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*Holiness Writers*

# **THE CALLUSED KNEES**

By

*George B. Kulp*

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without  
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

**Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World**

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

Author of

Nuggets of Gold

A Voice From Eternity

Etc.

"Men ought always to pray, and not faint."

"Pray without ceasing."

— I Thess. 5:17 —

"This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

— Psalms 34:6 —

"He that winneth souls is wise."

— Prov. 11:30 —

God's Revivalist Office

"Mount of Blessings"

Cincinnati, O.

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## FOREWORD

While but a boy less than ten years old I heard my father speak of a book that he prized highly, and quoted frequently, because it told of one who was much gifted in prayer, and who through prayer achieved mighty results for God. I long tried to secure a copy of that book, but found it had gone out of print. I regretted this very much; more especially so, as the book would be an inspiration and blessing to any child of God. Within the last two years, having providentially discovered a copy in the home of an old English saint, I have been impressed that I should put at least a portion of this book before the public such excerpts as would portray this man of God on his knees. "The gift of the knees" comes through practice; Heaven's choicest blessings await the man who waits on God. My earliest recollections are a blessing to me, as I recall the stalwart men who would pray until the heavens would bend, tears start, and shouts ascend to the God who heard and answered.

This work is sent forth in humble faith and prayer that it may prove an inspiration to men and women to "pray without ceasing," knowing by experience "they that wait upon the Lord do renew their strength, they mount up with wings as eagles, they run and are not weary, they walk and are not faint." "And when He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and He was there alone." Who will go with him?

Battle Creek, Mich.,

March 19, 1909

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## Chapter 1

### A MAN SENT FROM GOD WHOSE NAME WAS JOHN

"I would that men should pray always."

"Pray without ceasing."

Author Geo. H. Hubbard, in his book "Spiritual Power at Work." evidently has given much thought and prayer to the subject says: "No religion can be dynamic without prayer. A prayerless religion is a mere philosophy, and philosophy at best is static, not dynamic. Prayer is the channel through which the divine power of the Holy Spirit is brought to bear upon our human machinery to make it effective in accomplishing desired results. Religion without prayer is like a trolley line with tracks all laid, cars in good condition, but no wires connecting with the power house."

We must keep in touch with God, heed the exhortations of His Word, use the means therein indicated, if we would prove every promise true. Our fathers were men of prayer. Apostles, martyrs, reformers, men who were pioneers for God, and blazed the way we should follow, were eminently men of prayer. The promises that encouraged them are still on record, and we may prove them and know experimentally their power. God has had witnesses in all ages, the path that leads to eternal triumph is marked by the footprints of men who took His way, followed His precepts, and won many souls who shall shine in the diadem of Jesus "while light and life and being last, or immortality endures." The need of the church militant today is men and women who pray; not "say prayers," but pray — wait on God. The divinest element in prayer is perseverance. "Wait, I say, on the Lord."

John Smith — not Rev. John Smith, D. D., LL. D., — but plain John Smith, sent of God, and by godly parents named John, was a living example and exemplar of the power that energizes the soul, body, thoughts, words and labors of the man who minds God and prays unceasingly. He was known among his brethren, and wherever he labored, as "John Smith." It is quite refreshing in these days when men are angling for titles, pulling wires for "honorary degrees," having petitions sent in to Boards of Trustees begging for a title, putting names on door plates and hotel registers with "D. D." attached, to find a strong character known, loved, revered, and sought after as, John Smith. A perusal of these pages will reveal the secret of his power. He was a man pursuing Bible methods, minding the Holy Spirit, and living for the glory of God. He had a passion for souls, an intense longing to get people saved, that impelled him to vehemently urge them to forsake sin and yield themselves unto God. Nothing that men could add by way of "honors" would have increased his power; he looked unto God, kept yoked to Omnipotence by faith, and almost lived in the "power house."

Victor Hugo says: "If you would civilize a man, you must begin with his grandmother." Godliness in parents is profitable unto their children. The subject of these pages was born of godly parents at

Cudworth, England, January 12th, 1794. His father for many years was a class-leader and local preacher in the Methodist Church, while his mother adorned her profession and exerted a holy influence in her own home, neighborhood, and church that told for God. From his earliest infancy he was placed under the direction and loving restraints of a model Christian home, where he was carefully instructed in the verities of God's Word and the truths of Christianity. The Spirit wrought with him at a very early age, and when but nine years old he was powerfully affected by a concern for his soul under a sermon by a local preacher from Psalm 144:15, "Happy is the people . . . whose God is the Lord." His serious impressions wore off and he manifested an ardent and headstrong spirit. At times he was mischievous, and the result at one time would have been of the most serious kind had it not been for a merciful Providence. His sports were of a bold, boisterous and wicked kind. He would even attend the prayer-meetings held in his native village to collect material for the mirth of his ungodly companions, and being endowed with extraordinary powers of mimicry, he would amuse them by striking and ridiculous imitations of the peculiarities which he had observed in the pious persons who conducted these means of grace. During the time that he remained at home, he was, of course, prevented from the full indulgence of his depraved propensities; but when about fourteen years of age, being placed as an apprentice with a grocer at Sheffield, and of consequence more free from control, he became decidedly wicked. He conducted himself generally in so irregular a manner, that, after two years, his employer, unable any longer to endure his bad conduct, sent him back to his parents. He then obtained a situation at Barnsley, in the same line of business. Here he even gave up attendance at a place of worship, and thus broke the last link which seemed to connect him with the principles and example of his pious parents. He associated himself, without restraint, with other ungodly young men, and had his natural corruption increased, and his habits of evil confirmed, by their example and counsels. He imitated their profane language, and learned to blaspheme the God of his father. As far as his means permitted, he became a gambler, and contracted a strong passion for wrestling, and other athletic exercises, especially for pugilistic contests. He often traveled considerable distances to attend prize fights, and actually put himself under the training of scientific boxers. These pursuits led him into debasing society, which was congenial to his corrupt affections. He became an adept, and an enthusiast in vice, and gloried in the awful distinction which an athletic body and a desperate mind enabled him to maintain among his sinful associates.

But even in this course of sin, there could easily be discerned indications of the same natural character which afterwards, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, rendered him so distinguished a Christian and minister. Here was the energy which in good or evil allowed him to be satisfied with nothing like a medium of feeling or exertion. Here was the strong, concentrated passion urging him on by its hurricane power, to the utter abandonment of religion, which, in a brighter era of his life, became the impulse of generous sacrifice, self-devotion and labor. If he now spurned reproof, rejected all care of reputations, and hardened himself against every suggestion of peril on account of sin, he was equally daring and independent when "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus" became the object of his emulation. The popularity which, by his highly social qualities, he acquired among the vain and worldly persons by whom he was at this time surrounded, was succeeded, in a more honorable period of his history, by the warm Christian attachment of all who had the privilege of his intimacy. It is a melancholy fact, also, that he was a sinner of influence; and there were some of his companions in vanity who, according to human probability, were prevented from the choice of a religious life, only by the fascinations of his society. How fully, as a Christian

and a Christian minister, he exerted a similar power over those with whom he associated, the succeeding pages will tend to show.

The extreme profligacy of some who have had a religious education is no evidence of their having forgotten the pious instructions of their childhood. In fact, paradoxical as it may appear, their resolute abandonment of themselves to vicious practices is, in not a few cases, a proof of the depth and permanence of their previous impressions. Next to making him virtuous, the best effect of admonition on a sinner is to make him unhappy. Dissipation is an indication of a mind ill at ease. The natural posture of happiness is calmness and repose, and where men are not fully stupefied by the influence of sin, the love of reputation, and many similar principles of counteraction, will frequently lead them to moderation in pursuit of forbidden pleasures. On the other hand, where there still remains a considerable degree of moral sensibility, the spirit seeks, in the perpetual hurry of business or vice, to still the voice of conscience, and to overcome the striving of the Spirit. This, of course, will be more apparent in persons of such great power of feeling as was possessed by the subject of these pages.

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## **Chapter 2**

### **BEHOLD HE PRAYETH**

"Repent and be ye converted."

"Except ye be converted, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

The patience, counsel and prayers, with godly example of praying parents, are not forgotten before Him as a memorial. Again and again has it been proven true the prayers of a father or a mother avail much with God. We were very much impressed and encouraged as we read a short time ago the following incident right along this line. Father, mother, read it and be encouraged; pray on; God is faithful; He will answer.

The President of the Sunday Breakfast Association, Philadelphia, Mr. Lewis U. Bean, relates the following:

"One Sunday morning, on my arrival at the old church, a gentleman stepped up and said: 'There is a lady on the platform upstairs, wearing a sealskin coat, who wishes to see you.' I went up to her. She said: 'Oh, sir, can't you help me find my poor lost boy?' and tears ran down her face. She said he had run away from home three years ago, when about thirteen, and as far as she knew he was a tramp. I said to her: 'Are you a praying, Christian woman?' 'Yes, and a member of the Presbyterian Church.' 'How came you here to seek your boy?' 'I thought he might be in the congregation.' After getting the boy's name, I stepped to the front, and called for him, but no reply came. After two or three inquiries, I went to the lower room, into the overflow meeting, and made the same inquiry, but without response. After standing on the platform a little while, in deep meditation and prayer, I stepped down through one of the narrow aisles, where I never go excepting to see some one on special business, and about one-third of the way down the aisle I stopped, with my hand under my chin, and thought: 'It cannot be possible that God will send a poor, broken-hearted Christian mother on a fool's errand after her boy. Lord, show us where to find the boy.' Then at my right elbow I saw a young fellow, dirty all over, looking almost like a colored person, and as if he had not had a bath for months, or as if he might have just arrived in the city under a freight car, after many miles' travel. He said: 'What did you say the boy's name was?' I said, 'You know his name better than I do; you are the boy.' He burst into tears, and said: 'Yes, I am the boy. What are you going to do with me?' evidencing at once that he had been doing something criminal and expected arrest. He went with me behind a large partition in the back of the room, while I went and beckoned to the mother. I stayed between her and the boy, so that she could not see him until I stepped aside. When the mother discovered the boy, they both made a wild rush for each other and were gathered in each other's arms. Such a scene of love and affection I never before witnessed. The mother would press him to her bosom, kiss and hug him, and then hold him at arm's length to be sure that she was not mistaken,

while I stood with my head against the partition and big tears ran down my face and dropped to the bare floor. She cried out, 'Oh, my boy! my boy! Why did you not come home?' He said, 'Mother, I didn't know that you would allow me to come home.'

"We men folks know little or absolutely nothing about a mother's love for her children, and yet we are told in Scripture that a mother may forget her child, but Christ never forgets His children. After breakfast the mother took her boy home. Some time afterward one of the cleanest, brightest, nicest young men came to me and asked me if I remembered about that boy. 'Yes,' I said, 'I do.' 'I am the boy,' he said. 'You cannot be the boy,' said I. 'What are you doing?' 'I am in business in our little town, living with mother. I joined the church, and I am teaching a Sunday School class.' I gave a shout: 'Amen! praise the Lord!' Will any one who doubts the efficacy of prayer please tell us how it came that this mother came to the Sunday Breakfast Association that Sunday morning, never having been there before in her life, and that this boy should have arrived from the far west about two o'clock that Sunday morning, having ridden underneath coal and freight cars all the way?"

In the Spring of 1812 it pleased God to visit Cudworth with a gracious revival of His work in answer to the prayers of His people. Several persons were awakened and converted, and, among others, a cousin of John Smith. On Sunday, April 5th, of that year, John, with one of his companions, came over from Barnsley to Cudworth. He there saw what had been done for others, and his mind was much affected. In the course of the day his pious mother conversed with him at large on his miserable condition; and, when he was about to return, she said to him: "You are wandering about in search of happiness, but you will never find it till you turn to God." Her conversation produced so powerful an effect on him, that he abruptly left her, lest she should notice his emotion. He and his companion had not proceeded far on their journey home before Smith suddenly stopped, and, with a deep groan, and a gesture expressive of strong determination, exclaimed: "I am resolved to lead a new life." As soon as he had uttered this resolution, he felt a measure of satisfaction to which he had before been an entire stranger; and he immediately proposed to return, and attend the prayer-meeting which was that evening to be held at Cudworth. When he arrived at the chapel, the meeting had begun. He entered, however, and almost instantly the agitation of his mind became uncontrollable. He cried aloud and besought the friends to pray for him. The meeting closed, but he obtained no relief. Several others who were in distress accompanied him to his father's house, where another meeting commenced. Mr. Smith, the father, had been out on the circuit filling an appointment. His feelings may be imagined when on entering his home the first objects which presented themselves were two of his children, in deep agony of soul crying unto God for mercy. One of them was the prodigal upon whom he had expended so many tears and prayers, and for whom he had undergone such deep anxiety. God answers the prayers of the distressed youth that night, and brought him into glorious liberty, filling his heart with peace and joy in believing. The next day he was again brought into bondage by giving way for a moment to the hastiness of his temper, and for awhile he walked in great darkness and disquiet. He was encouraged, however, by the advice and intercession of some Christian friends, again to trust in the atonement of Christ and the comfort of the Holy Spirit once more returned to his soul. From that time, there is reason to believe, to the day of his death, he walked uninterruptedly in the light of God's countenance.

Perhaps these pages may fall into the hands of some pious parent, who has to mourn over the irreligion of a dear child. To such the conversion of John Smith ought to be a source of the highest

encouragement. No condition, surely, can be marked by a more obvious alienation from the spirit and practice of Christianity, than that in which the mercy of God found him. In his case, there is the strongest illustration of the honor which the Almighty will put upon the labors of godly parents. The Holy Spirit is the Giver of pious and compunctious recollections. Christ expressly promised that the Comforter should recall to the minds of the disciples whatsoever He had declared to them during His personal ministry. (John 14:26.) The instructions of pious parents are treasured up in the secret cells of memory, hidden, it is true, for a time, and perhaps supposed to be forgotten. But the time will come, when the energy of the Spirit will quicken them, and they shall stand forth in the sudden broad light of Heaven, endued with accumulated power to astonish and confound the heart of the careless and ungodly child. It may be in the hour of sickness, or in some other time of darkness; it may be when shame and want shall have driven away the companions of his dissipation. He may be far from the influence and example of his Christian instructors. He may have hardened his heart and stiffened his neck, and given himself to the companionship of the infidel and scoffer, but there is no condition so remote from piety, as not to be within reach of the mercy of God, and He has promised His Spirit to the seed of Jacob, and His blessing to the children of His servants. Isa. 44:3.

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## Chapter 3

### PREPARATION FOR LIFE WORK

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

"Search the Scriptures; they are they which testify of Me."

John Smith was faithful to his opportunities. He was a new creature — old things had passed away — old associations and places knew him no more. He had an appetite for the things of God, and a strong attachment for the house of God, and the means of grace. He "loved much," having been "forgiven much."

One of the first and most striking evidences of the Divine change which had taken place in his heart, was an insatiable appetite for the Word of God. His long-neglected Bible was now resorted to, as a source of the highest delight. On the day after he obtained the evidence of the favor of God, he read about thirty chapters. He kept the sacred volume upon the counter of the shop in which he was employed, and at every opportunity flew to it with the most ardent desire and relish. He naturally possessed a very quick and retentive memory, and at this time he learned several of the New Testament epistles. The practice of committing to memory large portions of the Scriptures he continued in after years, and found it productive of great comfort and advantage. His earnest love of God's book remained with him during the whole of his life, and his acquaintance with it was remarkably extensive and perfect.

He also became distinguished for his habitual devotion. This was in his case peculiarly necessary. When his former sensualizing and degrading course of life is considered, and the steadfast alienation of his mind from God, as well as the natural strength of his passions, it is not too much to affirm that he required an extraordinary measure of inward religion. Persons of constitutional equanimity, and generally moral conduct, cannot calculate on the temptations and difficulties which await a babe in Christ of the character of John Smith. The measure of grace which suffices to maintain them in a regular course of consistent, and it may be even eminent, goodness, would have been totally inadequate to a successful encounter with the obstacles which crowded his path. The constant sense of his peril appears to have been exceedingly vivid on his mind. He lived, therefore, in jealous watchfulness, and spent a large portion of his leisure hours in intercourse with Heaven. In retired fields, in woods, and other places of concealment, he was accustomed to wrestle with God, till he was copiously baptized by the Spirit. His very intimate friend, the Rev. William Henry Clarkson, states, that "one day, soon after his conversion, being under temptation, he retired into a cavern where he continued for a considerable time in prayer, till he felt such an overshadowing of the Divine presence as overwhelmed him, and he has been heard to say "that had he not often had such visits from the Lord, he never should have been able to persevere in the Christian warfare."

Another of the qualities which distinguished his subsequent career and now began to manifest itself, was his concern for the condition of sinners. He took every opportunity of visiting and conversing with his former associates on their spiritual welfare. He detailed what God had done for him, he reproved their vices, and entreated them to abandon their sins, assuring them of the readiness of the Savior to receive them. His course was not without success, and he had the happiness of seeing two of his former companions saved and uniting with the church, the first fruits of a mighty harvest.

Having become sensible of the value of mental cultivation, and of his responsibility for the exercise of his intellectual powers, he referred with great regret to the time which had been so entirely lost to improvement of this kind. He began religiously to cultivate his mind as a duty, and as he did this his piety increased, and his mental improvement. Friends interested in him noticing this, made arrangements to send him to school, and accordingly, in May, 1813, he was placed under the care of Mr. James Sigston, of Leeds, being now twenty years of age.

Ignorance and mental imbecility are no auxiliaries to Christianity, though sometimes associated with it. The religion of the New Testament, though it has frequently found a race of men in a state of intellectual prostration, has never left them so. The world at large is indebted to religion for all that exalts man as a thinking being, more than to all other causes combined. When the requisite and promised influence of the Holy Spirit accompanies the lawful use of study, Christianity assumes a higher and more influential character, and those who thus entrust their talents to the Master's use, become vessels of honor to His glory. Mr. Smith applied himself vigorously to his studies that he might be more useful. He attained a perfect acquaintance with his own language, and a gentleman of classical education, who enjoyed his intimacy at a subsequent period, remarked, that of all men he had even known, Mr. Smith possessed the most accurate and extensive syntactical knowledge. He had also a high regard and relish for the best English authors, both in theology and general literature. His taste for poetry was chaste and classical, and he had a feeling of its beauties far superior to that of many more perfectly cultivated minds. He so diligently prosecuted his studies that he was soon deemed qualified to act occasionally as a teacher in the school. In 1814 he became a regular assistant, and then came his call to the ministry.

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## **Chapter 4**

### **CALL TO THE MINISTRY**

"The Word of the Lord came unto me saying, I sanctified thee, and ordained thee a prophet."

"Gird up thy loins and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee."

"Here am I; send me."

Children dedicated to God, and nurtured in prayer, are very apt to be found at last where God wants them. Men and women with a passion for souls, and a determination to fit themselves for God's will, whatever that may be, will get to the right place. The secret of many a life spent in the ministry, or in mission fields, is to be found in a dedication to God for His work before they were born.

In a large church in a great city a little group of ministers and delegates assembled to ordain an assistant pastor. They filled only a few front seats in the vast auditorium, but they were men of note, and most of them met the candidate for the first time. Among them sat, unrecognized by most of them, a little old man in clerical attire, who gave closest attention to the proceedings.

The young man presented his diploma from a small college, his diploma from the theological seminary in the city, and other credentials customary at such gatherings, and the examination proceeded in regular form, developing, as it went on, his life story.

Born in a home missionary parsonage, living through his boyhood in several small and isolated villages, educated in a remote and struggling college, he had come to his theological studies with a well-trained mind, a strong and deep purpose that was tinged with passion for humanity, and a life clean and robust and strong. The three years of city life and of special study had enriched his mind, added cultivation to his equipment, and broadened his outlook without abating his zeal or lessening his spiritual earnestness. He was fulfilling his life purpose — a purpose he did not remember to have formed — when he gave himself to the ministry, nor had he any recollection of struggle in the consecration of self to the higher life of the soul. To him it had all been normal. The processes had been logical and sweetly reasonable.

The council retired for its deliberations, and the vote for the ordination of the young man was unanimous and hearty. But before the council recalled the visitors to the auditorium to announce its decision, and to assign the several parts for the ordination services to follow in the evening, it was suggested that it would be a pleasant and courteous thing to call in the aged father and say a word of felicitation to him concerning the promise and rare spirit of his son.

The old man re-entered the auditorium, walked down its long, carpeted aisle, and was introduced by the moderator with words of hearty congratulation. His eyes and heart were full, and it was with difficulty he controlled his voice. Then he said, "You haven't yet learned the secret of my boy's life. When his mother and I were married we prayed to God for a son, and promised Him that our first-born should be His. When he was born, I took him in my arms and carried him up to my study, and kneeling there among my books, I gave him to God. And I felt in my soul that day the assurance of what I now experience.

"Before he was two years old he was sick unto death. Four physicians, two of them from this very city, called, at great expense, to save his life, declared he could not live till morning, and left us alone with him. But we could not believe he was to die, and we asked God for his life. For six weeks I never removed my clothing, but in the end he lived.

"He grew up generous, light-hearted without frivolity, courageous without being rude, strong and gentle, and always a child of God.

"His mother passed on and did not live to see this day. But I have lived through all these days of faith and struggle, and now I can sing, like Simeon of old, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' Whatever he does and wherever he preaches, I know my boy will be true."

The little, thin form rose to higher stature. The voice that began low and with hesitation rose to prophetic earnestness. The men gathered about listened with breathless interest. And when he sat down no one could speak, but every one was thinking that with such a heritage it was little wonder that the young man was what they had discovered him to be.

John Smith heard the call of God — saw fields white unto harvest and few laborers. He undertook the duty of carrying the message, with much fear and hesitation. The first time it had been arranged for him to address a congregation, he could not summon sufficient resolution to fulfill his engagement. At the advice and entreaty of some of his friends, he a second time promised to make the attempt; but it is probable that, had it not been for the remonstrance of his friend, Mr. Stoner, he would not even then have ventured. "As the time approached, he yielded again to timidity, and retired to the teacher's room, intending not to make his appearance at the place appointed. Mr. Stoner was in the room. 'I thought,' said he to Mr. Smith, 'that you had agreed to preach tonight.' 'Yes,' said the other, with much hesitation and embarrassment; 'but I must give it up.' 'What!' rejoined Mr. Stoner, with severe and powerful emphasis, 'do you mean then to ruin yourself? This pointed question, resting a compliance with acknowledged duty on a regard to personal safety, produced the desired result."

The place at which Mr. Smith commenced his public labors was a school-room in Park Lane, where Mr. Stoner himself, some time before, had preached his first sermon. His text was Proverbs 18:24: "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The embarrassment which he felt upon this occasion was most painful both to himself and his hearers. After having proceeded with great difficulty for some short time, he was compelled to tell the congregation that he could not address them any longer, and he sat down in a state of distress, such as may be anticipated from so humbling

an issue of a first attempt. His want of suitable expressions seemed to be the cause of his failure in this instance, and, indeed, for several years afterwards he was not infrequently straitened in his pulpit labors from the same circumstance.

The ill success of Mr. Smith's first attempt to deliver a sermon tended, of course, to increase his indisposition to the work of the ministry, and it was probably some time before he made a second. It was not till the Christmas quarterly meeting following, that he was proposed to be taken on the plan as a probationary local preacher. His name was introduced at the local preacher's meeting by Mr. William Nelson, who had been his fellow-assistant at Mr. Sigston's, and who was at the time gradually sinking under the power of a disease which ultimately proved fatal. Mr. Smith, who was spending the vacation with his parents, received the intelligence of his having been appointed to preach a trial-sermon, in a letter from his dying friend, whose case had just then been declared hopeless by his medical attendants. Mr. Nelson, in the conclusion of his communication, says: "It is settled that you are to take my plan. I hope to live to see you return, but that is only known to God."

This entrance upon the more regular work of a local preacher must have been very affecting to Mr. Smith. A solemn bequest was thus committed to his trust, and if the spirits of those who die in the Lord are allowed to trace the steps of their survivors, the fidelity of the subject must have given a spring-tide of gladness to the heart of him, whom he was thus impressively called to succeed. Undertaking the work in the fear of the Lord, he was blessed; and using the talents given, he proved it true that "to him that hath it shall be given."

Soon a wider sphere of usefulness opened before him, in a call to the itinerancy, and he entered upon the work with humble trust in Him who called him, putting him into the ministry. There was one trait of his character which every minister would do well to imitate — his constant endeavor to promote the salvation of sinners. For this he studied, prayed and preached, and oftentimes he agonized for souls.

In the course of the year 1816 he became quickened to seek the full power of the cleansing blood of Christ and the utter extirpation of the carnal mind. In a letter bearing date October 5th he says: "My heart is given to God. I am seeking and longing for all the mind which was in Christ Jesus. Blessed be God, I am encouraged by His gracious promises to persevere in seeking full salvation. I long to experience this purity of heart. For this I pray, read, study, watch and trust. It is thy work, blessed God; let me enjoy it. In your prayers do not forget him who blesses God for such parents, and who daily prays for you."

His correspondence with his parents lets us into his inner life. The reader of these extracts that follow, will see evidences of advances in knowledge and love. The first was written announcing his arrival at York, and the commencement of his labors there, and it shows also with what pious resolution he entered upon his ministry:

"Nov. 15, 1816. — Various have been the exercises of my mind. I think my confidence in the Lord is a little strengthened. I am more and more convinced of the absolute necessity of being clear respecting my own salvation; and, blessed be God, I am saying, 'Lord, I am Thine; save me!' The



people are very kind. I am only afraid that my coming among them will prevent some other person from coming, who would be more useful. I feel, however, resolved to be diligent, to lay myself out for usefulness in every possible way, and to give myself into the hands of God. Never did I need your prayers so much as I do at present."

"Jan. 15. — Yesterday and today I have experienced much uneasiness of mind. I wish to please God, but I fear I am not where I ought to be. It matters not what I hear, or what I read: I have to do with God. It is a personal concern. I shall quickly be gone: then where or what shall I be? O eternity!"

"Jan. 21. — I have had this day a renewed sense of the favor of God, and a foretaste of the rest from inbred sin. The blessing seemed to be very near. Oh, that I may be enabled to lay hold of it tonight!"

"Jan. 23. — The Lord is reviving His work in my soul. I am longing for an increased conformity to my Savior, I want more feeling for poor sinners. I must look to Him who had not where to lay His head. I must view Him in the garden, behold Him at Pilate's bar, see Him nailed to the cross, hear Him say, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' and the heart-rending cry, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me.'" It is this that melts the stony heart. God grant that we may be ever properly influenced by it! The Lord has lately brought many souls to Himself in York. We are expecting a signal outpouring of His Holy Spirit. Oh, that a gracious shower may very soon descend upon us! I have heard Mr. Nelson preach some such sermons as I never heard before. I never see my littleness as a preacher under any man so much as under Mr. Nelson. He has the unction; this makes him great. He tells me that I must bless God for barren times. Mr. John Burdsall was at York last week, and from him I got some important directions respecting study. He recommended a few books, some, some of which I have procured. I am to write to him in a short time, to let him know how I come on."

"Feb. 12. — My mind has been much composed and stayed upon God for several days past. My confidence in Him has been much increased. I feel conscious of my inability for the great work in which I am engaged; but He has all the wisdom and power, and in Him I trust. If He has called me to preach the Gospel, He will qualify me; if not, He will, I trust, show me, and save my soul. Blessed be God!"

"April 3. — I am thankful that I am in my closet at half-past nine o'clock. Oh, that I may be able to cultivate habits of regularity! [In allusion to his exercises of mind about preaching, he adds,] I think, surely, no preacher was ever in my situation. Blessed be God, I can cast my soul on the atoning sacrifice of Christ

'Jesus, to Thee my soul looks up.'"

"April 8. — Oh, the happiness to know that my sins are put away by the sacrifice of Christ! Of this I have not the shadow of a doubt. I want more of the Spirit: for this I pray, for this I read, for this I believe, and I want to believe more. I must believe for salvation; not be saved, and then believe. I have a painful sense of my inability for the important work in which I am engaged: but it is the

work of God. He is all-sufficient: if He has called me to it, He will help me; if not, He will send me home again, and He will save me. I am in His hands, bless the Lord! I never was more sensible of the necessity of experiencing the truths of the Gospel, in order to preach them successfully to others."

"York, May 29, 1817. — Of late I have had many visits from the Lord, especially in private. Mr. Bramwell once said, 'If you wish for any great and lasting blessing, expect it in private.' Many here speak very clearly on entire sanctification; and, I believe, give satisfactory evidence that they are in possession of that blessing. Who is a people like unto this people? The District Meeting commenced on Wednesday. I was rather afraid that the list of books which I had read since I became a traveling preacher would incur the censure of the meeting: however, it was quite the reverse. I hope to be more diligent than ever. I still anticipate almost insurmountable difficulties in preaching. I am ashamed of my sermons, but I yet hope. This hope, how it encourages — animates — strengthens! Mr. Nelson is as valuable to me as ever."

At the Conference of 1817 Mr. Smith was appointed to the Barnard Castle and Weardale Circuit. Here, although he was separated from his friend, Mr. Nelson, he still maintained a correspondence with him, that was a blessing to his soul. One of Mr. Nelson's letters we give as so eminently characteristic of the man, and giving us an insight to this Boanerges that is refreshing and helpful today, as doubtless it was to Mr. Smith. We commend it to the ministry of today:

"York, Nov. 7, 1817. — My Dear Brother: I received your welcome epistle. I bless God for strengthening your soul and body; and also giving you to see some fruit. The Gospel of God our Savior, preached in faith, will be followed with signs more interesting than even taking up serpents, or drinking deadly poison, and taking no harm thereby. Always go sword in hand, and beg of God the power of the Spirit, while you raise it to His glory, that prejudice with every opposition may be cut down. Eye your Captain, hear His voice, follow closely; be deaf to the voice of the enemy. Now is your time to play the man. Do not study until your head aches. Lay your plans short but clear: look always for Divine aid; and after you have spread the net, close it with great care, that you may there and then bring some to shore. I lately heard a good sermon; the net was well spread, and at the close the righteous were encouraged and the wicked threatened; but no attempt was made to catch a fish. We had better catch a few fishes with a little net, than dash with a great one, and let them all slip under or by the side. Preach in the Holy Ghost, and, before you dismiss your audience, offer them salvation now. Remember first to convert, and then the good fruit will follow: only, the rebel must lay down his weapons, yea, all of them, or he will not succeed with his Prince; but they may be all dropped in a moment. Never lose sight of present salvation, nor of God who is to work it. Give Him all the glory. Should any attempt to praise you, dart immediately to God, 'Lord, I am Thine; save me!'

"My soul is kept in peace and purity. I have some good times in the new chapel. We are all peace: would to God we had prosperity also. We had better be saved in a storm than lost in a calm. God bless you. Write soon. I am," etc.

Oh, that men would learn that the first and most important business of the ministry is to get people to God. For this purpose Jesus came, suffered, died, gave the Holy Spirit, instituted the ministry, and gave the great commission. Some time ago a man was marked for his wickedness and enmity to the Gospel. He seized the hour when people were going to church to drive through the streets with his

fishing-tackle strung over his shoulders. Gaming was his delight, and his blasphemy was terrible. Going home from dissipation one Sunday night, he heard that an associate, with whom he had played cards the evening before, was dead. He died without hope, and in great terror; died, calling on God to have mercy upon his own soul and that of his friend. Alarm seized upon him. As his servant came in to kindle the morning fire, the man threw himself on his knees and cried for mercy. He then and there found the Savior. He at once went to work leading his friends to religion. He pretended to be a preacher in his wild and wicked days, and now he commenced preaching in earnest. When he appeared in the streets and began to preach, people thought he was trying on his old tricks. One of his old cronies and boon companions stood at the foot of the pulpit. He could not tell whether his friend was acting or was in earnest. When the sermon closed, he went up to the preacher and said: "Are you in earnest, or are you doing it for a wager? If you are only trying it on, you are acting splendidly." "Oh! no, my poor friend, I am in dead earnest, and so is my God. He is willing to receive you, as He was to receive me. He has answered prayer for me, and He will answer prayer for you." Crowded congregations follow this devoted servant of the Lord, and under his ministry, desperadoes and the perishing press into the kingdom of God.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 5

### ABUNDANT IN LABORS

"Cry aloud, spare not, sound an alarm."

"Give me children or I die."

"Though I preach the Gospel I have nothing to glory of."

"Nourished up in words of faith and good doctrine."

"This one thing I do" was eminently true of Brother Smith. In the closet, around the family altar, in his public ministrations, in his pastoral calling, he was ever alert for souls. The Word of God was the comfort and stay of his soul. Oftentimes while engaged in his devotions, some appropriate passage of Scripture would be brought to his mind by the Spirit. They only who have heard the voice of God can form an idea of the stability and repose which it communicates to the spirit. The subject of these pages was privileged at this stage of his ministry to have emphatic adaptation of the Word to his condition. In two several instances while engaged in prayer, passages of God's Word were applied with Divine power to his mind. The one was Prov. 3:6: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." The other, Matt. 6:33: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Their united influence on the one hand soothed, and on the other stimulated him. From this period it is not thought that he was ever disturbed on the subject of his call to the ministry, and the following extracts will readily be admitted as indicative of the quickened state of his personal piety. The most interesting feature of the first is the emphasis with which its writer speaks on the subject of humanity; that virtue, the perfection of which is, perhaps of all the virtues in the Christian character, the least enjoyed, and the last attained.

To His Parents. — "Oct. 22, 1817. — Oh, what humblings I have had of late! My soul has been in the dust before the Lord, and at the same time I have felt the confidence of a little child. I love to be in this state. In your class, press the necessity of purity of heart; show that it is received and retained by faith; show it to be a privilege. Oh, what a happiness to be delivered from all anger, peevishness, pride, malice, etc., and to be filled with gentleness, patience, humility, love, etc.! Let us feast ourselves on Jesus. Let us contemplate Him, our infant Savior, in Bethlehem, and be humbled. Let us listen to Him, — 'Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head,' — and be humbled. Let us look at Him washing His disciples' feet, and be humbled. Let us walk with Him in the garden, view Him prostrate on the ground, sweating great drops of blood, hear Him crying 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me,' and be humbled. Let us behold Him on the cross, and be humbled: yet still let us be confident."

And this is evangelical humility; since that alone can consist with confidence. Nothing can be more anti-evangelical than the doctrine which makes inbred sin necessary to the production of humility. The lowliness of mind which the Gospel commends is the lowliness of love, and not the depression which results from the consciousness of our own depravity.

In another part of the same letter, Mr. Smith thus speaks of the work of God: "The work of the Lord is prospering, especially at Barnard Castle. Glory be to God, a spirit of prayer is given. Last Tuesday week four souls obtained liberty, on Sunday night after preaching two or three, and last night, one. There seems to be a good work on the minds of many. Oh, that God would pour out His Spirit upon us in an abundant manner! There are several seeking purity of heart. You are in a deplorable state at Cudworth, so many backsliders, So many who have been pricked to the heart and yet have not found the Lord. Oh, do not cease to cry unto God. Make an effort; do not be ashamed to be a fool for Christ's sake. You will remain low if extraordinary exertions are not made. Extraordinary effects are not produced by ordinary means."

The soundness of these views will be appreciated by all who have made themselves conversant with the indications of a prosperous and promising condition of the work of God. One of Mr. Smith's principles was that the world was to be benefited through the agency of the Church, and that signal manifestations of Divine power in awakening and conversion are to be expected through a quickened state of piety among believers. In the foregoing extract, he refers to the means, through the Divine blessing upon which we may rationally anticipate the salvation of sinners, and the enlargement of the tabernacles of the faithful. These are, increased desires after holiness, the spirit of prayer, and extraordinary effort among the people of God. And if those who are most holy are likely to be the most concerned for the salvation of men, and to have most of the power of the Holy Ghost; if God will hear the voice of His elect, who cry day and night to Him for the outpouring of the Spirit; and if they who are most scripturally diligent and energetic must be the most successful; it follows that the principle to which we have just alluded, with the practical illustration which accompanies it, is in the most perfect manner borne out in Scripture and matter of fact.

The converse must be equally true, that, where no sinners are converted, a church must be either defective in its views, or low in its attainments. Where there is no influence diffused without, the principle of piety is certainly languid within; where there is no shining, there is little burning light; where souls are not saved, Christians in general must be imperfect in the character or degree of their personal religion. The building up of believers in the most holy faith was a principal object of Mr. Smith's ministry; but he never considered this species of labor successful, except as its results were indicated in the conversion of sinners. That edification he justly deemed of a very low and questionable order which was not accompanied by a spirit of intercession for those who were without God, by the work of faith and labor of love. He rationally argued that where there were no answers to prayer, the throne of grace could not be very urgently importuned; where there was no outpouring of the Spirit, the promise of the Spirit could not be very definitely and earnestly pleaded; where there was no exertion for perishing men, there could not be much of the love of Christ. And whether that church can be correctly esteemed in a high and advancing state of improvement where prayer is cold and cursory, where faith is weak and love is listless, it requires no great sagacity to determine.

Our brother embraced every opportunity of attempting to rouse the consciences of such as were hardened by the deceitfulness of sin; but he anticipated extensive success, even in this respect, only as the faith and intercessions of God's people were brought to accompany his efforts, His labors, he knew, could be succeeded or frustrated by them alone. Hence he strove primarily to obtain the quickening influences of the Spirit upon them: nor was he unsuccessful. Had it been possible that his exertions for the conversion of sinners should prove utterly unavailing; had he never succeeded in awaking the most transient alarm in a stupefied conscience, or the smallest desire after goodness in a depraved heart; had he never plucked one brand from the fire, nor ever pointed a penitent to the blood of Christ; still his memory would be blessed in Zion, for the many instances in which, through his instrumentality, the Spirit was "poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness" became a "fruitful field," and what was once esteemed a "fruitful field," in the comparison, was "counted for a forest." In short, the retrospect of his labors furnishes the most satisfactory sanction to his favorite opinion on the subject, that he most certainly and perfectly edifies believers who is most ardently and scripturally laborious for the conversion of sinners.

The preacher who is in earnest to win souls, will make every effort to do so, though tired body and home comforts may plead with him. A preacher came home late, very tired, and had gone to bed to seek needed rest. The friend with whom he boarded awoke him out of his first refreshing sleep and informed him a little girl wanted to see him. Said he, "I turned impatiently over in my bed, and said, 'I am very tired; tell her to come in the morning, and I will see her.' My friend soon returned, and said, 'I think you had better get up. The girl is a poor little suffering thing. She is thinly clad, is without bonnet or shoes. She has seated herself on the doorstep, and says she must see you, and will wait till you get up.' I dressed myself, and opening the outside door, I saw one of the most forlorn-looking little girls I ever beheld. Want, sorrow, suffering, neglect seemed to struggle for the mastery. She looked up to my face, and said, 'Be you the man that preached last night, and said that Christ could save to the uttermost?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I was there, and I want you to come right down to my house, and try to save my poor father.' 'What's the matter with your father?' 'He's a very good father when he don't drink. He's out of work, and he drinks awfully. He's almost killed my poor mother; but if Jesus can save to the uttermost, He can save him. And I want you to come right to our house now.'

"I took my hat and followed my little guide, who trotted on before, halting as she turned the corners to see that I was coming. Oh! what a miserable den her home was! A low, dark, underground room, the floor all slush and mud — not a chair, table, or bed to be seen. A bitter cold night, and not a spark of fire on the hob; and the room not only cold, but dark. In the corner, on a little dirty straw, lay a woman. Her head was bound up, and she was moaning, as if in agony. As we darkened the doorway, a feeble voice said, 'O my child, my child! why have you brought a stranger into this horrible place?' Her story was a sad one, but soon told. Her husband, out of work; maddened with drink, and made desperate, had stabbed her because she did not provide him with a supper that was not in the house. He was then upstairs, and she was expecting every moment that he would come down and complete the bloody work he had begun. While the conversation was going on, the fiend made his appearance. A fiend he looked. He brandished the knife, still wet with the blood of his wife."

The missionary, like the man among the tombs, had himself belonged to the desperate classes. He was converted at the mouth of a coal-pit. He knew the disease and the remedy; knew how to handle a man on the borders of delirium tremens. Subdued by the tender tones, the madman calmed down and took a seat on a box. But the talk was interrupted by the little girl, who approached the missionary, and said: "Don't talk to father; it won't do any good. If talking would have saved him, he would have been saved long ago. Mother has talked to him so much, and so good. You must ask Jesus, who saves to the uttermost, to save my poor father."

Rebuked by the faith of the little girl, the missionary and the miserable sinner knelt down together. He prayed as he never prayed before; he entreated and interceded in tones so tender and fervent that it melted the desperate man, who cried for mercy. And mercy came. He bowed in penitence before the Lord, and lay down to sleep that night on his pallet of straw a pardoned soul.

Relief came to that dwelling. The wife was lifted from her dirty couch, and her home was made comfortable. On Sunday, the reformed man took the hand of his little girl, and entered the infant-class at Sunday School, to learn something about the Savior who "saves to the uttermost." He entered upon a new life; his reform was thorough. He found good employment, for, when sober, he was an excellent workman; and next to his Savior, he blesses God for the faith of his little girl who believed in a Savior who was able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 6

### CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"Not I, but Christ."

"Lo, I am with you always."

"Go in this thy strength, that I have sent thee."

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

In the early part of the year 1818, a revival of the work of God took place in his native village. On this occasion, he writes to his father as follows:

"I am glad to hear of your prosperity at Cudworth. Only keep the people in action, and you will get on. There is no standing still. Oh, let us come to God for great blessings: He is willing to save the world. We must make a noble effort in the name of God, and we shall not labor in vain. The Gospel, preached in faith, must do execution. 'Cry aloud, spare not; sound an alarm in the holy mountain.' Offer a present, free, and full salvation, and you will see signs and wonders. Blessed be God, He is doing great things for us at Barnard Castle. On Sunday last, four souls got into liberty; on Tuesday night, at the prayer-meeting, seven more. Many, I believe, are awakened; and I expect the work will go on. My soul is alive to God. I am longing for more of the life and power of godliness. I wish to feel what I preach."

To the same, April 7, 1818:

"Blessed be God, He is carrying on His work in my soul. Of late, I have had some precious seasons, both in public and private. I want more of the spirit of prayer. There is nothing like getting filled with the Spirit before we go to the house of God, and then pleading with God in the presence of His people. The Lord is deepening His work in the hearts of professors among us, and awakening and converting sinners. Last Tuesday night, at the prayer-meeting, there were six souls set at liberty. On Sunday night, I preached a funeral sermon, from John 9:4. At the prayer-meeting afterwards the Lord brought three into liberty, and I believe many others were much affected. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.'"



To the same — "April 27, 1818. God is still carrying on His good work among us. I was much pleased with a woman at Staindrop, who was converted as clearly, and in as scriptural a way, as ever I knew any one. I saw her the next day; she was still praising God. I asked, 'How was it that you were made happy?' She said, 'While you were showing Christ as a Savior, and telling us to believe on Him, I thought, I can believe, I can believe. Something said, I was to repent longer yet; but I said, I think I can believe — I do believe. IT CAME, and I believed that God had pardoned all my sins.' On the Tuesday following a woman came from the same place; at the prayer-meeting after preaching, she was enabled to believe on Jesus Christ to the saving of her soul, and she went home rejoicing in God. Oh, let us go on in the name of the Lord and expect present effects; yea, let us be restless for the salvation of souls. We shall not labor in vain. What condescension in God to use such unworthy creatures in the accomplishment of His designs. The walls of Jericho fell at the blowing of rams' horns. Of late I have had many visits from the Lord. I can venture on Christ for deliverance from sin; but I want to be filled with all the fullness of God, to have the mind of Christ in me. Oh, urge your members to purity of heart! Much will be done by a single act of faith in the blood of Jesus."

Mr. Smith this year attended the Conference, which was held at Leeds. A principal reason which induced him to do so, was a wish to converse with, and receive instructions from, the venerable William Bramwell. Of the manners of this eminently useful minister, Mr. Smith's prepossessions were rather unfavorable; and he thought it not improbable that his inquiries would be met with something like austerity. At every expense, however, he resolved, if possible, to gain the information which a man of Mr. Bramwell's character would alone be able to communicate. Like the Athenian who said to his opponent in council, "Strike, but hear me," so he, with his characteristic disregard to everything but improvement, was willing to be rebuked if he could but be instructed. He had several opportunities of being in Mr. Bramwell's society. On one occasion, if not oftener, he was accompanied by Mr. Stoner, and in this interview the distinction between the two friends must have been sufficiently marked. Mr. Smith asked a variety of questions on the subject of Christian experience, and the best methods of carrying on the work of God. He stated at large his own difficulties and plans, proposing inquiries on each as it was mentioned. Mr. Bramwell looked surprised, but replied in a concise and generally in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Stoner in the meantime sat by, listening with profound attention, and in unbroken silence; and, as he afterwards confessed to him, wondering at the readiness with which his friend succeeded in drawing forth the lights of an experience so deep and varied. In the course of a few days after this conversation, the treasures of Mr. Bramwell's ardent and manly heart were forever sealed to all earthly inquiries by the hand of death; and it was an act worthy the close of so signally useful a life, thus to cast his garment on one who already emulated his spirit, and who subsequently to so great a degree inherited his success.

To a man of nervous mind and resolute decision nothing seems to give so great an increase of determination as the absence of all encouragement from without. A feeble spirit will falter in such a situation; but the having to rely on his own resources, makes him who is capable of elevation truly great. Where mighty interests — the interests of truth and eternity — depend upon the principles which such an one has espoused, or the plans which he has adopted, his perseverance under discouragement is the highest moral sublimity; the truest and most illustrious heroism. No test of strength of mind is so severe, or so infallible. An obstinate man may be rendered confirmedly pertinacious by contradiction; but it is the attribute of nobleness and greatness alone, to triumph over neglect, indifference, or neutrality.

The removal of Mr. Smith to the south of England was, at this period of his life, the most happy arrangement which could have been made for the establishment of his principles, and the completion of his character. The societies to which he was now introduced, it is true, were able to discern and value ministerial zeal and diligence. They possessed many members of great personal devotedness, whose piety was silently but powerfully influential, and whose hearts longed for the prosperity of Zion. But the appearance among them of a man of Mr. Smith's peculiar views and singular modes of operation was in many respects a phenomenon. They had no previously formed standard of ministerial character by which he could be measured, there was no class under which he could be ranged. They required time to fully comprehend the man and his principles. They were at first startled and confounded, and, as a consequence, unable to come to any correct or even sober judgment concerning him. Meanwhile he was, of course, without any considerable co-operation on their part. He was alone; — "a man to be wondered at." It was now to be tried whether he would sink into an ordinary character, or become more established and eminent than he could have been with the assistance and the encouragement which in other places he might have at all times to a considerable extent secured. It was a crisis of fearful importance. Is it too much to say that the destinies of immortal men were suspended on its issues? And if those philanthropic spirits who serve "the heirs of salvation" contemplate with the deepest concern the moral crisis of the history of an individual, with what anxiety must they watch the turning-point in the character of a minister, and especially such an one as John Smith! All glory to God, the decision in this case was worthy a strong and enlightened mind. How many will forever adore that grace which at this time wrought effectually in him, the revelation of the great day alone can determine.

The following extract from his private papers will serve to show with what pious and humble feeling he entered upon his new situation:

"Brighton, Sept. 1, 1818. — I am ashamed before the Lord on account of my unfaithfulness; yet I feel encouraged to put my trust in Him. He is a God of boundless mercy. I have an affecting sense of my own inability; the Lord must undertake for me. I wish to be useful. By the grace of God. I will aim at souls. The people here seem very kind, but the place is very gay. I know not how to proceed. Lord, direct and strengthen me, and deliver me from the fear of man. Oh, that this may be a growing year to my soul, and a year of general prosperity throughout the circuit!"

At the commencement of his ministry at Brighton, Mr. Smith seems particularly to have dwelt upon the high calling of believers with the hope of producing among them that quickened feeling which he deemed essential to permanent prosperity in the Church of God. He particularly insisted on The Necessity of Christian Perfection, and that so frequently that at the conclusion of one of his sermons on this subject a member of the congregation met him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and accosted him with,

"So, Mr. Smith, you have given us the old thing over again!"

"Yes," said he, with his accustomed benignant smile, "and till all your hearts are cleansed from sin you shall have it still over and over again."

Nor were his labors in this respect without encouragement. In one of his first letters to his parents, dated October 8th, he says:

"I trust we shall have a revival of the work of God. We have had a few drops. Several seem to be longing for heart purity."

The following interesting testimony of the state of his own experience, and the fullness and force of his views of evangelical trust, is also from the same letter:

"Blessed be God, He is carrying on His good work in my soul. He has of late poured upon me a spirit of wrestling prayer. He has also astonishingly answered my prayers. I hang upon Him continually, and He keeps my soul in peace. There is nothing like getting into, and keeping in, action. Let us be constantly at work; we shall soon have done; — the night is coming on apace. If our work be done, we shall have a calm night. The Lord still inclines me to offer — and urge a present and full salvation. The Gospel offers nothing less than a full salvation. We want the faith that cannot ask in vain; a holy panting, laboring, hungering, thirsting; and this constantly. Self-denial is absolutely necessary. Do not hear much of, 'I am unworthy,' in your class. God does not save us because we are worthy, but because He is bountiful. God knows that we are unworthy, and therefore offers us the blessings of salvation freely. Should we not be nearer the truth if we were to say, 'I will have a little sin to remain, a little pride, anger, love of the world, etc.'? Oh, let us say as God says, "destruction to sin." And we must have the whole man engaged constantly in the service of God, or we shall soon be tainted again."

The Word of God, when faithfully preached, will accomplish that whereunto it is sent, and reach hearts that to human vision seem so hard and unapproachable.

A protracted meeting was held in a town, that attracted much attention. Crowds came in from the region round about, and many turned unto the Lord. A farmer a very worldly-minded man, was greatly exercised about the meetings. He believed in the literal command, "Six days shalt thou labor." He was offended at the fanaticism which could devote working days to religion. More than all, his family became interested in the work of grace. In following out his plans, it became necessary that he should spend a day in plowing in the vicinity of the meetings. He was not a Christian, but he was not an opposer of religion. He attended church regularly, paid his subscription, and was a regular supporter of religion. He did not want any revival. The old-fashioned way of seeking the Lord suited him. When he saw the crowd around the church, looked at the well-known teams hitched in the shed and at the fences, and as the singing was wafted over the field where he was at work, he was stirred up marvelously. The windows of the church were opened, and a sentence or two of the sermon struck his ear. The voice of the preacher was sonorous and clear. As the farmer came up and turned his furrow, he heard again and again the text repeated, "Turn ye to the stronghold," "Turn ye to the stronghold." So again and again he heard the invitation, which sometimes sounded like a warning. The Word finally took effect. The plough was left on the furrow; the oxen were unhitched and unyoked, and seemed to look with astonishment, as they cropped the grass, that the burden was lighter for an hour. In his working clothes, the farmer stood in the vestibule of the church, leaning, with a sad expression, on the lintel of the door. He was one of those who asked for prayers. He went

to his labor a renewed man. The golden text in that family is, "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 7

### A STUDENT OF THE WORD

"Preach the preaching that I bid thee."

"Search the Scriptures; they testify of Me."

"Give attendance to reading, to doctrine."

"These things command and teach."

"The Word of God is quick and powerful."

Of Mr. Smith's personal attachment to the Word of God, and its influence on his ministry, the testimony of Mr. Calder is very striking. "The whole force of his mind," Mr. Calder remarks, "was directed to the object for the accomplishment of which he undertook the Christian ministry, — the presenting God's truth to men in order to effect the salvation of those who heard him. And while he was fully capable of luxuriating in the riches of literary pleasures, he steadily and conscientiously avoided that species of reading which, though innocent in itself, was not immediately connected with his great work. He would frequently remark to me, in relation to any work of a generally interesting character, Yes, it is very good, I have no doubt; I shall be glad to read it at a future period, if God spare my life; but I must read my Bible more; I must devour God's book, or how can I know His mind? I do not legislate for others, but I must be allowed to follow my own views on this subject.' The result was a compactness of thought, a distinctness of conception on the subjects of evangelical and experimental religion, accompanied by a simplicity and perspicuity of statement, I had almost said, unique in its kind. His style and manner of preaching always accorded with the great end of leading men to God. It was emphatically scriptural and in the best sense of the term, highly theological. Indeed he was a great divine, if understanding God's Word makes a man such, and especially understanding and exhibiting God's mode of saving a sinner.

"His memory was extraordinary, and I believe it would have cost him very little trouble to commit any moderate sized volume to its storehouse. To God's book his pious and devout heart turned as to an ever-living fountain of truth and light, to satiate and delight his soul. He usually read twelve chapters, or the whole of a scripture-book, in a day, and committed a portion of it to memory. In consequence of being shortsighted, and not able to read when traveling on foot, he was accustomed to repeat some considerable portion of the sacred oracles as he itinerated his circuit; and when I informed him on one occasion, in a village where he met me to assist in holding a missionary meeting, that he must preach before the public meeting commenced, it being his appointment, he smilingly replied that he had no sermon to preach, but that he would go into the pulpit, and repeat

the Epistle of St. James, having just done so on the road as he walked to the village. I need scarcely add, that we had not the Epistle so repeated, yet it ought to be stated, that amongst those causes which contributed to the wonderful success attending his ministerial labors, the aptitude with which he could use the Sword of the Spirit may be deemed not one of the least. To souls in distress on account of sin his quotations of Scripture, as suited to their state, were singularly appropriate, and attended with blessed effects.

"His own views of Divine truth might, with great propriety, be described as those of a minister of the Spirit. His mode of presenting the subject of God's love to man, His willingness to save sinners, the value of the atonement, and the power of faith to secure personal salvation, as known in its different degrees of justification or entire purity, might well entitle him to the designation of a master in Israel."

Notwithstanding his simplicity, plainness and vehemence, the congregations at Brighton increased considerably soon after his arrival. Some, no doubt, came from motives of curiosity, many were surprised, and a few were terrified. His own feelings may be readily gathered from the following sentence, from a letter to a friend:

"Our congregations increase, but we are not in the way, I am afraid, of looking for present blessings. This is of the greatest importance. He cannot do many mighty works because of our unbelief. In the circuit I had a prayer-meeting after preaching in every place during my last round. We saw nothing very particular. Perseverance; we must have souls converted."

Under the influence of this last sentiment he appears constantly to have lived. Whether in the pulpit or in the closet, in social intercourse or alone, he never lost sight of the great design of his mission. Of that species of preaching which only produced intellectual pleasure he had a holy abhorrence. Nothing can be more characteristic of the man than his remark to a friend, on sermons in which power of intellect or imagination is almost exclusively predominant: "They achieve nothing, sir." Perfectly capable, as he was, of appreciating what was refined and intellectual, a sermon which achieved nothing, however characterized by taste, argument, eloquence, or even abstract and generalizing theology, was to him merely as the play of the painted fly in the sunshine, whose parent is a worm, and whose life is a day. The importance of the object of his vocation held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests. All his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds who have marked this as a fault in his character; but he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits who fulfill their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about the objects we so much admired: no more did he, when the time which he must have devoted to them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators looks like insanity.

Where the results which he desired did not attend his ministry, he would spend days and nights almost constantly on his knees, weeping and pleading before God, and especially deploring his own

inadequacy to the great work of saving souls. He was, at times, when he perceived no movement in the church, literally in agonies, travailing in birth for precious souls, till he saw Christ magnified in their salvation. He was accustomed to saying, that a preacher ought to have restless solicitude on the subject of fruit, that God demands this of us, and that whenever it is found it will secure His approbation. How far he was right let the case of Jeremiah testify, who said: "If ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride, and mine eyes shall weep sore, and run down with tears; or, indeed, the Prince of preachers, in His weeping over Jerusalem.

Of Mr. Smith's humility and watchful jealousy over himself, the following private memorandum will give some idea:

"Dec. 6, 1818. — I am more fully persuaded of the necessity of looking constantly to Jesus, in order to be preserved from falling; yet I am afraid I am not sufficiently sensible of the great evil of falling. Gracious God, deliver me not up to vile affections! I wish to be more diligent in redeeming the time, and in my studies; I am persuaded that much depends on this. I have been one of the most unfaithful of all the servants of God; yet I am encouraged to come to Him, because I 'have an Advocate' with Him, 'Jesus Christ the Righteous;' and

'Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!'"

In further illustration of these amiable and Christian qualities, we give the following incident: During Brother Smith's residence in Brighton, a certain lady became deeply distressed because of her condition as a sinner. He deemed it right to pay her several visits in order to instruct, and pray with her. The husband, a violent and unconverted man, was greatly incensed at these intrusions, and, it was said, put Mr. Smith out of the house — by violence. After his departure from the circuit, the man was converted, and he greatly deplored his former action. In days after, Mr. Smith said the man did not thrust him out, but, said he, "I saw he was under the power of strong feelings, and I apprehended that he was about to lay hands on me, so I left the house, not because I was afraid of him, but because I was afraid of myself, not knowing to what I might have been tempted had he touched me."

Again, ponder the following extract and see how severe is his self-accusation:

"Dec. 11. — I have not had that lively sense of the presence and favor of God, the whole of this day, which I wish to enjoy. I am deeply sensible of my ignorance, and of my want of ability for the work of the ministry; yet the Lord is all-sufficient, and He will qualify and help. I trust I shall be more diligent than I have been. I have to lament my instability in everything. I have not prayed against it as I ought to have done. By the grace of God, I will make a renewed effort."

Under the same date as the foregoing, he writes thus to Miss Hamer:

"I am glad that the good Spirit of God continues to strive with you; but I would just say, do not let Him strive: Yield to Him: be led by Him at all times. Be as much in private as possible. Come to the throne of grace with boldness . . . God's having given His Son is an infinite and everlasting

proof of His willingness to save us to the uttermost. Oh, get transforming views of Christ: these you must get in private. Do not rest without the constant enjoyment of the perfect love of God. Get deeper baptisms, signal revelations of the love of God in your heart. Experience the Word, feel that you have the same Spirit that inspired the sacred penman. Of late I have had severe and peculiar temptations, and, blessed be God, I have had strong and peculiar consolation and support." In reference to the work of God he adds: "Our prospects are very cheering. Congregations increase, the people in many places are greatly quickened, and some are brought out of darkness into God's marvelous light. Last Tuesday night in one of our country places, there were many in distress, and several professed to be made happy. On Wednesday night also there were some in distress. Oh, if we were always filled with the Holy Ghost before we go to the house of God we should see signs and wonders."

Mr. Smith's letters to his parents usually contained a few words specifically addressed to his mother, as she was often much afflicted; they commonly suggested some topics of consolation. The following is a specimen:

"Dec. 22. — Your bodily indisposition has a tendency to weigh down your spirits, but cast body and soul on Christ. However you may feel, trust in Christ. Cast your burden on the Lord, and He will sustain you. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. The father attends to the afflicted child, because it is afflicted; and we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," etc.

Nothing could be more sober and scriptural, nothing farther removed from the visionary and enthusiastic, than Mr. Smith's sentiments on the subject of Christian consolation. One of his friends relates, that "to a person suffering from debility, he said, 'You must not make joy the criterion of your state, but confidence in the truth of God. It would be a miracle for you to rejoice.' And again, to the same person, 'Now, do not be giving way to despondency because you are weak. I used to do it, but I know better now. I use my privilege, and rejoice:'" meaning, of course, by the term "rejoice," in this latter case, not to describe the abounding of active delight, but the calm satisfaction arising from an unshaken sense of God's fidelity.

In the letter from which the above is extracted, he elsewhere remarks: "Let us plead with God for deeper baptisms. We want more of the Spirit. This should be our grand petition, — The Spirit. He will purify, strengthen, comfort, yea, all is in Him. Give God no rest. How soon can He come down and shake the mountains, and dash the rocks to pieces? We may be assured if we are not saved, the hindrance is in us. Let us take hold of our fellow creatures, consider ourselves one with them, and plead with God for them." All around us there are hungry souls, people who are waiting for some earnest believer to lead them to Jesus.

A wealthy merchant had an only son to whom he was tenderly attached. He spared no expense with his education; he sent him to foreign lands, and at home denied him no gratification. To the sorrow of his father, he became despondent, and a deep melancholy settled upon him. Physicians were called in, who prescribed amusements, entertainments, recreation, and pastimes. All this did no good; young associates surrounded him; he was taken to the theater, to balls, parties, and soirees. Nothing relieved him; like the woman in the Gospel, he seemed no better, but rather worse. The



physician thought a sea voyage might do him good. A yacht was fitted out to send along the coast. On the land and on the water, the settled melancholy weighed him down. The yacht ran into a harbor on Cape Cod; the young man stepped ashore, listless, indifferent, careless about where he was or where he was going. The shades of evening fell upon him. He saw a light in the distance, and walked on toward it. As he approached the building, he heard the voice of song. The house was a carpenter's shop, fitted up for worship with a rude altar and ruder benches. It was a season of revival, and a few earnest Christians had assembled for prayer and praise. Exhortation followed prayer, and praise followed exhortation. As one after another spoke of the love of the Savior and the joy of religion, the despondent individual arose. "This that you've been talking about is what I want. Will your Savior accept me? Are there any blessings left for one as wretched as I am?" Christians gave the poor seeker a hearty welcome; led him to the altar and prayed with him. That night, he found peace in believing, with an elastic step, he went on board his yacht, and turned its prow homeward. He entered his home, and informed his astonished household what great things the Lord had done for him, and what great peace He had imparted. He entered a theological seminary, fitted himself for the ministry, and went out to tell a dying world what peace and joy there are in religion.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 8

### TRAVAILING IN SOUL

"For as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children."

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied."

"Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

"For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

In every instance the man who prevails in prayer is the man who is alone as he prays with God. Abraham leaves Sarah behind when he pleads with Him for Sodom; and if he fails, it is because he ceases to ask before God ceases to grant. Moses is by himself beside the bush in the wilderness. Joshua is alone when Christ comes to him as an armed man. Gideon and Jephthah are by themselves when commissioned to save Israel. Once does Elijah raise a child from the dead, and Elisha does the same, and in each case not even the mothers come in, while the prophet alone with God asks and receives. So of Ezekiel, so of Daniel. Although others are present, Saul journeying to Damascus is alone with Christ after that He breaks upon him. Cornelius is praying by himself when the angel flashes upon his solitude; nor is any one with Peter upon the housetop when he is prepared to go to the Gentiles for the first time. One John is alone in the wilderness, another John is by himself in Patmos, when nearest God. It is when alone under his fig-tree in prayer that Jesus sees Nathaniel. All religious biography, our own closest communion and success with God, show what Christ means when, as if it were the only way to pray, He says: "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

John Smith spent many an hour alone with God pleading for souls, and, jealous for His Master's cause, sought opportunities to personally present to the individual the claims of the Gospel. Some eminent ministers have been possessed by so great a jealousy for the honor of God, and by so determined a resentment against sin, that their minds have been shaded by sternness, rather than softened by compassion.

But there was a native softness and susceptibility about Mr. Smith's affection which, when sanctified by the power of grace, would have peculiarly disposed him, had he been merely an ordinary Christian, to weep with those who weep. And while, on the one hand, as will be hereafter shown, he never forgot the claims of the Divine purity, and thus invested with an extraordinary

power in his denunciations of sin, he preserved the full-flowing tide of human feeling, and the condition of sinners inspired his heart with an unutterable pity. He entered so fully into their misery and peril, and had so poignant and distressing a sense of the malignity and heinousness of their violations of the law, as to be often indescribably oppressed. It was a settled principle with him to "confess the sins of the people." "I remember," says Mr. Clarkson, "to have heard him remark, that "unless a preacher carries about with him a daily burden, he is not likely to see many sinners converted to God." That he himself carried about this burden, Mr. Calder's testimony will be sufficient to evince. This gentleman remarks: "I have often seen him come downstairs in the morning, after spending several hours in prayer, with his eyes swollen with weeping. He would soon introduce the subject of his anxiety by saying, 'I am a broken-hearted man; yes, indeed, I am an unhappy man; not for myself, but on account of others. God has given me such a sight of the value of precious souls, that I cannot live if souls be not saved. Oh, give me souls, or else I die!'"

And as the sympathy which he felt for sinners was unusually strong, so was it also peculiarly practical. This was strikingly manifested in the case of penitents. "When you are with people in distress on account of their sins," he sometimes said, "you must not only pray for them, but you must throw yourself into their circumstances; you must be a penitent too; they must pray through you, and what you say must be exactly what they would say if they knew how." He carried out the same principle into the matter of faith; and he has related instances in which, when he has been laboring to exert the faith of sympathy, actual faith has arisen correspondingly in the mind of the sinner, and the power of God and of salvation have burst upon both, as they simultaneously appropriated the atonement of Christ.

We now give our readers a statement of the way of salvation that is very simple and happy. It is a specimen of the form in which John Smith greatly delighted to propound the truth:

"Jesus Christ is the gift of God to a lost world. It hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell. Faith is the condition on which we receive the blessings of the Gospel. I am a lost sinner. Jesus is offered to me. I trust in Him and am saved. I continue to trust, and am continually saved. God testifies this by His Holy Spirit. So all the way through, in every situation, and in all circumstances, if we only trust in Christ, we cannot be confounded. What is it that I want? It is in Christ, and Christ is offered to me; then I must take what I want in Christ. Nothing but a want of this faith can prevent me from enjoying the blessing. This completely strips man, and puts the honor of God's grace on Christ. This is the Gospel, good news, glad tidings. 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will to men.'

'O for a trumpet voice,  
On all the world to call!'"

Of the progress of the work of God he remarks: "I think we are rising a little throughout the circuit. My dear colleague has had some glorious seasons. At Framfield, a number of praying souls were met together to spend a day during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Calder had to go that way; he called, and preached to them. While he was preaching, the power of God came down. Several cried aloud for mercy. I suppose there were twelve in distress, and one of the local preachers was enabled to believe for entire sanctification."

At the District-Meeting held in London in the month of May, Mr. Smith was appointed to assist in conducting a watch-night at City-road Chapel. The whole of the preceding afternoon he spent in earnest entreaty for the Divine blessing upon the meeting. He had great enlargement in delivering an exhortation on the occasion; and while he was afterwards engaged in prayer, the influence of the Holy Spirit descended in an unusual manner. The effect was extraordinary. Some cried aloud under a consciousness of their sin and peril; some were unable to repress exclamations of praise to God; while others were so overwhelmed as to be obliged to retire from the chapel. Among these last was a baker, who had been accustomed to follow his business on the Sabbath-day. His alarm was so powerful that he was bowed down towards the earth, and it was with great difficulty that he succeeded in reaching his own house. When he retired to bed, sleep had forsaken him. He arose in inexpressible agony, and casting himself on his knees, wrestled with God for about two hours, when the Lord pardoned his sins, and filled his heart with joy, and his mouth with thanksgiving. His wife also soon experienced the same blessing; the immediate result of which was, that they altogether relinquished baking on the Sabbath day, and sacrificed the gains of iniquity, which amounted to one guinea per week. "I had an interview with them," says Mr. Clarkson, "about two years afterwards, and they assured me that the Lord had so prospered them in their business that they had been gainers ever since.

Honoring God always pays. Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come. A young man held a position as confidential clerk in a large banking house. He was a decided Christian, but not a demonstrative one. One Saturday the president came to him, and handing him a bundle of papers, told him they must be copied and ready for use Monday morning. "I will have to work all Sunday to finish that job." "That may be," said the president, "but my work must be done when I want it, and my employees must meet my wishes." "But I am a Sunday School superintendent," said the clerk, "and I would not have my scholars know that I worked on Sunday for your salary." "Well, you must choose between complying with my wishes and losing your place." "With such an alternative, I should not hesitate a moment," was the reply. The president was not prepared for such a stout resistance, and was a little touched. "You'd better consider well what you're doing," he said; "I can put you in the forefront of financiers; if I discharge you, you'll be ruined." "I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," that was my father's text," said the young man.

Of course there could be but one issue. The clerk took his discharge. Sunday was a gloomy one in his house; his associates said he was a fool to be so nice. On Monday, the banker was visited by some gentlemen; they were about to start a bank, they said; they wanted a cashier, a man prompt, capable, reliable. "I know just the man you want." "Where is he now?" "He is not in any employment. He has been discharged." "We don't want any cast-off man," was the reply; "if the man is what you say, he would not be unemployed, for such men are rare." "The fact is," said the president, "I discharged him because he wouldn't work Sundays; even then I admired his principles, and I'll be his bondsman to any amount." Over the mantel of this cashier's dining-room can be found, in a handsome frame, the golden text, "I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

In the course of the District-Meeting, some conversation took place on the decrease in the number of members during the preceding year, and several measures were suggested to prevent the

recurrence of so melancholy a circumstance. Among those who spoke on the subject, was a preacher of the highest character and influence, who had known Mr. Smith before he entered on the itinerant work, and who highly estimated his devotedness and ardor. After having alluded to several other particulars, he added, with much emphasis: "If we all possessed the burning zeal of the brother who addressed us last night, we should not have to lament any diminution of our societies." This remark, from such a quarter, had a happy effect upon the minds of those who had previously been unacquainted with the worth of the person to whom it referred.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 9

### VICTORIES IN THE PASTORATE

"Feed my sheep."

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

"Which things also we teach, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth."

"Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

"We use great plainness of speech."

The pastoral work of Mr. Smith now demands our attention. Let this incident illustrate his methods:

Having to go to a distant part of the Brighton circuit, Mr. Smith stayed to dine at an intermediate village. After dinner, an interesting and intelligent servant girl, of about fourteen years of age, who was engaged in the room in which he sat, arrested his attention. "Come hither, my dear," said he, in his usually serious and impressive manner; "I wish to speak to you." She immediately came, and, looking very earnestly in his face, awaited, with an appearance of great interest, what he had to say. "Do you know that you are a sinner?" he asked. Heaving a deep sigh, she replied, "Yes, sir." "Do you know that you will be lost unless your sins be pardoned?" "Yes, sir." "Are you unhappy?" "Yes, sir." "Do you ever pray?" "Yes." "Do you say your prayers, or do you ask God for what you feel you want?" "I say my prayers." "But you could ask me for anything you wanted, could you not?" "Yes, sir." "Suppose you were a poor girl and went to Mrs. Smith to beg, you could tell her of your distress and ask her for something.?" In a voice full of emotion she replied, "Yes, sir." "Well, you are a poor distressed sinner; God pities you; you can ask Him to forgive you. Shall I pray for you?" The poor child could not reply for weeping. They then kneeled down, and in a very few minutes she began to cry aloud for mercy, and to confess and bewail her sins in the most affecting manner. She continued to cry till God revealed His Son in her. The change in her countenance and accents was most astonishing. She praised God in a loud and joyful voice, and with a faith that greatly surprised Mr. Smith, who stood at her side, interceding for her relation, for all sinners, and for the world at large. Her gratitude taught her new and eloquent language. With extraordinary emphasis, she said over and over again, "Jesus has died for me! Jesus has died for me! Blessed Jesus! My God! My Father! God pities, God loves me, and I love my God! Oh, when shall I be with Thee in glory to praise Thy name for ever and ever!" She continued on her knees for more than an hour, and her state of rapture was

so extreme, that, as Mr. Smith afterwards said, it seemed as if it had been impossible for her to survive so overpowering a revelation of the Divine love.

In the month of July, Mr. Smith visited Chichester, to assist in the opening of a new chapel, and remained there for several days. His labors in that city were honored by God. He preached one evening from 1 Peter 3:13: "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" and had great liberty of speech. During the concluding prayer, the influence of God descended on the congregation in a remarkable manner, and several groaned audibly under the burden of their sins. Mr. Smith cried out, "Now let your hearts yield!" and began to pray again. He then came down from the pulpit, and Mr. Hiley, the resident preacher, continued to plead with God on behalf of the distressed. Mr. Smith, in his usual way, immediately addressed those individuals who were seeking salvation, and exhorted them to trust in Christ for a present deliverance. Arrangements had been made for letting the seats in the chapel; but all other business was forgotten, in the urgency of the cries of penitent sinners, and the meeting was protracted unto a late hour. Nine persons were brought into the enjoyment of pardoning love that evening and many others still remained under deep and painful concern for their souls.

The beginning of the year 1820 was marked by considerable increase of religious interest on his charge, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the grace of God displayed in several instances of clear and striking conversion. Calling one day on Mrs. M\_\_\_\_, a pious lady of Lewes, he there met with her niece, who was under concern for her soul. He engaged in prayer with peculiar sweetness, and was afterwards led to speak of the excellencies of the Savior, and the happiness of those who are united to Him. His word was accompanied by special unction, and Miss M\_\_\_\_, the young person before alluded to, was so powerfully affected that she arose from her seat, and, casting herself on her knees, began to plead with God, in earnest prayer for the blessing of a present salvation. In a short time, hope sprang up in her heart. She exclaimed, "I will believe," and instantly the Comforter came. She rose and cried, "The Lord has washed away my sins for the sake of the blood of Christ;" and, in an ecstasy of gratitude and triumph, she flung herself on the neck of her rejoicing relative, exclaiming, "It is you that have brought me to this!" with similar expressions of joyful feeling. They then united in the praise of a pardoning God. If my information be correct, two other persons in the same family were, a few days afterwards, through Mr. Smith's instrumentality, made partakers of the blessings of saving grace.

In a letter to Miss Hamer, dated February 5, 1820, Mr. Smith thus speaks of his own experience: "My soul is kept in peace and purity. Glory be to God! What charms there are in Jesus! 'Unto you that believe He is precious.' I believe; and God testifies that He approves of my faith, by continually sending 'the Spirit of His Son into my heart, crying, Abba, Father.' I am grafted in the true Vine; life flows into my soul, and shows itself in buds and fruit; love, joy, peace, etc. I wish to be 'led with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God.' I 'hunger and thirst after righteousness.' Blessed are such. My soul longeth after God. He is all my desire. I am yet but foolish in using the means, especially prayer. I want more of Bramwell's spirit, more of Longden's spirit, more of Nelson's spirit. It is to be had. I believe I shall have it . . . Lately God has signally blessed me in visiting the sick. 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' My soul has been filled and expanded. The excellencies of Jesus have been more fully revealed. It is good frequently to visit the abodes of the afflicted, especially when Jesus gives us

sympathy for the afflicted. I long for more sympathy. I must go to Jesus for it. As man, He was full of it. As God-man, He is the fountain of it. Jesus, come and live in me, that I may, like Thee, go about doing good."

Mr. Smith excelled in pastoral qualifications and duties, and was often distinguishedly useful in private society. "Kindness," says Mr. Calder, was peculiarly prominent in his moral constitution, and gave to his piety the most interesting forms of sweetness and benignity. And this induced an individual, who was no mean judge of religious character, to observe of him, that he had the piety of a certain distinguished saint and minister. Hence the absence of all austerity from his manners. Of this, children seemed to be conscious and soon attached themselves to him with peculiar fondness, which he amply returned. In this respect, he resembled the founder of Methodism, and, I may add, the Founder of our holy religion also. Not satisfied with merely doing the work of the pulpit, he deemed it right to acquaint himself with, and frequently to visit, every family connected with the society. An unconverted individual in such a family became the subject of his peculiar solicitude, and he was placed upon his list to be specifically remembered before God with many tears and persevering intercessions. This ceaseless concern for the children and servants of the members of the church was attended with glorious results. My house was frequently the scene of holy triumph, for if a visit was paid to me by any of the children of our friends residing in other parts of the kingdom, they became objects of his peculiar regard. By his kind and affectionate behavior he first ingratiated himself into their favor, and then watching the effect of his admonitions, he was restless till they obtained the mercy of God. Never shall I forget the case of one of the sons of the late Mr. B., of London, upon whom, while paying a visit to my house, Mr. Smith commenced a serious attack on the subject of his salvation. This was followed up from day to day until the young man became duly impressed with the importance of religion, and not long after our friend called me into the study to join with them in praising God for having bestowed pardon upon this person. He shortly afterward returned to his family, a truly saved man, giving every evidence in his life of a work of grace."

The letters of Mr. Smith to his parents give us a glimpse into his inner life. October 1, 1819, he writes:

"Your kindness towards me aids me much in my approach to God. It is said, 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.' I think, — what is it that my parents would not do for me? what is it that they have not done for me? They have provided for me, wept over me, prayed for me, dealt tenderly with me, forgiven me, and, under God, have been my spiritual parents, too. They cared for my soul as well as my body: God regarded them, and crowned their efforts with success: their kindness has been a flowing stream. Well, God is my heavenly Father; He cares for me: there is no evil in Him. He is full of pity and compassion. He has given His Son. He is willing freely to give all things. I may come to Him with confidence; I do come with confidence, with the confidence of a little child, and He blesses me. He gives me His Holy Spirit. Of late, I have had such revelations of the love of God in my soul, such baptisms of the Holy Ghost as I never had before, and such as I had no conception of. God is not only able, but willing, 'to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.' 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' We want more faith; power implicitly to rely on what God has said, — to take God at His word.



'Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone.'

I see more clearly than ever that God Himself is the portion of His people. All the promises lead into God. Faith looks at them as living springs always sending forth something fresh. There is an infinite depth in the promises of God. 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.' 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.' I am happy, increasingly happy in God. God is my portion. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Christ is in me the hope of glory. I have the earnest of Heaven in my heart. This is my treasure, I esteem everything else as nothing in comparison with this.'

"Nov. 29th. — Thanks be to God for His continued and increasing goodness to me, the most unworthy and unfaithful of His servants. What shall I say about my soul? Oh, my dear parents, Jesus was never so precious to me as at present. He is the fairest among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely. My soul is penetrated with His excellencies. All I want is in Him, and He is mine. I have power to give Him my whole heart, and I have the witness that He takes it. His Spirit dwells in me, and reveals to me the beauties of my Savior. I 'rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' My 'conversation is in Heaven;' my treasure and my heart are there. God fills my soul. I know that He has taken away the body of sin. In obedience to Him, I reckon myself 'dead indeed unto sin, but alive to God through Jesus Christ.' God is my portion. His fullness is mine. yet he is able to do exceeding abundantly above all I ask or think.' I am looking for fresh discoveries of His glory. My soul thirsts for God. I never needed the blood of Christ more than I do at present. But I have it, and I never made so much use of it as I do now. I have been mightily assailed by the powers of darkness, but Jesus is my Protector. Protected by omnipotent love, what can harm me? 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' I wish to live in the act of casting my helpless soul upon Christ. I am thankful for your prayers, and for the prayers of God's people. I have the prayers of some who have power with God. I am filled with shame when I turn my eyes backward."

To the same, he thus writes, May 19: "God has possession of my heart. Christ not only visits me, but dwells in me by faith. Christ is all, and Christ is mine. His excellencies exert a continual attraction. The world is unmasked to me. I see it unsuitable for the portion of my soul. It is unsatisfying and perishing. But Christ possesses everything that is suited to me. He is the eternal God. I choose Him for my portion. Yet I want more Divine power. This must result to me from deeper and more glorious revelations of the excellencies of Christ in my soul, by the Holy Ghost. Oh, that I may ever lie at the foot of the cross, and feel my need, and have the merit of the death of Christ!

'Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I every moment need.'

I am kept no longer than I am kept by the power of God through faith. But does He not say, 'Fear not: I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee'? Amen. My Lord, never leave me, nor forsake me."

This spirit of prayer was the secret of power with Mr. Smith, as with many others who were like him, real soul-winners, and made his sermons like messages from Heaven.

Years ago, Claus Hames, one of the most useful preachers in Germany, once met a friend to whom he told how many times daily he had to speak. His friend presently asked, "But, friend Hames, if thou hast so much to say, when art thou still? And when does the Spirit of God speak to thee?" That simple question so impressed Hames that he resolved from that time to devote a portion of each day to retirement and silent study.

"How is it," said a Christian man to his companion, as they were both returning from hearing the saintly Bramwell, "How is it that Brother Bramwell always tells us so much that is new?" The companion answered: "Brother Bramwell lies so near the gate of Heaven that he hears a great many things which the rest of us do not get near enough to hear."

And it is equally true that every child of God may learn by experience that in all things God will hear and answer if we but consult Him. A laboring man agreed to pay installments for the little house in which he lived. He spent his leisure planting trees and cultivating his garden. One hundred pounds was the price of the property. He was to pay ten pounds a year, with interest. Year after year he met his obligation, and when he died there were but ten pounds due on the cottage. By hard toil and much saving, the poor widow scraped together ten pounds, and was rejoicing in the prospect of a comfortable shelter for herself and child during the rest of her life. The man who owned the mortgage had died, as well as her husband; but great was her astonishment and grief, when she visited the attorney to pay off the remaining encumbrance on the cottage, to find a bill presented for one hundred pounds, instead of ten. "You must pay the money, or produce the receipts, or I shall sell your property under the hammer," said the lawyer. The poor widow searched her cottage from top to bottom, and emptied drawers and closets to find receipts; but all in vain. The prospect of being turned out of her little house stared her in the face. Her little boy said to her: "Mother, don't you think Jesus would help us in our trouble if we should pray to Him? He is our only help in this our time of distress. Let us kneel down and pray." The little boy offered a sweet prayer to the Savior, begging him to interpose to keep his poor mother from being turned out of her home. As he arose from his knees, the lad saw a large fire-fly coming in at the window. Boy-like he started for it. He chased the fly round and round the room, till at length the brilliant little creature made a dive under a chest of drawers. The little boy tried to reach him, but could not. "O mother!" he said, "just pull the drawers out a little bit, and I'll catch him!" As the drawers moved, something fell on the floor. It was her husband's lost receipt-book. The attorney was so astonished when she produced it, and heard the story; that he refused to receive the remaining ten pounds, but gave her a receipt in full. That night, as the widow sat with her little son by the cozy fire, she told him how easy it was for the Savior to answer prayer by little things. The fire-fly, conducting Freddy to the lost receipt-book, was as good as if an angel had been sent from Heaven.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 10

### AS A PERSONAL WORKER AND PREACHER

"Let him that heareth say, Come."

"Lo, I am with you always."

"Run speak to that young man."

"Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, saveth a soul from death and hideth a multitude of sins?"

At the Conference of 1820, Mr. Smith, having passed the usual examinations, was admitted into the connection. Immediately afterwards he was married and proceeded with Mrs. Smith to the Windsor Circuit. Here the circumstances were peculiarly trying. Villages and towns on every side inadequately provided with evangelical instruction. Spiritual destitution prevailed. In his own charge there was great and manifest torpor. Many had a name to live and were dead; and not a few of the members had never known the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. Those who do not know the perversity of human nature might have anticipated that in such a state of things, the labors of Mr. Smith would have been hailed with a universal welcome. It should be particularly noted, that he was now no theorist, however he might have been esteemed such at an early period of his ministerial life. Many of those to whom he was now called to minister, must have been acquainted with his devoted zeal, and his considerable success; and all might, without difficulty, have ascertained how far his experiments had previously tended to the accomplishment of the great object of the Christian ministry. Yet (to employ the testimony of one who was intimately acquainted with him at this period) "his efforts, by some individuals, were, for a time, neither understood nor appreciated. This circumstance rendered the struggles of his faith far more painful to himself, while it delayed no less the general blessing for which he ardently longed. It appeared to me, as if settled unbelief, though only in a few, weighed down his own faith much more than the coldness and indifference of a far greater number. It seemed to hang upon him (and I think I have heard him so describe it) 'as a dead weight,' encumbering and retarding his spirit, when it was struggling to get free and plead with God for the congregation. Under such pressure I have even known him to request such as were indisposed to believe to leave the church, with a tone and earnestness of manner which must have thrilled every mind.

That he was instant in season and out of season, always on the alert for souls, will be gathered from the following extract from a letter. It will be seen he not only went where he was needed, but where he was needed the most:

"Windsor, Sept. 15, 1820. — I am going to Uxbridge today, God willing; a place nine miles distant, formerly connected with Windsor, but which has been given up about two years. I was there last week, making the necessary inquiries. I believe it is a providential opening, and I anticipate much good. Several are longing for the bread of life. Last Tuesday night I visited a place near Windsor, where I hope good will be done. When I came, I saw that very little indeed was done, and also that much needed doing. I was almost ready to despond; but I recovered myself by considering that the work is God's, that He has all power, and that He is willing and solicitous to save the whole world. Last Sunday afternoon, it pleased God to set two souls at liberty, while I was preaching from, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' One woman got down upon her knees while I was preaching, and kneeled until we concluded. I then hastened to her, and said, 'Woman, are you happy?' She said, 'I am.' 'When did you receive this happiness?' 'While you were preaching,' she said, 'I believed that God had pardoned all my sins.' I then called upon the friends to sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' etc. They who were going out stopped, and assisted us to praise God. The other woman did all she could to conceal her emotions, but she was observed by her leader, to whom she confessed that God had then set her soul at liberty. I was not acquainted with this until afterwards. Last night I was renewing the tickets. A young man was present who had not found peace. I told him God was ready to pardon him then. While I was at prayer, he began to be in deep distress, and cried aloud. I concluded, that those who wished to go might have an opportunity, and requested any who were so disposed to remain with us. The young man continued on his knees, unwilling to rise without a sense of pardon. I and one of the leaders remained with him until, after a smart struggle, it pleased God to set his soul at liberty. He then sang, 'O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me.' We all triumphed in the mercy of our God. I do not intend to despond. God can and does, and will work. We have a few in this place truly pious, who long for the prosperity of Zion. The people are very kind and are solicitous to make us comfortable. We are in good health through mercy and are trusting in God for full Salvation.

A daily prayer-meeting at five o'clock in the morning, and a similar meeting after the Sunday evening preaching, were some of the methods for the revival of the work of God which Mr. Smith employed almost from the time of his arrival at Windsor. They were attended by the happiest results; and to them he, in common with the most successful ministers of modern Methodism, was greatly indebted for his usefulness. "In different places," says one of his familiar friends, in special reference to this period of his life, "and according to the different circumstances in which Mr. Smith found himself, or the people among whom he was stationed, his plan of action, in reference to that revival of the work of God which was everywhere his first object, was doubtless subject to various modifications. But, in general, I suppose, as it pre-eminently was wherever I have witnessed his labors, the fruits of his ministry were most decisive and abundant in meetings for prayer." These were usually to him seasons of extraordinary physical as well as spiritual efforts, though there were interesting instances of a different class. "On one occasion, after returning from a meeting, where nine persons had obtained entire sanctification the same night, he remarked, "I was not equal to strong exertion and chiefly said, 'Thy blood was shed for this very purpose; cleanse them, Lord.'"

But it was not only by his own individual efforts that Mr. Smith acted upon others. Among the numbers converted by his ministry there were always some who imbibed his views and Spirit, and who engaged themselves after his example in holding forth the Word of life. It was indeed part of

his plan to encourage others to work for God. He aided them by his counsel, and prayers, maintained an intercourse with them when separated, and made occasional visits to London and elsewhere, in order to assist their exertion, they looking to him for direction and encouragement.

Nor was it merely among the host of souls of whose conversion he was the direct instrument, that he found the partakers of his spirit, and the willing agents of his plans. The Christianity of many others he succeeded in modeling; to occasional and untaught fervor he often gave principle and direction, and kindled scriptural and persevering zeal in hearts which before had been comparatively cold and inert. It was especially in meetings for prayer that such characters were formed. There was in his atmosphere at these times a moral stimulus so powerful that sincere minds could scarcely fail to catch a portion of his Heaven-descended spirit. Here they saw his principles brought into actual practice, and the value of his plans attested by their skillful and anticipated operation. Every such meeting was a series of striking and triumphant experiments; and it was thus, mainly, that there was formed that class of individuals whom he, from the most prominent feature in their character, was accustomed to designate "The Praying Men." Of the majority of these the probability is that had it not been for his influence they would have remained, however personally upright and sincere, of little service to the Church of God.

"Among those who engaged his particular attention and care," says the friend from whom I have already quoted largely, "were the soldiers of the regiments of Life Guards who were successively stationed at the neighboring barracks. To many of that fine body of men he was made eminently useful. He felt for their naturally exposed situation, and rejoiced in their profession of godliness, as marked by more decision, and maintained under severer temptations, than ordinary. Nor was he, I think, insensible to the manly bearing of these Christian soldiers. Certainly, if there was any quality he admired that was not in itself religious, it was manliness under all its forms. We love to see the feelings of the man thus disclosing themselves in the Christian. And thus I remember being pleased, when the habitual current of his thoughts and conversation was interrupted (though but for a moment) by a natural expression of pleasure at the interesting appearance of some Eton boys, whom he seemed to regard with just the sort of complacency which a father might have expressed had they been his own. Several of these pious soldiers were men of no common faith and prayer; and using such means as were calculated to spread religion."

Of the work of God among this interesting class of persons, Mr. Smith thus speaks, in a letter to his parents, dated January 11, 1821: "On the Sunday evening before Christmas day, a corporal in the Horse Guards found peace. He was awakened about three weeks before at our chapel. His father is a Methodist at Cleckheaton. Last Tuesday week, he had an affecting discovery of inbred sin, and the whole of the week longed for a clean heart. This morning, at our half-past five o'clock prayer-meeting, God cleansed him from all sin, and he made confession before all present: such a conclusion, I think, I never heard. I hope he will be very useful. On Christmas day, another soldier and his wife were awakened while I was praying in our chapel. The Wednesday following they came to our house with Corporal E\_\_\_; a pious man, who obtained entire sanctification about three weeks ago, and it pleased the Lord to set them both at liberty. Several other soldiers are earnestly seeking pardon."

Among those for whom Mr. Smith was peculiarly interested was a corporal who had once enjoyed religion, but who had forsaken God and His people. His wife was a pious woman; she mourned deeply on his account, and prayed for his restoration. It was one day impressed on Mr. Smith's mind to visit this man, and accompanied by Mrs. Smith, he walked as far as the door of his house, where he met his wife. "Well, Mrs. B.," said he, "where is your husband?" With much concern, she replied, "Yonder he is, going to the races." "I will follow him," he said, and without entering the dwelling he hastily set off in the direction indicated. The corporal soon perceived that he was being followed, and, quickening his pace, he succeeded, before Mr. Smith came up, in getting into a ferry-boat which would have taken him across the river to within a few minutes' walk of the race-course. The boatman, however, had to put back for another passenger, and thus brought him near the friend whom he so much wished to shun, who solemnly accosted him with, "Did you pray about it before you set out?" The inquiry fastened on his conscience. He went to the races, and was wretched. "Did you pray about it before you set out?" still seemed to ring in his ears. When Mr. Smith next visited him he was in deep distress. Mr. Smith invited him to unite himself with the people of God. He did so, and never rested until the Lord healed his backslidings and restored him. He became useful and a class-leader in the regiment.

In the letter from which our last extract was made, Mr. Smith speaks of the work in general: "I have still to lament an almost general want of effort in these parts. It is lifting work to get the people to God; but help is laid upon one that is mighty to save. When the Spirit comes there must be a moving. We are encouraged to expect the Holy Spirit, not only by the sure Word of promise, but also by what we receive. Thank God, there is a striving among the people. Some are teased and are ready to leave the society; or at least have had thoughts of it; but others are looking to God, panting, laboring for God. Several are on the point of receiving entire sanctification, and a few have received that blessing. Others have obtained pardon. The last time I was at Uxbridge, two souls found peace and one the time before, who shortly afterwards was cleansed from all sin, as he and I were praying together in his bedroom. He has just begun to preach, and I hope will be useful. For two years he was a backslider. This day fortnight I and my wife went to take tea with Brother S., whose wife a short time ago was a persecutor. On my return from Stoke, after preaching, I thought God would save her. After a few inquiries, we began to pray. The power of God came upon her: she groaned for mercy, and, after a struggle, God set her soul at liberty. Her husband found peace a few months before. A young woman found peace at one of our morning meetings, about a fortnight ago. God, you see, is working. Since I wrote last, I have changed with one of the Reading preachers. At the prayer-meeting after evening preaching at Reading, four or five found peace. But it is rather strange work in these parts for souls to be in distress and to get liberty. I hope it will not continue so, and that it will not be opposed, but desired and labored for. My soul is happy in God. I am looking for a greater personal salvation, and for glorious outpourings of the Spirit upon the people. I confidently expect them."

As a still more striking illustration of the scriptural character of Mr. Smith's piety, the following remarks of the friend whose communications have already so enriched these pages are quoted:

"Of all that he did or suffered, of all that he experienced or enjoyed, faith was the great, the animating principle; and the truth of God (which is nothing more nor less than the reality of things) was the groundwork and basis of his faith. To believe, as it constitutes the whole of religion, — the highest attainments of which are only a development of that all-comprehending principle, —

constituted the substance of all his exhortations to others, and the scope of all his own prayers and exertions. To the efficacy of faith he set no limits. 'If,' said he, 'a man were as black as a devil, and had upon him all the sins that were ever committed, if he would but begin to believe, God would raise him.' Again, I have heard him say, 'That is the way I rise. I will not suffer myself to dwell on my unfaithfulness; if I did, I should despond.' I have known him quote with great seriousness a remark of Mr. Wesley to the effect that most persons perish through despondency. On my asking him as to his confidence of final salvation he replied that he 'had no doubt whatsoever on the subject, for he was determined to believe.' And as he set no bounds to the efficacy of faith, so he appeared to set none to its application. When I have been engaged in writing a letter he has called out to me, 'Write in faith.'

In the month of June he paid a visit to his old friends at Brighton, and was deeply affected, to use his own words, "with the goodness of God, in the kindness of the people." On the Sunday evening on which he preached there, the Spirit of God descended powerfully on the congregation. Many were deeply convicted of sin; fifteen or sixteen persons obtained pardon, and the meeting was continued till nearly midnight. On the following day he attended the quarterly meeting of the circuit at Lewes. In the evening he preached, and the Lord granted the congregation a baptism of fire. His subject was the love of God to man: and he urged on his hearers the duty of loving God in return, from the consideration that this alone would fit them for Heaven. For himself, he said, in his own pathetic style, he did love God, and he intended to get to Heaven. He then appealed to the people, whether they would go with him. When he paused, as for a reply, there was, of course, profound silence, and every heart seemed filled with the deepest emotion. Then, turning to his friend, Mr. Calder, he said, in a thrilling tone, "Brother Calder, will you go to Heaven?" As well as he could articulate for weeping, he replied, "By God's grace, I will." "Hear him," cried Mr. Smith with a loud voice, "he says he will;" and then, as if putting a seal to a solemn covenant, he feelingly added, "Amen, and now for all of you. God is here to receive your vow, and help you to fulfill it." The effect was magical; awe appeared to rest on every spirit, and multitudes testified that they had never before observed such an impression from simple and anointed eloquence.

Nothing can convey to the reader who never witnessed the exertions of the man, the degree of intense fervor to which he was wrought by the time he had finished his sermon. He seemed rapt, inspired; and, to a certain degree, his auditors were carried with him. He then called on the Rev. John Pipe, who had succeeded him in the Brighton circuit, to pray. The Spirit of intercession had come on him also, and with extraordinary earnestness he besought God to bless the circuit. Full of confidence and ardor, and forgetful of everything but the amplitude of the petition, Mr. Smith pronounced an Amen like the sound of thunder: A second petition that God would bless the nation, elicited a second and still louder AMEN. But when he who prayed, extending the exercise of his faith and charity, called on God to bless the world, Mr. Smith uttered at the extreme of his voice an AMEN which thrilled through every heart; and seemed to infuse the energy of his faith into those that heard it, "making," says Mr. Calder, "the three most memorable Amens that I, or I think, any other human being ever heard." When the first service was concluded, he proceeded to assist in the prayer service that followed, and had the happiness of seeing that night about twenty souls delivered from the burden of their sins, as two more were the following morning.

Doubtless many will call Mr. Smith an enthusiast. If by enthusiasm be meant the single, devoted, unwavering pursuit of one object, the concentration of mighty and sanctified affections, the laboring night and day with many tears for the salvation of men, the literally counting all things but loss for Christ, the expecting the fulfillment of the promises of God in their most ample sense, the ready and constant preference of the things of eternity to those of time, however worthy, be consulted; if, in short, the loving God with all the heart, and serving Him with all the strength, be enthusiasm, — John Smith was an enthusiast. But the term which describes such a character, far from being a term of reproach, is a title of the highest dignity; and there is no instructed Christian who would not covet to gain it, or would not glory in it when acquired. To use the words of Mr. Smith's attached friend: "He who best secures an end which many aim at, may well be presumed to have employed the best, and therefore the most rational, means. And, consequently, since the salvation of souls is the end of the Christian ministry, his known and eminent success, compared with that of most others, may well establish the superior fitness of the means employed by him. In other words, it transfers the suspicion of enthusiasm to those" who imagine that a pointless generalizing harangue of some theological subject, that the mere "letting off a sermon," is to convey "life from the dead," and to demolish the bastions of Satan and unbelief. The "gentle theologues," whose nerves are strung with such exquisite sensibility that they are alarmed at the slightest ripple on the dead calm of human affections, and yet expect to accelerate the period when the sea shall roar and the fullness thereof, are the real visionaries. Whether he were beside himself, it was for God, or whether he were sober, it was for our cause, for the love of Christ constrained him.

The labors of Mr. Smith with the soldiers was wonderfully owned of God, and in the ranks of the English army have been men who honored God while they served their country. Hedley Vicars and Havelock were men of God.

Bad men pretend that religion does not make men better. They say that a man can be just as good without being a professing Christian, as he can if he take on him the vows of religion. All the while, these men keep their eyes on professors. They demand of them a higher style of morality. They condemn members of the church for conduct in which they themselves indulge. When censured for their inconsistency, they reply, "Oh! I don't profess anything; that man does." Some object to religion, that it makes men effeminate. But the bravest of troops and the most victorious of soldiers have been religious men. Men are hard to meet, and dangerous to contend with, who sing the psalms of David as a battle-cry; who hang the Bible to their horses' bridles; who mount with prayer, and shout to the host, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!"

General Havelock commanded a corps of religious men. The troops drank no intoxicating drinks; they swore no oaths. The morning and evening were saluted with prayer. The cant name given to this corps was "The Saints." More than this, the general was the chaplain. On the Lord's day, the regiment formed a hollowed square, and the commander preached. All this was told to the government at London. A commission was sent to inquire into these strange doings. The report came that the charges were all true, the Saints prayed and the commander preached. "But," it was added, "no troops in India are as well drilled, as well equipped, as efficient. In time of trouble, the cry is, 'Bring out the Saints. They are never drunk. Havelock never blunders.'" It was added, as if prophesied, "Should trouble arise in India, Havelock's corps will be the main reliance of the government."



# **THE CALLUSED KNEES**

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## **Chapter 11**

### **GIVE ME SOULS OR I DIE**

"It is accounted of a steward that he be found faithful."

"The soul that sinneth it must die."

"He that winneth souls is wise.

"For they watch for your souls as they that must give account."

"What will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D., in a meeting of ministers, told of the day when Harry Morehouse, the celebrated evangelist, was a guest in his father's house. He was staying one night in his room, waiting for time of the service, when he heard the door open, and looking about, saw it close quickly again. He turned to his Bible, and heard the same thing repeated; and then without turning, he said, "Come in," and there entered one of the children of the household, who had seen so much of Christ in the face of the preacher, that she desired to know him, and she said: "Mr. Morehouse, I should like to be a Christian."

"Well," said he, in his quiet, gentle way, "you may;" and he said: "Will you please turn to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and read it, making it personal to yourself? Wherever the pronouns are general make them personal."

She began: "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when I shall see Him there is no beauty that I should desire Him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and I hid as it were, my face from Him; He was despised, and I esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows; yet I did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

When she had read thus far, she stopped, and Harry Morehouse said: "Go on and read it."

"But He was wounded for my transgressions. He was bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon Him; and with His stripes I am healed."

She could not read any farther for her tears, but she had caught a glimpse of her Savior in this reading, and Harry Morehouse said to her: "This is all we need to do to be saved, to lay hold upon Him by faith, of whom Isaiah speaks."

Mr. Smith possessed much of the evangelistic spirit, always seeking the lost, always about His Master's business. In October, 1821, fifty persons had received the blessing of pardon in Windsor, and scores of souls in Hammersmith. "There prevailed a spirit of earnest piety everywhere, acquiring from Mr. Smith's example a deeply interesting and useful character." Such is the statement of the friend from whom I have already quoted so much at length, as to the spiritual prosperity which presented itself, almost immediately after the re-appointment of Mr. Smith to this circuit. Writing to a person about this time, he thus exhorts him: "If I do not see you, present yourself as a Hell-deserving sinner before God; acknowledge the goodness of God in the gift of His Son, whether you feel it or not. Rest your soul with your sin on the atonement and mediation of Christ, and wait for the Holy Ghost. Claim the Spirit. The promise is to you. Everything must yield to His working. Do have the Spirit, in spite of Hell and yourself. God is for you: wait, O wait, my dear brother; God will come. He will make you unspeakably happy."

The following is an extract from a letter to Mr. Calder, dated October 22: "I was much pleased with your letter. God is teaching you by His Spirit some important lessons. The same lessons are taught in His Word, and have been taught by wise and good men; but we want the Spirit: we must have the teaching of the Spirit, or after all we shall be foolish. I thank God for what He is doing in you and by you. Be in the will of God: know that you are in it fully, — constantly. Perhaps you will have to spend hours on your knees, or upon your face, before the throne. Never mind; wait. God will do great things for you, if you will yield to Him, and cooperate with Him. Oh, play the man! Dwell in the clear light. I am hoping that God will make you a great blessing; but you must be a burning and shining light. The first must come from Heaven: — you have free access. Nelson says to me, 'Remember, men must be saved first.' Be determined not to rest, unless souls get into clear liberty. We have a deal to say to them, but they must be saved. Oh, what numbers among us are not clear in pardon! Let us agonize to get them into liberty. Maintain simplicity. If you spend several hours in prayer daily, you will see great things. I long for you. I do not cease to pray for you. You and your family are closely connected with my mercies; when I think of them, I think of you; so that, as long as I have piety, I shall not forget you. I am resting on the atonement and intercession of Jesus . . . God gives Himself to me. His Spirit is in me. Oh, what rest is connected with an indwelling God. The abominations of the people around me fill me with grief. I can only find relief in the power of God and in the merits of Christ. Many of our people are very ignorant of the way of faith. When the power of God is mightily upon them they do not lay hold of what they want. Until there be a taking hold of God we cannot expect much signal work."

Some friends, knowing Mr. Smith was laboring far beyond his strength, resolved to admonish him kindly, and while on a visit to the home of a mutual friend, they implored him to be more careful. Mr. Smith, laying down his knife and fork, listened with the most patient and respectful attention. As soon as the former had ceased, he burst into a flood of tears, and, literally sobbing with grief, at length replied, "What you say is all correct. I ought to put restraint on myself; but, Oh, how can I? God has given me such a sight of the state of perishing souls, that I am broken-hearted, and can only vent my feelings in the way I do, entreating them to come to God, and pleading with Him to act upon and save them." Still weeping as in an agony, he continued, "Look round you, my brother; do you not see sinners going to Hell? and when I thus see and feel it, I am compelled to act." To this pathetic statement there was no reply; all the company were melted into tears; and Mr. Methley was so deeply affected, that, unable to restrain his emotions, he abruptly arose from the table and left the house.

During this visit, Mr. Smith was, as usual, made the instrument of the conversion of a considerable number of persons, and among others, of a young lady, the daughter of a friendly person in a neighboring town. Mr. Calder states that this was the most interesting result of all Mr. Smith's labors in private which he ever witnessed. It appears she was very much afraid of meeting Mr. Smith, lest he should address her on the subject of personal religion. She was finally prevailed upon to call, and, as she expected, he immediately began to converse with her about her soul and the necessity of a personal salvation, until she was melted to tears, and yielded to God. For three hours the friends prayed with her, and her soul was filled with peace and joy. She returned home a new creature and walked from that time worthy of her vocation.

This was only an earnest of the blessing which attended his labors during the next few days. Previously to this God had begun a good work in London West through the instrumentality of some pious soldiers, who, while stationed at Windsor, had obtained the blessing of entire sanctification and had imbibed the spirit of Mr. Smith and been taught his plans. He had visited them a few weeks before, and had seen the arm of the Lord gloriously revealed. He now witnessed, to use his own words, "the greatest work he had ever seen. In the course of a very short time, there were, including the fruits of his former visit, nearly seventy individuals pardoned, and about sixty made profession of having attained purity of heart. In the same week he also received a letter, giving an account of a revival in the London east circuit, of which, under God, he had been the first mover. In his own circuit, too, several interesting conversions occurred about the same time. "So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed."

Mr. Smith's house was frequently resorted to by persons under the awakenings of the Holy Spirit, and scarcely a week elapsed in which it was not the scene of devout exultation, on account of the liberation of some captive soul. One afternoon a stranger called, in deep distress. Mr. Smith invited him to take tea, and inquired into the means by which he had come under religious concern. He stated that his name was D\_\_\_\_, that he was a publican at Hampstead, and that for many years he had given himself up to the love and practice of vice. He never attended any place of worship, was a gambler, a hard drinker, and, in short, a sinner in every conceivable way. One of his companions in riot, having left his house in a state of intoxication, fell into the river, and was drowned. This incident aroused his fears, which were increased by the discovery that through his intemperance his mind was so weakened he could not keep his accounts. He thought he was about to lose his reason, and while under this distressing apprehension his sins of the past rose mountain high before him. He was led by a friend to Mr. Smith to be prayed for, but his distress was so great that before tea was concluded he was down upon the floor, a large muscular man, prostrated by extreme anguish of soul, while he groaned and prayed in unspeakable disquietude. It happened to be the night on which Mr. Smith met a class, which he had formed, to the members of which, after the ordinary conversation had concluded, he introduced the case of this penitent, requesting their intercession on his behalf; at the same time urging him to the exertion of faith in Christ, and the expectation of a present salvation. The struggle was continued for a considerable time. At length Mr. Smith perceived that the man was relaxing in his efforts. "What, will you give it up?" said he. Mr. D. complained of exhaustion. "You have danced for whole nights together," was the reply. "That's true," said the other, and with renewed energy he began again to cry to God; nor did he rest till about eleven o'clock, when his guilt was removed, and he rejoiced in the assurance of the Divine favor. The following morning, as he and Mr. Smith were walking out, he suddenly stopped, and cried, "Oh, my load is all returned!"

In vain did Mr. Smith tell him that this was only an effort of the tempter; in vain did he remind him of the peace which he had before enjoyed. He remained almost on the verge of despair the whole day. The religious services of the next day, which was Sunday, seemed to produce no beneficial effect on his mind. In the evening prayer-meeting he was again the subject of special prayer. One of the friends employed to him an argument similar to that of Naaman's servant: "If thou wert bidden to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" "Yes," said he, "I would stand and be shot." The meeting was continued until a late hour, his strength was exhausted, but his soul refused comfort, and the next day he returned, promising that he would try to believe all the way home. He immediately sold his inn and retired to a private house. For some weeks his despondency continued, but at length the Comforter returned and he wrote to Mr. Smith, giving an account of his deliverance. A short time afterward he took cold, fell into a rapid consumption and died in peace.

During one of these services, Mr. Smith noticed a woman standing near the door, and looking at what was going forward with much apparent curiosity and surprise. Her garb indicated much poverty, and it afterwards appeared that she gained a miserable subsistence, partly by gathering and selling water-cresses. She had attended the chapel a few times before, but her ignorance was extreme. Mr. Smith went up to her, and said, "Woman, get down on your knees, and begin to pray." She immediately knelt down, and asked, "What shall I say, sir?" "Ask God to give you true repentance," was the reply. The poor woman for the first time opened her mouth in prayer: "Lord, give me true repentance." She had not long uttered this petition, before it was in a measure answered, and she came under the gracious influence which was in the meeting. She began to tremble, and with great anxiety inquired, "What shall I do now? what shall I pray for?" "Ask God to have mercy upon you," said Mr. Smith. "Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor sinner," cried she, "a guilty sinner!" Who need be told the sequel? She was that night clearly converted, and filled with the love of God. When Mr. Smith was about to leave Windsor, she, with others, came to look upon him who had proved to be her best friend. And so deep was her emotion that when he extended his hand to her, she fell down on her knees, filled with a gratitude which she could not express. Mr. Smith was deeply affected, and, no doubt, that moment amply repaid him for all his labors in that circuit.

About the midsummer of 1822, he went into the High-Wycombe circuit to preach occasional sermons. On the Sunday morning, when the congregation was assembled, he had not arrived at the chapel, and several persons were dispatched in different directions to seek him. After the lapse of a considerable time, he was found in a solitary place out of doors, forgetful of all time, wrestling with God in mighty prayer for His blessing on the services in which he was about to engage. The result may be readily anticipated. Throughout the day his mind appeared to be peculiarly impressed with the Divine benevolence; and in one of his sermons he repeatedly, and with extraordinary vehemence, cried out; "He is willing! He is willing!" Many, on that occasion, had a blessed experience of God's willingness to save, and numbers of others were powerfully awakened and sought and found salvation.

Speaking at one time of urgency in prayer, he said: "There is no impediment on God's part. He has given us His Son." By thus firmly asserting the willingness of God to save, against all the temptations of unbelief, he urged and encouraged himself to plead with God for sinners. "It is by justifying God," said he, "that I sting and stimulate myself to contend." And again, "The necessity of wresting arises not from the unwillingness of God, but from ourselves or Satan: God is the same."

And thus his resolute purpose to justify God, and to believe, at all events, that there is no hindrance on His part, since He has given His Son, was to him like cutting off retreat: it left him no alternative but to wrestle and prevail. This was the principle which he would never suffer himself or others to call in question. But in following it out, in still tenaciously hanging upon it, and pleading it, in spite of every impediment, of all that Satan could oppose, or unbelief suggest; this was the conflict which was seen in him; this was the agony to believe which he was heard to describe as so severe that it had been as if soul and body were ready to part asunder.

Mr. Smith sought his converts everywhere in the ranks of the army, in the wayside inn, on the ferryboat; and why not, when we consider from what strange places God calls men?

Wilberforce, when a young man, was gay, worldly, and dissipated. He ran the whole career of the young men of the age. Gaming, that sweeps into the vortex of ruin so many youth, seized him. Night after night, he was found deeply immersed in play. His conscience often troubled him, but he rushed wildly on. One night, he was induced to keep the bank. Then his eyes were opened for the first time to the great horrors of play. He saw how men lost their thousands at a sitting; how young men, with prospects far brighter than his, went out of the room to suicide or dishonor. Amid the rattle of the dice, the call of the card table, the glare of the room, the shout of despair, he vowed never to gamble again. With him, to make a resolution was to keep it. From that moment to the day of his death, Wilberforce kept the vow he made under such strange surroundings.

Changing his pastimes, he changed his associates. A new life opened to him; and not long after that night at the far-bank, Wilberforce gave his heart to Jesus, and devoted his life to the service of the Lord.

How strangely God calls people to His service! The woman of Samaria, at the well-curb; Matthew, from the custom-house; Zacchaeus, from the sycamore; Bartimaeus, from the wayside; Whitfield, from an ale-house, and Wilberforce, from a faro-bank; "that he might have known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory." "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 12

### OBTAINING MORE OF GOD

"They shall run and not be weary."

"I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."

"In all things more than conquerors."

"A well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

"Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory."

When General Taylor came to the White House, he brought in his train his war-horse, known as "Old Whitey." He had borne his master through all the perils of the Mexican war, and when the high honors of the nation were conferred on the General, the old war-steed was not forsaken. The horse was made to feel at home in the paddock on the east side of the White House. There the small chubby steed could be seen feeding in quietness, day after day. The horse was blind and lame, but his hearing was acute: he knew the voice of his master, and came daily at his call; but to all other voices he was deaf as an adder. Dull, and seemingly lifeless, he was indifferent to all surroundings. But the love of the military never died out in the old horse. Like the war-horse of the Bible, "Old Whitey" sniffed the battle afar. He could hear a fife and a drum blocks away. A band made him nearly wild. When the government troops moved from one part of the city to the other, it was the custom to pass the field and salute the old horse. All military visitors came up to the field and paid the horse a salute. A loud snort answered the bugle of flying-artillery. He knew every note, and put himself in position at every blast. He took the review in good earnest. Taking position, he accepted the salute; and when the grand rounds were marched, "Old Whitey" was in his glory; he would snort, elevate head and tail, dart round the enclosure, and seem wild with delight. Crowds filled the avenue to see the old war-horse recall the days of his stirring life. He who taught men by the ravens, the storks of the air, and the birds who have nests in the trees, could give a lesson of integrity and devotedness from the white horse at the capital.

Mr. Smith was never so much at home as when in the midst of the battle for souls. Like the war-horse, an opportunity to engage in the fray was to him a blast from the bugle, a call to action. The first Sunday evening on his new charge at Frome, in 1822, an interesting young female obtained mercy at the prayer-meeting. She was the youngest of three sisters, all of whom were members of the society; but neither of the others had entered into the enjoyment of the Divine favor. A short time afterwards, the second sister called one morning at Mr. Smith's, and, according to his custom, he inquired whether she had received the blessing of pardon. Upon her replying in the negative, he

proposed prayer, and they did not rise from their knees till she also was able to testify the power of the atoning blood; nor was it long before the eldest sister was likewise brought into the same happy state of experience. The parents of these young persons were members of the Society of Friends. Upon one occasion of Mr. Smith's visiting them, he was invited upstairs to see the mother, who was very ill. He found her surrounded by her weeping family, and suffering under pain so severe that they apprehended her speedy death, unless it were mitigated. After making a few observations, he kneeled down and brought the case before the Lord. The answer was immediate. The pain entirely left her, and, with the return of bodily ease, came an extraordinary blessing upon her spirit.

An answer to prayer of an equally remarkable kind was granted to Mr. Smith during the time he was at Brighton. Calling one day at the house of Mr.\_\_\_\_, he there found an infant lying on the lap of its distressed mother, and writhing in a severe convulsion-fit. It had frequently been affected in a similar way, even from the time of its birth. Mr. Smith took the child from the mother's arms and sitting down, sang one of his favorite hymns. He then engaged in prayer on its behalf. Having risen from his knees he gave it back to its mother and retired. From that time the affliction ceased, the child became strong, and after the lapse of years the grateful mother said the child had never had a single fit. This was only one of many cases in which similar effects resulted from Mr. Smith's prayers. Such a man, earnest in prayer and faithful in his ministry found fruit everywhere he went. Oh, that preachers of today would emulate the example of this master workman and make full proof of their ministry.

"At Frome," he says, "the people very generally are getting into action. They look for present blessings in their meetings. Some of the leaders and local preachers are very active and successful. I have frequently seen eight or ten saved at a meeting; I think twenty more than thrice; and once at Frome, between thirty and forty. This blessed work melts me into grateful love to God."

"March 22. — I have witnessed many signal displays of the power and grace of God since I last wrote. At Badcomb, in the Shepton-Mallet circuit, about twenty souls found peace with God in one night; and a person who does not relish a revival in what is called a noisy way, says he believes forty souls were awakened. At our love-feast upwards of twenty found peace. In several of the country places many have been saved. Glory be to God!"

"June 26. — A short time ago, we had a prayer-meeting after the missionary meeting at Shepton. Numbers were in deep distress, and many found peace with God. I was informed on Monday last that the work was still going on, and that fifty have been saved since the Missionary meeting. [Camp-meeting committees that bar out missionaries for fear of finances, or that it will hurt the meeting or the offerings, take notice. From such narrowness and meanness, good Lord deliver the holiness movement.] We are trying to keep those whom God has given us, and to get more converted. It is God's work, it must prosper."

"July 30. — The work of God has been going on ever since. On the 20th I preached there. There was much of the power of God on the people during the sermon. A special power came down in the last prayer. I called on a local preacher to pray. Some ran out with all speed, some were in great distress, some were taken into the vestry apparently senseless. I concluded, and commenced a prayer-meeting, and I think nearly thirty souls found peace with God."

"Oct. 8. — The work of entire sanctification is going on in many parts of the circuit. We have a number of private bands and have begun to meet them on Saturday evenings. We anticipate much good from this. God is giving stability to the work already done. The backsliders are comparatively few. Some that sustained loss during the harvest, are stirring themselves to take hold of God again. There is a blessed spirit of union among the people. Our leaders at Frome are one, and they are prepared to hail a continued revival. I have been at Bristol since I wrote last. I preached at Easton on a Sabbath evening. During the last prayer, a woman cried aloud for mercy; others were in distress, and five or six found peace. We have had a friend of ours from London, spending a week with us lately. He was one of eleven who were cleansed at one meeting in London: ten of the eleven, he tells me, have been made leaders. He went with me to several places, and was astonished at the work. One evening six persons obtained purity of heart."

In the course of the year Mr. Smith paid several visits to Bath; and in that city his labors were greatly blessed. On one occasion, at a prayer-meeting at Walcot chapel, several were in distress, and seven or eight obtained mercy. On the following evening, Mr. Smith preached at King Street chapel. Much Divine power was present, and upwards of twenty penitents received pardon. "The work," says he, in one of his subsequent letters, "is going on still. At one meeting since, I have heard twenty found pardon."

The Earl of Cork had some game preserves in the neighborhood of Frome; and it was remarked, by a person who knew the extensive results of Mr. Smith's labors, that he was of more service to this nobleman than all his gamekeepers. But although the Divine blessing thus remarkably succeeded his efforts, his own spirit looked higher for satisfaction and happiness. No outward events could afford him greater delight than the salvation of men; yet on one occasion, after expressing his gratitude for the good work going on in the circuit and neighborhood, he added, "But God is my portion." To employ his own phrase, his first object was to "obtain more of God;" his second, to "diffuse more of God." God was the beginning and ending of his meditations, his affections, and his labors: having received, he diffused; and in diffusing he obtained. But he never transposed the order of these duties, or allowed ministerial efforts to call forth any other than an interest subservient to the cultivation of personal holiness.

In the latter part of the year 1823, his robust health yielded to severe and long continued exertion. For some time his friends feared that his lungs were affected, and his doctor advised a rest, which he was compelled to take. In February, 1824, he went into Yorkshire with the hope of being benefited by his native air. After spending some time with his parents, he paid a visit to his friend, Mr. Nelson, preacher in charge. At the band meeting he could not resist the impulse to labor, and thus risk the little strength he had been gaining. The following Sunday he persuaded Mr. Nelson to allow him to preach, by way of experiment, promising to be very cautious. For a little while his exertions were moderate; but at length, warmed by the subject, he forgot his agreement, and gave way so fully to his generous ardor, that it seemed as if he would have fallen in the pulpit. Of course, he was not again to be trusted. He returned to Cudworth; and, finding that he was there in danger of expending his strength as he gathered it, he judged it prudent to travel home. He soon after resumed his labor, and witnessed still greater displays of the grace of God than he had before seen. From the effects of this illness, however, he never fully recovered; and, though his exertions in public were



still almost unexampled, yet the prostration of his strength immediately consequent upon them was, in nearly all instances, more severe and long-continued than at any previous period.

In the latter part of the year he was again afflicted. Under the date of October 18th, he thus writes to his father: "You would have heard from me sooner, had I not been unwell. I have had a touch of a fever, which has been making dreadful ravages in Frome and its neighborhood. I providentially attended to it in time, so that I have had but a slight attack. I think it likely that I took the fever through visiting some who were ill from it. I had for a few days much pain in my head. Thank God, it has been to me the best affliction with which I was ever visited. It has brought me much nearer to God. I was so touched with the Divine goodness, while in an agony of pain, that I was constrained to shout the high praises of God. We had a blessed baptism of the Spirit last night at family prayer. We have devoted ourselves afresh to God, and He accepts us."

Nor was this a solitary instance of peculiar Divine blessing upon Mr. Smith's family worship. In domestic life he was a happy and an interesting man; and the uniformity of his personal religion exerted a perpetual influence over his home. But it was especially when the members of his household accompanied him to the throne of mercy, that the piety of the husband, the father, the master, and the friend was presented in the most impressive and touching aspect. Many, who had the privilege of uniting in these solemn engagements, never forgot the emotions which were then excited. Mr. Smith's pertinent observations on the portion of Scripture, (the reading of which formed a regular part of the service), the singular sweetness of the family music, succeeded by powerful and appropriate prayer, could not fail to affect a mind endowed with any measure of religious feeling. After the family worship of the morning, which Mr. Smith usually prefaced by several hours of private devotion, he returned to the exercises of the closet, and sometimes on his knees, and often on his face, wrestled with God, till not infrequently a considerable part of the floor of his study was wet with tears. In his unreserved disclosure of his feelings to his friend, Mr. Clarkson, he once remarked that he was sometimes engaged in prayer two or three hours before he enjoyed that unrestricted intercourse with Heaven which he always desired and which he generally succeeded in obtaining. "Often," says another of his friends, "when I have gone to his home with those who were seeking salvation, I have interrupted his devotions in which he would be engaged seven or eight hours at a time." He occasionally spent all night in prayer, like his Master, and in homes where he was being entertained they were often awakened by his groaning in the night when his desires became too great for utterance and his emotions could not be controlled.

His reproof's of sin were at times overpowering. A woman kept her shop open on Sunday. Mr. Smith warned her several times of the sin of this, but though she promised amendment, her heart was too fully wedded to worldly gain, to be persuaded to abandon the sin. One Sunday, as Mr. Smith was going to the chapel, he stopped at her house. Leaning over the half-opened door, he fixed his eyes intently on her as she served her customers, and, shaking his head, silently withdrew. Had a bolt from Heaven fallen at her feet, she could scarcely have been more affected. The shop was never again opened on the Sabbath; and in a short time she herself, having joined the society, became savingly converted. A sinner within the sphere of Mr. Smith's influence was perpetually exposed to the holy compassion of his expostulations and prayers; and few who were resolved to cleave to their sins, ever had the hardihood to endure a second interview with him, if it were possible to be avoided.

At a prayer-meeting in the Frome circuit, where several were in distress, he once noticed an old man looking on with much surprise. "Well," said Mr. Smith, "do you intend to leave off your sins, and be saved tonight?" "Why, no," replied the other with great coolness: "I think I will wait till next time." Had this been his real design; his policy would have been immediately to leave the place. He remained, however, and presently the hand of God came upon him. He cried aloud in anguish and horror, and in a short time the Lord gave him "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." He afterwards died in peace.

The following incident also, which belongs to the same class of facts, deserves insertion here: A young lady of Frome, who was very ill, expressed a strong desire to see Mr. Smith. Her state of weakness, however, was such, that it was with difficulty her friends were prevailed on to comply with her wishes. At length he was admitted to visit her, and he had the happiness of leading her into the enjoyment of the peace which passeth all understanding. For two or three days she retained the assurance of her acceptance, and her spirit then returned to God. Shortly afterwards, her sister, who was religiously disposed, remarked to a pious female, that she feared Mr. Smith's visit had hastened the death of her deceased relative. The person to whom this observation was made replied, that, if this was her feeling, she would recommend her to go to Mr. Smith, and express it to him; at the same time offering to accompany her. They went, and found him at home. He immediately addressed her on the subject of personal salvation. "Your sister," said he, "has gone to Heaven. Are you preparing to follow her?" She was much affected, and united with him in prayer at his request, and was blessedly saved.

In the beginning of 1825, Mr. Smith spent a fortnight in London. Here his labors were attended with extraordinary success; nearly one hundred and twenty obtained peace with God through his instrumentality.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

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by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 13

### A STEWARD OF THE MYSTERIES OF GOD

"I will raise me up a faithful priest that shall do according to that which is in my mind."

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

"I will give you pastors according to Mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."

"But His Word was in mine heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones."

"The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips."

At the Conference of 1825 Mr. Smith was appointed to the Nottingham circuit. Among the people his ministry was awaited with great expectation, which was strengthened by his first public appearance among them, which happened to be at the meeting of the bands. A person present on that occasion remarks: "He professed in striking language what the blessed God had done for him; the deep concern he felt for the Divine honor, the state of the world, and the salvation of souls; after which he engaged in prayer. Never shall I forget the impressions made upon me by his fine athletic figure, his open and majestic countenance, his powerful and sonorous voice, and, above all, his fervent and mighty prayer. It seemed as if Heaven were opened, and we all believed that success was certain." On the following Sunday evening, he preached with great power at Halifax-place chapel. His subject was the love of God, and on this (to him) most delightful of all topics he dilated in "breathing thoughts" and "burning words." "I preach in faith," he cried in one part of his discourse. "God will answer prayer, and save souls tonight." About twelve persons at the prayer-meeting that evening professed to receive the blessing of pardon.

This was an encouraging presage of the great work which succeeded; for, perhaps, in no place were Mr. Smith's labors attended with more remarkable results. The spirit in which his ministry was at this time conducted, may be gathered from the following facts. Shortly after his arrival in the circuit, a pious friend remarked to him one morning that he looked very unwell. He said, in reply, that he had spent the whole of the preceding day and night in fasting and prayer, and that he was assured that God would shortly begin a glorious revival in Nottingham and its neighborhood. Some time afterwards a few friends called at his house one evening, and found him in a state of deep depression of mind. He had been meditating on the condition of the sinners in the town and its vicinity, and lamenting, with many tears, their dishonor of God and His laws. One or two engaged in prayer, and then Mr. Smith himself poured forth his sorrows before the Lord, confessing and bewailing the sins of the people with great minuteness and indescribable emotion. His vehement

agony was so extraordinary that Mrs. Smith, accustomed as she was to witnessing his exertions, was unable any longer to endure the sight; and withdrew from the room. His friends rose from their knees and gazed on him with astonishment, mingled with apprehension. One of them expostulated with him and besought him to cease. Mrs. Smith turned to him and said: "Go, man, kneel down and cry and sigh for the abominations of the people." For nearly two hours did he call on God with his utmost strength. These exercises were accompanied and followed by signs of a coming revival, and in a short time "there was a great rain."

We now give a few extracts from his correspondence during the first part of the year 1826, which will serve in some degree to exemplify his success:

"Jan. 13. — A few weeks ago, I was at Ikestone. In the evening we had a very interesting time. Many were in deep distress, and, after a good deal of labor, I think eight persons found peace with God. The following morning, I learned that there were several very unhappy, who had been at the preaching on the preceding evening. I agreed with a local preacher to go to a lace warehouse, where some of them were working. We went. I made a few observations respecting the importance of salvation, etc. Many were much affected: we sang, 'Take my poor heart,' etc., and began to pray. The distressed souls cried aloud for mercy. Such anguish as some of them were in for more than an hour, I have seldom witnessed. After considerable struggling, six found peace with God. May God give stability to His good work! We want more nurses in the church of Christ. Last Tuesday evening, I was at Draycot, in the Derby circuit. We had much of the power of God among us. Many were in distress, and I think about twelve found peace with God."

"April 8. — God is blessedly moving among the people in various parts of our circuit. More than one hundred and fifty were added to the society the last quarter, and upwards of two hundred and twenty on trial. In two or three places the awakening influence of God seems to be general. The people are distressed in their houses without any outward means, doubtless in answer to prayer. At New Basford the people appear to be panic-stricken. Some of the most wicked have been converted to God. I had a blessed time there last Thursday. The glory of God filled the place, and five obtained mercy. Many souls have been saved there every week for some time past. All who received notes professed to have been set at liberty. The work is going on. In several places it is spring. Hallelujah! At Nottingham souls are saved every week. More than a dozen were saved after Mr. Dawson preached, a few weeks ago, and six found peace with God on the morning of the same day in a private house. I have seen some signal work, also, in the Mansfield and Ikestone circuits!"

"June 29. — Although our increase of members has not been very great — two hundred — we have four hundred and forty-seven on trial. In some places, the work astonishes the old members: they never saw anything equal to it. Numbers have trusted God for a full salvation, and many more are panting for it. It is the good pleasure of the good God to save — to save fully. How important it is to hold this truth fast through everything!"

"July 12. — Many backsliders are returning to the Lord, and cleansing work is going on. Last Sunday night, at Carlton, upwards of twenty, I think, either found peace with God, or obtained a clean heart. We had a still greater night on Monday, at Halifax chapel; and last night, at New Sneinton, many souls were saved. Glory be to God! I have not time to enter into any particulars."

It is, of course, impossible to trace the good which was effected primarily through Mr. Smith's instrumentality, as it extended in numerous ramifications. Many instances there are, in which whole families were brought to the knowledge of the truth, in consequence of the influence which, in the first place, he had exerted upon individual members of them. The following case is too remarkable to be omitted. A young man left his home and his friends in Derbyshire in rather a discreditable manner, and came to reside in Nottingham, a little after Mr. Smith's appointment to that circuit. A pious woman called where he lodged during the time of the fair. With her he was very jocose, and pressed her to go with him to the fair. To this she agreed, provided he would go with her to the chapel. Having gained his consent, she took him to hear Mr. Smith. During the sermon he was deeply convinced of sin, and soon he obtained peace with God. He soon returned home and surprised them all by the great change. His mother asked him how it was he was so constantly happy. He told her his experience and assured her God was willing to make it equally hers. Upon this they prayed till God revealed Himself in her heart, and mother and son rejoiced together in unspeakable joy. Some time afterwards, her other son was married. The young man besought the Lord to grant that on the day of the wedding one soul might be saved; and though up to the very morning there was no appearance of any answer to his prayer, he felt assured that his request would be granted. Upon the return of the bridal party from church, he retired to renew his suit before the Lord. He then came back to the company, and solemnly called upon them to join him in prayer. They did so, and before they rose from their knees, the bride was awakened, and clearly converted. The youth once more withdrew, and confessed and bewailed his sin in only asking for one soul, as he was convinced that God was far more desirous to save the whole than he could be. As he came down from his devotions, he heard a noise in one of the chambers, and, upon entering, found his brother in deep distress, crying to God for the pardon of his sins. In a little while, he also was filled with peace in believing. Shortly after, two musicians, who had been hired to contribute to the hilarity of the party, came in. The bridegroom, in the fullness of his joy, told them they were not wanted. "We have other music," he said, and invited them to unite in it. Again they had recourse to prayer, and once more the Savior answered. Before they ceased praying one of the musicians was convicted of his sins and brought into the enjoyment of the favor of God. The melody of renewed hearts celebrated their espousals to Christ on that happy day, and the burden of their chorus may well have been, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

The strength of Mr. Smith's faith was never more fully displayed than in behalf of dying sinners. The condition of many of these is such as to extinguish all hope in the minds of an ordinary Christian, but I never heard of a case which he regarded hopeless; and what discouraged others, was only a stimulus to him. He was called to visit an aged woman, who was dying in the most miserable circumstances. Her heart seemed shut up in despair, and she expressed herself as having made up her mind to be damned! Mr. Smith spent several hours with her, exhorting, praying, and reading appropriate portions of Scripture. She repeatedly begged him to desist, assuring him that his efforts were of no sort of use; but every rebuff seemed only to increase his zeal for her salvation. At length she confessed that for many years she had been a backslider; she added that she had sinned away her day of grace, and her salvation was utterly impossible. He now renewed his exertions; his faith appeared to gather fresh strength, and he wrestled yet more mightily with God in her behalf. He considered the infinity of the merits of Christ, that His atonement was available even for her aggravated guilt, that the Holy Spirit was purchased by the blood of the Savior, that a sufficient measure of His influence might be exerted upon her to meet her case, and that this influence might

be obtained by believing prayer. He persevered, therefore, in the contest of faith with despair; and at last the dying sinner began to yield, to relent, to weep, to hope that it was yet possible that she might be saved. Shortly afterwards, she ventured to cast her soul on Christ, and the Holy Spirit witnessed in her heart that God had accepted her. She was filled with joy and gladness, and having praised the grace of Christ on earth for a few hours, went to join the remembered thief in paradise.

In the course of the year, a pretty little chapel was built at New Basford; and there were several events connected with the work of God in that place sufficiently striking to demand insertion in these pages. The first exhibits faith resulting from effort. Mr. Smith called on a person who had been a Socinian. After some conversation, he complained that he was unable to believe the Divinity of our blessed Savior. It was one of those cases, with which every minister is familiar, where argument would have availed nothing. "We will pray about it," said Mr. Smith; "and if you will only try to believe, I will forfeit my head if God does not give you the power." The result answered his anticipations. The man became there and then a true believer, and united with the society.

The following illustrates the clearly Mr. Smith's counsel: Mrs. M\_\_\_\_ had the happiness of seeing all her children but one converted to God. He was the subject of many prayers, but he persisted in his sins, seldom went to church, and avoided meeting Mr. Smith, of whose expostulations he was afraid. The mother requested Mr. Smith's advice. "Lay your hand on one thing at once," was his reply, meaning that she should define to her own mind a distinct object of petition, and not cease till her prayer was answered. She did so, especially in reference to her ungodly son; and a short time afterwards, returning from the chapel, where Mr. Smith had been preaching on the subject of prayer, she said to the young man, "Now I believe that the Lord will have mercy upon thee; for He has heard my prayer on thy behalf." The impression which these words produced was indelible. In about a fortnight afterwards, he was brought into the enjoyment of true religion, and became an active leader and local preacher.

Mr. Smith was one evening preaching at New Basford, and the Spirit was very present. In the congregation was a woman who had recently begun to seek the Lord, and her husband was very wicked. During the sermon this man came to the door of the chapel and angrily said: "Is Mary C\_\_\_\_ here? If she does not come out, I will break her legs." Mr. Smith stopped in his discourse and cried, "Lord, lay Thy hand on that man, put a hook in his nose, and Thy bridle in his mouth," etc., and then proceeded. A prayer-meeting, as usual, followed, and, before it was concluded, the man returned to the chapel. But he was now a different character. He came to tell the people that God had forgiven all his sins. It appeared that when, at the conclusion of the first service, his wife returned home, accompanied by a pious female, they found that, in the interval, God had powerfully wrought on him, and he now gladly joined them in prayer for pardon. Some persons were sent for to pray with him, and in a short time the Lord answered, and poured out upon him the regenerating and adopting Spirit. When he thus publicly declared the mercy of God to him, incredulity sat on almost every countenance; nor could the people be persuaded "that he was a disciple," till his Christian deportment manifested the greatness of the change which had been effected in him.

The following is another characteristic incident, which occurred in the early part of Mr. Smith's residence at Nottingham. While, on one occasion, he was preaching at a village in the circuit, the whole audience appeared to be moved, and cries and groans resounded from every part of the chapel.

The extraordinary scene which followed at the prayer-meeting attracted a considerable number of careless, or scoffing spectators, who crowded in at the door, producing much confusion by their behavior, and arresting the progress of the work of God by their unhallowed spirit. Mr. Smith went to them and begged them to kneel down, and join in the worship. This they refused to do. He then fell on his knees and again entreated them. Finding, however, they were unmoved, he rose from his knees and stretching out his arms, he drove them all out of the place, declaring that he would not suffer God to be insulted in His own house. The Lord then wrought a great deliverance. Fifteen persons were saved that evening.

One of the very noticeable things following in the wake of the revivals held by Mr. Smith, was the practical results as seen in the homes and social life of the people. So it is ever where the Gospel is preached in its purity and with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. This is well illustrated by the following:

An English workman and his wife lived an unhappy life. The woman was a scold. Her person was untidy, and her house the abode of disorder and negligence. Some good women got up a tea-meeting, and the workman and his wife were of the company. The next day, the benevolent women took a run among the families of the invited. In their rounds, they came to the home referred to. It was a loathsome place. Squalid poverty and filth met the eye everywhere. The children were offensive, and the woman, stout and strong, but clearly disheartened, sat composedly in the midst of the disorder. She gave her visitors a sullen welcome, evidently ashamed to have the ladies look on the squalid poverty in which she lived. The visitors were practical women. In reply to the inquiry, "Why not clean up?" the woman said, "What's the use? Jim spends all his time in the ale-house. He don't know dirt from cleanliness. He does but little else than drink and swear. I have to support the family, and I have no time to clean my own room." In the meantime, the ladies began to put things to rights and tidy up matters. The poor woman was surprised with the ease her visitors went to work, and how little trouble it was to make things tidy. They persuaded her to clean her children; make herself look decent; sweep up the room, and even clean the doorstep. Her work done, the wife waited for her husband. He came in due time. Somehow he forgot to stop at the tavern. He was sober for once in his life. He drew near to a clean door-stone, whitened after the manner of English door-stones. He thought he had made a mistake. He leaped over the stone, that he might not soil it. On opening the door, he found a clean room, well-dressed children, and a tidy wife. "Come in, Jim; this is all for you." He turned and fled. Soon he came back with his arm full of goods. He sat down to a fine tea. The clean door-step began a new life.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 14

### THE MANLINESS OF THE MAN

"A minister according to the gift of the grace of God."

"A minister according to the dispensation of God."

"Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me.

"I have appeared unto thee to make thee a witness."

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given."

At a love-feast which he conducted several persons spoke of their trials doing them good by driving them to prayer. At the close Mr. Smith made some striking remarks on what had been said. He thanked God on behalf of those whose afflictions had been so beneficial to them. "But," said he, "there is a more excellent way: that state of mind is to be attained, in which a man shall not need to be whipped to his knees, but shall go to his duty, attracted by the delight which he feels in it." He then exhorted all to seek this happiness, at the same time assuring them that he himself enjoyed it.

And while his views of the omnipotence of faith gave to his own experience the aspect of simplicity and ready attainableness, they also supplied a singular unity to his theology. Hence, his profound and painful discoveries of the depravity of the sinner were combined with the most lively and practical perceptions of the high vocation of the saint. The sinner and the saint, in some schools of theology, are two isolated characters; and generally it is impossible to perceive, with any degree of clearness, how one individual can, at different periods of his life, sustain them both. The impression on the mind of a partially instructed reader, after rising from the perusal of some popular evangelical treatises, is of a fearful and insurmountable distinctness between man in his natural condition, and the elevated privileges of the New Testament. Heaven and earth could not have been more remote, before the promise of a Mediator beamed from the one, to enlighten the despair of the other. But Mr. Smith's faith, boundless, untiring, undelaying, perpetually grasping a present promise in its illimitable breadth, brought the deepest depravity into contact with the fullness of evangelical purity, and seemed continually to cry, "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart."

His extraordinary humility gave a peculiar charm to all the other graces of his character, and not infrequently assumed a most affecting prominence. During the time he was at Windsor, he had a rather severe illness; and with emotion he directed that; should it terminate fatally, his coffin should have no inscription but "UNFAITHFUL JOHN SMITH."



There was in his mind, to use a happy phrase of one of his friends, "a springing forth to meet instruction;" and with it was combined a prompt and extensive sympathy for the infirmities and even unbelief of others. Of the tenderness of his spirit, mention has already been made; and this rendered him a peculiarly welcome visitant to the chamber of affliction. "I remember accompanying him," says a friend, "to see one of our leaders in Nottingham, a poor but pious man, who was near his end. When we arrived at his house, he was in the article of death. His eyes were glazed, and there was in his throat that awful sound which announces the immediate and inevitable approach of the king of terrors. We stood for some time gazing in stillness, but not in sadness, on the solemn spectacle. I looked on my dear friend: the tears were chasing each other over his face, his chest was heaving, and the whole of his athletic frame was agitated by irrepressible emotion. At length he broke the silence, and in a tremulous voice repeated, with a pathos and freshness with which I could scarcely have conceived it possible to have invested so hackneyed a passage,

'The chamber where the good man meets his fate.  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtue life, — quite in the verge of Heaven:'

and truly it was so at that hour, as we successively commended the soul of the departing saint to the hands of God."

And this susceptibility Mr. Smith preserved at all times to a remarkable degree. No sort of personal gratification seemed to have the power to shut up his heart in selfishness, or even at all to take off the sensitiveness of his feelings. Walking, for example, one day in the streets of London with a friend, the conversation took some turn which he highly enjoyed. In the midst of his full flow of pleasure, he casually turned his head, and saw, slowly moving along, a young man who appeared to be in the last stage of a consumption. The smile instantly forsook his face, and he burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Smith's manners, though plain, were kind and inviting. His good nature was unbounded; and in his conversation there was often a quiet, and harmless, but shrewd humor, which gave to his remarks on human nature an unusual vivacity. His relation of incidents, principally those which respected the work of God, were strikingly graphic, though no one had a greater contempt for the stringing together of anecdotes, merely for the purpose of amusement. Yet, with all the playfulness of his natural disposition, it was impossible not to perceive — that there was a constant and powerful undercurrent of religious feeling; and he never allowed himself to diverge from the most solemn topics to a degree which rendered his instant return to them either difficult to himself, or harsh and startling to those who enjoyed his society. In this respect, his character was marked by a perfect harmony. He was

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food:  
And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel light."

In common with some other eminent Christians, he enjoyed distinct intercourse with the blessed Three; and it was not unusual for him to commence his prayers in public with adoration, severally and successively, of the Persons in the Godhead, and acknowledgment of the proper divinity of each. Nor was this species of distinction confined to the exordium of these addresses. Other passages in his prayers were addressed to the Savior and the Spirit, as well as to the Father; and to these no one who had spiritual ears could listen, without perceiving that the mind of the speaker was engaged in clear and distinct communion with the glorious Being on whom he called.

To this practical recognition of the mystery of the Trinity, may possibly be attributed, in part, the peculiar impressiveness which frequently accompanied his administration of the ordinance of baptism. Such services were often with him seasons of unspeakable unction. One gentleman states, that the Divine influence which attended the baptism of one of his children by Mr. Smith exceeded anything he ever witnessed. Another similarly memorable incident occurred at New Basford, when Mr. Smith baptized one of the children of Mr. H. Beeson. Having, with deep solemnity, dedicated the infant to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, he lifted it up towards Heaven, as far as his arms would extend, and with abundance of tears presented it to the Holy Trinity. The impression upon the crowded congregation cannot be described.

One writing of him at this time, says: "Of his style and diction in preaching, I will only add, that it was chaste and unaffected, simple, and perspicuous; and, on subjects which had much exercised his thoughts, eminently vigorous and energetic. Clear and acute in his conception of any subject, he was distinct and intelligible in his enunciation. In general, his discourses were distinguished chiefly by their vivid exhibition of the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and an earnest and powerful application of them to the cases and consciences of the hearers. Accordingly, they were hortatory rather than didactic: characterized by the force and persuasiveness of their appeals, rather than by any regular exposition of doctrines or discussion of principles.

"Whenever I have had an opportunity of hearing him, his discourse has been regular and systematized, and the most correct, simple, and unadorned taste. Some short time before his last illness, he destroyed almost the whole of his manuscripts, lest they should afford him any sort of apology for inattention to the composition of his sermons. I am therefore unable to offer the reader any adequate specimens of his preparations for the pulpit. The few skeletons which still remain, however, cursory and meager as they are, afford sufficient evidence of his regularity and coherence in the treatment of his subjects. He was accustomed to remark, that 'thought only could produce impression;' and he was convinced that arrangement and unity were necessary to give thought its proper and intended effect."

Having an experimental knowledge of God's power in his own life, he was the more earnest to bring others to Jesus. And why not?

A well-known physician was riding through the streets. He heard the crying of a little dog, who was lying in the gutter, apparently in great pain. The kind doctor left his carriage, and lifted the dog up. He had been run over by a passing carriage, and his leg badly crushed. The doctor bore him to his office, tenderly set his limb, and cared for him from day to day. The dog became a great favorite in the family, and seemed very much attached to his kind friend, the doctor. One day, the office door

being open, the dog darted out and disappeared. "That's the way," the doctor said, "it is with dogs and men. They get all they can out of you, and when you can do no more for them they disappear. There is no gratitude in the world."

The dog and his relations to the family had nearly passed out of mind. One morning, the doctor was sitting in his office, when he heard a whining at the door. He opened it, and there stood the little dog whom the doctor had treated, bringing with him another little dog who had been run over. He had communicated his relief to a suffering friend, and, in the spirit of a true missionary, had brought the sufferer to a skillful physician whom he knew was ready to aid. Nor did his instincts mislead him. He came occasionally to see his companion, but no persuasion could induce him to make the doctor's house his home.

That is the true missionary spirit. Get relief yourself. Then go out and tell the suffering, and bring them to the Great Physician.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 15

### AS GOD'S REVIVALIST

"O Lord, revive Thy work, in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy."

"Revive us again, fill each heart with thy love  
Let each soul be rekindled with fire from above."

On the subject of Revivals, Mr. Smith's opinions may be expressed in a few words. He believed they are the results of the Holy Spirit's operation, and that faith and prayer will certainly secure that operation at all times and to an unlimited extent. He evidently believed that anybody could have a revival, and so do we — anybody that will pay the price. The sister of one of our pastor-evangelists writes most forcibly along this line:

"The first and prime requisite for a revival, the absolutely necessary condition, without which there can be no revival, is somebody who can pray with the determination to have a revival, cost what it may. It is one of the things of which it is said, 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

"God is one pent-up revival. He breaks forth whenever He can find an instrument that is determined to break what hinders him. Anybody may do it; the lowliest man in the church, the most obscure person, provided that one knows how to pray.

"With all our praying, so few people know how to pray; so few have spiritual discernment enough to know that God is working for us powerfully, often when everything seems against us; or to perceive when God ceases to work, and what it is that hinders Him. So few have the courage or faith to hold on through what may be a long, long struggle before full victory is manifested. But anybody can have a revival who knows how to pray. This truth is well illustrated by the fact that some revivals come as a surprise to the pastor, although usually they travel through his bleeding heart. Finney tells us of a very lowly woman who beseeched her pastor again and again to call an inquiry meeting for the souls that she was sure were hungry for the bread of life. To get rid of her he finally yielded to what he considered an impertinence, and the room was filled. Do we want a revival? Then let us have one.

"Perhaps the most difficult part of the work will be in getting God's own people where He can give what is ordinarily understood by a revival. Why can't we see that only God's people can hinder Him giving a revival? He has so many more Christians to manage than in the days when the presence of a Methodist preacher and his saddle-bags in a log-house meant a revival every time, and alas! so many of them are weaklings, whom the rest must carry while they push the battle for sinners.

Nevertheless any one can have a revival, if possessed of enough faith and courage. The time needed will depend upon the weight of the load to be lifted over the bar in the church, and whether those who are carrying the load manage to constantly have the mind of God.

"Who is willing to bear the burnt of things; to find out what it costs to have revivals? Who is willing to be so threshed clean of the self-life, that tremendous power may flow through him? Often we start out to pray for a revival with great desire and honest purpose, but with no conception of what it will cost, with no idea of the weakness in ourselves that will break down at the critical point. Are we willing that God shall discover it to us? Are we willing to be ground to powder in order that souls may be saved? Better not begin to pray for revivals, unless we are willing that they should cost every conceivable thing.

"Those who are so well saved from self-interest that they have nothing to lose, and so filled with Christ's passion for souls that hardship in securing them is not taken into account, are the people God can use to capture souls anywhere on the face of the globe. Christ did not weigh the cost of His sacrifice. Neither must we weigh the cost of ours if we want souls. And just in proportion as we are indifferent to what it costs us will the revival come easy."

The terms on which the influences of the Holy Ghost are granted are clear and unalterable: "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" Here is no restriction, either as to the time or degree in which we may expect our prayers to be answered. It is the presumption of unbelief alone, therefore, which can suggest any other restriction than the wants of men, or the measure of their prayers. Nay, more, as if to anticipate all objections, and silence all cavils, the promise is that we shall receive whatsoever we ask in the name of Christ; so that, unless it can be proved that no man can pray in faith for the reviving influence of the Holy Spirit, it must be admitted as one of the gifts which the veracity of God is pledged to grant the intercession of His people. Can it for a moment be supposed that man's exposition of the Divine promises can exceed in comprehension the benevolence of "Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think"? Is the atonement of Christ so circumscribed in its validity, that it is within the power of the lowest Christian daily to seek for blessings which it is unable to procure? It is not to be supposed.

But arguments in favor of Mr. Smith's views on this subject are abundantly supplied by every analogy which can be brought to bear upon the case. It is not to be denied that, in answer to prayer, God will vouchsafe grace sufficient for the sanctification of an individual believer, or the awakening, repentance, and justification of an individual sinner. He who questions this, makes all intercession for spiritual blessings idle and profitless; and he is confronted by the evidence of thousands of examples, in which immediate salvation has been procured by this means. And if one soul can be saved in answer to prayer, why not a hundred? All that is required in the latter instance is a proportionate increase in the pleading of faith. God cannot change; the principle upon which prayer is answered in the one case must be maintained inviolate in the other; and when brought to bear must induce similar results. The mode of the Divine working is dictated by sovereign wisdom, but the degree depends on the faith of the church. God Himself determines whether He will descend as the dew upon Israel, or as the burning flame; but it is for His people to decide whether He shall come

upon the single fleece while the rest of the floor is dry, or whether the whole of the camp shall be surrounded and gladdened by the scattering forth of angel's food.

It is no objection to Mr. Smith's views that revivals have arisen when, so far as we could trace, there existed no ardent spirit of believing prayer, and where there were indications of a low spiritual condition. It would be strange reasoning, indeed, that because, in some cases, God had transcended the express terms of His engagement, He would therefore, in others, fall short of them. As well argue, that because He, of His spontaneous compassion, gave His Son to die for the sin of the world, He therefore will not fulfill the covenant procured by His death; or that, because He is found of some who seek Him not, He will refuse to be found of those who do seek Him. No: the argument manifestly tends to the directly contrary conclusion. — If God gave His Son, He will with Him also freely give us all things. If His grace comes to those who are comparatively indifferent about it, much more will it come upon those who long after it; and if some revivals occur where there is no importunate spirit of faith and prayer, it is the more certain that, if such a spirit can be produced in the church, a revival will succeed.

A spurious faith is to be distinguished from the genuine and scriptural, first, by its want of success; and, secondly, by its hurtful reaction upon its possessors. Now let us, by these infallible indications, try that faith which respects revivals. Mr. Smith made experiment, and what was the result? In every circuit in which he traveled, from the time he went to Brighton, it was productive of great effects. God owned and honored it, and that in no common degree. And would this have been the case, had it been a presumptuous interference with the Divine prerogative? — which it must have been, if revivals be a mere question of the sovereignty of God. Let no man venture to impugn this order of faith, unless he himself has tried it, and found it to fail. To him who has in vain believed on the promise of the Spirit we will listen, as a rational opposer of Mr. Smith's principles; but it is obvious that the mere assertion of any other person is worth nothing in the argument. The only question which remains, therefore, is, whether those individuals and churches whose faith immediately respects revivals are really less holy and prosperous than their neighbors.

Mr. Smith, of course, decidedly rejected the popular maxim, in its common acceptation, that "we must do our duty, and leave the result to God." This is, on all hands, admitted to be a correct rule in respect to temporal blessings, since for them the Scriptures offer no unqualified promise. But Mr. Smith maintained, that while it is folly and presumption to suppose that any success can attend the Christian ministry except through accompanying Divine influence, it is equally contrary to the reason of things to make God responsible for that which He has put into our own hands. In other words, as it is within the power of the church to secure a certain measure of the Holy Spirit's operation, it is irrational and unrighteous to impute the absence of that operation to any thing but the want of effort and faith in the church. It is therefore, he argued, for every Christian minister in part to decide the measure of his own success: nor is it possible to avoid this conclusion, if the foregoing reasoning be correct.

A few extracts from Mr. Smith's correspondence may not be unacceptable to the reader:

"Oct. 7, 1826. — I trust that there be many who will actively concur with the Spirit. The Spirit is grieved by opposition and inaction. Some scores have been set at liberty since I was at Cudworth,

and many have obtained clean hearts. During the feast week at Ratcliff I think about thirty souls found peace. Last Tuesday in the prayer-meeting five souls were saved. Two years ago we had no society at Hyson; now we have fifty in the church and ten on trial, and a chapel that will hold three hundred people."

"Feb. 21, 1827. — God makes some little use of me in awakening sinners, and in leading them to Jesus, the sinner's Friend, for which I praise His name. Last Sunday fortnight at Arnold eight or nine found peace with God. At Granby, three weeks ago, nine souls obtained pardon, and two were cleansed. At Ruddington, in our circuit, about fifty have joined the society within the last quarter, most of whom have peace with God. The cleansing work is also going on. This will secure permanency and give extension to the church."

"March 22. — I am still choosing God for my portion, and His good service for my employment. I wish to be used much, and God to have all the glory. I cannot, I will not, be easy without seeing effects. Nay, I must not, I dare not, thanks be to God! and I am determined that He shall have all the praise. God is working mightily among us. I think we have on trial, this quarter, about four hundred and fifty. Laboring, pleading men are increasing. God will stand to His engagement: the work must go on. About a hundred have begun to meet in class at Arnold during the last quarter. The last time I was there, not fewer, I think, than twenty found peace. God seems to be agitating nearly the whole village. Lenton, which has long been desert, is fresh and green; the society has been more than doubled; Burton, the same. At Bulwell, last Monday night, my very dear father preached. Two were cleansed from sin, and eight or ten found peace. On Tuesday, at Old Basford, one obtained a clean heart, and twelve or fourteen found peace. Glory, glory be to God!"

"April 24. — At Old Basford last Sunday night sixteen or eighteen obtained entire sanctification, and eight were pardoned. At Halifax ten or twelve found peace; and last night two were pardoned and one was cleansed. The work is sure to go on, for God and we are agreed. Labor, labor is absolutely necessary."

"May 19. — At Normanton, the last time I was there, twelve found peace. The following evening, after a mighty struggle, twelve were saved. I heard this week that last Sunday and Monday nights thirty were set at liberty. A short time ago I saw nine or ten saved at Epperstone. Last Sunday week I was at Mt. Sorrell preaching for their Sunday Schools. I think nearly twenty got liberty and some others were awakened. Glory be to God!"

"July 11. — Last night at Old Basford many were pardoned and several cleansed. On Monday night at Bulwell I suppose between twenty and thirty were either pardoned or cleansed. Our increase this year is about six hundred, and we have about three hundred on trial. I have been in the Loughborough and Derby circuits, and saw many cleansed and pardoned."

Mr. Smith's correspondence supplies many other equally striking details of a similar kind, which are only omitted from the fear of swelling the work to an improper size. The following incidents, however, seem worthy to be preserved:

Among others converted through Mr. Smith's instrumentality, in a country place of the Nottingham circuit, was one of those persons who, even in their sins, appear to be the subjects of peculiar providential care. He was at the battle of Waterloo, and had two horses shot under him, but himself escaped unhurt. Some time afterwards, four ruffians assailed him, and having beaten him severely, left him for dead. He recovered, however; and the persons who ill-used him were transported for the offense. Only three days before he was awakened, he was fighting in the streets of Nottingham, and had his shoulder dislocated through a fall. In this condition Mr. Smith's ministry was made the means of giving him to feel the anguish of a wounded spirit. After he left the chapel, he spent nearly the whole night in agony, and the following morning, through the prayers and counsel of Mr. Smith, he was set at liberty, and made happy in God. That evening he led another person to hear Mr. Smith preach at an adjacent village where he also experienced the pardoning love of God.

At a love-feast in Halifax-place chapel, Nottingham, which Mr. Smith conducted in the month of July, 1827, an extraordinary Divine influence prevailed. There was much good speaking; and toward the close of the meeting, Mr. Taylor, a local preacher, rose to relate his experience. He said that he had once enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification, but, through unwatchfulness, had suffered loss. With much feeling, he added that he was now earnestly longing and waiting for the restoration of this great privilege. Mr. Smith instantly started from his seat in the pulpit, and cried, "The cleansing power is on you now!" For a moment he hesitated, — it was but a moment, — and he then exclaimed, while the whole of his body quivered with emotion, "It is; I feel it in my heart!" The congregation then united in thanksgiving and prayer; and in a short time the windows of Heaven were opened, and there was a rush of holy influence, such as by the majority of that vast assembly was never before experienced. It seemed like a stream of lightning passing through every spirit. At one time, twenty persons obtained the blessing of perfect love, and rose up rapidly one after another, in an ecstasy of praise, to declare that God had then cleansed their hearts from all sin.

The following will exemplify Mr. Smith's tact and courage in reproving sin:

He was walking in the streets of Nottingham, and overtook two men in conversation, just in time to hear one of them say, "I'll be \_\_\_\_\_ if I do." Mr. Smith touched him on the shoulder, and with a mingled air of severity and compassion said, in a low impressive voice, "It is a serious thing to be damned!" The man turned pale, and instantly replied, "You are right, sir; it is so." "Then do not talk so fluently about it," returned Mr. Smith, and passed on.

One Saturday evening, soon after he had retired to rest, he was aroused by the outcries and execrations of a number of persons, who had come into the street to decide a public-house quarrel. Mr. Smith threw up his window, and with an overpowering voice exclaimed, "Who is that swearing and blaspheming the name of my God? I cannot allow such language in the ears of my children." Then, slipping on his clothes, he hastily mingled with the crowd, and began to remonstrate with the combatants. When they would not listen, he seized the more athletic of the two by his arm, who, feeling the force of his grasp, cried out, "You are too strong for me, sir." Mr. Smith led him away and received from him a promise never to fight again.



At Nottingham, after dining with a man converted under John Nelson, he turned to the son of his host and said, "Well, young man, have you got salvation?" To which the young man replied, "No, sir." Mr. Smith then said, "Well, do you think God is able to save you?" The young man replied, "Yes, I do believe He is able." "Then do you believe He is willing to save you?" "Yes, I do." "And do you believe God is willing to save you now?" The poor young man said, "Yes, I believe God, for Christ's sake, is willing to save me now." "Then," said Mr. Smith, "let us pray;" and, falling upon his knees, he cried to the Lord in an agony. The young man soon found Jesus, to the joy of his soul. His affliction terminated in three months after this change. He died most triumphantly, shouting praises to God and the Lamb to the last.

On the same day that he visited the above young man, Mr. Smith called upon a friend who had been a local preacher and leader for more than thirty years. His daughter being under some concern, Mr. Smith proposed prayer: they kneeled down and continued in supplication until she found peace with God. She continued a pious and consistent member of society for ten years. Several years after she sickened and died, a believer in Jesus Christ. Her death was a most happy and triumphant one.

In the beginning of the year 1828, Mr. Smith's health began to decline. One day, when he was very unwell, a person called and said he must see him, as he had come upwards of twenty miles for that purpose. His urgency procured him admission to the chamber where Mr. Smith was confined to his bed, suffering at once from weakness and pain. The man told him that he had been a backslider, and that, for some time past, he had been under deep convictions of sin; that he had sought the Lord with many tears, and had fasted and prayed, but still remained without comfort. "Yes," said Mr. Smith, "and you may do so a long time, and be no better, unless you believe God. You do not need to leave this room without salvation. God would rather save you today than tomorrow. You may die today; and, if you die unpardoned, you are lost forever; but God wishes to save you. He says it, and He means what He says." "But," said the man, "If I should believe and not get the blessing." "Do not meddle with God's business," replied Mr. Smith. "But it is God that saves, is it not," "Yes; but it is not God's work to believe; that's your business. Do your part, man, and God will do his. Go down on your knees and ask God to save you at once." He did as he was directed. Mr. Smith then began to pray; but finding his strength was gone, he stopped and said, "We cannot get a step farther unless you believe. How long is God Almighty to wait for you?" "I will believe," cried the penitent, "I will believe; I cannot do wrong in believing; I do believe," and that very moment God filled him with such joy he actually danced upon his knees. "Didn't I tell you God would attend to His business?" said Mr. Smith. The poor fellow rose from his knees, kissed Mr. Smith's hand and hurried home in wondrous delight.

We now give an extract from Mr. Smith's diary in regard to his own personal experience:

"Yesterday I had a very signal baptism of the Spirit, which had connected with it an assurance that the body of sin was destroyed, and that God had full possession of my heart. This assurance I retain, glory be to God! I feel indescribable pleasure in surrendering my all to Him. I have had today a very affecting view of the shattered and miserable state of the world, but I have also had a very relieving view of the efficacy of the atonement of Christ, of the power of the Spirit, and of the covenant engagements of the blessed God. He willeth that all should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. I have a strong desire that I may be better fitted for the good service of God, that I may be

employed much, and that He may get all the glory. Amen. My body has been out of order, but my faith has not wavered. God is mine, and I am His; glory be to God!"

The religion of Mr. Smith was genuine, stamped with the blood of Jesus, and he fully expected that, regardless of all circumstances, it would carry him clear through. An English minister one time addressing a large number of workmen declared the same truth:

"I came here today in the cars. I am not a well-dressed man, as you see, and I generally travel second-class. I went to the booking-office to get my ticket, when a friend met me, asked me where I was going, and if I had a ticket. I told him I was going to Manchester, and that I was on my way to buy my ticket. 'Just wait,' he said, 'and I'll get you one.' The ticket admitted me to a first-class car. We had several changes to make, but my friend said, 'That ticket is good clear through.' On approaching the gate, the guard said to me, 'second-class?' 'No, first-class.' 'Let me see your ticket. All right, pass in.' I didn't look much like a first-class passenger. It wasn't my clothes, nor my looks, that gave me my seat, but my ticket; that carried me through. We came to our first change. The man at the iron gate repeated the question, 'Second class?' 'No.' 'Let me see your ticket.' And on I went. Change followed change, till at length I was landed in the station at Manchester. One ticket brought me clear through. Nobody asked me where I came from, how old I was, whether I was rich or whether I was poor. The authorities asked for my ticket; if that was all right, I was all right. I took the right ticket at the booking-office before I started, and needed no changes, no alterations, no additions. It landed me just where I would be. It is just so with religion. Get it at the start, get it genuine. Have it stamped with the blood of the Savior, and it will carry you clear through to the pearly gates. No matter what may happen; no matter what there is in the future, you will be safe. Your ticket will pass as you enter the gates of death; and if the golden gates swing inward to your approach, it will be because your ticket is right."

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 16

### A PARTIAL CESSATION FROM LABOR

"Come ye apart into a desert place and rest."

"By the river Chebar the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

"And many shall be purified and made white and tried."

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day and heard a voice."

A clergyman was settled over a large and influential church. He was a man of commanding talents, but was distinguished for his intellectual strength, rather than for his susceptibility. He was not sympathetic or tender. He had no magnetism, yet his grip on the intellect was strong. He hardly knew what sickness was. Death had never come into his family. Though he was kind, and meant to console the sick and afflicted, he lacked the gush and heart that only experience can give. He seemed out of place at a sick-bed, and at a funeral he appeared awkward, embarrassed, and almost indifferent. The Lord had a discipline in store for him. He put him in the furnace of affliction, and tried him "as by fire." He loved his youngest child, a bright, beautiful boy, as he had never loved any thing else. He would turn aside from his books for his prattle, and the study door, barred against all visitors at certain hours of the day, was always opened at the tap of the child. A scourge came into his household. Every member but the pastor was sick. The mother was helpless, and assistance was sought in vain. The darling boy sickened at the last, sickened with a noisome disease. The father was his nurse. He attended him night and day, and, like David, he prayed God earnestly that the child might be spared. He would have borne the disease, taken the pain, and even died for his darling boy. But no human aid could avail. The little boy died in convulsions, and died in the arms of his father.

The pastor came out of that furnace a changed man. He had seen affliction, and it melted him. He was tender, considerate, and tearful. He was especially a comforter at funerals. The death of a child unmanned him. He was a constant visitor to the homes of the lowly, and took a special interest in sick and poor children. Like his exalted Master, he seemed to be "made perfect through suffering."

Mr. Smith was always tender and sympathetic, and yet in the school of suffering he was to learn lessons with Christ, that would still further enhance his usefulness, and bring him into closer touch with the suffering and sorrowing around him, who needed help.

At the Conference of 1828, Mr. Smith was compelled to become a supernumerary. His constitution was so broken up, that it was manifest his life could be prolonged only by, at least, a partial cessation from labor. It was with great reluctance that he submitted to this arrangement; but

of its necessity he had in himself evidence too palpable to be resisted. He therefore took up his residence at Beeston, a pleasant village a few miles from Nottingham; and it is proper to be recorded; that a handsome provision was made for him from the circuit funds, and that his friends were assiduous in supplying every alleviation of his affliction which was within their power. Yet with all the consolations which faith can command, and friendship afford, the situation of a supernumerary is deeply painful. To Mr. Smith it was peculiarly so, and his mind was often exercised by powerful temptation and deeply depressed. He could not be prevailed upon to remain in an inactive state. That relaxation which he took was, however, highly beneficial, and through the year his health gradually improved.

We give a few extracts from his letters during this time.

From Barnsley, where he was staying for his health, he wrote to his wife, September 11, 1828: "I am very glad that you are rising in your soul. There is no substitute for intercourse with God. Without Divine communications the soul droops and dies, and becomes a corrupt thing. But with what life and beauty and blessedness God can impregnate a soul! Yes, before the mighty energy of God, the Holy Ghost, everything that is foul and corrupt is driven, and from the indwelling Spirit spring love, joy and peace. Let us, my dear, pray on, and pray hard. God will not disappoint a feeble worm that trusts in Him. I thank you for the help of your prayers. You have my poor prayers, and shall have them. Notwithstanding much unfaithfulness, I believe it possible for us to live to God as we never have lived. Let us try. God's blessing, His peculiar blessing, is always connected with entire devotedness to Him. It will also be an inheritance to our children. Oh, that the blessed God would send us speedy and appropriate help! I am in a fair way to come about again. Most likely I shall long be a delicate man with respect to bodily health. This may be the best for me. This I know; God cannot err, nor can He be unkind. Glory be to Him! With a peculiar sense of the value of your affection, and wishing that you and your charge may dwell under the shadow of the Almighty, I am," etc.

Under the date of December 26, 1828, he thus writes: "My soul has fast hold on God. He is mine, and I am His. I have had, of late, some very gracious Divine communications. I am looking for brighter, more penetrating, and soul-transforming manifestations of God. I want, 'beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord,' to be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' The grand adversary has laid hard at me, but God has pitied me and rebuked him. Disorder is retiring from my body, health and vigor are returning. With caution on my part, God seems disposed to build me up again. Much prayer has been made, and God has heard and regarded. I mean to use my returning health for God and souls. He will help. You are aware that I have commenced preaching again and God is pleased to connect His soul-saving power with me. I have raised a class which meets in our home. God has owned it. The first night a local preacher got a clean heart, the second four obtained pardon; the third, two others; the fourth, two more, and last Wednesday night, five were cleansed, as was another who came to our house just as we were commencing family worship. Glory! glory be to God! The cleansing God still lives and works. My wife is well and happy in God. Ellen is under a Divine influence. What a pleasing thought, our children are the Lord's. We must try and prevent the devil making any use of them. The provisions of the Gospel are neglected. The promise is to us and to our children. We will try that they may be a holy seed. May the Lord help you and me to claim the grace which is provided and offered in

Christ . . . I am loaded with the kindness of the people in this circuit. I trust God will reward them. My prayers they shall have. You and yours have my prayers and tears. I am, dear brother, yours," etc.

"March 17, 1829. — My Very Dear Father:

A few weeks ago, I spent upwards of a fortnight in London. I had liberty beyond my expectation in preaching at Hinde Street one Sunday night, from, 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked,' etc. The strong power of God was among the people. One woman cried out while I was preaching, and a general burst was anticipated. This, however, did not take place, perhaps through not going to prayer at the time. A great multitude stayed at the prayer-meeting. Many were powerfully wrought upon, and it was supposed about thirty were saved. Glory be to God! On Wednesday I and Brother McD\_\_\_\_\_ went to Woolwich. I preached in the evening from, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' etc. McD\_\_\_\_\_ and I returned to London that night; but we afterwards learned that the pardoned and cleansed amounted to sixteen. The following Sunday night I had special liberty from, 'This is a faithful saying,' etc. There was much of the cutting power of God among the people. Fifteen hundred people stayed to prayer-meeting. The praying men then came forward, several got liberty, the high praises of God were sung. Mr. Reece marshaled the meeting until after ten o'clock, and then requested the seekers to retire into the vestry. It is said not fewer than forty were saved that night. You would not be surprised at this were you to hear these mighty men pray. Oh, what straightforward believing in God! Oh, what powerful wrestling! The following Wednesday I preached at Charles Street from, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' God displayed His power and mercy in saving souls, and not fewer than thirty prayed through. Glory be to God! By this time my body was shorn of its strength, and I was glad to seek rest by returning to Nottingham. In different places, in our own circuit I have seen several saved. To God be all the glory! Amen, and amen.

"July 2, 1829. — I preached at Sheffield, according to appointment, to a large congregation; and there was a powerful influence connected with the truth of God. I should think twelve or fourteen hundred stayed to the prayer-meeting. Many were in distress, and a goodly company either found peace or were cleansed from sin. I preached out of doors at Chilwell, a few days afterwards: three or four were awakened, and have since joined the society. On Whitsunday, we had a good day at New Basford. Five found peace in the evening. They are going on well there. I was at Hickling, in the Melton circuit, a short time ago. Many were in distress, and five found peace. The week before last I went to Clauson, where we had a very signal time; a crowded chapel, much power under the sermon, and, after some powerful struggling in the prayer-meeting, fifteen or sixteen were saved. We had one saved at our class last Tuesday night. So you see the Lord is still working among us. O Jesus, ride on till all are subdued. Through mercy we are all tolerably well in health, and determined to try and get and diffuse more of God." Then, in allusion to his temporal circumstances, he adds: "I would rather break stones on the road than pass another such year as the last. I like to earn my bread, and that has sometimes made me labor when I ought to have rested. But I hope God will smile after bruising me a little."

On Easter Sunday evening of this year, Mr. Smith preached at Hockley chapel, and, having commenced a prayer-meeting, went into the vestry, intending immediately to return home. A poor man followed him, and with an expression of extreme disappointment, exclaimed, "What! are you going?" "Yes," said Mr. Smith; "what is the matter with you?" "Oh, I am a miserable man, sir!" "Are

you a backslider?" "Yes, I am; and I am a miserable man!" "Do you wish to come back? do you want to be saved again?" "I am come on purpose; and now you are going." "Go into the chapel, and get upon your knees," said Mr. Smith, "and I will be with you in a few minutes." He did as he was directed, and, when Mr. Smith went to him, he found him in an agony of distress, exclaiming, "There never was such a sinner as I am." "You deserve Hell," said Mr. Smith. "That's true," replied the other, with a deep groan; "I do indeed." "Oh, man! God will not allow you to remain in this distress. He says, 'I will heal your backslidings, and I will love you freely.' Do you think God tells lies?" "No." "Then He will do it, will He not?" The penitent laid hold on the truth, and was instantly delivered and his joy was as extreme as had been his previous anguish.

The same evening a poor woman went forward with two others; she said: "Mr. Smith, this is my daughter, and this other is my son's wife; they both want salvation." God gave them the desire of their hearts.

Mr. Smith's health being sufficiently restored, he resumed his labors and was appointed in 1829 to the Lincoln circuit. Monday evening he preached a farewell sermon and twenty were saved. Among these was a woman who had a persecuting husband. She had once enjoyed the favor of God, but permitted her domestic troubles so far to prevail over her that she lost out in her soul. On this evening she went up to the form usually appropriated to penitents, and, kneeling down, resolved not to rise till the Lord again lifted on her the light of His countenance. In a short time, the Comforter returned to her heart; and, with a face wreathed with smiles, she was retiring, when she caught a glimpse of a man who had just obtained a similar blessing. It was her husband. She rushed into his arms, and fainted. It afterwards appeared that each of them was ignorant of the other's coming to the chapel. The power of God laid hold of the ungodly man's heart during the sermon; and just at the time that his wife received the renewed assurance of the Divine favor, he also entered into the enjoyment of peace in believing.

Such was the closing scene of Mr. Smith's regular ministry in a circuit most tenderly endeared to his own heart, and in which his name will long be remembered with deep emotions of gratitude and reverence.

He began in Lincoln on Sunday, August 30th, by a powerful sermon from John 16:24, and in the evening from Job 22:21. In both these discourses he gave his hearers to distinctly perceive the order of his preaching. "Whoever discredits my Master," said he, in one of them, "I do not. His promise is, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst.' Jesus is here. Glory, glory be to God!"

He thus speaks of the results of his early labors in this circuit, in a letter to a friend:

"Oct. 21, 1829. — I am rather strong to labor; I am disposed to labor. I have plenty to do; and the best of all is, God is with me! I had been told that the Lincoln congregation consisted of very still sort of people, who were incapable of excitement, etc., etc. Caution, caution would be necessary. Well, pondering took place in my mind. The result was, I will strike the first Sunday. I did so; execution was done. God saved four; and He has saved, I should think, at least fourscore since in Lincoln. Hallelujah! Hail to the Lord's Anointed! The royal diadem belongs to Him! We will crown

Him Lord of all! The floods are coming! Many drops, some showers, have already descended. How refreshing! But the floods are coming! If our people continue in agonizing, believing prayer, which has fast hold of them at present, — and why not? — nothing can stand before them. Satan will fall as lightning from heaven. Hardness, levity, carelessness, and profanity are as chaff before the wind. God has risen from His holy habitation, and speaks salvation in every direction. What an honor to be one of His attendants! to be one of His heralds! I cry out, He is coming; and often, He is here! His royal presence is known by His bounty distributed, pardons in great numbers, the frequent healing of backsliders, clean hearts: filled spirits go away rejoicing, and the arrows stick fast in the hearts of the King's enemies. With tears, and cries, and groans, and rejoicings, I say,

'Live, for ever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!'

Good luck to Thee! ride on, win, subdue, conquer, triumph, have the glory forever and ever! What! do tears of joy fill your eyes, and do you say, 'Amen, my God! let there be a sweeping work! and strengthen his body?' Oh, my brother, I have just had to wipe away my tears at the thought of your praying for me — body and soul. Thank you, thank you! Well, when we shake hands on the banks of the river, we will sing, 'Hallelujah to the Lamb!' I should like to enter into particulars, but for want of space cannot. Some of the most unlikely ones found salvation, proud spirited, haughty young men. But what is this to the omnipotent Spirit whose work it is to save? From four to twenty have been saved at one meeting in Lincoln again and again. Persons from nine to seventy-six years of age are among the saved. Last Sunday I was at Bassingham. I preached at one-thirty from, 'Create in me a clean heart.' We then had a good love-feast. Just as I was about to give out a verse, a young man got up and said some time ago he had lost a clean heart, but the sermon had convicted him. Then suddenly he cried out, 'God cleanses me again.' It went like an electric shock. I said, 'Now you see God is here in cleansing power. If you want a clean heart you may have one.' A young man exclaimed, 'I have got it,' and looking round added, 'You all may have it.' We began to pray and the meeting did not conclude till I went to preach at six o'clock. I was told that thirty-three obtained entire sanctification, and many were pardoned. In the evening, the strong power of God was present. I suppose towards thirty were pardoned, and many cleansed. Glory be to God! I went on Monday to Besthorpe. Seventeen found peace, several were cleansed, and others in distress. Yesterday morning, I saw two cleansed, and one get into liberty. These are days of grace. It is God's will that they should continue. Hallelujah! On Monday night, at the prayer-meeting in Lincoln, four or five and twenty were saved. Expectation is high, and God will not fail. Love to the praying men."

November 4, 1829, he writes to his friend, Mr. Alderman Carey: "God is with us; yes, He is mightily working. Not a week passes without some being pardoned or cleansed. Last Sunday afternoon, at the prayer-meeting after the sacrament, about twelve found peace; three more at night, ten others on Monday. Last night I was at Saxilby: three found peace, six obtained clean hearts. Today I have seen one cleansed, and two pardoned. I say to our friends in Lincoln, that if they will only stick to it, if they continue in agonizing and believing prayer, there will be such a work in Lincoln as was never witnessed. Glory be to God! Forty-five were proposed [one evening] to receive notes on trial, besides many more who have begun to meet in class. We have begun to confess the sins of the people, to plead the blood of the covenant, and the promise of the Spirit. The business,

I trust, will be continued: the Lord will not fail. In many places in the circuit God is working mightily, and souls are entering into Canaan."

In January of 1830 he went to Nottingham to preach for the Tract Society. He wrote in his diary: "My object in going is to glorify God: 1. In the awakening of sinners, the bringing them to Christ that they may be pardoned, accepted, adopted, and regenerated; 2. The restoration of poor backsliders; 3. The entire sanctification of believers; their support and comfort under trouble and temptation; and their being filled with all the fullness of God; 4. Begetting and increasing, in God's people, concern for the salvation of souls in general, and of sinners in Nottingham in particular. Every soul in Nottingham was called into being by the blessed God, and has been preserved and redeemed by Him; and it is God's will that each should be saved. For the getting and cultivating sympathy for souls, consider that they are, 1. Immortal; 2. Accountable; 3. Capable of bliss or pain extreme; 4. Naturally corrupt; increasers of corruption in themselves, and propagators [of it in others]; also, that they are acted upon injuriously by men and devils. God pities them, and bids them welcome to the blessings of His house; Christ died and intercedes for them; the Spirit works upon them, and is ready to furnish still more powerful influence; but they must use the means of God's appointing, actively concur with the Spirit, or perish everlastingly. They are our brethren; we have access to them in person or by proxy. We are capable of acting upon them. A Divine influence is connected with every Christian. God and Christ require it of us. We have power with God for them. Their state must be looked at with as much particularity as possible. The atonement must be believed for them; promises of the influences of the Holy Spirit must be seized and pleaded for them; their hardness, profanity, pride, carelessness, will give way; and it will appear that God is with Zion, making her 'a sharp threshing instrument, having teeth.' Individual pleading in this way will do much; united pleading will do more. Who will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Allow not the work to flag; stick to it. Personal piety will improve, and there will be accessions to the church of Christ, etc. Who is sufficient for these things? No one, but the man whom God fits for the work. Lord, help me!"

Mr. Smith's labors at Nottingham, on this occasion, were greatly blessed; and, among other cases of his success, there was one meeting which he conducted, in which not less than forty souls obtained the pardon of their sins. In his correspondence, he speaks of the Sabbath which he spent with his Nottingham friends at this time as a day never to be forgotten.

Why are there not more mighty "praying men" today? more "wrestling men" who will not leave go until the heavens bend, and the answer is felt and seen? Our pulpits in too many places are dealing in glittering generalities, and these are the death of prayer and of spirituality.

Children may be taught the value of prayer and to realize its power in their own experience. A little girl was placed in an attic to pass the night. It was a room seldom occupied; but it became necessary to put her in this chamber, to make room for friends who had come unexpectedly to the house. She was awakened in the night by troops of rats running over the bed. The animals were large and bold; they not only chased each other round the room and across the bed, but even across the face of the little girl. Some of the rats took their station on her bosom and looked her fiercely in the face. The little child was terribly frightened and screamed in terror. Her cries did not seem to disturb her visitors; they continued their gambols all the same. She was so far away that the family could not hear her outcries. The child had been trained in the fear of the Lord. She wondered if the Lord would



hear her in her extremity, and send her deliverance. She thought over the lessons she had learned in Sunday School. She remembered that her Heavenly Father heard Joseph in prison, and delivered Daniel from the den of lions. Timid and fearful, she resolved to call upon the Lord. Her prayer was first that the Lord would send her deliverance. If it did not please Him to do that, she prayed that He would keep her from harm. While she prayed, a scratching was heard at the door. The little child jumped out of bed, and hurriedly opened the door, when a large cat entered. She was a stranger to the house, but immediately fell upon her enemies. She cleared the room in a trice. The child returned to her bed, and soon fell asleep. She was not disturbed again through the night. In the morning, her deliverer was nowhere to be found. Where she came from or where she went to, no one knows. The child still affirms, and her family believe, as she is a child of undoubted truth and intelligence, that He who shut the mouths of lions when His servant was in peril, had pity on the sufferings of a little girl, heard her prayer, and sent deliverance.

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 17

### SAVING SOULS FROM DEATH

"The soul that sinneth it shall die."

"Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?"

"As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but would rather that all men should turn unto Me and live."

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else."

"Whosoever believeth shall not perish, but have eternal life."

It may seem a very simple thing to kneel down and talk thirty minutes or more with the Lord; but those of us who love to pray and are trying to live a life of prayer find out after awhile that it requires strength from the Holy Spirit to pray effectively. To pray scripturally, and in the Spirit, requires a Divine touch upon our wills to give us patient perseverance, and another touch upon our affections that we may pray with a proper feeling and intense desire after God's glory. Without Divine strength to pray with, our prayers will wither just like flowers without water. So at the beginning of a season of prayer we should ask our Heavenly Father to impart to us by the Holy Spirit special strength all through our faculties, that we may pray acceptably and effectively. — Living Words.

"In the month of June," says a friend, "I had an opportunity of spending half an hour with Mr. Smith as I passed through Lincoln. I found him, as usual, absorbed in his great work. He related to me, with much delight, many pleasing instances of the power of grace which had recently occurred in the circuit; and, among others, mentioned one place in the country, at which, a few evenings before, between twenty and thirty souls had been set at liberty at a prayer-meeting. I was particularly struck with his powerful expressions on the subject of the Divine benevolence, and more especially with the last sentence which he uttered before I took my leave of him: 'If God will not save men, it is no business of ours;' — a truth deeply momentous and interesting; since human exertions for the salvation of souls are only rational on the ground of the surpassing and infinite willingness of the Almighty."

As an instance of Mr. Smith's spiritual discernment, we give the following: A sick woman was visited by him. She was under deep concern, but made no advance in the Divine favor. Mr. Smith at last said to her, "Have you not at some time known the grace of God, and proved unfaithful?" With some hesitation the woman confessed that this was the fact. "Oh, then," said Mr. Smith, "you must take your right character before the Savior — you are a backslider; you must come to God as

such, and He will receive you." He then prayed with her, and she was enabled to exercise faith in the promises adapted to her state. She was filled with peace and joy, and shortly after her spirit returned to God. Mr. Smith was a perfect stranger to her character at the time of his visit; and the friend who accompanied him, and who gives the relation, had not the slightest idea of the real state of the case.

Mr. Clarkson relates the following examples of the success which, about this time, attended Mr. Smith's labors in private. The latter is inserted as an illustration of his faithful and searching method of dealing with sinners: Mr. Smith was one evening at the house of a friend, and among the company was a young lady, the daughter of an eminent and exemplary deceased member of the society. He addressed her on the subject of religion, and inquired whether she wished to go to Heaven. She replied in the affirmative, but added that she thought she might succeed in arriving there without meeting in class, etc. "But that was not the way your father went," said Mr. Smith. "No," she rejoined, "it was not." "Then," said he, "you are wiser than your father;" and after some further remarks, he added, "The Lord has hold of you, Miss \_\_\_\_." The next day she met him in the street, and asked permission to come to his class. He inquired the reason of her wish. With much emotion she replied, that his conversation the previous evening had made an impression on her mind so deep, that she could not rest in her present state: she was resolved, she said, to go to Heaven the same way as her father. She attended the class, and shortly afterwards entered into the enjoyment of the salvation of the Gospel.

A respectable class-leader of the Lincoln society has supplied an account of a visit, which, in the early part of the year, he and Mr. Smith paid to a sick person; and which, as somewhat resembling the preceding narration, is inserted in this place. The individual had been the engineer of a steam-packet, and, from what can be gathered, a very profligate sinner. He appears to have had some serious impressions from the time he was taken ill; but these were matured and rendered indelible by a dream which he had a few days before Mr. Smith called on him. He imagined that he saw four of his children, who died in their infancy. They appeared very beautiful, and unspeakably happy. But when they passed the foot of his bed, they assumed a severe aspect, and, looking frowningly on him, exclaimed, "Where we are, you can never come." He awoke in extreme agitation; strong convictions of sin seized upon him; and his past life, in all its defilement and rebellion, rose in vivid array before his conscience. His medical attendant, finding him in great distress, begged Mr. Smith to visit him. When he and his companion came into his room, they found him half sitting up in bed, crying earnestly, "Lord, have mercy upon my soul!" "Amen!" said Mr. Smith. "Lord, save my soul!" "Amen!" "Just now extend Thy mercy to me." "Amen, my God!" "Canst thou pardon such a wretch as I am?" "O man," cried Mr. Smith, "you are in a desperate condition; how long have you been thus?" The man told him, adding, "Sometimes I think God will save me, and at other times it is suggested that I am such a wretch there is no mercy for me." Mr. Smith said, "God is able to save all them that come unto Him. Do you believe God is able to save you?" "Yes." "He would much rather save you, than damn you. Come, let us pray." Having prayed, he called on the sinner to pray and endeavored to induce him to cast his soul on Christ. "You deserve Hell, you deserve Hell," he said. "Hell is too good for me," cried the other. "But, glory to God," continued Mr. Smith, "you are out of Hell, and may be kept out. Now, try and pray for yourself." He did so; hope began to beam on his mind; his efforts for salvation became more resolute and confident. Mr. Smith kneeled once more, and wrestled with God in mighty agony, till the trembling penitent was enabled to cast himself fully on the atonement. He then rose up in bed, and cried, "I see Him; He died for me; He is my

Savior, nailed to the cross for me and my salvation. I do believe in Him; yes, I do believe that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all my sins." His burden was all removed, and he united in singing the praises of that "God from whom all blessings flow." He was afterwards partially restored to health; but he still maintained his confidence, and for a short time walked worthy of his high calling. It then pleased God to take him to Himself. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

The Conference of 1830 was held at Leeds. Mr. Smith attended it, and preached several times with much power and considerable success. To one of these occasions he thus alludes in a letter to a friend: "At the Conference, one Tuesday morning, the floods came down. Many were pardoned, many were cleansed. At the glorious coming down of Jehovah, the noise of the people was as the sound of many waters. It required strong measures to get order, but it was secured, and God stayed and worked signally and clearly. His hand was seen and adored. He will stand by His own plan. His good pleasure is to save."

Finding, however, that he was in danger of injuring himself at Leeds, Mr. Smith retired to Cudworth before the Conference concluded. Here he preached once, and several souls were given to his ministry. A gracious work began in the village from this time. Writing to his father, a few months afterwards, he thus speaks on this subject: "The tidings of your prosperity at Cudworth gave me great pleasure. Only stick to the work, and then — this is a must be. There should be no flagging: in order to this, lengthened meetings generally should not be encouraged. If you mind, you may have a sweeping work this winter. Try!"

On the first Sunday that Mr. Smith preached at Lincoln, after the Conference, seven persons were converted to God, and in general the circuit continued to present gratifying indications of prosperity. At the September quarterly meeting, sixteen hundred members were reported, being, after all deficiencies arising from deaths, apostasies, and removals had been supplied, about half as many again as twelve months before. Under the date of September 24th, Mr. Smith thus writes to Mr. Calder, in reply to an invitation from the Missionary Committee at Leeds: "Such is the state of my health, that I must not leave my circuit for some considerable time. Indeed, at present, I am taking rest. My windpipe is the failing instrument, and Mr. Harvey is trying his ability to mend it . . . God is smiling upon us in this circuit still. Our people have stood well during the harvest: a good omen this. Expectation, too, is rising. I suppose you will join with me in saying heartily, I am sure God will not fail. No, it is the good pleasure of His goodness to save. Let us take fast hold of God's good will to man. Strong exhibitions of the superabounding goodness of God do much execution, and desponding man needs them. I love you much and should like you to have much fruit. My Christian love to your family. Praying that God may hold you in His right hand and employ you in saving many souls, I am," etc.

Shortly after this, Mr. Smith spent some time at Nottingham for the recovery of his health and appeared to derive much benefit from the change. In consequence of taking cold upon his return, he was again laid aside. In a letter dated October 22nd, he says: "Ever since Conference I have been under pain. My body is badly shaken, but I believe it will be repaired again. God is doing much good on this circuit. Why do we dwell upon earth but to get and diffuse good? Appropriate labor always tells. Labor we must use. I intended being in London this month, but it is over: my health has interfered. An idle or a resting man I could not be in London. Safety is connected with staying at

home. I have had to say No to, I should think, near twenty requests since Conference, to visit other circuits. This has been painful, because God has used me in this way. I must and do submit. Much of the steel has been forced from my body; I still hope it will harden."

After passing a few weeks in rest at his native village, Mr. Smith returned to Lincoln, sufficiently recovered to resume his beloved employment. To his father he thus writes immediately afterwards: "Dec. 10. — You will be glad to learn that I got to Lincoln without taking any cold. I have taken my full work ever since, except one sermon. Two souls found peace on the first Sunday evening at Lincoln, and I have some very gracious seasons in the country; some good has been done. I stand my work better than I anticipated; and I trust, with care, that I shall be able to go through my labors with tolerable ease. At P\_\_\_\_. we have a remarkable work. At the prayer-meeting seven got liberty. I was much concerned for the family that entertained me. They seemed far off. I was in my closet about them next morning, and went to breakfast in a pensive mood, pondering and pondering what to do. While we were at breakfast, the leader's wife came in, and said, 'Seven got liberty last night, and your charwoman was one.' Mrs. Smith, my hostess, said, 'She saved? she is as much saved as I am!' I said nothing. The woman came in to breakfast, and after reading I said, 'Well, some say that you got your sins forgiven last night; did you?' 'No, sir.' 'Then you are not happy.' 'No, sir.' 'Do you wish to be saved?' 'Yes, sir. When?' 'Now, sir.' 'Then God and you are agreed. Well, Mrs. S., how long is God to wait for you?' 'I do not know, sir. I do not think that either I or anybody else can come to God for salvation unless something particular comes upon them.' 'Of course, the fault is God's, then,' said I. 'Now, I assure you, you are wrong; for God would have saved you long ago. Your conduct is telling God that He is a liar. We must pray.' The charwoman and Mrs. S.'s daughter cried aloud for mercy. They soon found peace. 'Now, Mrs. S., what will you do?' She shook as if she had four agues upon her, and cried for mercy, till God saved her. I then went to the husband. He said he could not believe. I prayed; he then said, 'I can, I can believe.' We arose, and praised God for liberating the four. I was at the place this week, and they all stand. I believe not fewer than fifty have been brought to God there in a very short time. Upwards of twenty were saved that week. Glory be to God! . . . I am going to Leeds tomorrow week. Get your class to pray for me." In a postscript he mentions a love-feast which had recently been held at Lincoln, "the fruits of which were twenty souls pardoned or cleansed."

Several circumstances conspired to render the last six months of Mr. Smith's life a season of severe trial. Pain, his natural fortitude might have enabled him to endure; but, to be cut off from his beloved occupation and to have to contemplate the anxiety of a beloved wife, was indeed sorrow. Disease made progress, and nothing seemed to repel it. His aged father said, "Oh, how glad I should be to die for thee." But now the good man must endure his own suffering and privation. On Sunday, May 1st, he went from his bed to the pulpit and once more labored to enforce that text on which he had so often preached, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh; and I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments, and do them." (Ezek. 36:26, 27.) It was with the utmost difficulty that he proceeded with his discourse; and, at its conclusion, he told the congregation that he felt so ill as to be quite incapable of addressing them in the evening. He then closed the service, and retired from the pulpit. This was his last sermon.

# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 18

### CRY OUT AND SHOUT, THOU INHABITANT OF ZION

Before proceeding to the chamber where the good man met the last enemy, and conquered through grace, we will consider one phase of the meetings in which Mr. Smith engaged, that often aroused the antagonism of the formal and churchy, and at the same time drew the curious to increase the numbers that awaited upon his ministry. Demonstrations attended the preaching of the Word. Mr. Smith himself, when aroused by the indifference of the throng, the peril of the unsaved, the pleadings of the penitent, and the presence of the Spirit, preached in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Seekers converted, were loud in their praises, and, to the world, extravagant in their actions, while saints made the welkin ring, joining with the angels in Heaven, in joy over one sinner that repenteth. Methodism in its palmy days often witnessed scenes where saints made merry over prodigals returning, and obeyed the injunction, "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." Live men in the pulpit, filled with the Spirit, carrying a God-given message, loving the purchased of a Savior's blood, and preaching in the Spirit, generally stir the hearts of their hearers. Livingstone in Scotland, Edwards and Whitefield in America, Wesley and Nelson in England, and the early itinerants of Methodism expected to see, and often witnessed, the workings of God among the people to whom they preached. That prince of pulpit orators, Rev. Charles Pitman, in old Green Street Church, in Trenton, N. J., and in old St. George's, in Philadelphia, again and again would hear the congregations to whom he preached, shout until the echoes rang with the King's praises, and many of his converts went out to bless the world and shout on the battle in New Jersey camp-meetings and churches and tell over and over again the triumphant scenes they witnessed in days gone by.

That genial man of God, Chaplain C. C. McCabe, who sang and shouted the praises of God in Methodist pulpits, conferences, and camp-meetings, wrote once in reference to the shouting kind of folks as follows:

"You do not believe in shouting? I am sorry. It annoys you, does it? Have you ever stopped to ask why it annoys you? To tell the truth, have you not been so egotistical as to conclude that of course you are just in the right spiritual condition yourself to make you a competent judge of the propriety of shouting the praise of God?"

"The sweetest note that ever fell from an angel's harp would be only another discord in the jangle of some tunes. Now, may it not be that your whole heart is so out of tune with any sort of worship but what is formal, cold, lifeless and dreadfully proper, that you would not know the bells of Heaven if you should hear them ringing? Last Sabbath, while your pastor was preaching from the text, 'He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich,' that poor

washer-woman up in the 'Amen Corner,' with a little fatherless boy on either side of her, was wonderfully happy.

"First, there was a light, a strange, unearthly light, gleaming upon her tear-stained cheeks; and then, when the preacher described the wealth there is in Jesus, that poor woman, though by nature as modest as you are, shrinking ever from the public gaze, yet when her cup of blessing ran over, she raised her withered hands, and clapped them in holy rapture, shouting 'Glory! glory! GLORY TO GOD!' until the church rang again, and the preacher stopped preaching, and covered his face with his hands, and wept for joy.

"Did you observe how awe-stricken her children seemed while they gazed upon her? Ah! well they knew the story of those wrinkled hands that kept toiling on that they might have bread! Those beautiful hands! Well they knew how their humble home was illuminated and made glorious by her saintly life; but they do not know just yet how tightly her grave will hold them to truth and virtue when she is dead. They do not know just yet how unspeakably sacred will be to them the old Bible from which she reads, the old chair in which she sits. They do not know as yet how the echo of her voice will sound in temptation's darkest hours. Yet her shouting troubled you. You said something to your neighbor in the next pew about 'feeble-minded and uncultivated people.' Ah! my friend, you never saw the inside of Heaven from the depths of poverty and the midnight of sorrow.

"Yesterday I visited Mother Stoner. She resides in Lewiston, Pennsylvania. Mother Stoner is eighty-five years old and lies upon a bed of ceaseless pain. Heart and flesh are failing fast. Many years ago she was called 'the shouting Methodist.' Even the little boys used to follow her in the streets and cry 'Glory!' after her as she passed along. She has been shouting ever since.

"Yesterday we were singing, 'Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me,' and the old familiar 'Glory!' came from her aged lips, and her dim eyes lighted up with joy, and she waved her hands in token of victory. Brother Sears, her pastor, shouted with her. Who is Mother Stoner?

"Many years ago she was exalted to the high position of Sabbath School teacher. One day she saw a little white-haired boy lingering about the door of the church. She went out, laid her hands upon his head and invited him into her class. Some time afterward she led him to the mourner's bench. He became converted to God, and Mother Stoner shouted over him.

"That boy became an able preacher of the Gospel. He has been a missionary, he has been editor of the Ladies' Repository, he is now Bishop Wiley, and will some day be a redeemed saint before the throne of God.

"In another room of the same house with Mother Stoner lies a beloved daughter, who for ten years has not been able to leave her bed. Is she happy? In many a day's journey you will not look upon so restful a face as hers. 'His will, not mine, be done,' she said. She is educated, fitted for society, young enough to enjoy the world with keenest delight; but there she lies, exulting in the Lord, shouting for joy the Savior's name.

"I want to tell you a story. Years ago, at the Round Lake Camp-meeting, a company of these 'full cup' Christians were talking upon this subject. One lady, whose face looked like the Sea of Galilee after it heard the 'Peace, be still' of Jesus, arose and said, 'Friends, I have had to bear this cross of shouting all my Christian life. When I was converted, God saved me wonderfully. I could not restrain my shouts of praise. My father was a presiding elder. He used to take me with him on his district. I would shout under my own father's preaching.

'Several times he reproved me sharply. He said to me one day, as we were riding home together, "Not so fast, Susan; not so fast;" and intimated that my conduct was not pleasing to many Christians who had been long in the way. I tried to reform, but failed to do so.

"Years sped on and my father came down to die. When he saw his sickness was unto death, he began to examine carefully the foundations of his faith. A strange gloom hung over his mind. It was so different from what he had expected. He prayed much, but found no relief.

'At last he said, "Please, let all retire from the room but Susan." My mother, brothers and sisters went out, and I was left alone with my dying father. I prayed with him. The struggle was severe, but victory came. His soul was filled with joy unspeakable. "Call them in now," he said; "but, Susan, stand by me when I am dying, and shout me through." I had to do it, and the last thing I heard my father say was, "Go ahead, Susan, go ahead!"

"The lady sat down. There was a flash of light as though a window had been suddenly opened in Heaven.

"You do not believe in shouting? Do you believe in the Bible? Have you searched the Scriptures upon this subject? There was shouting when the world was created. There was shouting when Christ was born in Bethlehem. There has been shouting all along the line of march from Pentecost till now. There has been shouting at millions of death-beds. There has been shouting on the rack, shouting in the prison, and shouting at the stake; and there will be shouting when the world is on fire and the elements are melting with fervent heat. There will be shouting when the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, and with the voice of an archangel and with the trump of God.

"And when the graves give up their dead and the followers of Jesus who are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; when the ransomed of the Lord return to Zion; when the gates shall lift their heads for the King of glory and all the hosts of the redeemed — there will be shouting then."

The old-fashioned saints knew how to pray as well as shout; in fact, the praying habit always precedes the desire to praise. They prayed about all things — let their request be known to God in supplication. The Boston Globe vouches for the truth of the following:

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press the claim against that man; you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please."

"Think there isn't any money in it?"



"There would probably be some little money in it; but it would come from the sale of the little house that the man occupies and calls his 'home.' But I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, eh?"

"Not at all."

"I suppose likely the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Well, yes, he did."

"And you caved in likely?"

"Yes."

"What in creation did you do?"

"I believe I shed a few tears."

"And the old fellow begged you hard, you say?"

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty."

"Ah, he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me, so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of the door a cozy sitting room, and there on the bed, with her silver head high on the pillows, was an old lady who looked for all the world as my mother did the last time I ever saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking, when she said, 'Come, father, now begin; I'm all ready.' And down on his knees by her side went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began. First, he reminded God that they were still His submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they shouldn't rebel at His will. Of course, 'twas going to be very hard for them to go homeless in their old age, especially with poor mother so sick and helpless, and, Oh, how different it all might have been, if only one of the boys might have been spared! Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the cover-lid, and moved softly over his snowy hair. Then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons — unless mother and he should be separated! But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were

threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse — a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will. And then he counted a multitude of promises concerning the safety if those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened. And at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice."

The lawyer then continued, more slowly than ever: "And — I — believe I'd rather go to the poor-house myself tonight than stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"Just afraid to defeat the old man's prayer, eh?"

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it!" said the lawyer. "I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were to make known our desires unto God, but of all the pleadings I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of a thing in my childhood. And why was I sent to hear that prayer? I'm sure I don't know — but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring; I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to what you tell about. I wish you hadn't heard a word about it, and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again. It was intended for my ears and yours, too; and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about 'God moves in a mysterious way,' I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer smiling.

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## THE CALLUSED KNEES

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### Chapter 19

## LIGHT IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

"Fear not, for I am with thee."

"The time of my departure is at hand."

"When the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

"Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

So I am watching quietly  
Every day,  
Whenever the sun shines brightly,  
I rise and say,  
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"  
And look unto the gates of His high place  
Beyond the sea;  
For I know He is coming shortly  
To summon me.  
And when a shadow falls across the window  
Of my room,  
Where I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my head to watch the door and ask  
If He is come;  
And the angel answers sweetly  
In my home,  
"Only a few more shadows  
And He will come."

— Selected —

Mr. Smith's experience, during his last affliction, appears to have been marked by considerable variety. He had no fears of death, no apprehensions of eternity; but he had seasons of strong conflict. Nor was he privileged by those revelations which have often shed unspeakable rapture on the souls of inferior Christians, in the like circumstances. His spirit generally rested with calm confidence in God, and more than this was not necessary either to himself or his friends. None who knew him could entertain any anxiety as to his final safety; and had he, like the venerable Bramwell, been suddenly snatched away, all the mourning for him would have been mingled with "sure and certain

hope." In his actual state of mind, however, he was fully alive to whatever aggravations of affliction his circumstances might present; and the anxiety which he felt respecting Lincoln circuit, must be alluded to as one which, it is to be feared, tended materially to increase the virulence of his disease. Some of his appointments were kindly supplied by local preachers; but no arrangements were made by which the claims of the country society could be regularly and permanently met. This was to Mr. Smith a source of continual uneasiness, at a time when it was of the last importance that his mind and body should be kept in a state of perfect quietness.

The following is an extract from a letter written by him to his friend Mr. Herbert, of Nottingham, soon after he terminated his public labors: "May 12, 1831. — Oh, sir, I did myself and you wrong, in not uttering my thoughts and feelings to you, on the death of your sweet little Anne. My mind was completely thrown to you; it lingered with you. I wept, I prayed for you, and, strange to say, I rejoiced. I said, Well, he has another attraction in Heaven! These strong and pensive feelings gave way to something, which I do not now remember; and what I had fancied a letter never reached you. Forgive me. Defectiveness seems to be a constituent of my character, and mixes itself prominently with my proceedings. Little fineness of spirit comes out of me. . . . What a blessed thing it is to have fast hold of God's concern to save man!"

In the beginning of June, the district meeting was held at Horncastle. It was to be preceded by the missionary anniversary, in the services connected with which, it had been arranged that Mr. Smith should take some part. This, of course, was impracticable, and, without doubt, it would have been prudent for him to avoid every species and degree of excitement. His wish to meet his brethren once more, however, was so strong that he would not absent himself from the district meeting. On Tuesday he went, but was compelled to return to Lincoln, owing to his ill health. He had taken fresh cold, his cough became violent, and his symptoms were alarming. A consulting physician was called in, who gave some hopes of recovery. To a friend he wrote: "The doctors pronounce me improving, but I am low. When I shall preach again is quite uncertain."

About this time he was seized with violent inflammation of the passages leading to the lungs. The most decisive measures were immediately resorted to. Forty leeches were applied to the chest, and were succeeded by cupping-glasses, and a large blister. These, with the use of calomel internally, produced the desired effect; and Mr. Smith began again slowly to amend.

To his father he thus writes, June 14 — "I am still ill, but have a turn for the better . . . I am in the hands of God; good hands! He is with me, giving me peace and rest of soul, and a hope that is a while I shall make known, with power, His will to the sons of men. I thank you for your prayers." July 1, writing to the same, he says: — "I am yet on the shelf, — an awkward place for me; but perhaps it is the best place for me. God knoweth. I wish His will to be done. His will is best. . . . I think our circuit is in a good state, from accounts at our quarterly meeting. Thanks be to God." In reference to his next year's appointment, he remarks: "What God will do with me, I know not, nor am I anxious about it. All will be well." This was Mr. Smith's last letter to his parents.

We do not, at any time, claim for Mr. Smith the praise of prudence respecting his own health: there can be no doubt, indeed, that he was a self-sacrificed man. But there was now no one near him who had friendship enough to lay upon him, in God's name, the strong arm of restraint. When he was

at home, he was forbidden even to conduct the family worship. His only chance of life was in being kept perfectly still. Exertion was suicide; and to many of his friends it must ever be a matter of regret, that, at every risk, he was not at this time shut out from all excitement, and compelled to remain in complete retirement. The results soon showed themselves. In his third and last communication to his family from Brighton, he says: "Some time ago, I was looking forward with pleasing anticipation to the time when we should again be placed in a circuit, and I resume my labors. But last week a dreadful bowel complaint seized me, devoured my strength, and reduced me to feebleness itself. It seemed to have subsided, and I fancied health was again springing; but a second slight attack dashed my hopes to the ground. I was so perplexed in my mind respecting my appointment, that, if possible, to get something like satisfaction, I consulted Dr. King, an eminent physician in Brighton. He seems to understand my case well; and he says that there is no chance for the recovery of my health, unless I abstain from all vocal exertion in preaching and praying, and as much as possible in conversation, for at least three months. I am now attending to his prescription, and have already derived some benefit, I think. But I am exceedingly weak. I have communicated these tidings to Mr. Clegg. I expect to sit down. I have requested to be put down for Sheffield, that I may have opportunities of breathing my native air, and consulting Dr. Dawe. I intend leaving Brighton next Tuesday or Wednesday, and, God willing, seeing you at the close of next week. Hanging upon Jesus, and commending you and the children to His sympathy and care, I am," etc.

After resting in Lincoln for a few days, Mr. Smith and his family removed to Sheffield. He bore the journey better than had been anticipated. "When he arrived in Sheffield," says the Rev. Alex. Strachan, "the disease under which he had for some time labored had made a deep impression on his constitution. His friends in Sheffield prevailed upon him to go to his father's house in Cudworth, for the benefit of the country air. I called there to see him, and found him in bed. The keen glance of his eye was gone. The face was paled. 'My dear brother,' said he, 'I have experienced the goodness and severity of God, but in patience I have possessed my soul. You are expected to preach here this evening: may God come with you! Oh, how I should rejoice to lift up my voice once more in the sanctuary of my God! but you see that I am confined here as His prisoner. Well, God is with me, and I must not complain. The sinners of this village have been much upon my mind, ever since I obtained mercy myself; and wherever I have been stationed they have had an interest in my prayers. The time to favor them is surely come. May many of them receive the message of salvation which you are come to deliver.' After proposing several questions relative to the state both of his body and his mind, to all which he replied with his usual frankness and candor, I prayed with him. In prayer, I expressed strong confidence in the sufficiency of Christ's atonement to justify the ungodly who believe in Him; in the willingness of God to sanctify the unholy who continue in the faith; in the competency of providence and grace to preserve the soul, thus sanctified, 'blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ;' and concluded with especial reference to his condition. During prayer, he frequently said, 'Glory be to God,' but when I rose from my knees he gave free utterance to the strong and lively feelings he had been suppressing, and was very happy in God."

Mr. Smith's mind at this time seems to have been in a state of delightful tranquillity. He was filled with grateful resignation to God; no murmur escaped his lips. The attentions of his friends he acknowledged with peculiar sweetness, and the whole of his piety exhibited a mellowness and maturity which seemed like the pluming of the angel wing of his spirit for the region into which he was about to enter. The day after his arrival at Cudworth he was especially happy. He said to his

friends: "If the Lord has a little more work for me to do, and I think He has, I shall be restored to my family and the church of God;" adding, "What blessed lessons have I learned in this affliction!" The Word of God became increasingly dear to him; his soul seemed to long for its blessed truths, as a parched land for the refreshing shower. The Scriptures, he used to say, were the food of his soul. On one occasion, he expressed himself as peculiarly delighted with the first chapter of St. Peter's First Epistle, which his sister had just read to him. "Oh," he remarked, "the Word of God is such a comfort to me!" Then observing his mother weeping, he said, "Mother, why do you weep? all is right: praise the Lord!" At another time, when in severe suffering, she exhorted him not to be so anxious about recovery, but to yield himself fully into the hands of God. "Bless the Lord!" he replied, "I have done that; I still give myself to Him; He is my portion."

Often in the night — for he was very wakeful the voice of his thanksgiving sounded sweetly through the house; and many were the seasons of delightful intercourse with Heaven which he and his pious father enjoyed while others slept. His soul dwelt in the repose of love and peace. In his experience there was nothing of the tumult of rapture; there were none of those bursts of ecstatic joy, of which we sometimes hear in such cases. And herein we cannot but recognize the arrangement of Divine wisdom. In the scenes of active life, his principles and labors had often been deemed extravagant. He was now cut off, not only from all external, but also from all internal, excitement. There was nothing to interrupt the calm examination, the sober deliberate testing, of his personal experience, and his methods of exertion in the church. Had his principles been unsound, they now would have certainly failed him. In the severe scrutiny of the hours of sickness, and of ebbing life, when all that tends to warp the judgment is done away, and with no extraordinary revelation of ravishing joy to withdraw his thoughts from the subject, he was qualified, more fully than at any former period, to form a calm and candid opinion of his past life, and to afford, to those who questioned the correctness of his views, the most decisive evidence the nature of the case would admit. But he never wavered, no shade of suspicion that he had been wrong appears ever to have darkened his spirit. On the contrary, he mentioned those opinions and modes of actions in which he had been considered singular as subjects which at this time called forth his special gratitude to God. They had before proved themselves practically beneficial, and they now proved sources of consolation in weakness, in suffering, and in death.

His disease at times was quite flattering, causing him to think a short time would complete his recovery and enable him to get back to his pulpit. His appearance indicated a change; but it was equally evident that the wound his health had received was too deep to be healed in so short a time as he supposed. A friend expressed a doubt as to his ultimate recovery, and asked him how he could reconcile the extreme anxiety which he felt, in reference to the final issue of his affliction, with that perfect submission to the Divine will which he professed to enjoy He replied: "I have many reasons for wishing to regain my former strength, but none weighs with me so much as a desire to improve the opportunity that would thus be afforded for saving souls." He then remarked on the various methods adopted by the mercy of God to bring sinners to repentance; illustrating these methods by examples that had come within the range of his own observation. He described some of the plans which he himself had employed to revive, extend, and perpetuate religion among the people in the different circuits in which he had traveled; exalting, however, above all prudential means, the ministry of God's Word, and meetings for social prayer. On another occasion he gave a brief narrative of his experience, from the commencement of his Christian profession; from which it

appeared that his path had been "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." He alluded with peculiar emotion to the time of his admission into full connection at the London Conference, in 1822. "It was," he said, "a time never to be forgotten. I look back with great satisfaction to the entire surrender which I then made to God, and which is expressed in the lines:

'Take my soul and body's powers,  
Take my memory, mind and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel,  
All I think or speak or do,  
Take my heart, but make it new.'

"From that day to this I have been enabled to serve God without fear. Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. On that evening, a remark was made by one of the young men," he continued, "that made a deep impression upon my mind."

Brother Smith, in speaking of the manner of his justification, observed that while wrestling with God for the pardon of sins, he obtained such clear and believing perceptions of the atonement of Christ as constrained him to exclaim, "O God, if all the sins of all the individuals in the world were charged to my account, here is a fountain in which I could wash them all away and in an instant. With these words, the Spirit presented before my mind the atonement of Christ in all its infinitude of merit and efficacy, and filled my soul with the love of God."

A friend relates the following: "While conversing, one day, on the necessity of constant communion with God, in order to our personal happiness and the success of the ministry; the difficulty of discharging, with uniformity and fidelity, the important duties of self-examination and self-denial; and our proneness to luke-warmness and self-deception; I used an expression (inadvertently, of course) which conveyed to his mind the idea that I doubted the sincerity of his motives, and the soundness of his faith. He took no notice of it at the time; but afterwards, while engaged in prayer, I happened to use the same expression, when he rose up, and, with one of those piercing looks which he always assumed when under excitement, said, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things, and Thou knowest that I love Thee. Living and dying, I am Thine. Were I to depart now, I should go to glorious happiness. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise.' After pausing for a few moments he said, 'My dear brother, as I felt a little drowsy at the time, and heard you indistinctly, it is possible that I misunderstood you.'

"Returning from the country one Sunday evening, I called and found him very feeble, but truly 'in the Spirit on the Lord's day.' We united in prayer and found it good to wait upon the Lord. While engaged in family worship the service was prolonged for some special manifestation of God's love. In a short time our prayers were turned into hallelujahs. It seemed as if we had been suddenly raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; or that the full tide of Heaven's glory was poured forth on our souls. Mr. Smith, mentioning these circumstances when we met, observed that on that night he believed that the sanctifying power of God penetrated every part of his nature, expelled every degree of evil, and filled him with perfect love.

During this time Mr. Smith wrote to his daughter as follows:

"Sept. 24. My Dear Ellen, — I invite you to join me in giving warm thanks to the blessed God, for His great kindness to me. This is the third day I have been downstairs, and I am much better today than on either of the preceding [days]. The doctor was here yesterday, and seemed very much pleased with my state. I said, 'Sir, I feel it is life from the dead.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' The Lord has blessed me exceedingly in body and in soul. He has again and again richly baptized me with His blessed and Holy Spirit, and called forth from me songs of thanksgiving. I have had some most delightful seasons in thinking on His adorable name which is a strong tower. I wish to be eminently a minister of the Spirit. Christ says, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth.' 'Ask and ye shall receive.' I purpose visiting Leeds and Northampton, partly on business, partly for health, and finally that I may meet the saints that our spirits may be refreshed together, that they may see the kindness of the blessed God, to one of the most unworthy, worthless, and unfaithful creatures among the progeny of man; but one who the Triune God is intensely concerned to bless with a present, a free, a full, and everlasting salvation, in sharing in His own ineffable and endless bliss, in His eternal Heaven. Who is a god like unto our God? (None in Heaven, or upon earth;) — who has set His heart on man, and manifested His intense interest for — his present, constant, and everlasting happiness, as ought, and must, and will fill angels and men with delightful astonishment, admiration, and gratitude, through endless ages. Glory be to the ever-blessed and Triune God, for ever and for ever! Amen and amen. So says John Smith, from the very bottom of his heart, which is warm with universal love, love to God and universal man. It is the deep and strong, and, he trusts and hopes, will be the constant and lasting wish of his heart, to get and diffuse as much of God in the world as he can. Who is sufficient for these things? No one, but the man whom God fits for the business. But nothing is too hard for the omnipotent God, who has promised to be with them that seek to promote His glory upon earth. I will try for one, by the help of God. My trust is in a promise-keeping God, whom I wish to adore and worship through endless ages.

Later Mr. Smith's state grew worse, and they sent for his wife. He knew her, and said, "This is what I have wished to see," and then relapsed into a stupor, and it was nearly a week before he was again fully conscious. He then expressed some anxiety about the children, and begged Mrs. Smith not to protract her stay. On the day following, therefore, she returned to Sheffield. During nearly the whole of his delirium, he imagined himself occupied in the duties which he had so much loved. He was almost constantly engaged in preaching, praying, or praising God. One morning, after having been delirious during the night, he began to sing with extraordinary sweetness. He had always been remarkable for the taste and music of his singing; but never before had it sounded so rich and melodious. Both the words and tune were unknown to those who heard them; and it seemed as if he were preparing to assume his place in the chorus of a world of peerless and immortal harmony.

Before this time, he had had strong conflicts "with principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world." On one occasion, he requested that he might be left alone for some time. When his father returned to the room, he said, "Father, I have had a mighty conflict with the powers of darkness; but, praised be the Lord, He has delivered me. I have come off 'more than conqueror,' through the blood of the Lamb." He then broke forth in an animated strain of praise. But it was now, while his physical powers were oppressed with fierce disease, and his mind generally was weak and wandering, that the foe was permitted to make the most terrific and the last attack. Yet, though fever



raged in his veins, and his body was tossed and writhed in frenzy, his soul was enabled to collect its energies for the shock, and, as nearly as could be recollected, he thus addressed his spiritual assailant:

"Thou art a devil! How thou didst become one, I do not know; but God did not create thee so. The blessed God cannot be the author of evil. God made thee an angel of light! Thou didst not keep thy first estate! Thou didst become a devil; but how I do not know; but thou art a devil now! It pleased the blessed God to create man a happy creature, and place him in paradise; and thou hadst the impudence to go to paradise and tempt our first parents to sin against the blessed God. They hearkened to thy suggestions, and disobeyed the command of God, — fell into transgression, and brought down the curse of God upon themselves and their posterity. It pleased the blessed God to send His Son, Jesus Christ, to die for the sin of man. And I am John Smith, was born of pious parents, who brought me up in the fear of the Lord. But I was a bad lad, was led captive by thee, and loved my sins. I caused my parents much grief, they prayed mightily to God in my behalf, with many tears. It pleased the blessed God to connect His Holy Spirit with me, to convince me I was a miserable sinner on the road to Hell, and under His curse. I resolved through grace to leave my sins. I prayed the Lord, and He heard me, and was pleased to forgive my past sins, for the sake of Christ and to put His love in my heart, and to give me the witness of His Holy Spirit that I was adopted. And I believe that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is a Divine Person, equal with the Father, and that it pleased God to send His Son into the world. And I believe that Jesus Christ became incarnate, and was born of the virgin, that He was a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief; that He lived three-and-thirty years in this our world; that He died a shameful and accursed death upon the cross; that it pleased the Father to bruise Him for the sin of man; and that He rose again from the dead on the third day. Death had no power to hold Him, and He triumphed over thee and all thy power: and He ascended into Heaven; sat down on the right hand of the father, to make intercession for man; and all power in earth and Heaven is committed into His hands. And I believe that He, by His sufferings and death, made a full and sufficient atonement for the sins of the whole world, and purchased for mankind the Holy Ghost. And I believe that God is pleased, in answer to the intercession of Jesus, to connect the Holy Spirit with every soul of man, with saving purpose and intention, in order to bring them to Christ for salvation. And I believe that there is salvation for all who apply. The blessed God is unwilling that any should perish. And I come by faith to Jesus Christ. I believe that His precious blood avails for me, and I cast my soul upon Him: I rest upon His atonement; and I defy thee, Satan! Thou art a malignant being, the enemy of God and man; and thou art seeking to destroy me; but I defy thee; I commit my soul to Jesus, and I defy thee. Thou can'st not hurt. In the name of Jesus I defy thee, Satan!"

This remarkable contest with his spiritual adversary continued from ten o'clock at night until three in the morning, with loud and distressing cries and tears. Much of the address to Satan, particularly the former part, was repeated many times; for whenever an interruption occurred, either from without or in his own mind, he recommenced, nor would he cease until he had delivered it throughout in an unbroken form. His voice was strong and his body was violently agitated by the agony of his mind, so that it required five men to hold him in bed. It was distressing to behold him, and to hear him crying many times successively, in the most pathetic tones, "Jesus!" — Jesus! — Jesus — Jesus help!" At length deliverance came, the enemy was overcome, and there is every reason to believe that from this time his heart was uninterruptedly glad in the light of the Divine countenance.

After having spent about six weeks at Cudworth, Mr. Smith was removed to Sheffield. He still entertained the hope of recovery: several of his friends endeavored to cherish a similar expectation, and held a weekly prayer-meeting for the specific object of intercession on this subject. But the decree had gone forth, sanctioned and sealed by infinite wisdom and mercy; and it was irrevocable. Mr. H. Beeson, an attached and kind friend of Mr. Smith, was one of those who watched with him during some of the last nights of his life. In a conversation with Mr. Beeson upon the various orders of intellect, he said of himself, "I am a minister of the Spirit. Soul-saving is my business. God has given me a heart for it. I will go on in His name, and believe for effects." Of his labors in the Lincoln circuit, he remarked, "I was always anxious to get as much business done as possible; so I worked while God was working, and His arm was made bare in many places." He added, "I ought to have given over preaching three months before I did;" and, after some further observations on the same subject, he broke forth, "Hallelujah to the blessed Jesus! I have not had one pain too much, — not one stroke too heavy. God can do without me."

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# THE CALLUSED KNEES

or

A Man Sent From God Whose Name Was John

by

**George B. Kulp**

## Chapter 20

### CONQUEROR IN DEATH

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

"The time of my departure is at hand."

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

"My father, my father, the horsemen of Israel and the chariots thereof."

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of Heaven," while the candle of the wicked is snuffed out. A short comparison of the testimonies of dying saints and sinners prove this to be true. Balaam, the mad prophet who loved the wages of sin, said, "I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh. Let me die the death of the righteous." The Emperor Julian, the apostate, who, to falsify the Savior's word attempted to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem, died in despair, shouting, "O Nazarene, thou has conquered;" "I shall go to Hell, and you shall go with me," said Voltaire to his doctor. Paine, on his death-bed, alternated between blasphemous oaths and his piteous cries to the Lord for mercy. "Remorse, remorse!" were the last words of Randolph. "It is the last of earth; I die content," said John Quincy Adams, as he passed away. "This unworthy right hand," said Cranmer, as he thrust it into the flames. "Welcome this chain, for Jesus' sake; welcome, life everlasting," said Saunders, as he was bound to the stake. "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley," said Bishop Latimer, as he was burning in the flames. "I am dying," were the closing words of Whitfield. "Death can never take me by surprise," said Judson, as he was dying. "The best of all is, God is with us," said John Wesley. His brother's testimony was, "I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness." "The victory is won," said Payson. "I will now go to sleep," said Neander. Mozart wrote his requiem under the conviction that it was for himself. "I shall be saved as a pardoned sinner," said John Howe. "I am abundantly satisfied," said Calvin. Baxter said, "I have peace, I have peace." Humboldt exclaimed, "These rays beckon earth to Heaven." "Die a man, die a man, Paine!" said one of his hardened associates, who saw the infidel shivering in his bed. Lord Byron said, "Come, come! no weakness! let's be a man to the last." It was Hobbe's wish that he might find a hole to creep out of the world at. The death to come is more bitter than this; the life to come more sweet. Polycarp, on the edge of martyrdom, said, "O Father of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, I bless thee that thou has counted me worthy of this day, to receive my portion in the number of the martyrs in the cup of Christ!"

It was not until the last week of Mr. Smith's life that the truth broke on his mind, and he felt that he was now to die. But it was no shock to him: his spirit did not for a moment quail in the solemn certainty. He rested in Christ, and calmly awaited the end. To a friend he said, "It appears that I shall die." "Yes, sir," was the reply, "there is no other prospect." "Well, God can carry on His work without me." "I want more prayer," and he begged his friend to pray with him. "What shall I pray for? I cannot pray for your life." "Pray," said Mr. Smith, "as the Spirit may direct. Prayer, as Mr. Bramwell once remarked, 'always brings one out on the right side.'" They then prayed together, and the Lord blessed the soul of His afflicted servant. At another time he said to one of his medical attendants, with his accustomed promptness of expression, "Shall I die, doctor?" Observing that Dr. Young hesitated, he added, "You need not fear to tell me: I am not afraid." Mr. Wild, his other medical friend, observed, "You must keep your mind constantly fixed on eternal things:" to which Mr. Smith answered, "My mind is constantly fixed there."

The friend to whose communications this work has already been so much indebted, remarks: "The prospect of meeting in Heaven with Wesley, and Whitefield, and Fletcher, and Bramwell, and Nelson, and others, whom he loved for their distinguished excellence, was peculiarly dear to his thoughts, and often furnished matter for enlargement and glad anticipation in his acts of devotion. The thought of not recognizing the saints in the eternal state never appeared to have any place in his mind; as it is, in fact, one of those refinements which busy speculation has built upon the silence of Scripture respecting subjects which are only not distinctly enunciated, because nothing but the credulity of unbelief could have ever called them in question. 'By faith, when he was dying, he gave commandment concerning his bones,' that they should lay them beside those of his friend Nelson; thus attesting not only his assured hope of a joyful resurrection, but of a glad recognition, also, of him whom he had known and loved on earth."

To a person who visited him, he said, "Mind your business, and take care of your family; but, above all, see that you keep the love of God in your soul. Be firm; and let nothing for a moment lead you to think of giving up your class, or declining any exertion in behalf of the cause of God." To a young man whom he believed to be called to the ministry, he said, "Do, my brother, be diligent; play the man; play the man." Of his own experience and feelings, he remarked, "I rest in the atonement; I am hanging on the cross of Christ; this is my only hope." To one of his colleagues, he said, "All is clear. I have had some success in my labors, but my happiness does not result from that; but from this, — I have now hold of God. I am a very great sinner, and am saved by the wonderful love of God in Christ Jesus. I throw my person and my labors at His feet."

When on one occasion Mrs. Smith was speaking of his being taken from her, he replied, "The widows and the fatherless in Israel are God's peculiar care." Then clasping his hands and lifting them upward, he exclaimed in the most impressive tones, "I commend to the care and protection of the Triune God my dear wife. May she be supported and consoled. I commend to the same God my Ellen Hamer Smith." And then he proceeded to name all the dear ones separately and to place them under the charge of a faithful and merciful God. He continued, "This body I give to be committed to the dust, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. This immortal spirit I commend into the hands of Him who gave it."

The salvation of souls was almost constantly the subject of his meditation and conversation. One day when he supposed himself alone, he was engaged in fervent mental prayer, and at length he broke out, "Glory be unto our God Glory be unto our God. What god can deliver like unto our God!" Then extending his arms, while his countenance was lighted up with joyful confidence, he exclaimed, "Glory be to God! Sheffield circuit shall rise! Sheffield circuit shall rise!" — a prediction which the following year was most happily fulfilled.

On Thursday, November 3rd, some of the brethren visited him, and while they engaged in prayer a heavenly influence filled the room. Prayer was turned into praise, and although Mr. Smith was in the last agony, his spirit caught the strain, and an expression of sacred joy lighted up his pale countenance. When prayer was ended, he beckoned Mr. McLean to him, and labored for several moments to give expression to something which he wished to say. After a repetition of unsuccessful efforts, he abandoned the attempt as hopeless, and, condensing what he had purposed saying into the fewest possible terms, and concentrating his whole strength to the single effort of expressing them, he exclaimed, with an energy almost equal to his former self, "You said, Praise God; and I said, Amen." This was the last articulate sound that he was heard to utter. It was the sealing of the volume; the closing testimony of an unwavering spirit, the echo of which he was to catch from myriads of immortal and redeemed intelligences, in a world where the song shall never languish, nor the festival ever terminate.

In the course of the morning, the medical gentleman called. Mrs. Denton, an affectionate friend, who was present, followed them out of the room. Dr. Young then told her that it was probable that Mr. Smith would not live an hour longer. Upon her return, he beckoned to her to tell him what they had said. For a moment she was silent. She then replied, "In less than an hour, sir, it is likely that you will be in eternity." A heavenly and triumphant smile played on his emaciated face; he turned his head on his pillow; and about a quarter before ten o'clock, while several of his friends, in an attitude and spirit of prayer, commended his soul to God, he entered the realms of eternal praise.

"Oh, may we triumph so  
When all our warfare's past,  
And dying, find our latest foe  
Under our feet at last."

In closing this account of the man of callused knees, we would subjoin the following poem, by Frances Eastwood, that gives a beautiful description of the last days of

### THE AGED JOHN

I'm growing very old. This weary head  
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,  
In days long past that seem almost a dream,  
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.  
These limbs that followed Him, my Master, oft  
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood  
Beneath the cross and trembled with His groans,  
Refuse to bear me even through the streets  
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips  
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.  
My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs  
Of my dear children gathered 'round my couch;  
My eyes so dim they cannot see their tears.  
God lays His hand upon — yea, His hand,  
And not His rod — the gentle hand that I  
Felt those three years, so often pressed in mine  
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old I cannot recollect  
The faces of my friends, and I forget  
The words and deeds that make up daily life;  
But that dear face, and every word He spoke,  
Grow more distinct as others fade away,  
So that I live with Him and holy dead  
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago  
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.  
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide  
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light  
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake  
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!  
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed  
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes,  
From out of which as from a window shone  
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul  
And lighted it forever. Then His words  
Broke on the silence of my heart and made  
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love  
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own;  
I followed in the twilight, holding fast  
His mantle.

O! what holy walks we had,  
Through harvest fields and desolate, dreary wastes;  
And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,  
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,  
And so upbore Him. Lord! now I am weak  
And old and feeble. Let me rest on Thee!  
So put Thine arm around me closer still!  
How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace;  
Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take  
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile  
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands  
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.  
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,  
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?  
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone  
Back to His kingdom? Aye, 'tis so, 'tis so.  
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed  
To stand once more upon my native hills  
And touch my Master! O! how oft I've seen  
The touching of His garments to bring back strength  
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.  
Up! bear me once more to my church — once more  
There let me tell them of a Savior's love;  
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice,  
Just now, I think He must be very near —  
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time  
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond  
And watch His footsteps.

So, raise up my head.  
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see  
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea  
That murmurs so, or is it weeping. Hush,  
My little children! God so loved the world  
He gave His Son; so love ye one another;  
Love God and man, Amen. Now bear me back.  
My legacy unto an angry world is this,  
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?  
What call the folk my name, The Holy John?  
Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,  
And lover of my children.



Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide  
The eastern window. See! there comes a light  
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,  
When, in the dreary isle of Patmos, Gabriel came  
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows,  
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.

I knew the way. I trod it once before  
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang  
Of glory to the Lamb! Now lend it sounds!  
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul!  
Can join it now. But who are these who crowd  
The shining way? Say! — joy 'tis the eleven!  
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!  
How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!

I am the last. Once more we are complete  
To gather 'round the Paschal feast my place  
Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!  
How bright thou art, and yet the very same  
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years  
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,  
Unto Thy bosom. There shall I abide.

**THE END**

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