

FOOT-PRINTS
OF
AN ITINERANT.

BY

MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS,
OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

As ye go, preach.—MATTHEW x, 7.
How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth
good tidings!—ISAIAH lii, 7.

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BY MAXWELL P. GADDIS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Ohio.

hope this is a work that will not cease to prosper as long as the sun and moon endure.

“Being prevented by high water from pursuing my appointments, I have been favored with the privilege of visiting some of your connections, with whom I have been most agreeably entertained, and much delighted to see them so sincerely engaged in religion. Your mother does not cease to pour out her soul in prayer for your welfare. Your sister-in-law—the late agent’s wife, who has lately joined the society—seems earnestly engaged for her salvation, and I believe and humbly hope is not far from the kingdom of heaven. The young woman also, who lives with them, seems much engaged for the kingdom. I spent the last night under the hospitable roof of your mother-in-law, and was very much delighted with the heavenly-minded old lady and her respectable young family, who, I hope, are all desirous to serve God in the days of their youth. I suppose you are not unacquainted with your mother-in-law’s having embarked in the cause of Methodism. I believe the Methodists will be a blessing in composing the mind and consolidating the union of society in this part, although there will be considerable opposition. And now, dear brother, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, beseeching you to be incessant in your prayers to God to preserve you and to keep you from falling, till he shall bring you again to enjoy privileges with his people, and finally to partake of his eternal kingdom in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“I am, dear brother, yours, MOSES CRUME.
“MR. STEPHEN JOHNSTON.”

“LOGAN COUNTY, Kentucky, August 11, 1804.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I should be happy to see Col. Mitchell and yourself and family, if opportunity and con-

venience would permit; but if I should not have the pleasure of an interview with you on earth, I hope to meet you in heaven. I think you once had a comfortable hope that you were upon the road, and your friend M'Callister informs me that you are still pressing on toward your heavenly Father's house. It is now eighteen years since I felt the love of Jesus in my soul; and this I could seal with my blood, and publish with my dying breath, that there is no comfort, no pleasure, nor satisfaction under heaven to be compared with that which is to be enjoyed in viewing the glory of God in the face of Jesus, feeling the pardon of sin and the witness of God's own word and Spirit, that I shall spend a blessed eternity with Christ in his Father's kingdom. You have come to a country where the Lord has been working wonders, where Deists, drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, profane swearers, and sinners of every description, have been changed into humble, praying Christians. Eight years ago, when I first came to Logan county, there was scarcely the outward, visible form of religion in the settlements south of Green river, or through all Cumberland. Infidelity, wickedness, and dissipation of every kind universally prevailed. But O, what wonders has the Lord done for his Church in this western land! The wilderness and the solitary place has indeed been made glad. The desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Hundreds, yea, thousands, of dead souls have been quickened by the Spirit of Christ and raised to newness of life. But perhaps, my dear friend, you will be surprised when you see a variety of strange things, uncommon bodily exercises and agitations, attending this blessed work that has overspread our country. These things may indeed appear to you strange and wonderful. Perhaps you may feel many fears and scruples whether they are right, and sometimes strong prejudices rising in your mind against them. This has been the

case with many of God's children at their first coming to the country, and it was my case at the first beginning of the work in this country. This falling down, loud outcries, loud shouting, dancing, laughing, etc., struck me with wonder, and filled me with awful fears lest it might not be the work of God; at the same time I was constrained to conceal my fears lest these things might be of God, and I should oppose them. Under such difficulties I labored many months till it pleased the Lord to give me clearer light upon them.

“Permit me, my friend, to make a few observations which I have learned from my own experience. In the first place, we are apt to condemn every thing that we nor our fathers never saw before. We are apt to regulate the work of God by the opinions of our parents or our old ministers where we formerly lived, or the practice of the good people where we were raised. Any thing beyond this, we are apt to think, is wrong; but let us fear and tremble, and with the deepest humility remember that the Almighty Jehovah is a sovereign. He chooses his own mode of operations and works in his own way. Let us, with joy and gratitude, bid him welcome to his Church, welcome to our families, and welcome to our hearts, though he should fill our souls so full of his love that we should dance like David before the ark of God, or clap our hands and shout with the voice of triumph as in Psalm *xlvii*, 1, or like the daughter of Zion when the Holy One of Israel was in the midst of her. *Isaiah xii*, 6. Yea, let us bid the blessed Jesus welcome, though he should give us such large draughts of his heavenly love that, like old Abraham, we should be constrained to laugh—*Genesis xvii*, 17—or, though our mouth should be filled with laughter and our tongues with singing, like the ransomed Church in the 126th Psalm.

“Another observation I would make is, we are prone to

call things that are new and uncommon to us in religion, delusion and enthusiasm. But let us consider there is no delusion in bodily exercise or in bodily agitations; there is neither delusion, nor yet religion, in falling down, nor in loud outcries, nor in skipping about, nor in shouting aloud, nor in laughing, nor jerking, etc.; yet all these things may be the effects of inexpressible joy and comfort, such as the people of God often experience when they get near to God, when they feel the love of Jesus, and read their title sure to immortal glory and blessedness. Neither delusion nor enthusiasm had their seat in the body, but in the mind. Delusion and enthusiasm are disorders of the mind. When, therefore, we would judge whether a man's exercise is Scriptural and right, or whether it is delusion, we are not to judge it from any uncommon agitation of his body, but we are to examine by the word of God what his views of God, of Christ, of sin, of holiness, of the Scriptures, and of the love of God are, and what effects are produced in his life and conversation by them. These are the ways of judging true religion, and of judging delusion and enthusiasm, and not by bodily exercise. But the question may arise, of what use are these strange and uncommon appearances? Let us consider this and the like questions with reverence, awe, and deep humility. This I would say: the Lord, for wise purposes, has chosen so to work. I would just add a remark I heard from the aged, reverend, and pious David Rice. 'I think,' said he, 'God answers one purpose by these uncommon exercises, which he once answered by extraordinary miracles. The design of miracles,' said he, 'was twofold. 1. To demonstrate the divinity of the Gospel. 2. To arouse the attention of a stupid world, that while mankind crowded in multitudes together to see strange and wonderful things, the Lord reached their hearts with the convincing and converting power and en-

ergy of his Spirit. So,' he added, 'this last purpose is answered by these uncommon appearances. The attention of a giddy, unthinking world is aroused; they go out in multitudes to see strange and wonderful things. By this means they are brought in the way of the means, and numbers are savingly converted.'

"When difficulties of this kind, and strong prejudices, crowd upon the minds of Christians, I know by experience it kills their exercise, robs them of their comfort, and covers their souls with leanness and barrenness. Therefore, my friend, do not judge hastily, but carry the case to the Lord, by earnest, fervent prayer; be willing that the Lord should comfort your soul just in his own way. He is a sovereign; do not prescribe to him, nor presume to limit his operations. O, how happy a place heaven will be when Christ gets all his blood-bought children gathered home to his Father's house, to the place which he is now preparing for them! There no difficulties, nor prejudices, nor doubts, nor fears, will ever mar their comforts to eternity; yet there they will be the subjects of exercises to eternity as strange, as wonderful, and as uncommon as any that we see here in the Church militant. In Rev. v, 11, 12, the apostle tells us that he 'heard the voices of many angels around the throne, and their number was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.' And in Rev. xix, he tells us that their loud songs and halleluiahs were like the 'voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings.'

"The reason of my writing to you so particularly was a hint from Mr. M'Allister to me, that you felt some difficulty upon this subject; he touched it in the most tender, loving, and friendly manner, with every expression of

regard for you as a relative and a Christian. I write to you as a friend, and I trust you will receive every sentence of it in Christian friendship. If you have any further scruples upon the subject, write to me and I will give you every satisfaction in my power. Dear sister, pray for me. Give my kindest love to my friend, Col. Mitchell. I administer the sacrament at Muhlenberg court-house the third Sabbath in October. Perhaps Col. Mitchell and yourself could attend there.

“I am, with respect, yours, etc.,

“JAMES M'GREADY.”

The above unique letter was written by a Presbyterian minister, of high standing. I leave my readers to form their own opinions about the matters therein discussed.

CHAPTER LXXV.

GOVERNOR A. T. AND THE THIEF.

“I HAVE NOT SEEN THE RIGHTEOUS FORSAKEN, NOR HIS SEED BEGGING BREAD.”

A STRIKING exemplification of this declaration will be found in the sequel of this truthful narrative :

A young gentleman by the name of Cottinger, an employe in a large mercantile house, was sent out to Ohio to collect accounts for the firm of ———. He had visited his most distant creditors, and on his return stopped to tarry for the night at Snow-Hill tavern, between the towns of H. and W., some six miles distant from the latter. At that early period the country was new, the roads very bad, and the only safe and speedy mode of traveling was on horseback. Mr. Cottinger, after supper, went out to look after his horse. To his surprise, he