holy Scriptures which inculcate this doctrine. His manner of discussing the subject did not suit the logical mind of Mr. Baldwin, and he remarks: "Unbelieving as I was, I could not bear to hear the word of God handled deceitfully. Almost unconsciously, I found myself immediately warmly engaged in vindicating the truth of the doctrines of the gospel. I fairly encountered him on his own ground, and I then felt that I was 'contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.' Did 'God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness' then shine *into my heart*? I feel persuaded that he did. 'Every one that is of the truth,' saith the Savior, 'heareth my voice.' Heretofore I had rarely read the Scriptures. I now began to study them with close attention—for I had a zealous antagonist to contend with, and I had too much pride

to yield him the victory. In reading the Holy Scriptures I often felt a strange influence upon me. Sometimes in reading aloud to my wife I was choked for utterance, and found myself unexpectedly in tears. The trial of the faith of Abraham, the story of Joseph, and above all, the sufferings of our blessed Redeemer completely dissolved my heart; MY SKEPTICAL OPINIONS HAD ALL VANISHED. For 'As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest thou shalt despise their image.'"

But up to this period he had felt no desire to seek the salvation of his soul. Soon after debating with the Universalist, he was in company with one who disbelieved the doctrine of a change of heart, or experimental religion, and spoke with great warmth against offering prayer to God. He contended that our prayers were not regarded by the Almighty, much less answered; that there was no such thing as the operations of the Holy Ghost, and that if prayer produced any effect on the

feelings, it was a mere moral effect—the result simply of pursuing a train of reflections calculated in their nature to soothe and tranquilize the mind. Mr. Baldwin said in reply, that he could not agree with him, his conclusions were pushed so far that he felt their *absurdity*. “I could not believe that God, who is a ‘Spirit,’ had given to us spirits, and had created us moral and intelligent, and accountable beings, and yet would refuse to hold any intercourse with the ‘souls he had made.’ And although I had not for years attempted to pray, I now fully believed that God was willing to hear and answer in *some way* the prayers of his children, though I could not comprehend *how* it was done. I now began to think that I should try at some future period to embrace religion. The only question to be settled was, when shall I set about the work? I was comparatively young, actively and successfully engaged in business, which promised me a comfortable and independent support, and an honorable position among men. My prospects

in life were flattering, and I was counting on many years of pleasure and an old age of renown. Yet I well knew the most brilliant sun must set—the longest life must come to a close. And what then? What is to follow? Doubtless, an honorable burial—a handsome monument—a paragraph in the columns of a fleeting newspaper—and then the ‘place which now knows me, shall know me no more forever.’ What must become of the spirit—that immortal part—which must survive the ravages of death and the desolations of the tomb? The question was one of awful import, and came home with thrilling power to my heart. ‘Surely, I shall not die without religion:’ ‘I will get it in old age.’ ‘There is time enough yet.’ ‘If I do not live the life of the righteous, I will die his death.’ This conclusion being arrived at, I began to live up to it, and had I been left to myself, my destruction though slow would have been no less sure.” * * * * *

CONVERSION FROM SKEPTICISM.

CHAPTER VII.

HAVING fully made up his mind to delay his conversion to a "more convenient season," he fell an easy prey to the "devices of Satan." This part of the history of Mr. Baldwin speaks in trumpet tones to young men, to beware of the card-table. The first temptation to this vice should be promptly resisted,

"For when to sin our biased nature leans,
The watchful fiend is still at hand with means."

Mr. Baldwin went to the card-table to play for amusement. Alas! how many have been ruined by taking such a false step. Gambling is the master-vice of this age, and when it becomes a ruling passion with a man, there is only one step between him and hell. Every virtuous emotion is quenched in the heart of the confirmed gamester. He soon becomes

an alien from home and dearest friends, and a companion of the most abandoned and profligate of his species. Card-players generally become hard drinkers or confirmed inebriates.

It is said that cards were first invented under the reign of Charles VI, King of France, to amuse him during the interval of that disorder which carried him to his grave. Surely the world would have been the gainer had his majesty been permitted to die in peace, without such an invention to help him to "kill time," or divert his mind from more serious thoughts. I again repeat it, let our young men beware of this fascinating vice. Engage in nothing on which you can not ask the blessing of God. Imitate the example of Dr. Dodd, an eminent minister of the gospel, who, on being once solicited to play cards, arose from his seat and uncovered his head. The company on seeing this, immediately asked what he was going to do? He replied, "TO CRAVE THE BLESSING OF GOD." They in-

stantly exclaimed, "O, we never ask a blessing on such occasions." "Well," said he, "I never engage in anything upon which I can not crave the blessing of God." It is hardly necessary to add that they readily excused him from taking a part with them on that occasion.

In an evil and unguarded hour, Mr. Baldwin was insnared and almost ruined by this fashionable and prevalent vice. But God "who is rich in mercy," at last awakened him by a severe providential dispensation, to see the slippery and dangerous precipice on which he was standing. A clear view of his exposed condition excited within him feelings of the keenest remorse and self-reproach. I hope the candid reader will profit by the following thrilling account from the pen of Mr. Baldwin, of this dangerous experiment:

"I fell in one day with some of my friends (?) who proposed a game of cards. At first I felt a strong repugnance, not having played for several years—but the game could not go on without me. I at last consented to take

a part. From that time I felt within me a growing fondness for playing cards. It became a ruling passion with me; I could think of little else, and I waited daily with impatience for the time to roll round, when I could rejoin my jolly companions at the card table. I did not continue to play long for mere amusement or pass-time. I soon began to bet small sums and to partake of an occasional social glass. Conscience severely condemned me, and when I was leaving the place of our retreat, I was stung with a sense of shame and mortification if any one saw me. But the Spirit of God strove with me, and when I returned home to my loving and unsuspecting wife and little prattling child, I often experienced the keenest *remorse*. This deadly moral disease was fast gaining on me, destroying all the fine feelings of the husband and parent, and prostrating the lofty ambition of the man. Business became tiresome, domestic ties troublesome, and study insipid. In this state of mind I was hailing with eager anticipation the near

approach of winter—the long evenings of which I expected to spend with my card-playing and wine-drinking companions. Merciful God! upon what an awful verge I was standing, just ready to take the fatal plunge.

A WAY I KNEW NOT.

“But God ‘who is rich in mercy,’ although I had forsaken him, did not forsake me. He was about to ‘lead me in a way which I knew not,’ the way of *affliction and trial*—the only way in which he could lead me to himself. My wife was first laid on a bed of sickness, but her case I looked upon as not dangerous. Our first child was born November 30th, 1832. When quite young, it was attacked with croup in an alarming manner—*our only child*. She was dear to my heart and I thought I was about to lose her. I felt that the hand of God was upon me; I acknowledged his justice, and as severe as might be his chastisement, I could not murmur, I knew I deserved it all and a thousand times more. I did not dare

to ask God to spare my child, for I felt that as heart-rending as might be the bereavement, yet I was *mercifully* dealt with. But the favor which I feared to ask, God graciously granted to me. He spared the life of my child, but was preparing to take the mother to himself."

In his journal he remarks in reference to this affliction: "I now became greatly alarmed, fearing that Elizabeth would not recover and I should lose them both. I then said to myself, if they both die I will give up my profession and become a preacher—probably a Methodist preacher, though I felt little inclination for religion. I had, however, no idea of murmuring against God, whatever might be his dispensations toward me. It pleased God, however, to spare my child, but my dear wife grew worse. About the 1st of January, 1833, I began seriously to fear that she might not recover. Rev. Mr. Calhoon began to visit, and converse, and pray with her. I felt anxious that she should experience religion. I took much interest in the religious exercises

held in her room. I read much to her myself, particularly the 102 Psalm, which commences, 'Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me in the day when I call; answer me,' etc. And also the 103 Psalm, which commences in the following beautiful strain, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities and healeth all thy diseases,' etc. I often read the word of God for her until after midnight. She had for a considerable time felt the importance of religion, and had made some efforts toward attaining it, but had not sought it in the right way.

"Few were more constant at church, or seemed more attentive while there, than she did. Her understanding had been convinced, but there was pride in her heart, and the world also had too strong a hold upon her affections;

consequently she could not feel as much as she desired. She was not prepared to *give up all for Christ*. As yet she had not a clear view of her sinfulness, neither had she felt the plague of her own heart. A crisis was rapidly approaching. The lamp of life must soon expire, and yet the *lamp of divine grace* was not kindled in her heart. Several of her pious friends visited her daily and prayed and conversed with her upon the subject of her soul's salvation. She could not realize that death was so near, and consequently was not so warmly engaged as I desired. The work of death was rapidly advancing while the work of grace seemed to progress very slowly. I feared that she might 'come short of the promised rest.' It is true that I never had opposed her in religion, but had often expressed a desire that she should obtain it. But I had not led the way. I had set her an evil example, and had often spoken lightly of religion in her presence. I had been a 'stumbling block' in her way, and I now felt

that if she died in her sins, God would 'require her blood at my hands.' If it is possible for any one to endure the pains of hell' in this world, I certainly experienced them at this hour. I felt a growing interest in the Bible and religious subjects generally, but felt no concern for *myself*, every feeling was absorbed in my overwhelming anxiety for the conversion of my dying wife. I talked to her and continued to read the Bible and such hymns as I thought appropriate. I also *read prayers* for her—I could not pray for her myself.

“Her pious mother, who was a Methodist, felt deeply for her dying child, and also labored zealously for her conversion. At length my dear wife was powerfully awakened. The Holy Spirit wrought conviction upon her heart, and she cried for mercy with the true and genuine feelings of a sincere penitent. After two or three days of intense mental agony, the Lord for Christ's sake spoke peace to her soul. In about a week after her conversion, on the 24th of January, 1833, she died in the

full triumphs of faith, and entered into the joy of her Lord.”

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HIS CONVICTION FOR PAST SIN.

Mr. Baldwin returns immediately to speak of his own conversion in connection with that of his wife. In his journal of May 27th, 1833, he says: “I will go back for a short period. As well as I can now remember, the night after she had experienced religion, I had lain down on a cot near to her bed, if possible, to get a little sleep, when suddenly, as it would seem, without any previous train of reflection that would naturally lead to such a result, I saw myself altogether in a different light from what I had ever done before. It was altogether new to me. I saw that I was utterly depraved and sinful. I felt that every thought and every imagination of my heart, from infancy up to that moment, had been ‘evil, only evil, and that continually.’ I was amazed and overwhelmed at the discovery. Pride, self-love, vanity, folly, wickedness and hypoc-

risis had been the main-spring of every word and action of my life. The very things in which I had taken the most pride, appeared in their proper light. The *conviction* was sudden and overpowering. I had nothing left on which to stand—still I felt no particular fear of God or dread of punishment. I was so overwhelmed and prostrated that I hardly knew myself, nor had time for reflection. I thought of praying, and yet I hardly knew what to pray for, or how to do it; or whether it was right for me to pray. I lacked resolution. I turned over and breathed out a short prayer—the first sincere one I had in my thoughts for many years. How long I continued in this state of mind, or how it left me I can not tell. The next night, when lying in the room upon the same cot, my convictions returned with still more *overwhelming power*. I immediately arose, went up stairs, and prayed to God for mercy and forgiveness. I felt some relief before I arose from my knees. My purpose was now fixed

to serve God and to seek religion, and I prayed to God to give me grace to persevere unto the end, and to make a deep and effectual work of grace in my heart. I continued the exercise of prayer and reading the Bible and spiritual hymns for several days, in a very anxious state of mind and with no permanent relief. I often felt quite tranquil, *but I had no religion*. And I sometimes feared my good resolutions would all desert me, and that I should not have courage to take up my cross and publicly profess Christ. I had an interesting conversation with my wife. I told her that I feared she had not long to remain with us, and that I had made up my mind to be religious. She was much affected and expressed great joy at my determination. I prayed much for her and delighted in the exercise.

“At times I almost despaired of the mercy of God and was tempted to think him a hard Master. At times I felt a spirit of indifference. However, the Sunday after the death of my wife, I attended preaching at the Presbyterian

church, and heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. Calhoun. I was much interested and edified. I now began to think I had religion; I had 'love for the brethren;' I thought I felt 'dead to the world,' and took delight only in the things of God. And if I could not rejoice with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,' I felt some inward peace and consolation, and having, as I thought, sought diligently and used all the means of grace, and finding that *my experience* was just as clear and bright as many with whom I conversed upon the subject, I endeavored to *persuade myself* that I was a child of God and an heir of glory. On Monday, Rev. Mr. Calhoun called and spent the evening with me at my office, having learned something of the state of my mind. I then had experienced considerable relief. I frankly related my past exercises, and he appeared, and expressed himself much gratified with *my experience*, which he thought was indeed *highly satisfactory*. I felt that a great moral change had been wrought in my heart, and

many of my pious friends thought I had *experienced religion*. This surprised me very much. If what I then felt was religion, I had been sadly deceived, for I had no *peace*, no JOY, no *love to God*—for His fear was continually before me. I could not SEE CHRIST. I offered my prayers in His name, but it was a name I had learned from the Scriptures. I did not *feel the necessity* of the atonement for my salvation. A sermon of Davies was the means under God of showing me that I was now building on my own ‘self-righteousness,’ my good works, my repentance, tears, prayers, and good resolutions, and not on the *Rock Christ Jesus*—the only true foundation, and that I could only be justified by faith in Christ. On Friday night I attended a Methodist meeting at the school room, and heard Mr. J— relate his experience, his convictions, and lastly, his joy—sudden, full, and not flowing from any visible source. It seemed to me as an ‘idle tale.’ His transition from darkness to light, from despair to hope, from

sorrow to joy, full, bright, and glorious; it was far beyond my experience, and I would not believe it. I was in the habit of reading occasionally Wesley's sermons, and one day I came to his sermon on the 'Spirit of Adoption and the Witness of the Spirit.' The title struck me as a strange one, and I was led by its novelty to read the sermon. I had not proceeded far, before I fell out with him and set him down as a great enthusiast. I thought, however, I would give him a fair hearing, and continued to read on—the authorities from Scripture, the experience of himself and other living witnesses which he cited, were too strong for me, and I found that either the Bible was wrong, or I was yet without religion, and I bless the Lord, his Holy Spirit sealed conviction on my heart. I then began to pray for the 'witness of the Spirit.' My false tranquillity was all destroyed, and I had to confess that I was yet far from God and righteousness. I prayed for deeper convictions, for an entire 'breaking up of the fallow ground

of my heart,' for a *thorough work of grace*, and I even delighted in an *agonizing spirit*. I continued to pray for the witness of the Spirit—an evidence that would *banish all doubt*. What that inward testimony was I had no conception of, but I believed it was a divine and glorious reality, and I longed to experience it. I had many a sore conflict, many a powerful temptation. To give up all for Christ seemed impossible. I was not yet sufficiently humble; I wanted religion in my own way, and on my own terms; I wanted to make some '*compromises*' with the world, so as not to lose my good name with the unconverted. But the Lord by degrees brought me to the foot of the cross. At times while engaged in prayer, the blessing seemed ready to descend, the long sought *effusion* to be poured out, and I felt that my faith could almost lay hold upon it, and yet I was disappointed. I longed to experience the baptism of the Holy Ghost—of fire. At last I nearly despaired of the mercy of God, and was almost

willing to be a servant, if I could not be a son. Perhaps I may have to seek this witness for many years—well, I will die seeking it. At length it was brought to my mind, ‘Are you willing to give up all and become a preacher—even a Methodist preacher for the sake of Christ?’ ‘Can you resign your little child into the hands of Christ?’ I thought I could; I felt willing to be anything or nothing for His sake—to do and suffer His whole will. I now felt a considerable degree of tranquillity, but no joy. I felt ‘a hungering and thirsting after righteousness,’ a drawing out of my heart towards God, especially while engaged in prayer—a love to the whole human race—a deadness to the honors and pleasures of the world.

“On the 14th of February I had been most of the day in my office, and had considerable company all the time until about five o’clock. I was then left alone. I felt a desire to engage in prayer. The door being shut, I turned in my chair with my back toward the door and window and prayed to God in that attitude. I

had hardly commenced before I experienced a feeling which I had never known before; almost instantaneously I experienced a joy which I had never felt before. The burden that had so long weighed me down was suddenly removed. The cloud vanished, and I was all light and life. I experienced a feeling of joy inexpressible. I had peace, and love, and joy. My heart rose up in my throat, and I was filled with delight and surprise; I was filled to overflowing; I could pray no longer; I could not sit still; I felt too light for earth. My hungering and thirsting was gone. The change was altogether incomprehensible. I did not then know what I had experienced—I could call it by no name; but I wanted to see some of my friends to tell them of my joy. I shut up my office and went over to Mrs. Truslow, who was my mother-in-law, and with whom I was boarding at the time. After supper I went up into my room, and my happiness seemed to increase. And I was again *filled to overflowing*. My heart seemed to dilate

and rise up in my throat. At my request, Mrs. Truslow came up into my room. I tried to tell her how happy I was; but she knew all about it—‘the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost.’ She had experienced it years ago, and was no stranger to every delight of my soul. THIS WAS RELIGION. I felt it when I lay down to sleep, and I awoke the next morning under its happy influence.”

HIS ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMMEDIATELY after Mr. Baldwin had experienced religion, he felt that it was his duty to "confess Christ before men" by connecting himself with the church. An interesting account of this transaction is found in his journal:

"On Monday, February 13th, 1833, after prayer-meeting, I called in at Rev. Mr. Calhoun's, on his invitation—having walked home in company with him from the school-room. The next Sabbath there was to be a communion season in the Presbyterian church, of which he was the Pastor. I now felt that I ought to make a public profession of my faith in Christ; although I had not thought much about the doctrines of the different evangelical churches. My mind was not prepared for attaching myself permanently to any particu-

lar branch of the church of Christ. Between the Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Methodist Episcopal churches at that time, I had no decided preference or partiality. The result, however, of my interview with the Rev. Mr. Calhoun, was an application for admission into the communion of the Presbyterian church, with the explanation of my views and feelings as above mentioned; and also with the understanding that I was at liberty to withdraw and attach myself to any other denomination of christians, whenever conviction of duty should prompt me to such a course." * * *

After taking this step, Mr. Baldwin felt it to be his duty to examine carefully and prayerfully for himself, the doctrines and usages of the different churches. The final result of this investigation led him to apply for a letter of dismissal from the Presbyterian Church, which was most cordially granted him May 3d, 1833. His sincerity and integrity in regard to this solemn and important transaction was never doubted or even questioned by his

friends. The next Sabbath he presented his "certificate of membership," and was received into full fellowship in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Charleston. Such was the high estimation of his religious character that he was soon appointed a Steward of Charleston circuit. Subsequently he was licensed, first as an exhorter, and then as a local preacher, by Rev. Robert O. Spencer.

HIS ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

Mr. Baldwin felt that he was "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost" to preach Christ and Him crucified—to warn his fellow-men to "flee from the wrath to come." His mind was fully made up upon this subject, and like the apostle to the Gentiles, he conferred not with flesh and blood,—but straightway commenced proclaiming the glad tidings of a full and free salvation to his friends and acquaintances in the town of Charleston and its vicinity. His first public exhortation or address was made in the lecture room of the Presbyterian

church, from these words, "Behold he prayeth." His manner on that occasion was so very solemn and impressive, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of all who heard him. The change in his life and character was so great, that some on beholding him while engaged in his first public exercises as a minister, were constrained to exclaim, "What! is Saul also among the Prophets?" From this period he grew daily in favor both with God and man.

The announcement that he would preach his first sermon in the Methodist church, attracted a large and deeply interested audience at a very early hour. Every one was anxious to hear him make his first effort. Mr. Baldwin at the time appointed ascended the pulpit, and after the usual introductory service, in which he was assisted by the Rev. Robert O. Spencer, announced for his text the words of St. Paul, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew

first and also to the Greek.”—Romans 1: 16. From one who was present I have learned that he preached with great liberty—and at times he seemed so filled with the Holy Ghost, that his face was radiant like that of Stephen when he saw “heaven opened.” The effect on the audience was overpowering. Some shouted “hallelujah,” while others signified their approval by responding heartily, “Amen.” While he pleaded with his young companions to embrace the Gospel, because it was the “power of God unto salvation,” he referred most touchingly and effectively to his own recent deliverance from the meshes of infidelity and the dominion of sin.

Mr. Baldwin gave himself up at once fully to the work of the ministry. In the beautiful language of Pollok,

“His consecration, his anointing oil—
Were inward in the conscience, heard and felt,
To take into his charge the souls of men,
And for his trust, to answer at the day
Of Judgment. Great plenipotent of heaven,
And representative of God on earth.”

Unlike most young ministers who have everything to learn in regard to public speaking—the harness was already on him, and he seemed at home and fully prepared for the great work of “persuading men” to embrace the Redeemer. He immediately sold his law books, and discontinued his practice at the Charleston bar. He never appeared as a counselor but once after this, and that was a case of slander which he had previously engaged to prosecute, assisted by Hon. B. H. Smith. The opposing counsel in the case, were Hon. Judge Summers and Rev. William McComas. His argument on that occasion will long be remembered, especially his reflections on the immortality of the soul and the revelations of the day of judgment, when every man shall give an account of himself to God, and answer not only for—words of slander,—but for every “idle word.” He never appeared at the bar again. His profession as a lawyer, although now becoming lucrative, was entirely abandoned. He devoted all his time and

talent to the service of his Master, and from the very beginning of his career, resolved to "make full proof of his ministry and do the work of an evangelist." He was first employed by the Presiding Elder on Galliopolis circuit in Ohio. He left Charleston, November 29th, 1833, and on the Tuesday night following, he preached within the bounds of his first circuit. He was from the commencement of his itinerant ministry, "abundant in labor," often preaching nine sermons a week, and meeting six classes immediately after the pulpit service. In closing his labors on this circuit, he mentions in his journal of having preached "FORTY SERMONS IN LESS THAN SIX WEEKS."

HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IX.

While traveling on the Gallipolis circuit he was united in marriage by Rev. Robert O. Spencer, to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of Col. Andrew Lewis, of Mason county, Virginia, Dec. 26th, 1833. The light in which Mr. Baldwin viewed his second marriage at this early period in his ministry may be fully learned from the following affectionate letter to the mother of his first wife.

To Mrs. Agnes M. Truslow, of Charleston, Va.

DECEMBER 27, 1833.

Dear Mother:—I hope you will allow me still to address you by that title—not as a son in the church, but as one who feels for you the same love he ever did, while the common object of his and your affection was living, and before any new tie had been created, to attach his feelings to any other. As you have been led to expect,

I am again married. The ceremony was performed last night by Rev. R. O. Spencer, in the presence of many witnesses. I bless the Lord, I then felt, as I have often felt before and still feel, that this solemn event was not only with His approbation, but was ordered and appointed by him. Of this I have received too many tokens, to leave me, for a moment, in doubt. It is now four weeks since I left you, and I can safely say I have felt more of the love of God and enjoyed more peculiar manifestations of his presence, during this period, than any other, in the brief course of my religious life. On Monday morning last, in secret prayer, I had a bright vision of heaven, a foretaste of the joys of the blessed, and was enabled to realize that God is love—to be swallowed up in the boundless ocean of his love. On Tuesday, I asked the Lord to direct me on opening the bible, to a chapter for family prayer, in reading which I might find something peculiarly appropriate to myself, and I opened on the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah, the seventh and sixteenth verses of which came

home, with peculiar blessings to my soul. "Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings." "And I have put my words into thy mouth." With the same view, and after the same request, I opened the book for a hymn:

O tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er,
A country I have found where true joys abound,
To dwell I am determined on that happy ground.

My faith increasing, I asked for a text for that day, and opened on St. Luke, 20: 42, 43.— "The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool," a subject entirely new to me, but the Lord gave me uncommon liberty, and we had a melting time, both under the sermon and in class. Having to preach again at night, I ventured once more upon the Lord, and opened on Romans 11: 29. — "For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." But the subject appearing not to be suited to the occasion, and

feeling unprepared to preach from it, I chose another text, but the Lord was not with me to bless me. Wednesday, still reluctant to obey and afraid again to venture upon the Lord, I chose another subject, but was completely cut off from all communion with the people, and we had a dry time. Tuesday, I determined to take up the text and throw myself upon the Lord, having frequently prayed him, that if my contemplated marriage was with his approbation, he would that day help me, and give us a weeping time. And my prayer was fully answered—most of my hearers were deeply affected, and several wept freely. To-day my faith being strong, I once more ventured upon the Lord, and while speaking from St. Matthew 25 : 22.—“He also that had received two talents came, and said, Lord thou deliverdst unto me two talents; behold I have gained two other talents besides them,”—the Lord answered my prayer and gave me to know that he approved of the solemn transactions of last evening by opening the hearts of the people and granting us another

melting time and a season of refreshing from his presence. After such multiplied and striking evidences of his favor can I doubt that the Lord is with me? After so many direct answers to my prayers, shall I not have confidence in the Lord, that whatsoever I ask of him according to his will, he heareth me? "And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

I need not tell you how anxious I am to see you all, but more especially my dear little Mary Elizabeth. Poor little thing; I was sorry to hear that she had been sick, but she is in the hands of the Lord, and I trust her health will be precious in his sight. If continued and fervent prayers can bring down blessings, she and you all will be enriched with every spiritual and temporal blessing. I am desirous of bringing her to Mrs. Lewis'. Though I doubt not your unwearied kindness and attention to her, I cannot feel entirely satisfied to have her away from me. * * * * *

Wednesday evening. I resume my letter. I ought perhaps to wait longer before I undertake to speak confidently, but I think I can safely say that the Lord has given me a treasure in Mary Jane. I am entirely satisfied with the choice I have made, or rather which the Lord has made for me. I find in her a most amiable companion, an affectionate friend, a loving wife, and an intelligent and useful helper,—and I have no doubt that my dear little Mary Elizabeth will find in her a kind, attentive and tender mother, who will in all respects supply the place of one whose memory we all so much cherish. You cannot help being pleased with her. From all the family I have experienced nothing but kindness and affection, and I feel entirely at home here. Mrs. Lewis was down to Point Pleasant yesterday with all her family except my wife, and was highly pleased with Rev. R. O. Spencer. Indeed, he seems to have got a peculiar hold upon her affections, and he will doubtless find in her a warm and valuable friend. The people at Point Pleasant, so far as

I can learn, are very much gratified with his removal there, and will, I doubt not, be kind and liberal to him and his family.

I preached twice yesterday in Galliopolis—in the morning to a numerous, and in the afternoon to a large congregation, who all appeared very serious and attentive. At night, I understand, a still greater number turned out to hear Rev. R. O. Spencer. I have not yet missed an appointment. With the week ending to-day I have preached *nine* sermons and led six classes.

What abundant reason have I to bless the Lord for his great goodness to me. I am in the kindest of families, among the most amiable and affectionate friends. Mrs. Lewis has just given me a feeling invitation to bring my little Mary Elizabeth down here, and in every way to consider this as *my home*. And the Lord permitting, you may look for Mary Jane and me up the last of next week.

Very affectionately,

CHAS. R. BALDWIN.

CHOSEN IN THE FURNACE.

CHAPTER X.

“Behold I have refined thee but not with silver, I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.” The truth of this declaration was strikingly exemplified in the life of Mr. Baldwin. While watching around the dying couch of his first wife and reading to her the Holy Bible, it pleased our Heavenly Father to call him by His Spirit to seek religion. Her last illness and death were graciously sanctified to the opening of the eyes of his spiritual understanding, to perceive the “chief good.” Well might he exclaim:—

“I thank thee, God, for all I’ve known
Of kindly fortune, health and joy,
And quite as gratefully I own,
The bitter drops of life’s alloy.

Oh! there was wisdom in the blow
That wrung the sad and scalding tear,

That laid my dearest idol low,
And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank Thee, God, for all the smart
That thou hast sent; for not in vain
Has been the heavy aching heart,
The sigh of grief, the throb of pain."

After his second marriage he commenced house keeping in Guyandotte, September 20th, 1834, with a bright prospect of uninterrupted domestic felicity—but in less than four short months, life's sunny hours were changed to a mournful shade. In the early part of the winter of 1834 the health of his wife became much impaired, and she fell into a rapid decline. Her disease was of such an insidious nature that at first no serious apprehensions were entertained, either by herself or friends, about its results. However, when her symptoms changed and became still more alarming, they broke up house keeping, and Mrs. B. returned to her own home above Point Pleasant, where she remained until she died. Not long after her return she wrote to Mr. Baldwin, who was absent on the circuit, a kind letter, from which I make an extract to

show her spirit of *self-abasement*, and deep humility: — “I received your kind letter on Sunday, and as I read it through I thought surely the best earthly gift is an affectionate, faithful friend. I feel surprised and ashamed when I hear you say that you approached Guyandotte with different feelings from those you *have had* when going *home*. Ah! how much more pleasant still I might have made that home by a cheerful, happy spirit. But it is past and I cannot help by vain lamentations that which has been done — neither can I promise in future to do any better—I can not, *indeed* I can not, unless my heart is changed — entirely changed, ‘O when shall I awake in his likeness!’ O pray without ceasing that if we all meet again I may be better able to discharge my duties than I have ever been heretofore. I shall look and pray that you may be permitted to come home at the time appointed. Till then, and *forever*, may our souls be one in Christ.

“Yours most affectionately,

“MARY JANE.”

But she was to return to Guyandotte no more. God was preparing to remove her to a mansion of glory above. She was soon brought under the influence of her deadly malady. Under these alarming circumstances her husband and friends were gratified to learn that she was preparing for her change, whenever God should see fit to call her away. She was evidently ripening fast for heaven and increasing daily in the knowledge of God. Her soul was continually thirsting for more refreshing draughts from the well of salvation. The language of her heart was, "Then shall I be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

On the 10th of April the mother of Mrs. Baldwin closed her eyes in death. This unexpected shock she was enabled to bear with sweet resignation to the Divine will. But from that time her own health failed more rapidly. But she was not afraid to die, and with the most perfect calmness disposed of her property and affectionately exhorted her friends and relatives to prepare to meet her in heaven. On the 28th

of April, Rev. R. O. Spencer administered to her the sacrament. Her soul was then filled unutterably full of glory and of God. Her sick room was a paradise on this side of heaven—"All the air was love." On the 30th of May, 1835, she gently breathed her last.

REFINED AS SILVER.

Mr. Baldwin was not only chosen in the "furnace" but kept in the crucible and refined as silver and tried as gold. As a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord his God chastened him. But he "gloried in tribulation," knowing that the trial of his faith being more precious than gold or silver, should at last be found unto praise, honor and glory. Mr. B. loved his wife with a pure devotion, and this affection was fully reciprocated on her part. This made their unexpected separation still more painful. Two weeks before the death of Mrs. Baldwin, and during the absence of her husband, she wrote the following lines and addressed them to her husband, a copy of which she gave to each

of her sisters, at their own request, before they were transcribed into the journal of Mr. Baldwin. They evince good taste, a cultivated mind, refined sentiment and undying love for her doubly bereaved husband:—

“Among the innumerable blessings bestowed upon me by my Heavenly Father on my dying bed, I esteem this indulgence not the least, that my trembling hand is permitted to bear testimony to the affection and faithfulness of my dear husband. It has pleased the Lord that our union should be of short duration in this world. But I believe it was brought about by his own particular providence, and by Him has been made a blessing to us both. I can at least say that he has been a staff put into my hand by the Almighty. Under God he has strengthened my weakness—soothed my sorrows, borne with all my infirmities—AND NEVER DID HE IN WORD OR DEED GIVE ME THE LEAST CAUSE OF OFFENSE. And now I do commit him as my dearest earthly treasure, into the hands of the Lord—humbly praying that

God would make him instrumental in bringing home many souls to glory. And O, my blessed Savior, when his work is done, may we be united again as *Thou* and thy church art one. O yes! fight on my beloved pilgrim a little while longer—and O, if it is the will of God, I will gladly, though unseen, hover around thy path and watch all thy steps and soothe thy every care.

“MARY JANE.”

Previous to her death she made a will, which was witnessed by the Rev. R. O. Spencer, in which she secured to her husband a large part of her estate. And in this substantial manner she proved to the world that her attachment did not consist of words only, but “*deeds.*” That Mr. Baldwin felt the death of his second wife keenly, is fully evinced by his frequent allusions to her in his journal. Soon after her death I find the following record:—
“Mrs. Agnes Sehon and family have left us today—I have received from all of my wife’s sisters the most touching evidence of their regard and heartfelt affection. I love them all better

than ever I did before; the place seems *consecrated ground*. They have manifested the tenderest regard for *my little daughter, Mary Elizabeth*, and with a kindness that touched my heart, have insisted on giving us both a home. May God bless and reward them all for their kindness."

Under date of May 7th, he writes in his journal: "One week of my lonesome pilgrimage is passed, and I can say of our holy religion,

'It calms my fears and soothes my sorrows,
And smooths my way o'er life's rough sea.'

My soul has recently been in a kind of a melancholy calm. I have thought much of Mary Jane, with feelings of *mournful* pleasure—and while I have bowed with submission to the Divine will I have painfully realized that this 'chastisement for the present is not joyous but grievous'—Yet I humbly trust it is working in me the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Her image is fixed in my soul—it requires no local associations to bring her to my mind—her gentle spirit seems present—her death-bed

scene comes up to my mind more like a vision of glory than 'the pains, the groans and dying strife' of a mortal, and with Jacob when he awoke out of sleep I can say, 'Surely the Lord was in this place, but I knew it not.' Could I then have had my wish I should have had her die under different circumstances—her last breath should have been *praise* instead of *prayer*, and yet I now feel, and have felt ever since her departure, a full and unshaken confidence that the Lord has taken her to himself; and I would not, if I could, erase from the tablet of my memory one *look* or one *expression*." Blessed be God "He doeth all things well." Mr. Baldwin visited Charleston after his bereavement and was received with much kindness.

June 30th. "To-day I have met many of my old friends and acquaintances, and without exception they have been kind and attentive, far beyond my ability to return or repay. At night, although only an appointment for prayer-meeting, a large congregation assembled at the new church to hear me preach. I could not

disappoint them, and I improved the occasion by speaking from the words of Samuel, with an enlivening sense of the presence of God:

“‘Wherefore the Lord God of Israel saith, I said indeed that thy house and the house of thy father, should walk before me forever; but now the Lord saith, be it far from me; for them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.’ 1st Samuel, 2: 30.”

On his return to Guyandotte he preached to an overflowing house—many standing out of doors unable to gain admission—text, Ps. 49: 8: “For the redemption of their soul is precious and it ceaseth forever.” Mr. Baldwin in referring to this occasion remarks: “I felt during the delivery of the sermon the power of God in an *extraordinary degree*, and was made happy in his love.” How sweet the memory of such scenes!

July 13. “Called on Mrs. H. and G.,—had no prayers at either place, because their husbands were not religious. I was uncertain whether it

was my duty to propose prayer, and I had some *painful apprehensions as to duty*; but upon an examination of the rule of Discipline, which directs us 'never to part without prayer,' I thought it applied to ministers—though I believe it our duty to pray with our people, and sinners too, whenever we have an opportunity.

"We had a colored preacher here last night who was formerly a fellow traveler or attendant of Bishop Asbury. His preaching was greatly admired and attended with divine power. We had a lively and interesting meeting.

"I fainted this morning immediately after I arose from my bed, and was insensible five or six minutes, since which time I have felt weak in body but happy in the love of God. 'GLORY BE TO GOD!'" He labored hard and with success on Guyandotte circuit. On the day of his departure he thus writes:

"July 23. Thus the Lord has gloriously fulfilled his promise. He has been with me, he has strengthened me, helped me and upheld me with the right hand of his righteousness.

I HAVE TRAVELED NOT LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES SINCE THURSDAY LAST, AND PREACHED ELEVEN SERMONS. My peace has been as a river, and I have scarcely known what fatigue or trouble was. To God be all the glory. Amen. I think my religious enjoyments for the last few weeks deeper and brighter than they ever were before."

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MY MOST EVENTFUL YEAR.

CHAPTER XI.

TO MRS. Z. BOOTH.

DECEMBER 31, 1833.

My Dear Sister: I have thought often of writing to you; but from some cause or other, could never find myself in a proper frame of mind and with sufficient energy for the task. For some months past, religion has been all my theme, and to write upon that subject I must be in the spirit. I have often sat down, as I thought, with a religious fervor sufficient to carry me through a letter of ordinary length, but I had hardly begun, before it completely subsided, and I found myself too cold to proceed. I pray the Lord to give me grace in this effort, to carry me successfully through the labor of love I have undertaken.

This day closes the year 1833, and to me

it has been a *most eventful one*. On the first day of last January, I was the husband of an amiable wife, whom I tenderly loved, and by whom I was no less beloved. She was then upon a bed of *languishing*, and I was beginning to feel apprehensions that her earthly career was soon to be brought to a close. And what was more distressing and awful than even the apparently near approach of death, (though I did not then regard her case as hopeless,) was, that she was a stranger to that blood which bought her pardon on the tree. I was also living "without God and without hope" in the world—and without even a desire for the present attainment of religion. I was comfortably situated in life and actively engaged in an honorable and lucrative profession. I was addicted to many FASHIONABLE BUT ODIUS AND DEGRADING VICES; and to all human appearance there were few then farther from God and righteousness than I was, and whose final destruction seemed more sure than mine. "But God, who

is rich in mercy," was pleased to lead me to himself, "by a way I knew not." To my dear Elizabeth he granted repentance unto life, and enabled her to die in the triumphs of faith. My own eyes also he mercifully opened, and freely forgave all my sins, and extended to me redemption through the blood of his Son; so that I was enabled to rejoice in hope of His glory, and to "feel his love shed abroad in my heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto me. The Spirit itself bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God." I perfectly well remember the time and place of my conversion. It was too remarkable—the change was too striking, and the transition from darkness to light, from fear to hope, from sorrow to joy, from anxiety of care to *perfect peace*, and a calm, holy serenity of soul, a child-like confidence in God, and love to Him and to all the world, too sudden and entire to be soon forgotten. The *fourteenth day* of February, 1833, will be long, if the Lord spares my life and mental faculties, remembered by me

as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving to God. In May I united with the Methodist Episcopal church, and about the last of July, having disposed of my professional business and most of my books, I commenced calling sinners to repentance; at first, as an exhorter and local preacher in my own vicinity. Four weeks ago, I left Charleston and commenced traveling as a preacher on the Galliopolis circuit in Ohio—thus becoming a houseless wanderer with no certain dwelling place, “having here no continuing city, but looking for one which is to come.” “What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.” I have, however, yet to feel the first regret for having relinquished my worldly prospects, and made Jesus my portion and my all. I have not chosen an easy or an inactive life; and rest assured I am not in pursuit of that which promises wealth, or distinction, or worldly honor. My full reward is not in this life, but in that great day for which all other days were made. I hope to be found among those

“who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

But I have one more event in the history of the present year to record. I am again married. Last Thursday, the 26th instant, I became the husband of Mary Jane Lewis. And you will naturally ask, Who is Miss Lewis? Her father was Col. Andrew Lewis of this (Mason) county, a gentleman of highly respectable standing, who died in May last, leaving a widow and six children, the third of whom, and second daughter, is Mary Jane, aged a little upward of twenty-two years. In last June she became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. I have received her as a gift of the Lord.

As her mother lives just opposite a part of my circuit on the Virginia side of the Ohio river, I expect to make her house my home, while I continue to travel my present circuit. I am in a most kind and amiable family, and feel entirely at home here. In a few days

I expect, the Lord permitting, to visit Charleston, and to bring my little daughter, Mary Elizabeth, down with me. She was three years old the 27th of last November, and I think her a very fine, promising child.

Thus, you see, the present has been an *eventful year in my history*. The world, doubtless, looks upon my present condition and prospects as far worse than they were twelve months ago. And in a temporal view they are. Yet nothing beneath the sun could tempt me to turn back. If I have no certain dwelling place on the earth, yet I know I have a "building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "If I am poor in things of this world, yet, am I rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom; if I am despised, a servant of servants here," I expect one day to wear a crown—not of gold or silver, or anything corruptible, but of righteousness, reserved in heaven for me, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me on that day; and not to me only, but to all

who love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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“In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.”

I doubt not, you can enter into many of my feelings. But you are surprised at my becoming a Methodist preacher! You would have greatly preferred that I should have continued in the church of my fathers—the church in which I was born and brought up, and of which, most of our family who profess religion, are members. It is true the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist churches are essentially the same, but the system and economy of the latter I think far better adapted for extensive and general usefulness, than that of the former; and this consideration had great weight with me, for, if I was to give up the world, and enter the vineyard of my Lord and Master, it was for LABOR, not for *repose*—to labor as much and as usefully as

possible. The only question with me was, how I could win most souls to Christ; not, how I could secure myself the most comfortable support, or acquire a place among the learned and distinguished in the land. I came on my circuit four weeks this day, and I have since then preached THIRTY-TWO SERMONS, at twenty different places, and this is hardly an *average* of my monthly labors. But, I bless the Lord, he has mercifully preserved my health, and hath caused my cup to overflow with blessings; and I trust some good has already been done under my ministry, and more I hope will yet be accomplished. But next to the Methodist Episcopal church, I should probably choose the Episcopal, though, to be candid, there is no church I can compare with the Methodist. Your forms of worship, though well adapted for devotion to those who imbibe their spirit, and are accustomed to them, I think, can not be readily or profitably introduced among strangers, and in many congregations where members can not read at all,

and few read well, would be altogether impracticable. To make these *impressive*, the minister must not only possess deep piety, but be a *good reader*, and the congregation be *well trained* and enter with true devotional feelings into the exercises. I think a short, fervent, appropriate, and extemporary prayer far better calculated to awaken feelings of devotion in the pious, and to produce seriousness and excite reflection in the minds of the irreligious, than the services prescribed in your Church—if the preacher be truly a man of God, (and none other has any right to attempt to preach,) and feeling that he knows not how to pray as he ought, he asks the Spirit to make intercession for him. God will not only give him the “preparation of the heart,” but the “answer of the tongue;” and while the voice of prayer and supplication is lifted up on high, the Lord will “pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.” I know it is urged as an objection against us, that many, probably

by far the most of our preachers are uneducated and inexperienced men—and such, it is said, are unfit to be teachers and guides in the way of salvation. It is admitted that few of our preachers, upon their first setting out, have had many of the advantages which the wisdom of the world affords. In ancient times men were called from their *flocks*, their plows, and their *fishing nets*, to be leaders of armies, prophets and apostles, and in these latter days the farm, the counting-house, and the workshops are yearly sending forth heralds of the cross and messengers of salvation to a benighted and perishing world. Moses was “not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since the Lord had spoken to him, but slow of speech and of a slow tongue,” yet the rod of God was in his hand. Our Savior “never learned letters,” yet “he spake as never man spake.” Peter and John were unlearned and ignorant men, but “they had been with Jesus,” as even their enemies acknowledged; and under their preaching “three thousand were convert-

ed in one day." And Christ sent Paul to preach the gospel, "not with the wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect;" for as "God has chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world, to confound the mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and the things which are not, to bring to nought things that are," his speech and preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, that their faith to whom he preached should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God, and that "no flesh should glory in his presence." And thus is it even now. It is not "the wise, the scribe, the disputer of this world," that is ordinarily the instrument chosen by God to prick the hearts of sinners—to stir them up to repentance and lead them to Christ. They are those whom the world despises as unlearned and ignorant, who come "not with excellency

of speech or of wisdom, declaring the testimony of God," but who, despising the honor which cometh not from God, determine to "know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." To such "God giveth souls as seals to their ministry, and stars in their crown of rejoicing."

My heart's desire and prayer is, "that you may be saved from all sin, and that you may enjoy continually that peace which passeth all understanding." I thank God, I feel that I am "growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." Believing in full redemption—in the attainment of that perfect love which casteth out all fear—"this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect be thus minded."

I desire you to write to me. It is now more than thirteen years since I have seen you.

Little did I then imagine so long a period would elapse before we should meet each other, and it is now uncertain, whether, in the providence of God, we shall ever see each other in the flesh. But glory to His name! I feel that we have now a prospect of meeting in heaven, to part no more forever. You have been more than a mother to me; I can never forget your kindness—early begun and long continued—your more than maternal love to me, when an all-wise Providence had deprived my infant years of the guidance, the protection and the prayers of a pious mother. May “the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

MRS. Z. BOOTH.

WHAT IS YOUR FAITH?

CHAPTER XII.

THE following pungent and excellent letters in defense of the Bible, were addressed by Mr. Baldwin to a beloved relative in Mason county, Virginia, in whose spiritual welfare he felt a deep interest:

CHARLESTON, Oct 30, 1833.

DEAR CORNELIUS: I have read two letters from you within a few weeks, both of which I have neglected to answer. In fact, for several months past, I have written but few letters. I have now one lying on my table written weeks, if not months ago to B——, which I have not forwarded, because I have forgotten where to direct it. I did not answer your first letter because I did not know what to say to you. Had you pointed out the “contradictions” to which you refer, I might have

attempted to reconcile them. As it is, your charges being *general*, I can go into no specific refutation. You say you "do not believe the Scriptures are true," or words to that effect. You have then, I presume, no belief in any divine revelation to man. What is your system? For every man ought to have some system of religion. Are you a Deist or an Atheist? or are you but a Skeptic—a doubter and disbeliever? Before I argue with you upon the Christian Religion, I must know "your faith," that we may discuss the comparative merits of your system and mine. Truth lies somewhere. Before we fly off from the gospel dispensation, it is well to know where we are to alight. We cannot always remain suspended in the air. You will excuse me for putting to you a few questions. Do you believe in one supreme, eternal, self-existent Being, whom we call God? Is He the creator of all things? Is He the creator and governor of all men? Are we intelligent moral agents? Have we immortal souls? Has God prescribed laws

for the government of His moral creatures? If He has, how are those laws made known to us? What are they? What is their obligation and what their sanction? If we violate them, how is the offense to be ascertained, tried, and punished? By what rule are we to be judged, and who is to judge us?

You doubt the truth of the Holy Scriptures. So I did once. I read Hume on Miracles, I was pleased with his sophistry, and wished to be wiser than my neighbors, to be esteemed as above prejudice and superstition. If the Bible was true, I was condemned by every page. I was one of those, as I doubt not you are, who would not come to the light, lest those deeds should be reproved—for I was conscious they would not bear the light. For the present it was more convenient to doubt, so I tried to be a skeptic. But I could never succeed to my own satisfaction. It was easy enough to tear down, but not so easy to build up. If the Christian Religion be a cunningly devised fable, what better have we

on which to build our hopes? If the soul is immortal, what is to become of it after death? By what other system is it to be made happy? If we reject the Scripture account of a future state of rewards and punishments, what have we to substitute in its place? Death then is "taking a leap in the dark;" but that leap is but for a moment, we shall soon land somewhere. We may be skeptics here, but death will soon put an end to our skepticism. What then if the Bible should prove true? "He that believeth not shall be damned." Religion then is not a subject upon which it is equally safe to be right or wrong. We cannot always remain under a delusion. And it is an awful thing to make the first discovery of one's situation, when it is too late to correct our error, and our destiny is fixed to all eternity.

"Search the Scriptures," said our Savior to the unbelieving Jews. Search them carefully, diligently, perseveringly, if you are really an inquirer after truth. If you desire knowledge, and feel that you lack wisdom, "ask of God

who giveth liberally and upbraideth not." Do not smile. You will never understand the Scriptures until you apply to their divine Author for light. They can not be mastered like any branch of human learning. We must come to Christ if we would have light. "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" "For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."—1 Cor. 1: 20, 21. Do not feel above being taught by the all-wise God. Many quite as wise as yourself, have felt it an unspeakable privilege to be permitted humbly to ask instruction of the Almighty God. Be not too much lifted up with the idea of being superior to vulgar prejudice. "If any man seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise." If you should think it not beneath your dignity to pray, come to God just as you are—ignorant,

helpless, and altogether undeserving of his notice, and forget not also that you are nothing but a miserable sinner, and but for the mercy of God through Christ, inevitably doomed to hell, and pray God to lead you in the way to everlasting life. Of one thing be assured, that this question of your belief or disbelief in the Bible affects you far more than any one else. Heaven will be a happy place, though you should fail to get there, and hell will be miserable, even though graced with your presence. In adverting to the New Testament, you use such terms as these, "contradictions, erroneous opinions, false reasoning, incorrect remarks," and ask in effect, "what reliance can be put in any of God's revelations if the Scriptures be true?" Surely you could not have well weighed the import of those terms when you employed them. If they be true, (the Scriptures,) the direct revelation of God, how stands your account with the divine Author? You are standing on slippery ground. The world may admire your boldness and applaud your

independence, but you are fatally deceived as to the ground on which you stand. *I know* that the Christian Religion is true. I have *internal evidence* that the gospel of Christ is the *power of God*. All who truly repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, know for themselves that they are the children of God. "He that believeth on the Son of God *hath the witness in himself*."—1 John, 5: 10. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." This *inward* testimony, this divine conviction wrought upon the soul, I would not exchange for all the world has to bestow.

You have, perhaps, heard before this time, that I have relinquished the practice of the law. I am now a *Methodist preacher*, an office poor and despised by the men of the world; but one which I would not exchange for the highest honors of the profession. Nothing but the fullest conviction of the truth of the Christian Religion could have induced me to forego my flattering worldly prospects, and to

abandon a profession to which I was devotedly attached, for the hardships, toils, persecutions, and dangers incident to the itinerant life of a Methodist preacher.

My health is pretty good, and my little girl grows finely. In writing to me, please address me as *Mr. C. R. B., &c.* Your friends here are well, so far as I know. I sold out the most of my books to S——, and his partner, Thompson, and transferred my business principally to them. They have now a fine practice. J. W. Laidly has united in business with B. H. Smith, and Walker & W—— are practicing together.

Affectionately,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

A HEART-SEARCHING APPEAL.

GUYANDOTTE, January 23, 1834.

MY DEAR CORNELIUS: You can not, or will not, believe the Bible as a divine revelation. Doubtless, you have critically examined it with the various reasons and arguments for and

against its authenticity. You have weighed well these reasons, and your opinion, which is expressed in bold, *unqualified*, and decisive language—is the result of a deliberate, careful, and candid examination. The question is certainly one of vast importance, for if we take away the Bible, we are left, in relation to our spiritual and eternal welfare, floating upon a boundless ocean, shoreless and bottomless, without chart or compass. Time sweeping us onward—our passions sometimes blowing to a tempest, and reason standing motionless at the helm. Thus we are driven, tossed upon the raging billows, darkness setting in upon us, clouds obscuring our sky, the storm gathering darkly and the heavens frowning angrily upon us; breakers and whirlpools ahead—our little vessel, “freighted with our eternal all,” weather-beaten and decayed, creaking and groaning with every blast, now thrown upon the mountain wave, now plunging into the awful abyss—just ready to fall into pieces, with the fearful certainty that she can not outride

the storm—but with the more fearful uncertainty ~~at what moment she~~ may sink to rise no more. Such are the happy results of skepticism, the boasted triumphs, the glorious uncertainties to which reason brings us, when we get loose from the moorings of christianity, and launch upon the broad sea of doubt and infidelity. What delightful sailing, if we could only be assured of uninterrupted fair weather, a clear sky and a gentle breeze—if our little stock of provisions could never fail, nor our bark grow old and crazy. And yet, methinks, the eternal monotony of an unvaried sky and a boundless expanse of water would soon become tiresome. We should begin to sigh for land, to drop the line for anchorage, to examine the chart and the log-book, if we had kept one, and to hail some passing vessel, to learn, if possible, at least, our latitude, and in what direction we were going.

As a man of sense and reflection, you have doubtless calmly and deliberately weighed all these considerations, and a great many more

which your acute penetration has suggested; and you have, probably, arrived at some system of religion, which, happily, avoids the absurdities and inconsistencies of the Bible, and promises to guide you safely, "through the dark valley and shadow of death," and to give you a comfortable resting place beyond the grave;—for any system of religion or philosophy, which stops short of this, is altogether unworthy of the consideration of a rational mind. We shall find no difficulty in getting to the grave ourselves; any scheme which acknowledges that we are mortal, will accompany us that far; but most of us feel at least some curiosity, if not anxiety, to know what is to follow. This "taking a leap in the dark" may be pleasant enough for the imagination, as she has the privilege of returning if she can find no stopping place—but for the poor soul to take an ETERNAL leap into the dark, frightful, fathomless abyss, unknowing and unknown, is certainly enough to make it recoil with horror. If, however, you have been

fortunate enough to discover any system of truth, independent of the Bible, any other than the Christian dispensation, which robs "death of its sting and the grave of its victory;" I shall be pleased to learn what it is, upon what basis it rests, and by what authority it is supported. St. Paul tells us that "other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The infidel philosophers of the last century, if I mistake not, went no farther than to attempt to *pull down* the fabric of Christianity, but were unable to erect any other on its ruins. If you reject the authority of Paul and Peter, give us something better. If you are a disciple of Hume or Voltaire, of Rosseau or Tom Paine, I feel curious to know where your great masters *now* are, before I can consent to follow them. I have no idea of a "leap in the dark," even although by chance I might land in their very respectable company. With Peter I prefer the "lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,

reserved in heaven for me," to all the doubts and glorious uncertainties of skepticism. With Paul, after having "fought a good fight, finished my course and kept the faith," I should choose the triumphant exclamation, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me in that day," rather than all the death-bed doubts of a Hume, or the death-bed terrors of a Rosseau.

Has not pride something to do with your unbelief? The pride of being thought independent, of rising superior to vulgar prejudice, of being above the common opinions and notions of mankind? Just try and get untrammelled in your opinions, and the next step is to be unrestrained in your moral conduct. Take it for granted you are not to blame for any error of judgment, so that your theory and practice are consistent, all is safe. Push your system to its legitimate results, and where will it lead you? The Jews did not believe in Christ, for had they known him, "they

would not have crucified the Lord of life and glory." If he was an impostor, Judas was right in betraying, Pilate in scourging and condemning, and the soldiers in mocking, buffeting, and crucifying him. On which side are you? For Barnabas or for Jesus? Weeping like Mary at the cross, or like the Jews, crying out, crucify, crucify him? Like the hardened thief reviling the dying Savior, or with the broken-hearted penitent, crying, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom? Or are you undecided, resting upon your skepticism—satisfied to doubt? Remember, "He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." Remember, "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now *commandeth* all men everywhere to repent." And "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." If the Bible be true, unbelief will be no excuse, for "he that be-

lieveth not, *shall* be damned." "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. For every one that doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd." You are standing on dangerous ground—you have a part to act. He that is not *for* Christ, is against him; he that gathereth not with him, scattereth abroad. And remember, you are acting, you are choosing *for yourself*. It is your own soul you are periling—not mine. *I know* that the Bible is true. I have felt—I have experimentally proved its truth. I have a hope full of immortality, which is as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast. Beware of pride, of obstinacy, of the damning sin of unbelief. Do not tempt the Lord too far. "Can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise may be profitable unto him-

self?" "Is it any pleasure to the Almighty that thou art righteous? Is it gain to him that thou makest thy way perfect?" I would advise you to retrace your steps, reconsider your opinions, reflect seriously upon the salvation of your soul, upon the great redemption which Jesus purchased with his blood. As yet, "thou hast neither part nor lot in the matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent, therefore, of this thy sin, and pray God, if, perhaps, the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee, for I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." Death will break the charm of infidelity, and resolve the doubts of skepticism, but it will then be too late to profit by the discovery of your errors;—for as death leaves us, so judgment will find us. "Search the Scriptures" daily, not for confirmation of your false theories, but for the truth; and if you lack wisdom, as you unquestionably do, be not ashamed to "ask of

God who giveth liberally to all men and upbraideth not.”

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You have probably heard that I have relinquished the practice of the law, and am now a traveling Methodist preacher. I am on the Gallipolis circuit for the present year, which will terminate in August. Nothing short of a perfect assurance of the truth of divine revelation and an experimental knowledge of Christ, would have ever induced me to forego my worldly prospects and become a houseless wanderer—a despised follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. To the natural man all this is foolishness. He ridicules and despises me, and from my soul I pity and pray for him. He can not comprehend how I can voluntarily give up the comforts and enjoyments of life, and expose myself to the hardships, and privations, and trials of an itinerant ministry; and I, in my heart, no less wonder at that stupidity and blindness that prefers temporal to eternal things—the fleeting pleasures of earth, to the unfading glories of heaven.

Our time is short. The joys of him who was "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," came to an end, and the poor beggar who was laid at his gate, covered with sores, and who desired to be fed with the crumbs which fell from his table, at last found relief from all his sufferings in death. But how changed was the picture! Under what different circumstances, and with what different prospects did they respectively await their final change? Wealth could not bribe, nor the most squalid misery frighten the grim monster from his prey; and in that solemn hour, how little did the one esteem his large possessions, that he was about to leave, and the other lament his afflictions, now to terminate forever. For myself, I feel no concern, where, or when, or how I die, so that I can die in triumphs of a living faith, and fall asleep in the arms of my Redeemer.

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb."

I was married on Thursday evening last, to Mary Jane Lewis, daughter of the late Col. Andrew Lewis, of this county, and am now at her mother's. Mrs. Lewis is a sister of Charles A. Stuart, of Augusta, and your aunt Jane was several years since a pupil of Mr. Estabrook, in Staunton, and a school-mate of Elizabeth. I have not seen my dear little Mary for five weeks to-day, but I expect, the Lord permitting, to bring her down here in a few days. And I pray the Lord to enlighten your dark understanding, with the knowledge of divine truth, and to give you "repentance unto life that needeth not to be repented of."

Affectionately, your uncle,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

HIS WORD OF TESTIMONY.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN in his beautiful vision of the glorified in the Apocalypse says: "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." Rev. 12: 11.

Mr. Baldwin having experienced *full salvation* in the blood of the Lamb, did not fail on all suitable occasions to add "the word of his testimony." He had the true martyr spirit of the gospel of Christ. His fidelity to his Master was a prominent feature in his religious character. "That the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus." Philemon, 1: 6.

This was the rule by which Mr. Baldwin was governed. He confessed Christ before men

and acknowledged "EVERY GOOD THING" which was wrought in his heart by the Spirit of God. The following narration of his religious experience is deeply interesting:

"You know my mind has long been exercised on the subject of 'Sanctification,' and I have long been endeavoring to 'go on to perfection,' to attain the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. In December last while praying for sanctification, Heaven came down into my soul, and I was lost in the ocean of God's love. But I did not yet feel the cleansing operation of the Holy Spirit; the healing and sanctifying application of the blood of Christ. I did not draw near in full assurance of faith, and I have since sought the blessing, but not with the right disposition of heart to receive it. The language of Christ is "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." But I had been afraid to admit the heavenly visitant; I trembled at the thought of receiving so large a measure of

divine grace. Knowing that the candle was not lit to be hid, that every talent was given to be improved, and that which was spoken in the ear was to be proclaimed upon the house tops, I feared the more arduous duties and solemn responsibilities which would grow out of this unspeakable gift. Hence, though I heard the voice of Jesus, I did not fully open the door, nor had I felt as yet the necessity of being made 'every whit whole;' of having every root of bitterness destroyed, and every guilty stain washed away.

“Yesterday morning I arose under a strong conviction of my unfaithfulness and my exceeding vileness in the sight of a pure and holy God, and this feeling was increased while engaged in my secret devotion. Opening upon a portion of God's holy word I was forcibly reminded of past favors and blessings which I had received at His hands; the ease with which I yielded to many of my 'besetting sins;'—The Lord threatened to disown me before his people, to cause all my mirth and my solemn feast to

cease and to take away my place in the sanctuary, and to visit upon me the days when I had burned incense to the God of this world, had decked myself with jewels, and had forgotten the Lord. But with all these threatenings the promise was powerfully applied to me that the Lord would 'allure me and bring me into the wilderness and speak comfortably unto me, that He would give me my vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and I should sing there as in the days of my youth, and as in the days when I came up out of the land of Egypt, and it shall be in that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me "Ihsi, husband," and shall call me no more "Baali," my master, and I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord, and will say to them which were not my people, "Thou art my people," and they shall say, "Thou art my God." Could I doubt after this message, thus made

known, what was the will of God concerning me? I again prostrated myself before the Lord, and it appeared as if I saw my own soul covered all over with the dark guilty stains of sin, and I cried, unclean, unclean. I felt too, within my own heart, the seeds of pride and sinful affections, thoughts and desires,—remaining roots of bitterness springing up continually to trouble me. I prayed that every sinful stain might be washed away, every root of bitterness plucked up, every unholy desire, sinful affection, evil temper and disposition destroyed, that the house might be emptied, swept and garnished, and my body made a temple of the Holy Ghost, that refining fire might go through my heart, illuminate it and scatter its life through every part and ‘sanctify the whole.’ My prayer was answered; I felt the *cleansing* operation of the blood of Christ, the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit removing every guilty stain, *destroying all sin*, emptying the heart of everything evil, and causing me to feel that I was clean. But as

yet the Lord had not breathed into me the breath of spiritual life. I was indeed cleansed of all filthiness and of all my idols, and a new heart was put into me which I felt to be pure, but the new spirit was not put within me. I turned to the 24th chapter of Exodus, where the appearance of the Lord is described as it were the 'body of Heaven in his cleanness,' when my eye rested on the 17th verse. At that instant the love of God filled me, both soul and body, running like fire through every part. I could not refrain from shouting aloud. At 11 o'clock I preached at Bro. Rathburn's upon sanctification, from Eph., 3: 3, 'How that by revelation he made known unto me the mystery.' And the Lord blessed the word. In class I declared what the Lord had done for me, and towards the close I was filled to overflowing with the pure unmerited love of God, the sanctifying stream of divine grace flowed through my soul, far surpassing in richness any thing I had felt when justified. O, the delightful holy joys of that hour, so sweet, so

pure, so refreshing to the soul. I could then magnify God with the new tongue of praise. At half-past nine o'clock I retired to bed, and my eyes being heavy with sleep, I did not watch with Christ in 'fervent effectual prayer' before I lay down. I soon fell asleep and awoke before midnight, was *tempted* to indulge in an unkind thought towards an individual. I neglected to pray earnestly against the temptation, and immediately I felt that I was forsaken of God. I got up, and four times I was on my knees in *inexpressible agony of soul*, in a state bordering on despair. Such wretchedness and misery I never experienced before. My deepest distress when under conviction was as nothing to the horror of that hour. I felt if I was called from time to eternity, I had not then the slightest hope of Heaven. Prayer seemed to bring no relief. I again lay down and began to think of God and his unmerited goodness to me in times past, and I resolved to love and praise Him, though *banished* from His presence and the glory of his power. 'Though he slay

me yet will I trust in Him.' Immediately His love was shed abroad in my heart, and I felt the Witness of the Spirit and gave glory to God aloud. This morning, while on my knees, I had entire access to God, and when I arose his love filled my heart, and I have had to-day an abiding sense of his presence."

"May 8.—Towards night yesterday I crossed the Ohio river to preach in Gallipolis, and while riding along the road I felt *perfect love* and a clear witness of the mighty work wrought by the Holy Spirit, of which I retained an abiding sense during the remainder of the day. I felt no inward 'motions of sin,' and the worth of souls never lay so near my heart. I felt an almost constant *direction* of the Holy Spirit dwelling within me, and the least omission or backwardness in duty and obedience caused an uneasy, painful sensation at my heart. It is *only in grace that I stand, and I cannot live away from Christ*. All my enjoyment is in Him, and I never felt so painfully

my short comings, 'Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death.' I bless the Lord that almost every moment I feel that merit. To-day I have been unspeakably happy; my soul filled with pure seraphic fire, the witness of the Holy Spirit constant, and *so clear as to leave no manner of doubt*. Glory to Jesus! my soul is now all on fire—the pure fire of holy love. To be a servant of God is an unspeakable honor, to be adopted into his family, and to be made a child, an inconceivable felicity; but the highest state of all, to be betrothed unto Christ in faithfulness: 'I will betroth thee unto me in faithfulness and thou shalt know the Lord.' Hos. 2: 20. Even faith itself seems to stagger.—Does not the Apostle Paul refer to this intimate union between Christ and believers in Eph. 2: 5, 6, 7; and St. John calls the church the 'Bride, the Lamb's wife.' I can now comprehend the saying of our Savior to the woman of Samaria, 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into ever-

lasting life.' I feel this well within my soul almost every hour. www.libtool.com.cn

'Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.'

"But how is this blessing to be sought? I can only say how I sought and found it. From the time I became a follower of Jesus, I endeavored to walk in his footsteps, and whether I ate or drank, or whatever I did, to do all to the glory of God. I strove, and watched, and prayed against temptation. I endeavored to mortify all the deeds of the body and to take up every cross daily. I believed in the constant guidance and direction of the Holy Spirit, and I prayed for it and endeavored to follow where it led. But I did not always live up to my rules, but too often took pattern after others who were in truth pious and much devoted to the Lord, but had not laid down for themselves very close, *severe, self-denying rules of living*. I said, this man is a servant of God, enjoys religion, and is owned of his Master; he indulges

in many little things which, though unnecessary, are perhaps not sinful. But I brought leanness unto my soul. One desire brought on another and led my heart away from Christ. I did not make Him 'my portion and my all.' I did not, however, I bless the Lord, stray far away.—The Holy Spirit continually brought me back. The work of divine grace became deeper and deeper, my enjoyment purer, higher and more lasting, and I felt more painfully my short comings and my unworthiness. I looked more away from men and sought the approbation of God. I have often felt painfully my proneness to *think too well of myself*, to speak of meetings in which I have acted a prominent part, to desire commendation instead of being humbled under a sense of God's goodness to me in the rich blessings I had received at his hands. 'Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, and doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own.' I have been too prone to take some praise of a good meeting to myself, forgetting that Herod was smit-

ten for this very cause, 'because he gave not God the glory.' Of one thing I am entirely satisfied, that I might have obtained the blessing months ago; for God was as able and willing then to bestow the blessing as now, had I lived faithful.—When we are justified the affection and desires are all *nailed to the Cross*, and they will soon die if we give them no relief. But they are *such beggars*, they urge with such importunity, and these *little indulgences* in which there is no harm, insensibly draw the mind away from Christ, and keep the soul in bondage. 'Whatever is not of faith is sin,' and there is harm in everything that is not done expressly with reference to the glory of God. No action of our lives is indifferent. When the 'eye is single, the whole body is full of light.' 'Whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Every sincere follower of Christ who knows and feels his wants, will say,

'I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,

That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.'

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"But after all, *faith in Christ* is the condition, the *merits* of Christ the procuring cause, and His blood applied by the Holy Spirit, the *efficient* agent of our sanctification, as well as our justification.

'My Savior's pierced side
Poured out a double flood,
By water we are purified
And pardoned by his blood.'

"May 16. I am still happy in the Lord and going on my way rejoicing. On Sunday in love-feast I declared what God had done for my soul, and my heart was again filled with his pure love. But O, what a communion season to my soul! 'Truly, our fellowship is with the Father and His son Jesus Christ.' Before my eyes Jesus Christ was evidently set forth *crucified*, and manifest in the flesh. I saw him hanging upon the cross, and the stream of blood and water commingled, flowing from his side, and then every barrier removed, to be broken down,

and Christ, *spiritually*, was completely let into my soul, and I was filled from the ocean of his love. O what a rich, tender, melting, heart-dissolving season. I felt no transports, but my soul was all *dissolved in love*. To-day and yesterday my Savior has been unspeakably precious. I do feel that I love God with *all my heart, mind, strength and soul, and I believe also my neighbor as myself*. I feel that I would sooner wrong myself than my worst enemy. In making this declaration I am conscious that I am inviting scrutiny, but I cannot deny my Lord and master. To his name be all the glory. For I am only a 'brand plucked out of the fire,' a monument of amazing mercy, and without divine grace I cannot stand one moment. I have to pray without ceasing to keep from falling.

'Forever here my rest shall be
Close to thy bleeding side,
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Savior died.'

"Pray for me, for I need your prayers perhaps

more than ever. Should I fall, the hottest place in hell would be my portion. But thank God, I have no '*fear that hath torment.*' He that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord will do His part, and O, may He keep me faithful. Wishing you health and strength, I remain in the bonds and fellowship of the gospel in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

“Your brother and companion,

“C. R. BALDWIN.”

LIFE'S HAPPIEST HOURS.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH H. GARBER.

My dear Niece:—I was truly glad to hear from you. I have always esteemed you one of the most valuable of my correspondents, and it is not willingly that I would give you up. If I have *separated* myself from your church, I yet remain attached to *you*.

It is painful to bid an everlasting farewell to our friends, or rather to take an eternal leave of them, 'for it is no *farewell* to sorrow concerning them, even as others who have no hope.' Yet what are we ourselves but brands plucked out of the fire? Instead of daring to murmur against God for not irresistibly restraining our 'thoughtless' friends from exposing their lives to foreseen and probable dangers, or miraculously averting disease from

them, while strangers to us are left to fall, let us rather adore the unsearchable riches of his grace, that he yet bears with our manners, and affords us a place in his church and among his people.

I would gladly have been at the convention in Staunton, and indeed several of my Episcopal friends warmly urged me to attend, could I have conveniently been present, but indispensable engagements prevented me. Yet I doubt whether your meeting, 'delightful' as it was, would have had the effect upon me, which your ardent zeal seems to suppose. I seriously question whether I am *fit for anything but a Methodist, and it would be difficult to make anything else out of me.* I am too much *tinctured with enthusiasm*, too apt to become warm and exultant, and in these happy moments of joy unspeakable, and full of glory, when the love of God is shed abroad by the Holy Ghost given unto me, I could not confine myself to your Liturgy and forms of prayer, however deep and ardent their devotional spirit may be. Yet I

can truly say, that next to the Methodist, I prefer the Protestant Episcopal church to any other. We agree in everything but the *forms* of religion. Our doctrines are the same, our hopes and our comforts are one, and we even claim to be a branch of your church, *broken off*, but in its fall sticking into the earth, taking deep root, and now grown into a lofty, wide spreading tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. I may have fallen into the common notion of the Methodist in supposing that we are yet but 'lightly esteemed,' and that every where this sect was at one time spoken against; but I appeal to your candor, is it not true? I judge very much from what were my own feelings when I was a man of the world. Our preachers are not generally men of great learning.—But I am not about to discuss the *utility* or *expediency* of having well educated men in the ministry. I love to see them there if they are *deeply pious*, but is it not true, that learning and *popular address*, apart from truth of doctrine, and holiness of heart and life, have often an

important bearing in the church, and in the estimation of the world, and of too many professors in rendering that church *respectable*?

In reference to your father, I wrote him a long letter in April, 1833, which yet remains unanswered. I forget how the account stands with your mother, but the Lord assisting, I will write to her. I love my relations, I can assure you, better than ever I did, and to every brother I have yet unconverted, I have written, beseeching him 'for Christ's sake to be reconciled to God.'

This night completes the first year of my union with Mary Jane. Though less eventful than the last, it has been the happiest twelve-month of my life. But were I to fix upon a point of time as a commencement of a period of happiness, the greatest I ever enjoyed, and the most important era in my life, not even excepting my conversion, it would be the 6th of May last. Since that day I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted communion with God. And I can say with the beloved John, 'Truly

our fellowship is with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ.' Have you ever considered the import of our Savior's words to the woman of Samaria, John 4: 14, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'—Analogous to an expression in the sermon on the Mount, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' And again, John 6: 35, 'And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me, shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst.' Are these promises to be fulfilled in this life? Such unquestionably is their obvious import. 'He that cometh to me by faith, shall from that hour, the moment he gives me his whole heart, never hunger, being filled with all the fullness of God.' 'He shall rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning him.' His thoughts

shall be cleansed by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, that he may perfectly love God, and worthily magnify his holy name; then, and not till then, is he fit for Heaven; 'for without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Have you, my sister, this spiritual fountain within? Does your peace flow as a river, and your joy, does no man, no event, no trial take it from you? We are charged with being enthusiasts, for preaching and some of us professing to enjoy that perfect love which casteth out all fear. But I ask for any fair interpretation of the passages I have cited, upon any other hypothesis, than that such a state is attainable. Paul wrote by inspiration when he said to the Thessalonians, 'The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.' Would you believe me if I were to assure you that I am every day happy in the Lord? I enjoy a constant sense of His presence, and in His presence is 'fullness

of joy.' I have no fear of death, let it come at what hour or in what form it may, for

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“ Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

Passing by my own experience with a solitary remark, that this measure of happiness, tho' continually increasing, began with me on the 6th of May last, under circumstances deeply, and I trust, permanently fixed upon my memory, let me relate to you two occurrences which fell under my own observation. In July last I called to see a young lady, a member of the Methodist church, who had been a professor of religion for two or three years. She had been seriously ill, but was then recovering. I prayed with her, and when I arose from my knees, I observed that she was much excited, and her countenance evinced deep and extraordinary emotions. I however thought no more about it, but very soon left the house. The next night I preached at the same house, from

2 Cor. 7: 1, upon the doctrine I have been discussing, and a few minutes after dismissing the congregation, was called to go in another room and pray with this lady, who was in deep distress, mourning over the remaining corruptions of her heart, and groaning for full deliverance from all sin, having been convicted the preceding evening while we were engaged in praying to the Lord in her behalf, and in about fifteen minutes afterwards she professed to be 'cleansed from all sin.' There was no ecstasy, no shouting, but her calm and happy expression of countenance evinced that all was peace within. I saw her a few weeks afterwards, and she was going on her way rejoicing. The other case occurred about two weeks since. I preached upon the same subject, from the same text, and a young lady who was very pious and exemplary, and enjoyed in a great degree the life and power of religion, was brought to feel the enmity to God yet remaining in her heart, and to cry out in deep distress for full redemption in that blood which 'cleanesth from all

sin.' This was on Wednesday night, and the Sabbath following, while in a deep agony of feeling, she suddenly fell back deprived of strength, but in a few minutes revived, and with a loud voice glorified God, professing to have received the great blessing of perfect love, and to be prepared and ready to die. I have seen her almost daily since, and she is always rejoicing. Her countenance is remarkably changed, and is an evidence incontestable to the minds of many, that there is no deception here. What do you say to these things? 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought, but if it be of God we cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. This doctrine is no modern invention. It is found embodied in that commandment, the essence of all true religion, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,' the counterpart of which is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' This

point of christian perfection must be attained in this life, or Heaven is lost, for on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' 'Be ye therefore perfect, (to forgive, love your enemies,) even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.' Do not say that it is impossible to perform these commands, for an eminent and long tried servant of Christ, who was present when it was uttered, assures us that 'this is the love of God that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous.' On the contrary his 'yoke is easy, and his burden is light.' Do *you* not pray for this when you ask God to 'cleans the thoughts of your heart, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, that you may perfectly love Him, and so imbue you with the grace of his Holy Spirit, that you may amend your life according to his holy word. Your 'Liturgy' is excellent, and these prayers breathed forth from a true heart, in full assurance of faith, could not fail to bring

down the blessings of Heaven in a large measure into the penitent and humble soul. Our Savior has promised 'Whatsoever you shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' And John assures us that 'Whatsoever we ask, we receive of him because we keep his commandments, and do those things which are pleasing in his sight.' How encouraging are such promises, with such a record of their fulfillment? And we are not to *limit our petitions to small favors*. 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name, ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.' The foundation upon which this promise rests, will support us as well as the Apostles, because we keep His commandments. The end is as important now as it ever was, 'That the Father may be glorified in the Son,' and the terms equally embrace us. For the promise of the Holy Ghost, said Peter to the murderers of Jesus, 'Is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.' What were the effects

then? The sound, the appearance as of fire, and the gift of tongues were miraculous—1 Cor. 12: 29, 30, 'But love, greater than faith that can remove mountains, and peace that passeth all understanding, and joy unspeakable and full of glory, is the fruit of the Spirit in all ages,'—that wonderful work of God which formed the theme of the Apostle's discourse to the astonished multitude, on the day of Pentecost. Yet how disorderly must have been their conduct; every man speaking as the Spirit gave him utterance, and doubtless many speaking at the same time, for had they waited for each other it would doubtless have been past nine o'clock in the morning before the one hundred and twenty could all have finished telling the wonderful works of God. Not knowing what a day may bring forth, I can not even anticipate when we may meet. I am stationed for a year on Guyandotte circuit, and having to meet about twenty different congregations every four weeks, I have little time that I can call my own. I am now 'off duty' for a short time, in

consequence of ill health, but expect by God's blessing to return to my post in about two weeks. We are pleasantly situated at Guyan-dotte, in the midst of a kind, warm-hearted, christian people. Remember us to your family in the comprehensive sense in which you use the term in your letter. And as my brother may not have heard the intelligence, you will please inform him that our number is now reduced to eight. Our brother George died of a morbid typhus, succeeding an attack of cholera morbus, on the 5th of Sept., having buried his wife and second daughter, Eliza, aged thirteen, both cases of Asiatic cholera, a few days previous. Hitherto our number had remained unbroken since the 25th of January, 1815. Who next shall fall, is known only to Him with whom are the issues of life and death. I pray God that *we may keep our lamps trimmed and brightly burning.*

Yours affectionately,

C. R. BALDWIN.

OBJECTIONS CALMLY CONSIDERED.

CHAPTER XV.

THE following letter was addressed to his brother, Cyrus B. Baldwin, in answer to some "objections," which are calmly considered in this brief reply:

NEAR POINT PLEASANT, VA., Jan. 18, 1834.

TO MR. CYRUS B. BALDWIN.

I left Charleston on the 29th of November, having been assigned to the Galliopolis circuit, and preached my first sermon within the bounds of my charge on the Tuesday following. I did not, however, commence my regular circuit labors until the Sunday after; since which time I have missed no stated appointment, but have endeavored to be "instant in season and out of season, reproof, rebuking, and exhorting, with all long-suffering and doctrine." During this interval, I have preached, or tried

to preach forty sermons; with what success, be it much or little, that day, when my hearers and I shall meet at the bar of Almighty God to answer, I, for what I have spoken, they, for what they have heard, and their improvement of it, will attest. Aware that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," I am striving not only to "work out my own salvation with fear and trembling," but to point others to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Though conscious that I am an unprofitable servant, and that I come far short of my duty, I yet hope by the mercy of God, through Christ, to be found among that blood-washed throng—that great multitude which no man can number, to whom the King will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Approving my general course and not questioning the sincerity of my motives, you would nevertheless have preferred my being an Epis-

copal or Presbyterian preacher;—thinking it not necessary for a man to go out of his neighborhood to find objects of christian charity—those who want reforming, those who want line upon line and precept upon precept, and you suppose that a shepherd can know but little of his flock or their wanderings, who never sees them except when they are brought up to the fold, but, that if he was with them daily, he might often find a refreshing stream or green pasture for them, which they would not discover themselves; I will try by divine assistance to answer your objections.

A greater than Solomon has said, “A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house.” I think *out of* his neighborhood, is the place where every man called to preach ought to go. When Jesus “was come into his own country, he taught them in their synagogues, insomuch that they were astonished, and said: Whence hath this man, who spake as never man spake, this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not

this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James and Joses, and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence, then, hath this man all these things? And they were offended in him. And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." They had known him from childhood, had been brought up with him, they despised his humble birth and lowly occupation, and their proud and envious hearts would not submit to be taught by this unlettered carpenter's son. And "the servant is not above his Master, nor the disciple above his Lord."

The same objection would soon apply to a stationed minister, even though he might have been, at first, a stranger to his flock. For a while he might be zealous and useful, but he would soon become "common" if not "unclean." By degrees, his discourses would lose their novelty, and be only as a tiresome repetition of the same theory. Having the same set of hearers, his zeal would gradually dimin-

ish in proportion as their interest subsided. And then, perhaps, some little foibles and eccentricities of character not at first perceived or exhibited, would begin to discover themselves and diminish his usefulness and impair his authority in the church. His own fervor having cooled down, that of his people would quickly subside, even to a lower temperature, if it was not brought down at first, and coldness and formality would soon be generally diffused among its members. Open sin would be less sternly rebuked, folly would pass uncensured, self-indulgence and sensuality would be called harmless, and humility and self-denial would be laughed out of countenance. Dependent upon his parishioners for a support, he would aim more to please than to edify them in his discourses. His appeals would be directly or indirectly, oftener to their purses than to their consciences, and he would be content that his flock should seek the "cooling water-brooks" of ease, and the green pastures of pleasure so that he might recline upon

the shady banks of the former, and partake of the varied delights of the latter. You might expect to find more *learning* than piety in his discourses—and more of doleful lamentation over the natural corruption of the human heart, than of *lively joy* and the power of divine grace to *purify the soul*.

Our system is based upon a different principle. We preach because “we are sent,” and we look for our reward to our Master, who has commissioned us to preach the gospel to “every creature,” whether he will hear or whether he will forbear. We enter the vineyard to *labor*, not to enjoy *repose*, and we go where there is a prospect of doing good, not of receiving large pay. Under the Methodist economy, it is *now* true, as it was in the days of Christ and his apostles, that “the poor have the gospel preached unto them.” The “call,” we believe, comes from the “Great Head of the church,” not from the ministers; and this call depends not upon the amount of salary promised, but upon the moral and spiritual

wants of the people. And in *obeying*, we expect to “*forsake* houses and lands,” not to *acquire them*, and even to leave for longer or shorter periods, “wife and children for the sake of Christ.” In populous places, where our members are numerous, we have stations, and the preacher is required “to visit from house to house.” But after one year, or at most two years, we believe in the *expediency* of a change. He has preached to the people until he is no longer able to bring forth from his spiritual treasury things *new* as well as old. He has tried them with every argument and every *method* of persuasion with which he is acquainted. He has touched every *string*, appealed to every passion, and exhausted every topic of which he is master, and his “harvest is now past.” To again cause the *moral* “earth to yield her increase,” a *new system of cultivation* must be adopted. In the very nature of things—the order of Providence, one man can not please *every one* and place *always*. In

sacred, as well as profane things, there are different tastes to be gratified; and if a Paul plants, an Apollos must water, before the *increase* will always come from the Lord. By frequent or occasional changes, all will, or ought to be satisfied. The new minister comes with *fresh zeal*.—Was his predecessor active, persevering and successful? He aims to be no less so, but hopes under his own ministry to see “Zion lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes.” Was he successful the last year in “winning souls to Christ?” Looking forward to another day of reckoning, he strives to again render a good account of his stewardship. Has he left a circuit, warm and animated in religion, for one cold and lifeless? the zeal and fervor which he brings with him, soon communicates to the frozen hearts of his people, and thaws and melts them by the fire of love which is burning in his own bosom. Is he thrown a *dying brand* into the midst of a *blazing pile*? He quickly catches the spark

and again begins to *burn and glow*. He brings new arguments, and a new method of enforcing them, to alarm the impenitent, to arouse the careless, awaken the slumbering, cheer the faint-hearted, and build up and establish the believing. All the *artillery* of sermons and exhortations which he had laboriously prepared—the toils and acquisitions of former years, which had spent its force upon everything within its range, he can bring with him again into the field, *cleansed and burnished*, and with such new pieces of ordnance, as the *strength* and *position* of the enemy may require, and thus be prepared for new and more formidable execution, etc.

But the traveling preacher can not see his flock, “except when they are brought up to the fold.” In most of the circuits, it is true, we can not visit all our members in their houses, but we expect them, if they are able, to come up to be fed with the “bread of life” at each regular round. We then see them

and talk personally to every member in our more private meetings, which are called "*class meetings*." If any are sick, we visit them when we can. We have also leaders of classes, who are required to see each of their members once every week if practicable. Our different orders of the ministry include bishops or general superintendents, presiding elders of the districts, circuit and local preachers, exhorters, and class-leaders; and if these all discharge their several duties faithfully, it will be the fault of the members, if they do not every one "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." It must, however, be remembered, that our object is to send the gospel every where, and to preach Christ to every body—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." We warn, reprove, counsel, and exhort, but to render our labors *effectual* with the divine blessing, we expect every man to do his duty.

We think our system is that established by Christ and followed by the apostles, as

nearly as can now be practiced; and its blessed effects are every where to be seen. Go where you will, and you meet with Methodist preachers and Methodist societies. Not so with the Episcopal and Presbyterian denominations; they are found in the cities, the large villages, and sometimes, in populous and wealthy neighborhoods, where respectable societies can be procured. But there are, I believe, numerous poor and thinly settled regions of country where their ministers have never yet impressed their foot-steps. We are required to go and search the lost sheep of Israel. Others follow on, and often gather up that which has been sown, the toil of our hands. With my present views, then, I could not *conscientiously* be an Episcopal or Presbyterian preacher, or anything but a Methodist. The peculiar doctrines of the Presbyterian church are directly at variance with my own opinions, and I prefer the economy and discipline of the Methodist, to those of the Episcopal church. You are correct in your conclusions, though

wrong in your premises, that the course for me to pursue, is, unquestionably, the one which I am pursuing.

Affectionately,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

RECOUNTS HIS LIFE AND CONVERSION.

CHAPTER XVI.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH H. GARBER.

NEAR POINT PLEASANT, Jan. 14, 1834.

My Dear Niece: I am no friend to apologies, and yet, I feel that one is due from me, for not having answered your kind letter, written many months ago. The truth is, I did write, but having somehow lost or mislaid your letter and not remembering your address, I knew not where to direct my answer. I am no wiser in this respect, now, than I was then, but by sending to Staunton, I doubt not you will receive this through the kindness of some of your friends there.

Since you have received any communication from me, my personal history has been various and eventful, as you have probably heard. At the date of my last letter, if I mistake not,

I was a member of the Presbyterian church. Six months ago I was a practicing lawyer. Now, having forsaken my home, my business, my worldly prospects, and, for a time, even my little child, for the sake of Christ and the gospel, I am riding a laborious circuit and calling sinners to repentance. Singular, but not an unexampled change. Similar, and by far more extraordinary ones have occurred in all ages of the church. By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of reward. "What things were gain to Paul, these he also counted loss for Christ, for whom he had suffered the loss of all things, that he might be found in Christ, and might know him and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his suffering, if, by any means, he

might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Such was the ambition, the generous self-devotion of these men. They looked to no earthly reward, "but confessing that they were strangers and pilgrims here, they sought a city which was to come, whose builder and maker is God." And Jesus was not only the author, but the finisher of their faith—their deaths were triumphant in the Lord. If Moses was not permitted to enter the earthly Canaan, he yet found an inheritance in the heavenly, and was afterward, with Elijah, admitted to an interview with his Redeemer on the Holy Mount. And Paul, in the near prospect of death, could say, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also, that love his appearing."

"Oh what are all my sufferings here,
If Lord, thou count me meet;
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet."

I feel, indeed, that I have made no *sacrifice*—have given up *nothing*, but rather that I have made a providential escape from the “pollutions of the world.” Our Savior intended no evil to the young man, when he required of him as a condition of receiving him among his followers, that he would sell his large possessions and give the avails to the poor; for He knew how utterly inadequate the things of this world are, to afford substantial happiness. Christ alone can give peace and comfort to the soul. In His presence on earth, as well as in heaven, “there is fullness of joy.” Wherever He is, in the humble cottage as well as in the noble mansion, there is a peace “which passeth all understanding, a joy this world can neither give nor take away.” And it is only when we give up every other dependence and take Christ as our portion and our all—when emptied of ourselves, that we are “filled with all the fullness of God.” When “His love is shed abroad in our hearts,” by the Holy Ghost given unto us, then we can “taste

of the powers of the world to come," and "rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory." In such moments, lost, as it were, in the boundless ocean of God's love, how poor and groveling to our enraptured souls, are all the pleasures and pursuits of this miserable world! How strangely infatuated the short lived race of sinful men, who have no higher aim than to be rich and great, to be envied and admired by mortals as weak and foolish as themselves, and who know no higher pleasures than those of the idolatrous children of Israel, who "sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play."

You are doubtless surprised at my being a Methodist. In many places we are despised, ridiculed, and "our names cast out as evil;" like the christians in the days of Paul, "as concerning this sect, we know that every where it is spoken against." I know not what may be your opinions, but for myself, I was formerly most strongly prejudiced against them. I looked upon them as *visionary* enthusiasts, and

reversing the rule of Festus—I supposed that much ignorance had made them mad. It was rarely that I attended their preaching, and then, with little profit, for the “natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; they are foolishness unto him.” I was once a SKEPTIC, if you please, an unbeliever of the truth of divine revelation. Something more than a year since, my opinions were changed, and I became convinced that there was such a thing as experimental religion, but I had no conception what it was, or by what means the change of heart denominated “being born again,” was effected. My own heart was naturally proud, hard, and unyielding. Domestic sorrows and afflictions—the agents of God’s mercy, had softened and melted it down, and had, in some degree, humbled my pride and made me to feel that I was mortal. Still, I was ignorant of myself, and knew not that I was “poor and miserable, and blind and naked,” until one night, while lying upon my bed, the veil was suddenly drawn aside, and I

was let into a full discovery of my own inward depravity and corruption. And what a charnel house! Self-esteem had given me an outward adorning, but within, there was nothing but uncleanness. The actions of my past life, which hitherto had appeared meritorious, had all sprung, I found, from pride, and selfishness, and vanity. Astonished at the picture which the mirror of the gospel reflected, and overwhelmed at the discovery which the light of divine truth revealed, I knew not at first what to do; but I, thank God, at length found my way to my closet, and in secret cried to the Lord for mercy. And I soon experienced a measure of relief, and began to think I had religion. There was, at least, a moral change in my feelings; I set a different estimate on the things of this world. The fear of God which is the "beginning of all wisdom," was continually before my eyes; and if I had not His love in my heart, I thought I "loved my brethren." Like the house of Jacob, I sought the Lord daily, and took delight

in approaching to God, and at times he seemed "not very far off." But after all, there was an *emptiness*, an "aching void within," which nothing I had as yet tried could fill. I was not satisfied, though Satan tempted me to believe all was safe. I was told there are various *degrees of comfort*, from a bare tranquillity of mind, a peaceful calm, to that bounding, rapturous joy, which is "unspeakable and full of glory," according to the different temperaments of individuals; and as I sometimes felt the *former*, my spiritual advisers seemed to think I had *actually* passed from "death unto life." I was without doubt in the hands of UNSKILLFUL DOCTORS, and must have fallen a victim to their ignorance, had not the GREAT PHYSICIAN of souls, Himself, graciously undertaken my case. And, as if to humble my pride, he selected as an instrument of my cure the founder of that very sect which I so much despised. Turning over a volume of Wesley's sermons, I providentially came to one upon the "Witness of the Spirit," from Rom. 8: 19,

“The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.” The title struck my mind, no less by its novelty, than by its similitude to “*judicial proceedings* ;” and I felt desirous to know something of the testimony of this, hitherto, unheard of “witness.” But I had hardly read the first two or three paragraphs, before I denounced the doctrine as *absurd*, and the author as deluded and enthusiastic. However, I determined to give him a fair hearing, although every sentence was tearing away the sandy foundation of my hopes—and before I had finished, I became convinced that if Scriptural conversion was now what it was in the days of the apostles, and that it was a “cloud of living witnesses” had experienced and were able to testify, I was yet “far from the kingdom of heaven.” And I thank God for this second discovery of myself, not less important to my salvation than my *original conviction*. I was deceiving myself with a name to live, while I was dead. I now set about seeking religion in good

earnest; yea, "striving to enter in at the strait gate," for we are told, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force." And on the 14th day of February, I was able to testify by happy experience, that "the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." And though I could not tell *how* my eyes were opened, yet with the blind man whom Jesus restored to sight through the instrumentality of clay, I could say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind I now see." Then I enjoyed "peace with God, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Then "the aching void" was filled with "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over;" and had I been in a Methodist meeting, there would have been, most probably, that night, a "SHOUT IN THE CAMP OF ISRAEL," as there has been many a one since, when I have been "FILLED, NOT WITH WINE, WHEREIN IS EXCESS, BUT WITH THE SPIRIT."

I fear there are many professors of religion

who have no experimental knowledge of Christ; Israelites yet journeying in the wilderness of sin, who will never enter the spiritual Canaan, unless the Lord shall send them, as he did Israel of old, some Joshua to lead them safe over Jordan. Having a promise to enter into His rest, they will nevertheless, through unbelief, come short of it. The doctrine of the "Witness of the Spirit," can not, in my opinion, be pressed with too much earnestness. It is not the mere privilege of the believer, it is his *birthright*, his title to heaven. "*And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba Father.*" "And this is life eternal that they might *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." "When the comforter is come, he shall testify of me, he shall glorify me, for he shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you." "For the promise of the Holy Spirit," says Peter, "Is unto you and your children and unto all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord

our God shall call." I would advise every one not to rest satisfied, until having become dead unto sin, he shall be made alive unto righteousness, through Jesus Christ our Lord, and is enabled to say with the Apostle Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Can *you* thus speak?

Probably you have heard before, that I I am again married, and that Mary Jane Lewis, your former school-mate, is now your *aunt*. So far as the opinions and usages of society regulate the time proper for delay in such cases, I may be a transgressor, but my peculiar circumstances must be my apology, if I need any. Had I remained in Charleston, I should probably have deferred my marriage longer; but on my present circuit, I was without a home for *myself or my little child*, until I found it here, in the kind family of my wife. Having

begun, continued, and ended this solemn and important transaction in the fear of the Lord, and, as I believe, with His *approbation* thus far, I feel in this particular, “a conscience void of offense towards God, and towards man.”

I have preached FORTY SERMONS since I came to my charge—a regular attendance upon my appointments will require of me not less than TWENTY-FIVE SERMONS monthly, and by the blessing of God, I shall expect to average at least THIRTY. Thus engaged, the hours fly away in rapid but sweet succession—and every day brings with it the soul-cheering testimony that I please God, and that I am walking with Him. Not so, when engaged in the sinful pursuits and trying the wicked pleasures of the world. “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.”

My health is good, and so is that of my wife. And my little Mary was in ordinary health when I last heard from her. I feel desirous to see her, and hope the Lord will enable me

to do so shortly. I am in a most amiable and affectionate family, in every respect treated with the utmost kindness—adopted and received as one of themselves. The Lord has given me favor in their eyes and access to their hearts. The *little* I gave to Christ, when I abandoned my profession, He has more than made up to me. Write and direct to Point Pleasant. Remember me to Mr. Garber.

Affectionately, yours,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the domestic and social relations of life, Mr. Baldwin was a "*pattern* to them which should hereafter believe on Christ to life everlasting."—1 Timothy, 1: 16. His "manner of life" as well as his "doctrine," was most fully known. Patience, gentleness, long suffering and goodness, were graces that richly adorned his private life. He was an "example to the flock" that might be safely copied. Like the lamented Judson, of precious memory, he was married three times, and for each of his wives he cherished the tenderest affection. His first wife, Miss Elizabeth Truslow, died a premature death, leaving an infant child named Mary Elizabeth, in charge of its grandmother, Mrs. Truslow. His second wife, Miss Mary Jane Lewis, of Mason county, Virginia, also faded

early, and died lamented. Her remains were interred in the "Lewis Family burying-ground," four miles above Point Pleasant, on the Ohio river. Mr. Baldwin was married to his third wife, Miss Ann Elizabeth Tavenor, at Parkersburg, March 7th, 1837. Mr. Baldwin loved each of his wives with a sincere, tender and pure love. The "*present affection* never seemed to lessen his esteem and love for those whom he sincerely mourned." His last wife is a niece of the lamented Rev. William Beauchamp, of precious memory. She is a most estimable woman, and dearly beloved by her friends. She says that her husband cherished the memory of his *former* companions with great tenderness—and that she often heard him speak of their many virtues, and from all that she could learn, "they were worthy of the deep and constant affection which he gave them." For a long time Mr. Baldwin made his last marriage a subject of special prayer to God for His blessing and guidance. He never took one step in this matter until, as he remarks, "HE WAS

FULLY SATISFIED IT WAS THE WILL OF GOD." It seems from the following extract, that he had no desire to "survive" his last wife. God granted him the desire of his heart. "In my *professional days* it was customary to reduce important contracts to writing—although my dear Ann Elizabeth, I have no doubt of your *fidelity*, yet I wish to see something from your own *fair hand*, to re-assure me that *you are mine*. I spent last evening in my room, very happy in the love of God. I had the witness in my heart, that all I had done was right. My trust is in God that 'all things shall work together for our good.'—I do love you sincerely—ardently, and my prayer with perfect *submission* to the will of God is—'THAT I MAY NOT SURVIVE YOU.'" In view of his past bereavements, he felt that his "cup of bitterness" was already full, and he had no desire to outlive another companion. A few days after writing the preceding note, he says in another letter to his betrothed,—“I have just been reading with great and unspeakable comfort to my heart, the

37th Psalm — especially from the 3d to the 7th verses,—‘Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.’ ‘Delight thyself also in the Lord and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.’ ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord and trust in Him, and he shall bring it to pass: And He shall bring forth thy righteousness to the light and thy judgment as the noon day.’ ‘Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.’ ‘Fret not thyself because of him that prospereth in his way, because of him that bringeth wicked devices to pass.’” Mr. Baldwin knew very well if he married Miss Tavenor, he must take her as a “portionless bride.” It was in reference to this that he doubtless remarks as follows: “All I ask is yourself, with your MARRIAGE PORTION from the STORE-HOUSE OF GRACE AND TREASURY OF HEAVEN. I desire neither lands, nor flocks, neither money, nor goods. God, even our God will be ‘our portion.’ He has made my ‘cup already to overflow.’ He has given me enough—more than merely to make

provision for my own wants. With less of this world's goods and His blessing and protection, I am happy,—aye with nothing at all—yet with Him for my helper, I AM RICH. But I do most sincerely thank God for all that I have—for everything which He has given or may yet bestow upon me. I humbly ask for grace to act in all things as HIS 'STEWARD.' I am in a happy frame of mind this morning."

I will take the liberty of making one more extract from this instructive correspondence:—
"I suppose I am addressing my last letter to *Miss Tavenor*—you are about to give up the name of your birth, of your parents, your family—the name by which you have hitherto been known, and which stands associated with all the scenes, and joys, and sorrows of your youth, and to be called and known by a name, that not very long ago was a strange name to you—one which you are soon to make your own, and which is hereafter to be most intimately connected with all that is interesting and dear to you. You are now about to leave

the home and the scenes of your childhood, and to seek a new home amid untried scenes and associations. You are about to leave the care, protection, and authority of your parents, and place yourself under that of a husband. You are also about to take upon you vows which are cotemporaneous with life, and obligations from which death only can release you. From henceforth, all will be *new* to you. In launching upon the married state, you go as an adventurer upon a new barque, and on unaccustomed waves—solemn thought. I should shrink back myself, but that I believe the Lord commands me, and that Jesus will be my guide and pilot. My dear E——, pray continually to the great Fountain of life, and love, and joy, that His grace may be sufficient for you.

“Your station will be a highly responsible one, but I have great confidence in you, and in the goodness and mercy of the Lord, which has always followed us, led us, and brought us together, and I humbly trust, will continue

to support and sustain us even to the end of life. I love you tenderly and have been recently made unspeakably happy three times, while praying for you. I think I shall have great liberty in preaching to-morrow. Pray much for me, as to-morrow is the *trying day with me*. I have great confidence in your prayers. I trust all will be well. Good morn- ing, my love; may the God of all peace and consolation ever be with you. Give my love to your mother, soon to be *mine*.

“Yours, ever,

“CHARLES R. BALDWIN.”

After his marriage to Miss Ann Elizabeth Tavenor, he commenced keeping house for the *third time*. He found in Miss Tavenor a true help-meet—a “prudent wife from the Lord.” God blessed their union with two promising boys, Charles and Thomas; Thomas died in his *fourth* and Charles in his *fifth* year, with only two weeks difference between the time of their decease. Little Thomas was baptized on the day his father died, and after-

wards often talked to his mother of meeting his beloved father in heaven. The death of these beloved children was a heavy stroke upon the bleeding heart of Mrs. Baldwin. Her cup was not yet full. Since that time, she has lost a favorite brother, her maternal and paternal parent also. But she remarks in a note to me recently: "None of these bereavements fell with half the crushing force upon my bleeding heart, as did the death of my dear husband. Ah! when I saw the grave cover him from my eyes, it seemed as 'if one-half of my heart had been torn away,' and the other half ached at the separation."

Mr. Baldwin has but one child now living, his daughter, Mary Elizabeth, by his first wife. She has been a child of many prayers. Under date of January 21st, 1839, Mr. Baldwin while stationed in Parkersburg, makes the following entry in his journal: "I am greatly concerned and drawn out in prayer for the conversion of my daughter, Mary Elizabeth. She is now *eight* years—and old enough to love and serve

God." He did not pray in vain. Five years after his death she was converted to God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal church. Subsequently she went to live with her uncle, John Truslow, Esq., of Charleston, in the town where she was born. On the 20th of November, 1856, she was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Patton, M. D., of Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, Virginia, where she has since gone to reside.

The following extract from a letter just received from Mrs. Patton, at Lewisburgh, breathes the pure catholic spirit of the gospel:

“REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS:

“*Dear Brother:* Of my sainted father of whom you speak in such high terms to my great delight—for never did a child more truly reverence the memory of a departed parent—I can recollect but little, he having died when I was but nine years of age. I know my father was a devotedly pious man, and early sought to instil into my mind right principles.

His teachings, I trust, have not been altogether lost, although I am by no means what I should be.

“My recollections of him are so indistinct, that it would be vain for me to attempt to communicate anything that would be of interest, either to you, or the readers of your book. I will simply say, that I am thankful for having such a father. I would rather bear *his name* than the name of any one of earth's highly honored sons—I would rather have as a *legacy* ‘the fervent heartfelt prayers’ of which you speak in your letter, than the undisputed claim of a millionaire.

“My husband and I are members of the Presbyterian church, but I trust the knowledge of this fact will not diminish your interest in me, as the daughter of an old and esteemed friend, and as one who ‘names the name of Christ.’ For are we not one in all the *essentials* of religion, and, if faithful, will we not spend an eternity together, where all *denominational differences* will be forgotten? I shall ever feel

grateful to you for preparing this biography of my much lamented father, and hope it will be the means of much good to the souls of men. I shall look for its publication with anxious solicitude.

“Wishing you great success in your labors, I am yours, most respectfully and gratefully.

“MARY E. PATTON.”

LEWISBURGH, VA., March 15, 1858.

I have learned, through persons most competent to judge, that the piety and devotion of the daughter is like the departed father, *unquestionable*, although her modesty and naturally desponding disposition, leads her to speak of doubts and fears, and the want of “ASSURANCE” which he professed to enjoy in such a remarkable degree. From those who are fully competent to judge, I learn that she is amiable and uniform in her temper and disposition, with a cultivated mind, to which is superadded the graces of the true christian — “woman’s best adorning.” It is no wonder that she is greatly beloved by all with whom

she associates. If attention to private devotion, untiring study of the word of God, and meditation, with delight in religious duties, are marks of relationship to Christ, then might she claim a seat among His "chosen ones"—the heirs of salvation. My prayer to God shall be that in future,

"A purer light may mark the road
That leads her on to heaven."

I can but feel a deep solicitude for the children of those ministers of the gospel who have forsaken all for Christ. May our Heavenly Father smile upon them, and may they at last meet their dear parents in glory.

The following devotional lines were written by Mr. Baldwin, for a lady whose name was *Lydia*. They are founded on these words:

"And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted *thither*." "And a certain woman named *Lydia*, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God,

heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul."—Acts, 16: 13, 14.

At Philippi on Agea's rocky shore,
 There dwelt a little pious female band;
 And by the flowing tide, meekly to pour
 Faith's prayer, they met, and knelt upon the strand.

And Sinai's God—in awful majesty
 Whom Israel saw—they worship'd and adored—
 Of Zion's King, and bleeding Calvary,
 And death's great conqueror, they ne'er had heard.

The Sabbath came—with pious awe they went,
 To sing and pray, to worship and adore;
 And Paul was there, and Lydia sat intent,
 To hear of wonders all unknown before.

The theme was *Jesus*; love *divine* that moved
 The Son to die for sins his soul abhorred;
 But vainly Paul had preached, and Jesus loved,
 Had not her heart been opened by the Lord.

She heard, and she believed; and light from heav'n
 Shone on her heart and burst the midnight gloom;
 She saw the cross, and felt her sins forgiven—
 A crown of glory gleamed above the tomb.

Like her whose name you bear, may you attend
 And hear with open heart—believe, obey;
 Life's pilgrimage shall then in glory end,
 And Death's dark night be lost in endless day.

HIS COMMUNION WITH GOD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. BALDWIN was deeply experienced in the things of Jesus Christ; one in whom the love of God was “perfected.” God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth “in God and God in him.” He was a *sanctified* christian, and consequently his peace “flowed as a river.” I do not know how to describe his own state of mind better than by an extract from his own pen, setting forth the fullness of joy which flows from Christ.—It is “a happy union, a loving, harmonious intercourse, a calm, happy, and perfectly balanced state of the soul—the affections all alive and in motion, the thoughts lively, active, quick, but pleasant—unruffled. The peace of the believer is like a ‘flowing stream,’ characterized by depth, length and breadth. It is a living, moving current in

the soul. It moves in a deep broad channel through the whole *vista* of life and mingles its waters with the ocean of eternity. It has *depths*; it is *bottomless*. Tempests may agitate it; and the bark that rides upon it may leave a temporary furrow, but it disturbs not its lower current. All is calm and tranquil, deep in the soul. The agitation is soon over, and the soul calmly stays upon God. It has *breadth* or expansion, and has *banks* though it often overflows them. Upon its deep broad streams, *our all* may float secure.—Like the rivers of earth, it moves onward—our peace becomes more deep, more expanded by the united supplies it is constantly receiving from the *smaller streams* and fountains. It swells into a larger and more majestic stream, till it loses itself in the boundless ocean of love.

“At first the fountain opens and begins to play, and sends forth its sweet and pure waters of life, furrowing its winding channels over pebbles and among rocks, and beneath shady bowers; but sparkling and murmuring on.

Fed by other streams, it increases to be a mountain torrent; but widening and deepening—it moves on through the peaceful vale, till enlarging and swelling to a mighty flood, it pours its limpid waters into the ocean. *Such is the experience of the faithful.* More and more abundant are God's mercies to them, and deeper and deeper His love, and more and more restless the tide of salvation till the soul finds itself upon the boundless and bottomless ocean of love—'an abyss of mercy.' To the mariner on the ocean, the liquid element on which he rides seems bounded by nothing but the skies. So is the full experience of the believer in Christ. All is love and heaven. Who can fathom or comprehend the boundless and amazing love in which the soul dwells? Mercy after mercy rises 'like the waves of the sea' in endless succession. All is love beneath and around and all is heaven and glory above. Evermore there is joy, every pulsation of the heart is prayer, like the 'wave,' a lifting up

of itself to God; and every successive event brings thanks to His name.”

Mr. Baldwin in the early period of his religious course passed into this *sea of love*, and continued to enjoy constant communion with God. Prayer and praise was the element in which he “moved and had his being.” He might well exclaim, “Herein is our love made perfect that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, so are we in this world.” I will make one or two extracts from his journal, touching his personal religious experience, to show the reader the depth of his communion with God:—

October 21st, 1838.—“I am now on the last page of my journal embracing a period of nearly *five years*. God has been good to me. I experience daily and hourly manifestations of his love. * * * * On these pages I have recorded my union with an amiable, affectionate, intelligent, deeply pious, and dearly loved—wife. A short time spent in her charming and instructive society, and then

a dissolution of our earthly connection by death, but under circumstances that promised a more blessed reunion where saints never die, and friends are never separated. * * * *

I have also recorded my union with another, who, in every endearing relation and attitude, fills the place of the one I had lost, and who, by the blessing of God, has made me the happy father of a sweet and promising boy.

* * * * These pages have often found me in scenes of deep domestic affliction, and passing through the deep waters of tribulation, but they have never found me without the consolations of religion, and the guidance of this Holy Spirit. I am now surrounded by a family in comfortable health, with the blessings of the Almighty God upon us, and the promise for coming life, that all things shall work together for our good. I have also recorded innumerable spiritual blessings, the work of *sanctifying grace* in progressive and *perfected holiness* in the fear of God. And in laying aside these pages, I desire most earnestly to

'*leave the things which are behind.*' I feel like plunging into greater *depths of love*, and rising to *far loftier heights* of holiness. My soul is panting more and more after God. I have 'awaked satisfied in His likeness,' yet I am not filled with 'ALL HIS FULLNESS.'

"When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me ;
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

"My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool ;
Spring up, O, Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul !

"Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void,
Thou only canst my spirit fill,
Come, O my God, my God."

October 22d, 1838.—"I was greatly drawn out and blest in secret prayer immediately after breakfast. In many things I felt that I was heard and answered.

October 23d, 1838.—"I have been greatly blest of late in my private devotions, especially

yesterday and to-day. God hears me, comes into my heart, kindles up my affections, restores unto me the joys of His salvation, upholds me by His free Spirit. I feel happy in His love every time I pray; and I know that I do those things that are well pleasing in his sight. * * * * I am not under any condemnation, and I have daily answers to my prayers, but after all I do not feel that I am fit for heaven. I have not yet that inward and outward holiness which I desire. I am not *all like Christ*. Yet I am not conscious of having lost ground in religion, and yet the world may have, in some considerable degree, been making inroads into my heart. I sometimes fear that I am not as meek, and patient, and dead to the desires of the flesh, and yet I do not know but what I am as much so as ever. * * * * From family affliction of late, I have not risen as early as I once did. I am now returning to my former habits of study. I feel resolved to do the work of an evangelist and make full

proof of my ministry. God is now graciously reviving his work of purity in my heart.

January 1st, 1839.—“I have now by the mercy of God entered upon a new year. The first feeling of my heart on waking, of which I was conscious, was the love of God—the joy of His salvation. I prayed and was happy. Heaven was in my soul, and my communion was with the Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ. My body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. Christ dwells in my heart by faith, and I am rooted and grounded in love. But its breadth and length, its height and depth, who can comprehend? It passeth knowledge. O that I might approach it and be filled with all the fullness of God. Glory to God, I am filled with Him. O, yes, with His fullness. Yes, with ALL HIS FULLNESS. My love is full, my joy is full, my peace is full, and my hope is full.

‘O glorious hope of immortality.’

I am ripening for heaven and glory above—for the immediate presence of God. My *treas-*

ures, my *home*, my *heart* are all there. On earth I am only a pilgrim, 'having no continuing city here, but seeking one that is to come.' O, for a constant sense of the Divine fullness, to be lost and swallowed up in Christ. GLORY BE TO GOD. *Amen.*"

But few, perhaps, in so short time, have arrived at such maturity in christian graces, or have enjoyed such "fullness of joy" as Mr. Baldwin.

January 21st, 1839.—"I am greatly concerned and drawn out in prayer for the *conversion* of my child, Mary Elizabeth. She is now in her eighth year, and old enough to love and serve God." * * * * *

This little extract reveals a beautiful trait in the character of Mr. Baldwin—his almost ceaseless prayers *for the salvation* of his own household. He had a burning desire both day and night, in health and sickness, to see sinners converted to God.

August 14th, 1839.—"I received a letter from Lancaster circuit, descriptive of the state

of religion in that region—it also contains an invitation to a camp-meeting. Alas! I am in poor plight to go. I should love to meet my brethren and sisters once more. * * * While on that circuit I had many delightful meetings. I was often blessed to such a degree, that the SPIRIT COULD SUSTAIN NO GREATER WEIGHT OF GLORY WHILE IN THE BODY.”

O what a delightful spiritual frame of mind had our departed brother while preaching Jesus. But the same “fountain” is accessible to us all. Let us “go and wash and be clean”—drink and thirst no more. “Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

“Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us,
 Join we too the holy lays,
 Jesus! Jesus!! Jesus!!!
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest choral ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus, flow along.”

PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Baldwin's manner of preparation for the pulpit is a "pattern" worthy of imitation by all true ministers of Jesus Christ. On reading portions of his journal and private papers, I was forcibly struck with his PRAYERFULNESS. It is said that the celebrated German Reformer, Martin Luther, "excelled other christians in the tone and spirit of his prayers." Mr. Baldwin was also a man not only of strong faith, but he excelled most of his brethren in earnest, daily "*closet pleading*." His family has often heard him remark, "Well, I think many persons who pray *less than myself*, may enjoy more religion than I do, but I find that I can not get along in religion without praying a great deal."

During his last illness, when confined to his chamber, he never omitted his regular hours

for private devotion. Generally at such periods his soul was filled unutterably full of glory and of God. When at last he became so much enfeebled by disease that he was no longer able to leave his bed, or get out of his arm chair, he would call in the aid of his wife and get her to read to him a chapter out of the Holy Bible. And then at his request she would *assist him to get on his knees*, and then leave him alone with God to enjoy a season of secret prayer and holy communion, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. At such an hour his affectionate wife would stand in the hall near the door, and wait the *signal* for her return—when often times the first sound that would strike upon her ear would be “glory! glory!” from the lips of the joyful sufferer. With what delight the angels of God must have witnessed this touching and morally sublime scene between the faithful pastor and no less faithful wife. O, how it rebukes *our sloth* and negligence in closet duties. Mr. Baldwin was not only in the habit of praying much at home,

but even while traveling, or when engaged in business. He suffered nothing to hinder him from praying a few minutes, generally ten or twelve times during every twenty-four hours. Everything which he considered of any importance, he made a subject of special prayer; and this habit was kept up until death. He prayed much during his hours allotted for study and preparation for the pulpit. The Bible was his daily companion, in the family, and the study. He read it systematically and *prayerfully*. When preparing a sermon, he read the Holy Bible *on his knees*, and prayed fervently for light to shine on the sacred page. Aye, he "*agonized*" with God in mighty prayer, for wisdom to enable him rightly to "divide the word of life,"—to give to each a portion of meat in due season. Here is the key which unlocks the hidden life of this devoted servant of God. Here we learn the source of his strength, and the clearness and force with which he was enabled to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. He was "endowed with power from on high," in

answer to *importunate prayer*. The lamented Dr. Payson said to a friend, who inquired of him touching his progress in his studies, "since I began to beg God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than I had done in a whole year before." Mr. Baldwin, like the sainted Baxter, of whom it is said that he "stained the walls of his study with praying breath," *continued* in prayer until the "fire would descend and consume the sacrifice." He was then prepared to *write* or to preach. He studied all his sermons upon his knees, before he appeared before the public congregation. But I will lift the veil and let the reader witness only one scene among many in his study.

Jan. 4, 1839. "In my room this afternoon, while calling on God for light from above, on the great doctrine evolved in Romans, 8: 32, 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?' I found my mind led along by the Holy Spirit, farther and farther into the intricate and amazing subject—

and stretching my feeble understanding wider and wider—and in the effort to grasp it, I really feared I would lose my intellect, but the Lord gave me *strength* as I proceeded, binding up the faculties of my soul, and at the last, apparently from *every point* of the Heavens, light and glory poured in upon me, streaming into my soul, until I was let into the immeasurable expanse of the boundless 'fullness of God.' Glory to God in the highest. I was never so blessed before, or thrown into such ungovernable ecstasies of love in all my life. The earth was far below, and quite too small for me,—'God was the strength of my heart and my portion,'—and for some time I lay not like my Redeemer, in an 'agony on the cold earth' covered with sweat and blood—but on the floor of my study, in *inexpressible joy*, shouting the high praises of God. My dear wife who was asleep in another room, suddenly awoke, and was not a little surprised, but less alarmed than the Philippian jailer, when the prayer of Paul and Silas shook the prison. It was not the first

time she had seen me happy or heard me shout, therefore she manifested no alarm or particular uneasiness about my situation.”

Mr. Baldwin was a close student, and well versed in the doctrines of the Bible. His sermons were all well digested and methodically arranged. Although he never approved of the practice of *reading sermons* in the pulpit, yet he did sanction by precept and example, the useful practice of *writing sermons* and sketches. In the latter part of his short life, he devoted himself more closely to this important part of a minister's duty. His “profiting appeared” to all who had the pleasure of sitting under his ministry.

Jan. 13, 1839. “Sunday morning the Lord was in our midst. I had bestowed much labor on my discourse, and the Lord assisted me in delivering it. Since I have come to Parkersburgh, I have in nearly every instance of preaching from a new text or a new plan, written out my sermon, almost at full length. And why may I not have the promise of God, and

the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, in my closet meditations, as in my pulpit exercises. By this course of preparation, I can preserve a distinction in my discourses—although many of them are on kindred or similar subjects. In this way I avoid a repetition of the same set of phrases, and sameness of manner of argument, illustration, and application. I can be full without redundancy, and observe a more close, nervous and systematic course of reasoning, than I can generally expect to attain when I have only a general outline marked out. Yet I leave room for enlargement on subjects partially discussed—for a fuller developement of thought, in the expanding process of expression,—for new ideas as they may advantageously be employed, to be engrafted upon the parent stock, and for dress and embellishment, as the occasion may require—taking care never to go beyond a *neat and plain style of elocution*. My aim in the fear of God is to be understood by the most ignorant, and apprehended by the most dull in the congregation.”

Is not this an example worthy of imitation of all christian ministers?

Mr. Baldwin had a remarkable faculty of adapting his discourse to the occasion. Being called upon at one of his appointments to preach the funeral of a child that had died suddenly, he says:—August 16, “Preached the funeral of Mr. B. N’s. child, who died suddenly like Benjamin. Text, ‘His brother was dead, and he alone was left of his mother, and his father loved him.’ From the giving out of the hymn ‘God moves in a mysterious way,’ the Lord was with us. I had uncommon liberty and power in preaching. Our class meeting was a heart melting and reviving time; one of such universal, deep and powerful excitement as to draw strangers within the house, and to windows without, one of whom stood and wept like a child. At the close, the bereaved father offered himself for admission on trial,—truly there is joy on earth as well as in Heaven, over one sinner that repenteth.”

FRATERNAL LETTERS.

CHAPTER XX.

TO REV. WILLIAM YOUNG.

Dear Brother : I do not intend it as a mere compliment when I tell you I was truly pleased to receive a few lines from you, although they contain no very cheering intelligence. The society and the correspondence of my brethren in the ministry, I prize very highly, and I am always gratified with the least mark of kindness from them. I have sometimes, though not now as formerly, when I am with my brethren, thought of Paul upon his first visit to Jerusalem. Yet I can hardly think for a moment, that my religion is doubted, or that I am the object of distrust, much less of fear, but my former profession and associations, I am satisfied, have often thrown difficulties in my way and prevented a ready

access to the hearts of the people. Religion is love—we all profess to have drank of the same Spirit, and coldness, jealousy and constraint, can have no welcome place where Jesus deigns to dwell. * * * * *

To attend your meeting, I should have to leave four or five of my regular appointments, and I really think my presence unnecessary. I am somewhat *stale* to the people of Charleston. You and brother Findley are yet fresh. Brother Spencer too will be new. You have also brother Wesley Young, good for effective service. I think *you are strong*; all you want is *faith*. I pray you may have the great Head of the Church with you and that the work of the Lord may be gloriously revived. Since I wrote the first part of my letter, my faith has increased in reference to our prospects on this circuit. At every appointment during the last week, and especially at Black's and in Barbourville, on Sunday and Sunday night, I felt much of the presence and power of the Lord, and my soul was filled with his love.

“Pray for us that the word of God may have free course and be glorified.”

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Yours,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

ADVICE TO A PENITENT.

TO MRS. AGNES S. SEHON.

GUYANDOTTE, December 17, 1834.

My Dear Madam: I trust you will not regard it as a mere common expression of civility when I assure you, that since our first acquaintance, you have occupied a higher place in my esteem, than merely that of a sister of my wife. To-day I have thought I would devote a few moments in writing to you. And encouraged by the wishes of Mary Jane, I have without ceremony set about it. But I am sadly at a loss what to write. Yet it is possible, I can find *one theme* interesting to *us both*; the religion of Jesus Christ—a knowledge of the pardon of our sins and the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy

Ghost, given unto us, and abiding within us continually. www.libtool.com.cn

I have tried this religion in prosperity. How powerful to regulate the appetites, control the passions, subdue every sinful temper, sanctify the affections, purify the heart, and keep the soul stayed upon God. How effectually does it destroy every inordinate desire, check every unholy propensity, and crucify us to the world and the world to us. I have tried it in sickness and adversity. How soothing and comforting to the soul are its heavenly consolations! What grace and strength does it minister to the mind in its greatest trials and afflictions! How superior does it render the soul to the influence of bodily pain and infirmity! It calms every fear, soothes every sorrow, banishes every doubt, bids every care and murmuring thought begone, and fills the soul with a calm, heavenly peace, ever flowing like a river.

“Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull—
Strong without rage, without o’erflowing, full.”

In the last particular, however, the comparison does not hold good; for we often receive the love of God in measure "*running over.*" And I am willing to try this religion "in the *hour of death* and the day of judgment." It will stand any test, God himself will not disown it, for it is His own work in the soul.

When I last conversed with you on this subject, you were *anxiously inquiring* how this religion was to be sought and obtained? If you have not yet found it, let me refer you to the language of God by the prophet, "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find *me*, when ye search for me *with all your heart.*"—Jeremiah, 29: 11, 12, 13. Much, yea, everything is implied in this. If our feelings, desires, or affections are in any degree drawn away from God, we shall seek Him in vain. His language

is, "My son, daughter, give me thy heart." Where then will *you* seek the Lord with the best prospects of success? In your closet, you answer, and, perhaps, you may be correct. But how long have you been thus seeking and with what success? Do you feel that you are any nearer the object of your search? Do you not need occasionally some advice, or comfort, or encouragement, and if you could, at times, meet with others, who are themselves seeking, or have sought and obtained, and spend an hour or two with them singing, in conversation and prayer, would you not, in all probability, be mutually edified, comforted, and strengthened in the faith? Such are our class-meetings; and if your relation to the church was such, that her ministers and pious members were bound to instruct, admonish, comfort, and pray with and for you, and watch over you as those who must give account, would not your confidence be greatly strengthened, and your growth "in grace and in the knowledge of Christ," be probably accelerated?

But you wish to obtain religion, before you unite with the church. Why? On what account would you stay back—your own or that of the church? Not on your own surely, for by attaching yourself to the church of Christ, as a sincere seeker of religion, would not lessen your privilege or your obligations; but would greatly increase both. By joining the Methodist church you do not profess religion unless you have actually experienced the forgiveness of your sins, but we set you down for *just what you are*—a penitent, a mourner in Zion, a seeker of the religion of Jesus Christ. It is, then, on our account. You might backslide, or by an inconsistent walk, bring reproach upon the church. And so you might, even if you were converted. But if those who are constituted the guardians of her honor, who are “jealous over her with godly jealousy, that they may present her a chaste virgin to Christ,” are willing to receive *you*, why are you so fearful of her disgrace? Permit me to remark that no member can

disgrace the church of Christ, however much he may disgrace himself — or his official representatives may disgrace themselves by countenancing an unworthy member. Our Savior certainly knew when He called Judas and Peter into the apostleship, that one would betray, and the other deny him. And unquestionably he who purchased the church with His own blood, felt for her honor more than it is possible for us to feel; and yet, He unhesitatingly advanced them to stations, from which their subsequent defection was the more conspicuous, and to all human appearance the more disgraceful and ruinous to His cause. The great inquiry with every one should be, "What must I do to be saved?" What *can* I do that would be most likely to benefit my own soul? With the *honor* or *dishonor* of the church we have no especial concern beyond that. Its great Founder and Head will keep her "safe as the apple of his eye." For ourselves, we ought to hedge in our way as much as possible, so as to cut off all retreat

back to the world. Of one thing I am morally certain—to those who are humbly seeking the pardon of their sins, the course recommended can do no possible harm, but it may be productive of most important benefits in time and in eternity. The determination of the Samaritan lepers, was as prudent as the *reason of it was irresistible*. “If we say we will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there ; and if we sit still here, we die also. Now, therefore, come and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians; if they save us alive, we shall live, and if they kill us, we shall but die.”

“I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know,
I shall forever die.”

Affectionately, yours, in Christ,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

LONGING TO IMPART SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

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TO MR. A. LASLEY, of Gallia Co., Ohio.

My Dear Brother: I often think and talk of you and your kind family, and the good meetings we used to have at your house. Indeed, I am but a poor correspondent, yet I sometimes write as I preach, from a *sense of duty*, and not because I expect to profit any body. I can write to you as Paul did to the Romans, "I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established. That is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith of you and of me." Not that I am without comfort here, or that I have any desire to leave the circuit, or think I should be any better satisfied elsewhere. I thank God, religion is as good here as on the Gallipolis circuit—now as when I first tasted that the Lord was gracious, yea, as when I first drank of the pure stream of "perfect love." Indeed, I think my enjoyments are

growing deeper and more constant, and that I am more and more rooted and grounded in the love of God. I can not say that I have had *one dark hour* since I left you. Every day my soul has been made happy in the love of God, and I am going on my way rejoicing. Indeed, for a few days or weeks past, I have felt a more constant sense of the divine presence, especially in my public ministry, than I ever did before. For all this, the Lord be praised, for "by the grace of God I am what I am," a miracle of mercy, a brand plucked out of the fire.

Yours, with affectionate regard,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

A DISPENSATION OF MERCY.

TO DANIEL T. BALDWIN, ESQ..

My Dear Brother: Your letter announcing the melancholy intelligence of the death of our brother George, his wife, and daughter, was received last evening. This dispensation of Almighty God has excited various reflec-

tions in my mind. Though I had not seen him for years, and no direct communication had passed between us, I yet find he had a *brother's place in my affections*. Almost twenty years have passed since our number has been lessened, but in the ordinary course of nature, that period will not again roll by, before the most of us will be swept from the stage of action, and be numbered with the great congregation of the dead. Doubtless this is a *dispensation of mercy*, designed for the benefit of us all. Many years ago, our brother and his amiable partner made a profession of the religion of Jesus Christ; and if they have lived faithful, they are now beyond the cares and sorrows of this mortal life, and are forever happy with the Lord. But how would it have been if the hand of God had fallen with equal weight on some other branches of the family? I fear I must have sorrowed for them as those who have no hope. Sad and melancholy reflection. Our parents were both pious, and endeavored to train up their children in

the nurture and fear of the Lord, that they might be useful here and hereafter. Some of them have chosen that part which shall never be taken from them, and part of them are enjoying the felicities of heaven while others are on their way; but there are others who have "prayed to be excused," and I am awfully afraid that the Lord will take them at their word. But while I have my fears, I have also my hopes, and shall not cease to make you all the subjects of my prayers, that God may yet awaken you to a sense of your danger, and that you may be wise enough "to think on these things and to meditate upon your latter end." I am glad to hear of the favorable character you give of the eldest son. I intend to write to him and the other bereaved children the first leisure moments.

You are right in supposing that I have not taken upon myself the *great responsibility* of a minister of the gospel, without the most serious, solemn, and deliberate, and, I will add,

prayerful attention. I have not gone to labor in the vineyard unsent. I am one of those who believe in that fundamental canon of our mother Church—"The being moved to that sacred office by the Holy Ghost;" the commission which I bear is from the "Great Head of the Church." I cordially respond to the hope expressed by you, that I may be useful in my vocation and ministry, and that we all may at last receive a crown of glory eternal in the heavens.

Yours, affectionately,

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

COURAGE MY BROTHER.

The following letter to a *discouraged minister* will be profitable to many who have peculiar trials and temptations in preaching the gospel:

TO REV. JOHN F. GRAY.

My Dear Brother: I had been for some weeks looking for a letter from you, and had commenced framing an *epistolary information* against you for negligence and non-feasance,

as you and I would once have said, but receiving yours of the 18th this morning, I have entered a *nolle prosequi*. I am glad to hear from you, though I should have preferred almost any other writer as a *model* to good old Jeremiah. COURAGE MY BROTHER.

“The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.”

It is through much tribulation that we enter into the kingdom of God. In committing to Paul a dispensation of the gospel, our Savior showed to him, “how great things he must suffer for his sake.” “If we suffer with Him,” says this eminent apostle—“we shall also reign with Him.” You and I are yet young in the ministry, and we ought not *always* to look for immediate and *overwhelming* success. Paul, the least of all the apostles, as he termed himself, yet, “in labors, more abundant than they all,” has left us an example. When in Ephesus, “he taught publicly and from house to house, and by the space

of three years ceased not to warn every one, day and night with tears." His disinterested, fervent, and persevering labors, were at length owned of the Lord in the conversion of many souls. Do we thus labor? "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." We should not expect to set our circuits *all on fire at one round*; nor pronounce our people *cold* and *incorrigible*, because they will not *weep* and *shout* under our first sermons. We must take time to get acquainted with them, to study their characters, learn their wants, and gradually by divine grace, open a way into their hearts. Many causes may at first obstruct our progress, but faith and prayer can remove mountains. You have had thoughts of "turning or looking back." "Will ye also go away?" Have you thought to whom you will go when you desert Jesus and His cause? Away with these suggestions. Give no place even for a moment,

to any such temptations. Say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offense unto me." My brother, think not a moment of going back to the world. It is no friend to grace to help us on to God. The hour is coming when we shall desire to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." "Let us, therefore, never weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." For myself, my mark is onward and upward. I often sing,

"Lo, onward I move to a city above,"

and my soul swells with the hope of immortal glory beyond the grave. I have not the first thought of looking back; but feel thankful to God, that I have escaped the pollutions of the world. I have my temptations and trials, but none that can shake my confidence in my Redeemer. My mind is stayed on Jesus and upheld by his mighty hand. I can "re-

joyce evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give.thanks.com.cn

I need not say that I shall be glad to hear from you—but I beg you not to date your letter from “*Egypt*,” or on the way back to that land of bondage and death. As long as *your face is Zionward*, I shall continue

Yours, in the fellowship of the gospel.

CHARLES R. BALDWIN.

INSTANT IN SEASON.

CHAPTER XXI.

“Be instant in season, out of season.”

The following reminiscences from the pen of Mr. Baldwin, are full of instruction to the young:

“During the first year of my travels,” says Mr. Baldwin, “there resided in the vicinity of one of my appointments, an elderly lady, whose husband had died several years before in the triumphs of faith, but she herself was an openly avowed enemy of revealed religion. She was a professed Universalist, and to the extent of her ability and influence, an active propagator of what she professed. In her family was a son, about twenty-two years of age, who had been fond of the gayeties and follies of life, but whose character for morality and integrity, so far as I know, was unimpeachable. Though

I had preached often for several months, within a very short distance of her house, I do not remember ever to have seen any member of her family at church, consequently I had no personal acquaintance with any of them. On one occasion I was informed that the young man was in the last stage of consumption. I knew that in all probability, a few days would close his career, therefore I felt a strong desire to see him. He was watched so closely, that no religious person had been permitted to talk with him on the subject of religion. His deluded mother had been constantly assuring him that he had never committed any sins of which he should repent,—that he had always been a good son and would certainly go to Heaven when he died. In this way he had been consoling himself that through his own suffering, and by the mere mercy of God, he would soon be in paradise. I resolved to visit him, come what might. I accordingly called one afternoon in company with his uncle, who was a member of our church, being led, as I doubted not, by the spirit

of God. I found him very low, pale, emaciated, with a sunken eye, a hollow voice, and with a severe cough, and the hectic flush on his cheek. Without being asked, I took my seat by his bed, and in the presence of his gloomy keeper, commenced a conversation upon the all important subject of the salvation of his soul. I apprized him that to all appearance, he had not long to live, and inquired of him what were his hopes of heaven. At first he appeared much disconcerted and rather angry at my interrogations. He replied in substance that he expected to die, and was not afraid of death—he never had committed the unpardonable sin. I then endeavored to explain to him the nature of the atonement, that there was salvation only in the Lord Jesus Christ—that all had sinned and come short of the glory of God, and that without repentance and faith in Christ, he would be lost forever. I then solemnly warned him against resting in a false security, when the peace which he professed to feel, did not flow from a consciousness of the forgiveness of sins,

and the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him. I exhorted him to repent, and by constant and fervent prayer, to seek for a preparation to meet God, which would soon be his doom. I then proposed prayer, and without waiting to know whether it would be acceptable or not, I kneeled by the bed of death, and fervently supplicated a throne of grace in behalf of the wretched sufferer. The Lord heard and answered my prayer. He trembled and wept, and sighed in bitterness and anguish. I left him greatly humbled, and in tears. On my departure, I reflected much, and asked myself, will this poor youth be lost? and lost too, through the instructions of his mother by whom he has been led astray. His heart was still tender, and I found that he desired to find the right way to the cross. I felt that with proper instruction, he might yet be plucked as a brand from the burning. I had faith to believe God would finish the work and cut it short in righteousness. In a few days I heard that he was no

more. But I was rejoiced to learn that my colleague visited him, and talked and prayed. I learned that he spoke much of Jesus and heaven, and the last sound from his dying lips was, 'GLORY!' Glory be to God, my soul responds. I feel altogether to-day like meeting that young man in heaven. I am glad that I ever heard of the name of Jesus, that I ever 'forsook all to follow him,' and that I was ever commissioned to visit the bed of death, to tell the dying sinner that Jesus is able to save to the uttermost. I am now glad that I visited that young man without being sent for and *urged to come*. Two pastoral visits, one by myself and the other by my colleague, were all the outward means with which he was favored during his last sickness, but they were sanctified to his salvation. I acknowledge my frequent remissness in pastoral visitations, but take pleasure in recording that some of the happiest scenes that I have ever enjoyed, have been while engaged in 'going from house to house.'"

WITHHOLD NOT THY HAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.”

“AMONG the fruits of the revival,” says Mr. Baldwin, “on —— circuit, in 183—, was a young lady about fifteen years of age, whom I shall call Mary T——. During a great revival in the town of ——, more than one hundred were added to the church. The mind of Mary was deeply impressed by the spirit of God. Young and constitutionally timid, she was much embarrassed when the subject of religion was mentioned to her; and too fearful to venture forward when mourners were invited to the altar. But upon one or two occasions she was led trembling to the place of prayer. Her sighs and tears evinced the sincerity of a broken heart, but she did find relief. While Rev. R. was spending his last Sabbath with us, he ob-

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tained the consent of parent and child to place her name on the list of probationers. As leader of the class, the duty of instructing and admonishing her now devolved upon me. Several of the friends and near relatives of Mary were not partial to that branch with which she had become united, and they were not sparing in their censures of the course which had been pursued in relation to her. The usual objections were urged, that she was young and easily excited—that she had been led to the altar without being conscious of what she was doing, and induced to connect herself with the church, simply by the persuasion of others, and not from any conviction of duty, and her continuance in the church and observance of its rules were regarded as an improper restraint upon her rights and feelings, to which she submitted more from necessity than choice. I was then a boarder in the family of Mrs. T., and not a remote connection by marriage. My young charge was naturally gay and volatile in her disposition, and when not under the imme-

ciate watch care of her connections, she was not averse to society of a kindred character and temperament with herself. It required all the authority and influence which I possessed, to keep her from places and scenes that would have inevitably impeded the work of Divine grace in her heart, and no doubt would have drawn her back again to the follies and gayeties of the world. I frequently advised her to a more close attention to her religious duties, and sometimes when I feared that her seriousness was wearing off, I made her the subject of special prayer in the family circle. I remember on one occasion, that her heart was greatly softened; she arose from her knees weeping, and retired to her chamber, and her subsequent deportment was evidently more thoughtful and serious.

“Our quarterly meeting was in October, and it was attended with unusual manifestations of the power of Almighty God. The arm of the Lord was made bare, and the altar at times crowded with mourners. The convictions of

my young friend Mary came upon her with accumulated force, until the burden of her sin was too heavy to be borne. She left the house of God, broken in spirit, and exhausted in body, weeping and groaning, and refused to be consoled. Two others had found peace in believing, and Mary was now sincerely hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Blessed be God, that night she found peace to her soul also. Her conversion was clear, bright and glorious. Never did I see a countenance more sweetly expressive and radiant with the joys of heaven. Her subsequent christian course was like that of many others. While faithful she enjoyed the smiles of her Savior, and when remiss in duty, coldness of spirit ensued. She continued to prove herself an acceptable member of the church, and went on her way rejoicing. Soon after I was called to another part of the vineyard of the Lord. However, I met her two years afterward, and found that she was steadfast, and much happier than the hour that she first believed. The winter following

she came under my pastoral care, but alas! the 'fine gold had become dim.' A too constant and familiar intercourse with the world, had by 'little and little' drawn her mind from God, and she had lost the *power* and much even of the form of godliness. At times she was led even to doubt her conversion, and to look upon her past experience as a *delusion*. She had no longer that plainness of apparel for which she was once distinguished. She had gone so far back to the follies of fashionable life that a rigid enforcement of the rules of our wholesome discipline would have excluded her from the privileges of church membership. I saw her danger and apprised her of it, and after repeated admonitions, I informed her that unless she complied with the word of God and the rules of our church, I should be compelled to make her an example. At first she professed to be indifferent as to what disposition was made of her case. She could see no harm in wearing 'gold and costly array,' and if I thought best to expel her for so small an offense, I might do it.

Finding me, however, inexorable, she yielded, 'put away the accursed thing' and retained her place in the church. She soon became more humble and thoughtful; sincerely lamented and bewailed her backslidden state, and prayed that she might again be restored to the favor of God. But the Lord was preparing to remove her from the church militant. Early in the spring she fell into a rapid decline, and it was soon apparent that whatsoever her hand found to do, must be done quickly, and with her might. She earnestly besought the Lord to restore her lost peace, and heal all her backslidings. It was not long until the Lord lifted upon her again the light of his countenance and made her drooping heart rejoice. It was a beautiful morning in the month of June, that I was called from my bed to visit Mary for the last time. Her extremities were cold, and for several hours she had been grappling with the monster death. We knelt around her bed and commended her departing spirit into the hands of God. She was perfectly conscious, and could speak,

though very indistinctly. She thought that she would ~~live for weeks yet~~. We however assured her that she was dying. She suffered greatly from thirst and a suffocating feeling, and at first manifested some impatience at being gazed upon by those around her bed. However, in answer to my inquiries, and with a smile that attested her sincerity, she assured me that she was happy—that she felt the love of God in her heart, that she was going to heaven and had no fear of death. A mortal death sickness soon came over her, and as she lay gasping for breath in much pain, I felt that I had power to lift up my heart to God to mitigate her sufferings. In a moment a smile lit up the brow of death. Blessed be God, from that moment her sufferings apparently ceased; and while we were gazing upon her as she was sinking beneath the horizon of mortality, the dark cloud was suddenly lifted up, and the evening of her earthly existence became all luminous with the glory of her departing spirit. Thus she ceased to breathe, and the heavenly smile

which had overspread her countenance, continued to light it up with an unearthly brightness, and to give animation to her features after every trace of life had become extinct. Truly it is written — ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’

“A few reflections suggest themselves to my mind. Had Mary T. been left to herself, she certainly would not have united with the church at the time she did, and perhaps never afterwards. Ah! how many have been *left to themselves*, who were wounded and stricken — but never healed for ‘the want of some kind hand to apply the healing balm.’ Had she remained unconnected with the church, without its fostering care and disciplinary restraints — there would have been nothing to have kept her from the trifling amusements and vanities of the world. The good seed would have fallen by the wayside, and never been brought to perfection. We may also learn from this narrative — that at the time she had forsaken the Lord and lost her ‘first love,’ *faithful warning* and good

advice, proved highly salutary in her reformation. In conclusion I would ask, who can meet death with a smile but the christian? Philosophers have sometimes died with firmness and composure, in reviewing the past, but what of their triumphs in view of the future? Has the eye of their faith ever penetrated the curtain of destiny, and kindled with the glories that were opening around them? No! no! They have taken a 'leap into the dark.' The christian alone can say, 'My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.'"

I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN July, 1833, Mr. Baldwin commenced calling sinners to repentance, in Charleston and its vicinity. In the fall of the same year he was sent by the P. E., to travel Gallipolis circuit. In the fall of 1834 he was "duly recommended" and received into the Ohio Annual Conference and appointed to Guyandotte circuit, with our excellent friend and fellow laborer, Rev. Levi P. Miller for his colleague, whom he often mentions with affectionate regard. In 1835 he was appointed to Charleston circuit, with Rev. Wm. Young and Rev. A. M. Alexander for colleagues.

The reader will be able to learn something of the state of his feelings at this period, from the following extract from his journal:

August 14. "Met Mr. A. T. Laidly, Esq.,

this morning, who evinced much emotion on seeing me. We were formerly very intimate. Four years have elapsed since we parted. Since then great, and almost incredible changes have passed in my condition and character. I was then a thoughtless, worldly-minded man, in active business, following a lucrative profession. I am now a traveling Methodist preacher. I was then the husband of an amiable, loving wife, bound by many domestic ties. That wife I buried—was again united to an affectionate, pious wife, and have been bereaved a *second time, and now feel lonely and desolate*. O, how changed is my condition. I can remember the time when Methodist preachers were sent to this circuit, that I felt too proud to hear—but now I have been sent here as the preacher in charge myself. Last night my congregation was very large; Rev. Martin of the Episcopal, and Rev. Calhoun of the Presbyterian church, together with many of their own members, were present. The Lord was with me while illustrating the glorious plan of redemption, from, ‘We have

thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple,' Ps. 48: 9. The attention was serious and profound, and I feel encouraged to believe the Lord will revive his work here."

In 1836 he was ordained and sent to Parkersburgh station. In 1837 he attended conference at Xenia, Ohio, and was appointed to Lancaster circuit, but in consequence of family affliction, did not commence his labors until January 12th. In the fall of 1838 Mr. Baldwin was returned a *second time* to Parkersburgh station, and in the fall of 1839 asked for a superannuated relation. During the conference of 1838, he labored with increased diligence in the cause of his Savior. In addition to his pulpit and pastoral duties, he took charge of the Female Seminary, and superintended all its interests with marked ability and success. He was a warm friend of education, and greatly desired to place this young institution upon a firm basis. He was well qualified for such a responsible position, and had a remarkable faculty for

communicating instruction to those under his care. At the close of the second term, the school had a large patronage, and promised still greater prosperity in the future. Mr. Baldwin died of Bronchitis, and no doubt his increased labors as teacher and pastor, developed early the disease which brought him to a premature grave. His health began to decline by almost imperceptible degrees early in the spring. Yet he never relaxed his diligence in the daily discharge of his multifarious duties, but continued day and night to study, write, teach, and "visit from house to house," "warning every man," and exhorting and comforting the sick and dying. About midsummer his disease was fully developed and caused much uneasiness in the minds of his family and intimate friends. Medical aid seemed to afford him no permanent relief. During the months of July and August, his symptoms were of an alarming character, and at times he was completely prostrated.

Aug. 17, he writes in his journal as follows: "I do not expect to preach soon. My case is

with the Lord. For my own part I never felt more dead to the world, nor more anxious to be in the itinerant field, calling sinners to repentance — preaching to all the unsearchable riches of Christ. Wherever and whenever I may die, I pray God I may ‘*die at my post,*’ as an itinerant. COME WHAT WILL I CAN NEVER LOCATE.”

Under date of August 21, he thus writes:—
“A pleasant call from Mrs. Taylor. While she was here God filled me with ‘all his fullness.’ The thought of dying has not *distressed me*, but it has made me feel solemn on account of my wife and children. While these things were on my mind, I did not feel well — though I was not unhappy. In the evening, however, my sky became more clear, and while sitting at the supper table, I felt that I could give up all to God and felt assured that he would take care of them — and never leave nor forsake them. Afterward while sitting in my chair, I felt the love of God and the joys of His salvation springing up in my soul, until I was so filled

with the Divine fullness, that I was constrained with a loud voice to praise and magnify the Lord. NOW THE WORLD IS NOUGHT TO ME. Glory be to God, in such a frame as this it would be sweet to die."

About a week after making this record, Mr. Baldwin manifested a great desire to preach once more before his death. And notwithstanding the remonstrance of his wife and friends, he prepared and preached a short sermon, August 25th, the outlines of which are here given, as it was found in his study after his decease.

SERMON IN AFFLICTION.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." Ps. 116: 12, 13, 14.

The life of David was one of constant peril. For many years he was engaged in bloody wars, and at times, to a superficial observer, death

seemed inevitable. His usual language was that of confidence. "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" "Though a host should encamp against me, mine heart shall not fear." He had recently been brought nigh unto death and found his case one of perplexity and sorrow. But when he called upon the Lord he was delivered—and then asks "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits."

I. THE BENEFITS CONFERRED. "Forme," said St. Paul, "to die is gain." Was the Psalmist of a different opinion, when he was so urgent in his entreaty for God to spare his life, and so thankful when that prayer was granted? There are circumstances that make death in some degree to be feared and avoided even by a good man—even one who is well assured that if the earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolved, that he has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

1. When he feels that his work is not

finished. It was so with David, he had the Kingdom of Israel promised to him and his posterity—but his throne was not established, and the son to whom it was to be transmitted was not yet designated by the Almighty. There was much for him to do before his eye could see the *full*, promised salvation of God.

2. When he has reason to doubt whether it is his Lord's will to call him. No man by imprudence or neglect of the ordinary means of prevention, can rightfully abridge the life which God has given him. In the faithful discharge of duty, or the plain visitation of Divine providence, should disease overtake the servant of God, and a fatal termination appear inevitable, he can nevertheless die in peace, and feel assured that his "Master calleth him."

3. When his house is not, and can not be set in order by him. It is enjoined upon the followers of Christ to owe no man anything, and to provide things honest in the sight of all men. Yet the servant of God who has been industrious, prudent, temperate in all things,

may have unavoidably fallen into temporary embarrassment, and yet by the blessing of God, should life be spared but a few short years, or a short season, his prospect not only of relief, but of a competency might be fair. Under such circumstances, should he desire to live, he would evince no fear of death.

4. The circumstances of his family. But I will not dwell here — The widow of one of the sons of the Prophet cried unto Elisha saying, “Thy servant, my husband is dead, and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord, and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondsmen — and their hand maid has not anything in the house save a pot of oil.” It was a hard case. But God multiplied the widow's oil until she paid her unfeeling creditor and had a sufficiency left for the support of her family. Can the christian read this and fear to leave his wife and two sons, yea, and his daughter, in the hands of his God? (Mr. B. had two sons and one daughter.) But the Psalmist felt

as many others do, that the preservation of life is a benefit, which brings me to consider

II. THE RETURN PROPOSED. I will take the cup of salvation. Allusion is here made to a custom among the Jews, when they offered sacrifices in the temple, and feasted unto the Lord—and the cup of deliverance, (if God had rescued them from any threatened calamity,) was taken and drank as a thank offering unto Him. Alluding to the Sacrament, Paul asks, “The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?” There is a peculiar appropriateness when we are raised from a bed of affliction, in repairing to the house of God to commemorate the dying love of Jesus. It was His cross that purchased our pardon. From his tomb life and immortality have flown to us. “Because I live, saith he, ye shall live also.” Our life is hid with Christ in God. Many that are spared in answer to the tears and entreaty of their friends, perfumed with the all-atoning merits of Christ,—afterwards take the cup—but not of salvation—not

of thanksgiving to God—not of penitential sorrow over their past sin—but the cup of revelry and abomination—as it proves to be in the end—the cup of damnation to their own souls. O, how many that on the sick bed have been deeply distressed, and promised to do better, and supplicated God—no sooner is the supposed danger over, than they have practically demonstrated how superficial and fallacious in the general, are death-bed repentance and death-bed conversions. Not so with the man after God's own heart—"I will take the cup of salvation, and though the danger has fled away, I will call upon the name of the Lord, I will thank him for his benefits, and continue to supplicate new mercies from his throne." But this is not all. Affliction, and especially the near prospect of death, tries our christian graces, and if there is any deficiency in our religious character, we then feel it most painfully. The imperfect believer as well as the sinner, and the apostate from Christ finds it to be a fearful thing to fall into the hands

of the living God. At such times, if the Holy Spirit perform His searching operations upon the heart, the christian is brought to repentance — acknowledges his unfaithfulness, mourns over the remaining imperfections which he finds to be within him, and promises if restored, to serve God in “newness of life.” This may have been the case with David. In fact he acknowledges that he had fallen into *fear* and *doubtfulness*, and an unusual distrust of all mankind. But a better feeling had come over him; God had dealt bountifully with him, and now as all the return he could make for his benefits, he says, “I will pay vows now unto the Lord, in the presence of all his people.” I will appear in his courts as his worshiper, his servant redeemed and ransomed by his blood.

My brethren, I feel thankful to God I am once more permitted to stand in his house, though but for a few moments, and to tell of the goodness of God towards me. There have been hours in my affliction that I was almost brought

to the conclusion that my race was well nigh ended. And there have been brief intervals when I have watched the *ebbings and flowings* of life's feeble current, as the mariner in the storm watches the breakers which he expects every moment to founder his bark. Of reaching heaven I *have had no fear*. But I have felt that I was too much entangled in the affairs of this life—and how was I to set my house in order? I need not say that my reflections, growing out of those considerations were *serious*, but never painful nor embarrassing. For “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” “I cried unto the Lord and he heard me and delivered me from my fears.” In the fullness of His love I was willing to leave all and be with Christ. And in taking my life anew from the hand of God, I pray that I may be more humble, more holy, and more than ever given up to God.

In his journal under date of August 25th,

1839, he thus alludes to this solemn and interesting service:—

“A heavy sweat last night, which weakened me greatly, but I had given out word that I would preach a short sermon to-day. Feeble as I felt myself to be, I knew God would help me. My family tried to dissuade me from making the effort, as did some of my friends by a message, and at the church they all advised me against it. But so clearly was I persuaded that *it was my duty*, and that the Lord would assist me, that I resolved to make the effort and ventured all upon Christ. I preached about twenty or twenty-five minutes, from Psalm 116: 12, 13, 14: ‘What shall I render unto the Lord *for* all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.’ I was exceedingly low in the commencement, my *pulse throbbing at more than one hundred and thirty per minute*. Nothing but the clearest assurance of divine

aid in affording *physical as well as spiritual strength*, or I should have deemed the attempt to preach nothing but madness. By degrees I grew stronger, and felt my heart warmed by the love of God, and my voice became tolerably clear and full. The Lord owned the word to some hearts. After dinner I took a short sleep and felt better. The Lord is good to me, better than my fears, but I am far from being an *effective man*, nor do I expect to be the coming winter. But who can tell what great things the Lord may do for me yet? My soul has had deep and sweet communion with God this evening."

Five days after he attempted to preach, I find the following interesting memorandum:—

August 30th, 1839.—"I must change my habits of sociability and seclude myself in a good degree even from my family, or my earthly career must soon close. My disease, the Bronchitis, is fast returning—and when it gets a firm hold, it clings with a deadly grasp. I thank God I feel entirely reconciled

to die. The world does not invite my stay—and I am not without the *impression* that I shall not recover. I believe the Lord is willing to restore me—and yet *I seem on the road to death*. I tell my friends I must not talk, and they say so too, but still hang on to me until I am ready to sink; and then, again, it is nearly as bad to be *questioned* and feel the answer *rising* in the throat, and then have to suppress it. But what is to be done? My affectionate wife loves me, and it seems hard for her to sit by my side, and not speak to me—and then again I get much better, and get cheerful, feel lively in conversation, and then I am soon *prostrated*. Then I am silent, and in a few days I get rested. I am now somewhat recovered from my late prostration, but my cough is worse than it has been for three weeks—pulse quick, hard, and feeble, and my throat sore. The coming week will decide my case. The prospect of death is delightful to my soul—I feel like shouting, glory to God, while I write. My peace is made

with God. My title is clear to heaven. My Heavenly Father will take care of my beloved wife and children. But if God should order it for me to remain,

‘I’ll suffer on my three score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipes away his servant’s tears,
And takes his exile home.’

“I hear them singing in the back part of the house—the songs of Zion are sweet to the ear and transporting to the heart.”

He speaks in his journal a short time previous to his death, of being deeply affected while reading an account of the death of the wife of Rev. James D. Holding, of the Kentucky conference, who during her illness constantly exhorted her husband in these words, — “NEVER LOCATE UNTIL YOU LOCATE IN HEAVEN;” and who also requested her relatives to sing for her, when dying, a favorite song—

“O joyful sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear,” etc.

While she joined in singing these lines,

“He visits now this house of clay,
He shakes his future home.”

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She seemed to regain her strength and shouted aloud, and with her eyes fixed on heaven, spread out her arms as if conscious of embracing a friend, she exclaimed with great ecstasy, “O, here is my mother and my sister,” both of whom had preceded her to heaven, and then said, “The room is full of glory. Head of the church, be the head of my husband.” Ah, no wonder such a joyful testimony as the above touched the heart of Mr. Baldwin, who, himself was already having such sweet libations of the “glory” soon to be revealed. In this happy frame he continued all the time of his sickness. On the 18th of September he had a violent hemorrhage which brought him to the gates of death, but he was calm and joyful in the God of his salvation. One week after, he dictated the following note to the Rev. William Herr, who was then stationed at Columbus, Ohio.

“DEAR BROTHER HERR :

“I address you, in all probability, for the last time ; I think I am getting near the promised land. The prospect is delightful. And if my gracious Father will but send the heavenly breeze, in a few days I shall be safe in the harbor of eternal repose.”

Company coming in at this hour, he was compelled to give his attention to temporal things to *set his house in order*. It was thought he would not survive long after this attack, but his system rallied again, and he was soon able to sit up in his bed and converse a little with his family. He made frequent reference to the Ohio conference which was in session at that time, and his determination to “die at his post” in “full harness.” God granted his request.

His last record was made in his journal October 31st, 1839, and most clearly evinces that he was *ready* to depart and be with Christ:

“By the mercy of God I am able to resume my pen. On the 10th of September, after

supper, I was attacked with a violent hemorrhage from the lungs. Doctor Safford came speedily to my assistance. I bled about two quarts, but after drinking plentifully of strong salt-water I was relieved. With a little assistance I can now walk out into the other room, and sit at the table noon and night with my family. God's mercies have been unspeakable. From the first hour of my sickness, my cup has been made to run over with 'perfect love' and divine joy. I CAN NOT PRAY OR ASK A BLESSING WITHOUT SHOUTING.

"I have been very nigh unto death, and for weeks past have been expecting to die. But the prospect of death is delightful and glorious. Not a cloud between my longing soul and heaven, and not a wish to stay. I am contented to live if it be the will of God, or to die. Glory be to the Lord! Glory! Glory!!"

In view of Mr. Baldwin's health, the conference granted him a superannuated relation, and the late Rev. James B. Austin succeeded

him in the station. The day after the arrival of Mr. Austin at Parkersburg, he paid a visit to the dying chamber of Mr. Baldwin and found him in an "ecstasy of joy." And during his subsequent illness, Mr. A. remarks, "I visited him frequently, and always found him happy in God. No gloom, no fear shrouded his mind." In the early part of the first week in November, he became much worse, and suffered a great deal of pain, but endured it all without a word of murmur, the "perfect love" of God which he had enjoyed for a long time, enabled him to "rejoice always."

On Friday afternoon, he requested the Rev. J. B. Austin to preach his funeral to the people of his charge, and then said, "O tell them of the blessing of sanctification—that *great blessing* which I received five years ago in May. Tell them death has no sting. O glory, glory," and then shouted and praised God until he was exhausted. He sent the following message to the conference, while gasping for breath: "Brother Austin, tell the

preachers of the Ohio conference the blessing of sanctification which I have so long enjoyed and preached to others, sustains me now." He then took a most solemn and affectionate leave of his beloved wife—took her in his arms and assured her that God would take care of her. He then fondly embraced his three children and committed them all, and also many friends present into the hands of God. He suffered much during the night, but was very happy, patient, and resigned. On Saturday morning, his last day on earth, he had their youngest child, Thomas Tavenor, brought into his room and consecrated to God in holy baptism. He then felt his work was all done, and he waited for the coming of his Lord with great joy; after giving up once more all his family into the hands of God, and asking a blessing upon them. He then talked to all present and longed to depart and be at rest. He was "more than conqueror."

"His hope was full,
O glorious hope of immortality."

In this joyful state of mind he continued all day. The evening shades were coming quickly, while the sands of life were ebbing fast. At length the hour of his departure came, and he called his weeping wife to his bed, and gave her his dying blessing, and besought her not to grieve over his departure. He then blessed each of his children and committed them all once more to the care of his heavenly Father, and prayed for all who were present. Rev. Mr. Austin remarks: "The scene was deeply solemn and affecting. I had never witnessed anything like it before. His death was truly TRIUMPHANT." When the last moment arrived, brother Austin approached him and said, "Mr. Baldwin, we think you are just on the verge of eternity—How is it with you now? IS ALL WELL NOW?" He instantly raised his dying hand and said in a distinct voice, "Victory! victory!! Glory! glory!!" Thus died in great peace, CHARLES R. BALDWIN, on Saturday night, at nine o'clock P. M., November 9th, 1839.

A BRIEF RETROSPECT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I FIRST made the acquaintance of Mr. Baldwin at the conference in Xenia, Ohio, in 1837. He boarded near to my "lodging," where I had a good opportunity of seeing him frequently. I was favorably impressed with his appearance, christian conversation, and exemplary ministerial deportment. His manner of conducting the services of the pulpit was solemn and impressive. His outward contour was attractive. He was about five feet nine inches in height, with a strong muscular frame, and well proportioned. He had fair hair, with clear blue eyes, light complexion, and expansive forehead, and a mouth expressive of great firmness and of sufficient capacity to enable him to speak without an effort. His face was marked with strong lineaments of energy

and perseverance, which were striking characteristics of the man. From his *manner of preparation for the pulpit*, the reader has already learned that

“His noble mind could not stoop
To the affected eloquence of *words*.”

He always had a clear conception of his subject, and at times his discourses were highly argumentative. His language was plain and easy, and he presented his ideas with such clearness, that an attentive hearer, on returning from church, could repeat a large portion of the sermon. The path of life was made so plain, and divine truth so cogently enforced and riveted upon the understanding and conscience, that it was difficult to shake it off. He did not preach what some called “great oratorical sermons,” but strong, forcible, highly scriptural and evangelical. They were always in good taste and in keeping with the subject and the occasion, the compass of his voice, and the peculiarities of the man. He was

an original thinker, and his elocution was faultless and of a pure solid cast, which never fails to leave a good impression on the mind. Although he spoke with such great force and energy, he was never boisterous or dogmatical.

Mr. Baldwin was truly called of God to preach the gospel. In referring to this subject in a letter to his brother, Rev. A. G. Baldwin, an Episcopal minister, he says:

“One of the early impressions upon my mind which deepened into a settled conviction, was, that it was the will of God that I should go and labor in his vineyard. Before I obtained religion, the question was brought home to me: Are you willing to give up all for Christ? Have you made a full and entire surrender? Should God require your little child, could you cheerfully give her up? Are you willing to be anything or nothing for Christ's sake? I felt that through Christ I could make any sacrifice which the gospel requires. Indeed, so plain and direct seemed to be the instructions and guidance of the

Holy Ghost, that almost immediately after I experienced religion I made up my mind to forsake all and follow Christ, after which I soon felt an aversion for the profession of the law. I soon commenced calling sinners to repentance. I did not wait to go through a 'theological course,' believing if I was faithful that God would *soon qualify* me for the work to which I was called. But still I have not neglected the advice of Paul, the aged, to his son Timothy, 'Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.'"

HIS SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.

Mr. Baldwin from the commencement of his ministry, felt most deeply his responsibility to God, as will appear from the following extract of a letter to his niece:

CHARLESTON, August 15, 1833.

"If you have not already heard—you will probably be surprised at the intelligence contained in this letter. I have *relinquished* the practice of the law and am preparing to labor

in another field—that of my Lord and Master. In a short period, by the grace of God, I expect to be a Methodist preacher. And I can assure you, that I enter the *itinerant field* not with reluctance, but with a *willing mind*. I have said to *the world*, *adieu*—and a gulf already wide, which I pray God to make *impassable*, already separates me from its pleasures and its cares. Henceforth, I am *unknown* to the profession of the law, and I voluntarily and cheerfully take up my portion among a despised and persecuted people, but a people whom I believe are the chosen heritage of God. With them, I choose rather to ‘suffer affliction than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for I have respect unto the recompense of reward.’ In giving up my profession with all its flattering worldly prospects, I assure you I do not feel that I am making *any sacrifice*, I do not cast back one longing or lingering look to its *honors* or *rewards*; I am glad to be *relieved of them all*.

I am content to be poor—but I hope in Christ to “make many rich.” If my Redeemer and Master will but own my labors, and give me one soul for my hire, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain. I know that the place to which I am called is one of great responsibility—that I have before me difficulties, and trials, and persecutions, yet I believe I shall be sustained amidst them all, and come off ‘more than conqueror through Him that hath loved me and gave Himself for me.’

“Thus you see what I am by *external profession*. In *spirit* I feel that I am a ‘child of God,’ and that a mansion is prepared for me in heaven if I am faithful to the grace given unto me. I can say that I believe in the Son of God, and that ‘I have the witness in myself’—even the witness of the Holy Spirit—I FEEL DEAD TO THE WORLD. I seem to myself a mere stranger and pilgrim on the earth traveling to a better country—

‘The land of rest,
The saint’s delight,
The heaven prepared for me.’”

HIS FIDELITY.

He never trifled with immortal souls, but warned and exhorted all with whom he had personal intercourse, or with whom he was permitted to correspond on religious subjects :

“Let me ask how is it with you my dear niece? We have class-meetings in our church, and we inquire into the *spiritual state* and condition of each member. Suppose, then, that you were now in class, and I were to address you, I should probably ask you the following questions: Were you ever deeply convicted of sin? Have you ever sincerely and heartily repented of your sins? Have you a lively faith in Christ? Have you experienced the forgiveness of your sins? Do you enjoy peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ? Have you the “fruits of the Spirit” — love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance? Does the Spirit itself bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God? Is His

love shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto you? If you answered all these questions *affirmatively*, I should then ask, Are you growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ? Are you leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ and going on to perfection? Are you perfecting *holiness* in the fear of God? If you answered these last inquiries *affirmatively* I should regard you as *promising*—if not, I should *gently* ‘admonish’ you—‘That the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed receiveth blessing from God, but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.’ But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak. I have put these interrogations that you may answer them to yourself. An affirmative response to the first series implies *conversion*, or a state of

justification, from which we ought to be continually advancing to full redemption.

“The christian life is a ‘race’ which we are exhorted to ‘run, laying aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us.’ I fear too many of us attempt to *run*, carrying the ‘weight’ of pride, of worldly affection, and sinful desires, and make little or no progress. Unless we ‘*forsake all,*’ we cannot be the disciples of Christ. Everything must be given up for Him. He must be taken as our *only portion*—OUR ALL.

“I fear that there are too many who profess religion, whose hearts are too much set upon the world. They have great *respect* for religion and much reverence for the sanctuary of God, but they do not *know* what it is to have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. They are not willing to give up *all* for Christ. They are not ‘crucified to the world.’ They are as fond of wealth, of pleasure, and of worldly honors and distinction as they were before they made a *profession*. There is a religion

of a *fashionable sort* that is hard to define. It has not even the *external form*, much less the '*power of godliness*.' The only distinction between professors of this kind and the moral portion of the community that make no pretension to piety, is, that they have attached themselves to some church which they attend with *punctuality*. It is a rare thing to find a *true, self-denying* disciple of Jesus Christ. What a small proportion to those who are so only in profession. 'Be not deceived.' Many in the day of judgment will recount the wonders which they have done in Christ's name, and yet He will declare, 'I never knew you.'"

Mr. Baldwin was a good pastor. His views touching this subject may be gathered from the following extract, on his appointment to Charleston circuit:—

"I am now at my field of labor, and, thanks be to God, in good health. As far as I can learn, my appointment here gives general satisfaction, and hopes are excited in the

church that God will revive his work. May God give me grace *faithfully* to discharge my duty! I have many adversaries, but a clear conscience in the sight of God. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?' I am not afraid of my open and avowed enemies, but the *smiles of the world*, they are more to be dreaded than its frowns. I have many invitations given to visit irreligious families, given through *mere politeness* or a revival of former associations. *What shall I do?* I will commit myself to God, and trust to be guided by His holy spirit. When there is a prospect of being useful I will endeavor to go, but I can not consent to pay visits of *mere ceremony*. Besides a criminal waste of time I should catch the spirit of the world, sink the ministerial character, lower the standard of gospel piety in the estimation of the ungodly themselves, and do injury to their souls.

"I intend being an 'example of the believers

in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in spirit, in purity; and to give attendance to reading, to exhortation and to doctrine;’ to meditate upon these things, and to give myself wholly to them, that my profiting may appear to all. ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ O that God by his Holy Spirit may guide me unto all truth.”

Rev. Elijah H. Field, who was Presiding Elder of the district in which Mr. Baldwin labored, and who knew him well in public and private life, remarks: “His transition from the bar to the pulpit was as sudden as it was unexpected. In his new vocation, he was zealous, indefatigable, and successful. He was ‘fervent in spirit and diligent in business,’ and he allowed nothing but an insurmountable difficulty to prevent the fulfillment of an engagement. He was *always* busy—*praying, visiting, studying, writing, or preaching*—not one moment was permitted to go to waste. He prayed more frequently than any man I have ever known, with but one exception. He soon

experienced the blessing of '*perfect love*'—*professed and maintained* it through life. When in Parkersburg station, a high school was projected of which he took the charge as Principal, discharging the duties of that office, as well as the pastorate, with acceptance. 'He coveted earnestly the best gifts,' and strove to excel, in *personal piety* and conformity to the will of God—for this he prayed; and in *ministerial qualifications*—for this he studied; in *usefulness to his fellow men*—for this he laid *all his talents*, natural and acquired, intellectual and spiritual, together with his physical ability, upon the 'altar,' and 'occupied' them—doing 'whatsoever his hand found to do with his might,' until called to rest in heaven. His abundant labors wore upon his physical constitution, and his career was brief. His end was triumphant. Wishing you success in your enterprise,

"I remain yours in love,

"ELIJAH H. FIELD."

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I have no room to multiply testimonials from his co-laborers, having already extended this volume beyond my original design. It was not my intention to pronounce a eulogium on Mr. Baldwin. He needs none—"his record is on high." My object was to be *useful*—to write a book that would bless and benefit mankind. Mr. Baldwin had no desire to die, until it was the will of God to sign his release. His views on that subject remind me of the following interview between Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Tennent:—

On a certain occasion several ministers were dining together. Among them was the Rev. Mr. Whitfield and the Rev. Mr. Tennent. Mr. Whitfield spoke of the trials and labors of the ministry, and complained of the want of success, and then said, "I am weary with the burdens of the day. I am greatly cheered whenever I think that in a short time my work will be done, and I shall go and be with Christ." He then turned to the other ministers and asked them if they did not feel so

too? They all said "Yes," except the Rev. Mr. Tennent. He was silent and seemed to take no pleasure in the conversation. At last Mr. Whitfield tapped him on the knee, and said, "Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us—do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand when you shall be called home?" Mr. Tennent replied, "I have no wish about it." Mr. Whitfield then pressed it upon him, "Have you no pleasure in thinking of it?" Mr. Tennent answered, "No, Sir, it is no pleasure at all, and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death. My business is to live as long as I can, as well as I can, and serve my Master as faithfully as I can, until He shall think proper to call me home." Mr. Whitfield then said, "Suppose the time of your death was left to your own choice, would you not soon have it over?" Mr. Tennent answered, "I have no choice about it. I am God's servant, and have promised to do his business, as long

as he keeps me in it." Then said Mr. Tennent again, "Now, brother Whitfield, let me ask you a question—what do you think I would say, if I was to send a man into the field to plough, and at noon should go into the field and find him lounging under a tree, and he should say to me, 'Mr. Tennent, the sun is very hot, the ploughing is very hard, I am tired of the work you have put me at, and overdone with the heat and burden of the day. Do let me go home and be free from this hard service.' What would you say?" "Why," answered Mr. Whitfield, "I should say that he was a lazy fellow—that it was his business to do the work that had been appointed him, until you should think fit to call him home."

Mr. Baldwin never complained of the "burden and toils" of preaching, he did not desire to die to *get free* from doing the work of his Master on earth. He loved to work in the vineyard day and night, and intermitted not his labors, until the Shepherd of the flock

called him home to his reward. The trumpet in his hand always gave a "*certain sound.*" He was "faithful unto death." But his voice will never be heard again in the pulpits of Western Virginia, or on the banks of our beautiful Ohio. But we look upward and behold him before the throne, shining with the brightness of the "stars, forever and ever."

There was once an old tradition or legend among the Tyrol Mountains, that on one of the inaccessible summits a trumpeter had taken his stand, and that the course of the world rolled on prosperously, or the contrary, according to the fearful tunes which he played. After blowing through the gloom and glory of this world, it is said he would blow a dirge so mournful and solemn for himself, that Death would refuse for a time to execute his commission upon him—hoping that *his trumpet* would wail again among the mountains. This is a beautiful thought when transferred to this minister of Christ:

“ Blow, trumpeter, a peal
Before the solemn knell
Thy death note shall reveal,
And ring thy sad farewell.

* * * * *

“ Blow trumpet—clarion—horn !
Like many waters crying,
The doomed one to warn,
And save a soul from dying.
Blow rock and mountain, ramparts round,
Till glory echoes back the sound.

“ Blow with your dying breath !
Fling on the midnight air
The swan-notes of your death,
And leave their echo there :
The last shout of your sounding shell
Shall blend with angel harpers well.

“ The trumpeter is dead—
His trumpet speaks no more ;
The gravel for his bed
Was dug upon the shore—
Yet signet, scepter, harp, and crown,
‘ Upon his dying couch came down.’ ”

I have now finished my task. I commend this little volume to the blessing of God, hoping, in the language of Johnson, “ It may

give ardor to virtue and confidence to truth,"
and be the means of restoring many a wan-
derer to the fold of Christ.

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