

My friend, if John and Charles Wesley could pray until they saw the demons of hell leave the tormented persons, then why do we think things are different today?

God has called us (through Jesus Christ) to repent (have a change of heart and mind) and turn to Him for the forgiveness of our sins and the eternal life that He offers. Will you make a decision to follow Christ today?



**If we can help you, please email us at
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(Tract No. 100 by Don Krow)**

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John Wesley

Founder of the Methodist Church

A True Story

John Wesley (1703-1791) Founder of the Methodist Church was convinced that all the world needed to hear the good news of Christ's salvation. Instead of confining himself to the churches, John believed his call was to travel from place to place and reach the working class people.

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His contribution to the gospel cause included being a pioneer in the publication of a monthly magazine and the invention of the gospel tract in evangelism.

In his personal diary of October 23, 1739 he records this personal and true story: At eleven I preached at Brarfield to about three thousand, on the spirit of nature, of bondage, and of adoption. Returning in the evening, I was exceedingly pressed to go back to a young woman in Kingswood... I went.

She was nineteen or twenty years old; but, it seems, could not write or read. I found her on the bed, two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight. The thousands of distortions of her whole body showed how the dogs of hell were gnawing her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarce to be endured. But her stony eyes would not weep. She screamed out, as soon as words could find their way, "I am damned, damned; lost forever! Six days ago you might have helped me. But it is past. I am the devil's now. I have given myself to him. His I am. Him I must serve. With him I must go to hell. I will be his. I will serve him. I will go with him to hell. I cannot be saved. I will not be saved. I must, I will, I will be damned!"



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She then began praying to the devil. We began: "Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!" She immediately sunk down asleep; but as soon as we left off, broke out again, with inexpressible vehemence: "Stony hearts, break! I am warning to you. Break, break, poor stony hearts! Will you not break? What can be done for stony hearts? I am damned that you may be saved. Now break, now break, poor stony hearts! You need not be damned, though I must." She then fixed her eyes on the corner of the ceiling, and said: "There he is: ay, there he is! Come, good devil, come! Take me away. You said you would dash my brains out: come do it quickly. I am yours. I will be yours. Come just now, Take me away."

We interrupted her by calling upon God: on which she sunk down as before: and another young woman began to roar out as loud as she had done.

My brother (Charles Wesley) now came in, it being about nine o'clock. We continued in prayer till past eleven; when God in a moment spoke peace into the soul, first of the tormented, and then of the other. And they both joined in singing praise to Him who had "stilled the enemy and the avenger."



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