

tion of Fletcher, from the horse-block at its door to an immense assembly. Amazing crowds everywhere gathered around him. "A captain of the Truth, a bold soldier of Jesus Christ," wrote Fletcher concerning him. Whitfield wanted him to bring his artillery to the Tabernacle rampart, and try what execution he could do there. A great assembly welcomed him. The brave man's heart melted as he rose before them, and he, who had dared the cannon's mouth in the field of battle, nor ever turned from the sword of an enemy, and burst into tears; but recovering his self-control, he delivered a discourse which produced a lasting impression and rendered him henceforth one of the most popular preachers of the city. Preferring the sword of the spirit to that of steel, and a commission under King Jesus in the ranks of early Methodist preachers to the emoluments of his rank as an officer, he sold his commission, sacrificed the most flattering prospects in the army, and henceforth for more than thirty years was one of the most successful supplies of Whitfield's Tabernacle. Scott, now fully baptised with the spirit of the times, built many chapels in the neighborhood of his native village, and preached in them with power and success. Thomas Brocus was a young man of twenty-one years of age when he began to sit under his ministry. He had already been called a Methodist, though he has not the slightest acquaintance with that body of Christians; but he was totally ignorant of the corruption of his nature, and of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and was perfectly unaware of the absolute necessity of being born again. Captain Scott's burning words fell upon the ears of the moral young gardener like a bomb-shell in a camp of civilians. "Who will be on the Lord's side? Will you be the friend of the world or the friend of God? Time is short. You must now choose whom you will serve. I know no place but Hell for those who go on in sin. Indeed, if I knew any other place for the wicked I would tell you. Let the wicked man be cut off when he will, to Hell he must go." "I recollect," says Mr. Brocus, "once to have seen this holy man lifting up his eyes and his hands to heaven and saying with the utmost solemnity, 'I call the Almighty to witness, that I had rather that one soul were saved from sin here, and from hell hereafter through my preaching, than that I should possess thousands of gold and silver.'" The appeal was not in vain, the young gardener was cut to the heart. The words rang in his ears, "The man that continues in sin, to hell he must go—to