

WHIPPING JESSE LEE.



THE following interesting narrative given by General P., of Virginia, of Jesse Lee, one of the first Methodist preachers of New England, shows the power of Christian meekness over a turbulent and wrathful spirit:—

“When I was a young man I went to hear the Rev. Jesse Lee preach. There was a very large crowd in attendance, and many could not get near the house. Among others, I got near the door, and, being fond of show and frolic, I indulged

in some indiscretion, for which Mr. Lee mildly but plainly reprov'd me. In an instant all the bad feelings of my heart were roused. I considered myself deeply insulted, and that my whole family was disgraced.

“I retired from the crowd to brood over the insult, and meditate revenge. It was not long before I resolved to whip him before he left the ground. I kept the resolution to myself, and watched, with eager intensity of resentment, the opportunity to put it into execution. But the congregation was dismissed and dispersed, and I did not see anything of the preacher. How he escaped I could never learn, but I ‘nursed my wrath to keep it warm,’ and cherished the determination to put it into execution the first time I saw Mr. Lee, although long years should intervene.

“Gradually, however, my feelings subsided, and in the lapse of a few years the whole affair faded away from my mind. Thirteen years passed over me, and the impetuosity of youth had been softened down by sober manhood. I was standing upon the downhill of life.

“On a beautiful morning in the early spring, being from home on business, I saw, a few hundred yards before me, an elderly-looking man jogging slowly along in a single gig. As soon as I saw him, it struck me that it was Jesse Lee. The name, the man, the sight of him recalled all my recollections of the insult, and all my purpose of resentment. I strove to banish them all from my mind, but the more I thought, the warmer I became. My resolution stared me in the face, and something whispered ‘coward’ in my heart, if I failed to fulfil it. My mind was in a perfect tumult, and my passion waxed strong. I determined to execute my resolution to the utmost; and full of rage I spurred my horse, and was soon at the side of the man that I felt of all others I hated most. I accosted him rather rudely with the question, ‘Are you not a Methodist preacher?’

“‘I pass for one,’ was the reply, and in a manner that struck me as very meek.

“‘Ain’t your name Jesse Lee?’

“‘Yes, that’s my name.’

“‘Do you recollect preaching in the year — at — meeting-house?’

“‘Yes, very well.’

“‘Well, do you recollect reprov’ing a young man for some misbehaviour?’

“After a short pause for recollection, he replied, ‘I do.’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘I am that young man, and I was determined I would whip you for it the first time I saw you. I have never seen you from that day to this, and now I intend to carry out my purpose.’

“As soon as I had finished speaking the old man stopped his horse, and looking me full in the face, said, ‘You are a younger man than I am. You are strong and active, and I am old and feeble. I have no doubt but, if I was disposed to fight, you could whip me very easily, and it would be useless for me to resist it. But as a man of God I must not strive. So, as you are determined to whip me, if you will let me get out of my gig and go down on my knees, you may whip me as long as you please.’

“Never,” said the old General, “was I so suddenly and powerfully affected. I was completely overcome. I trembled from head to foot. I would have given my estate if I had never mentioned the subject. A strange weakness came over my frame. I felt sick at heart, ashamed, mortified, and degraded. I stuck the spurs into my horse, and dashed along the road with the speed of a madman. I am now old; few and full of evil have been the days of the years of my life, yet I am not without hope in God. I have made my peace with Him who is the judge of the quick and the dead; and I hope ere long to see that good man of God with feelings very different from those with which I met him last.”

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

THE TWO HOUSES.



ONCE knew a rich man who determined to have a very large and beautiful house built for himself. He bought a lot of ground in a pleasant part of the city, and took great pains to have the house built in the best manner. There were many spacious rooms and wide halls. It was planned so as to be warm in winter and cool in summer. No

expense was spared to have it as comfortable and complete a dwelling as could be made. No doubt he looked forward to many years of enjoyment in his new and elegant house.

At the same time that this large house was preparing for himself and family, he had another built for them. And there was a great difference between