

REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

Edward Payson Hammond, was born in Ellington, a quiet town in the valley of the Connecticut, Sept. 1st., 1831, but passed his boyhood and youth in Vermont, Ct. He was a child of prayer, consecrated to God by parental piety, especially was he nurtured with holy fidelity under the wing of maternal love. At the age of seventeen, he attended school at Southington, where had been a powerful revival of religion, including in its sweep nearly all the youth of the place.

Mr. Hammond in his addresses, sometimes refers to the story of his conversion, and relates it thus:

"The first Sabbath of my stay in Southington was the communion. This was held between the services, and all who were not Christians were in the habit of going out. As I looked about, it seemed that all my friends and relatives and new acquaintances were gathering around the table of the Lord. Among the few who passed out were none whom I knew.

"The thought of the judgment day flashed across my troubled mind; and the awful scenes of that final separation passed like a panorama before my view. On returning to my boarding-place that night, a lady handed me James' 'Anxious Inquirer' to read. I glanced my eye hastily over a few of its pages, but thought it too dry a book for me, and I angrily threw it down; but this did not extract the arrow of conviction that had pierced my heart. I felt that I was a sinner, hastening on to the great judgment day unprepared. Little did I know of the earnest pleadings that were daily ascending from a mother's fond heart.

"Day by day my convictions deepened. My heart rebelled against God. I disputed his undivided claim to my heart. I was willing to give a portion of my affections, but I was not ready to give all up for Jesus. For two long weeks I wept and prayed, and read my Bible, all the while treading 'under foot the Son of God.' (Heb. x. 29.)

"During these dark days I read 'James' Inquirer.' I looked upon it no longer as a 'destroyer of my peace,' but as a guide to happiness—to Christ and heaven. I used to study it by the hour with my Bible, looking out all the passages referred to. I thus saw more and more of my awfully deceitful and polluted heart.

"At first it was thoughts of the judgment day, and the sight of the wicked going away into everlasting punishment, that alarmed me; but



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THE REVIVALIST.—From a Photograph by Poole of St. Catharines, Ont.

afterwards it was the sight of myself that alarmed me most.

"I then began to realize that reformation was not enough, that a great, an entire, a radical change must be experienced if I would enter heaven.

"It was then the pit of sin in my own heart alarmed me more than the pit of hell, into which I had been so lately gazing. The desperate enmity of my guilt before God I began to realize. My burden seemed heavier than I could bear; but another, a third sight I was called to gaze upon which pierced my soul with a new and keener arrow,—Godly sorrow. I was led by the Holy Spirit to look on Him whom my sins had 'pierced, and.....mourn.' (Zach. xii. 10.) I began to understand those words in Acts v. 31, 'Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance.' I shall never forget that calm autumn morning when I fell upon my knees in my little closet and repeated the hymn my mother had taught me.

"It was then, in the light of Calvary's cross, I began to feel that 'godly sorrow' for sin that 'worketh repentance to salvation.' I then saw that God 'might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus,' (Rom. iii. 26,) and that I must

Cast my deadly doing down,  
Down, down at Jesus' feet;

and with tears in my eyes I exclaimed, in the words of the last verse of the hymn which I was repeating,

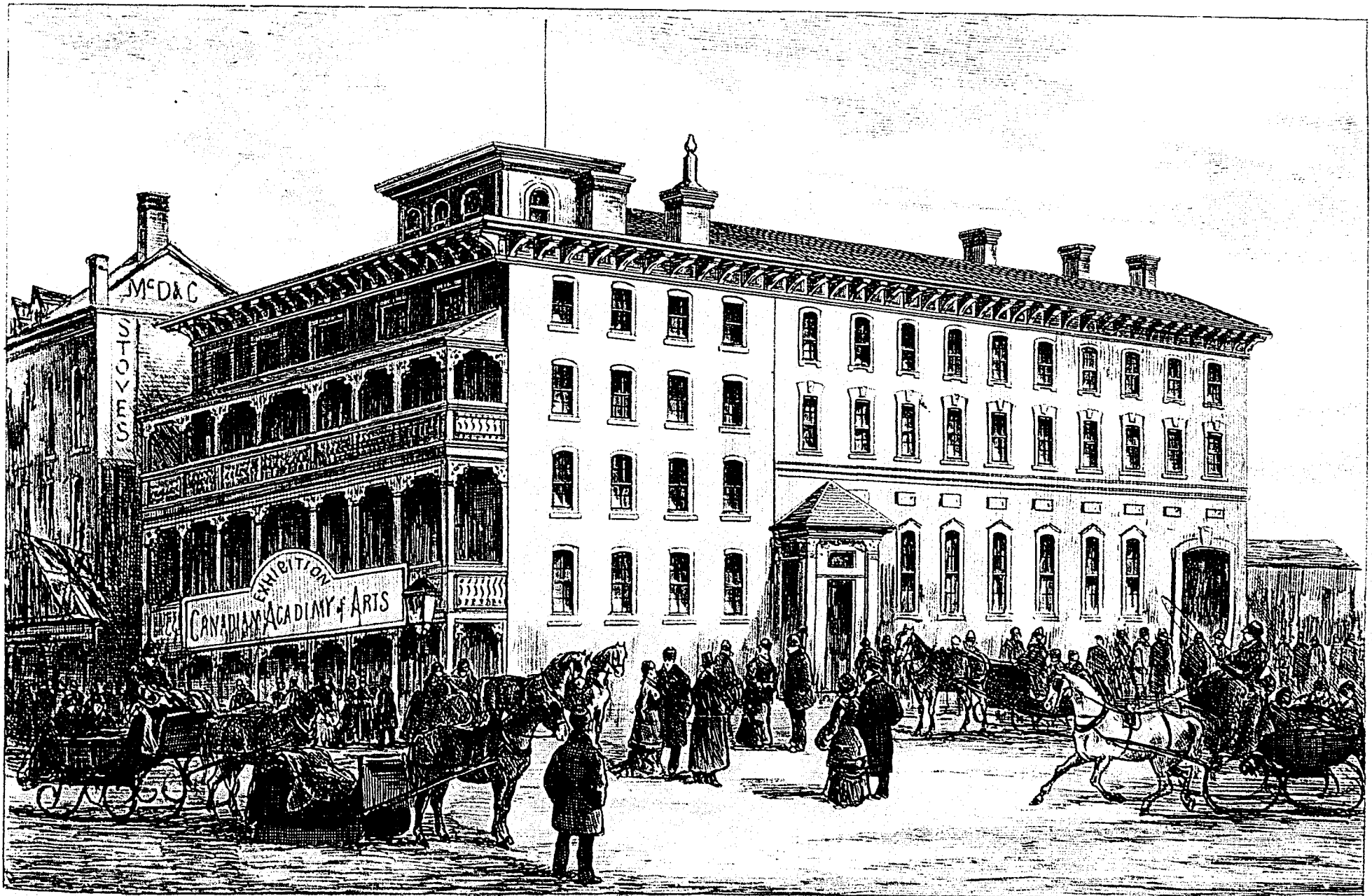
But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe.  
Here, Lord I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

"It was then the blessed Holy Spirit, that had so long been striving with me, took of the things of Christ and showed them unto me—my blind eyes were opened. I saw that God was satisfied with what Christ had done; that Jesus had paid the debt, and I had only to trust him for it all—and I could sing with all my heart,

My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear,  
He owes me for his child,  
I can no longer fear.

"I then knew the meaning of the promise in Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 'A new heart, also, will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.'

"As there was no revival at the time, and no preaching that I remember made any special impression on my mind, I can but feel that my



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