

**HOME! OR, THE  
PILGRIM'S  
FAITH REVIVED**

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Home! Or, The Pilgrim's Faith Revived by Charles T. Torrey

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**CHARLES T. TORREY**

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PILGRIM'S  
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# HOME!

OR

## THE PILGRIMS' FAITH REVIVED.

BY

CHARLES T. TORREY.

Written during his incarceration in Baltimore Jail, after his conviction, and while awaiting—his sentence.

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'Aye, call it holy ground,  
The land whereon they trod;  
They left unstained what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God.'

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PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS FAMILY.

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1845.

speak, a *local scenery*. I have drawn its scenes, its incidents, its illustrations, mostly from the Home of my childhood. It even takes, in part, the form of personal narrative. Other incidents were not wanting, derived from countless sources, to illustrate great principles. But I love to connect everything I write with the endearments, the sorrows, the joys of Home; the scenes and friends whom I loved in youth. And I have trusted that it would give a more familiar, *home-like* character to views intended to guide the steps of those who seek a Home on high. There is not an incident, not a narrative or an illustration but is true, in fact, so far as I know. Most of them are drawn from my own personal recollections, and are connected with the life and death of those I dearly loved.

The local and personal allusions, while I trust they will offend none, will I hope benefit some of my early and still loved associates. At the same time, to the general reader, they illustrate traits of human character and principles of action that are as universal as the elements of fallen or regenerate manhood.

The 'Plot' is simply the decline of spiritual religion in a Puritan church, and its revival. The causes of both are illustrated by incidents of every kind, so as to present the contrast between the worldly and spiritual mind as vividly as may be.

If one illustration provoke a smile, another may cause a tear. Smiles and tears make up our life. I love both, in their places. Sometimes they each spring from an heart of agony; sometimes each is the herald of joy.

I have not avoided brief discussions of topics both profound and exciting. And I never go out of my way to avoid a thought that is new, or possibly, offensive, so be, that I believe it *true*.

So, Reader, the writer and his book you know. May it help you to value and enjoy that *every-day religion* which fills the bosom of the prisoner with the Peace of God, and by which our feet may be safely guided in the path that leads from our earthly dwelling-place to our HEAVENLY HOME.

CHARLES T. TORREY.

Baltimore, Md. }  
Dec. 20, 1844. }

## CONTENTS.

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PREFACE . . . . . Pages 3, 4

### CHAPTER I.

Our town described—Early settlers—Piety with knowledge—Educated ministry—No village—No foreign source of corruption—The Pastor settled—Parish funds—The causes of declension. (1) Theoretical errors. (2) Bad morality—No life remains  
13—30

### CHAPTER II.

The gold dimmed—Causes. (1) Civil rights conferred on church members only. (2) Half-way covenant—True views of the sacraments. (3) Worldly churches will have worldly ministers—Whitefield rejected—Teachers of error. (4) Influence of the Revolution—The way the tories paid taxes—War no friend of Christ . . . . . 31—48

### CHAPTER III.

Like people, like priest—The worldly pastor described—The Deist in the pulpit—Church discipline neglected—Religious ideas lost—The heart wiser than the intellect—The Deacon's faith—Pure faith connected with prosperity—The Ball . . . . . 49—62

### CHAPTER IV.

The shades grow darker—Pulpit exchanges with errorists—No social prayer—The closet forgotten—Neglect of worship—The Sabbath desecrated—Covetousness, which is idolatry—Examples . . . . . 63—71

### CHAPTER V.

Intemperance abounding—Death and crime—Lewdness—*The sins of the parents visited on their children, a true story*—The covenant remembered . . . . . 72—81

## CHAPTER VI.

Party spirit—Preaching at men—Uses of sects and parties—Bible politics—Supremacy of the law of God . . . . . 82—84

## CHAPTER VII.

Relics of faith—A mother—Spirit in heaven—Old associations. The illustration—Old books—Conscience recognizes the truth—Literature and religion—The libraries—*Home*, a mission field!—The faithful preacher—*Social prayer*, revived—The new commandment obeyed—Religion and education . . . . . 93—107

## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Belle of Home* . . . . . 108—122

## CHAPTER IX.

The mission sermons—Givers not losers—Weakness made strong; Folly, wise—The dream—The poor widow—The learned taught humility—The sailor preacher—The heart the best controversialist—The sons of *Home*, abroad—The natural heart shown . . . . . 123—142

## CHAPTER X.

*Physic for a guilty conscience!* . . . . . 143—164

## CHAPTER XI.

Old ties broken—*The faithful pastor*—Old George—The Bible class—The vicious saved—Election justified; the narrative—The strayed sheep looked up—The aged sinner saved—The poorhouse—Temperance—The last argument, holy living . . . . . 165—184

## CHAPTER XII.

The dead left alone!—Satire, yet truth—Religion imitated—Spirit without knowledge—Preaching of Christ, but not preaching Christ—The wild flower—Paid pastors no "hirelings" . . . . . 185—199

## CHAPTER XIII.

A century passed—Twilight—Logic of the heart—Spiritual discernment—The "set time to favor Zion" come—*The revival*—The wise need teaching . . . . . 200—214



C O N T E N T S .

vii

CHAPTER XIV.

" *The early loved, the early lost*" . . . . . 215—235

CHAPTER XV.

Diversities of character—Causes. Natural gifts—Feelings vary—  
Education—Preaching—The metaphysicians—Course of Provi-  
dence; Facts—Diversities of belief. Illustrations—Sources of  
error—all truths saving—"The same Spirit"—*Our Home above.*  
236—255

## HOME!

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"They left unstained, what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God!"

*Felicia Hemans.*

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### CHAPTER I.

Our town described—Early settlers—Piety with knowledge—Educated Ministry—No village—No foreign source of corruption—The Pastor settled—Parish funds. Two causes of declension, (1) Theoretical errors, (2) Bad morality—No life remains.

"Home! home! sweet home!  
Be it ever so homely,  
There's no place like home!"

"OUR TOWN," the scene of my narrative, is one of the first thirteen incorporated towns of New England. I shall call it simply, HOME. Long years have passed since I ceased to be more than a chance visitor there; but there's not a hill, nor a stream, not a quiet meadow, or forest grove, not one of its dwellings—many of which bear the mosses of nearly two centuries on their venerable roofs; in which I do not feel that tender, and ap-

propriating interest which is ever linked with that sweet word, HOME. No lapse of time, no change of pursuits, no alienations of feeling or sentiment blot from my memory one scene of my childhood. In my dreams, in the *prison cell* of a distant city, I revisit every old haunt, think where I plucked the butter-cups and violets; and the old moss grown nut tree, the button wood where the oriole hung her nest of fine thread, far beyond the reach of the most daring; the dear old mansion where my early youth was passed so rapidly; and, more than all, the playmates, whose every feature, every joyous laugh, every little sorrow, all seem as vividly before me, as if it were yesterday's scenes.

So, no matter what the maps call it, its name shall be HOME.

The first white settler in Home, was one of my own ancestors. His humble calling, a tanner, did not exempt him from the malice of those who "wore out the Saints of the Most High," in the Fatherland. So, gathering up his household goods, cheered by the smiles of his Christian partner, he crossed the waste of waters, and, with a courage few dared imitate, plunged into the wilderness above twenty miles from any habitation of a Christian man. His meek confidence in them, and the utility of his calling, gained him the favor of the