

way, and that I may meet them again in the better land. I met one of them some years afterwards. She claimed kindred with me as her spiritual father, and was then rejoining in the experimental knowledge, that "the blood of Christ Jesus cleanseth from all sin." From this time forth Satan ceased the suggestion that I was not called to preach the Gospel.

I might here pause to make some remarks on what I conceive to be the erroneous statement of many good people, that none ought to preach the Gospel, but such as are especially called thereto by the Holy Spirit. Such was my belief at this time, but I am now convinced that it is the duty and privilege of all converted souls, to make known to others as they have opportunity and ability, the blessed fullness and freeness of the Gospel of Christ to act as did the church of Jerusalem, when they were all scattered abroad, except the Apostles, they both men and women went everywhere preaching the word.

To return to my brief narrative; from this period I continued to concert with my brother local preachers, to labor acceptably in the Lord's vineyard, and was encouraged in the good work by witnessing the conversion of sinners. My parents removed from the country to the town of Brampton, and were brought into the enjoyment of true religion and thanked God that he had given them a son to be instrumental in their salvation. A new class was formed which met at my parents' house, of which I was appointed leader. I was also Society Steward, thus occupying an accredited and responsible position. My health was improved, my family increased, all things seemed to make my path smooth and comfortable.

I think it was in the spring of 1822 that we heard strange rumors, respecting a strange people called "Ranters, or camp-meeting Methodists," that had their origin in the Staffordshire Potteries. Our travelling preachers seemed very diligent in warning us that if they should come into our part of the country to give them no encouragement, but to oppose them. However, the trial came sooner than we expected through one of our local preachers of the name of James Johnston, living in the city of Carlisle the head of the circuit, a very acceptable and pious preacher, with whom I was very intimate. His father and mother lived at Kendal, some forty miles distant. They were