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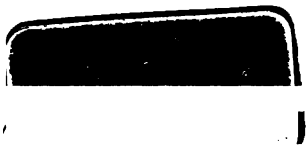
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**FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER,
WITH THE ANSWERS.**

EDINBURGH :
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FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER,

WITH THE ANSWERS.

BY

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME,

AUTHOR OF "POWER OF PRAYER," ETC. ETC.



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TO

MY BROTHER,

REV. E. D. G. PRIME, D.D.,

This Volume

IS

GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



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FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

FIVE years ago "The Power of Prayer" was published. It was hailed with wonderful interest in this country and abroad. It was republished in England and Scotland; widely circulated in Wales and Ireland; two translations were printed in France, and another in the East, and more than a hundred thousand copies distributed and read. In many places in this and foreign countries, public meetings were held and chapters read from it, to quicken the desire and faith of Christians, and to encourage them in prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In a large number of villages and rural congregations, revivals of religion followed the reading of these remarkable facts. The author has a letter now in his hands, addressed to him from a foreign land, informing him that its perusal had resulted in the conversion of a *pastor* and a precious revival in his church. Requests for prayer in behalf of individuals and communities have reached him in various languages, and from all parts of the world where the knowledge has gone of what God is doing for His people here in answer to their petitions.

That publication was made after the Fulton Street Prayer-

Meeting had been in existence one year. Within that brief season the record was so gracious and glorious as to fill heaven and earth with joy. Now that five years more have passed away, bearing with them the fruits of Christian labour and prayer, it has seemed to many that duty to Him who hears and answers requires that another report should be made. A vast number of facts have accumulated which are well authenticated; and, having been tested by time, the genuineness of the results is established.

During the first two or three years of the history of the daily prayer-meeting, the churches in this and other lands enjoyed great revivals, and the reports of those years are therefore more full of the answers to prayer for these gracious manifestations of Divine power. But during the whole period traversed by these records, God has been daily confirming, by His providence and His grace, the promises of His holy Word, shewing that He is at all times waiting to be inquired of by His people, and is more willing to give His Spirit to them that ask Him than parents are to give bread to their starving children.

For the sake of a more distinct and specific effect, the power of prayer is in this volume exhibited in the various departments of public, social, and domestic life, shewing the remarkable answers which God has given to praying parents, husbands, wives, and children; to Christians in the army and the navy—a wondrous display of sovereign grace and power; and as we follow the narrative across the sea into Europe, Africa, Asia, and the isles of the ocean, we shall see that the same Spirit worketh all in all over the whole earth, and in answer to the humblest believer's prayers.

To explain the relation between prayer and its answer, or, in other words, to shew to the unbeliever why it is that an unchangeable Being is pleased to do for His creatures when

they pray what He would not have done but for their unfortunate cries, is no part of the design of this or any other work on prayer by the author of this volume. It is enough for us to know that the Sovereign Disposer of all events, who sees the end from the beginning, who has the hearts of all men in His hands, and without whose providence not a sparrow falls, has given us exceeding great and precious promises to encourage us to draw nigh unto Him, with the confidence of children to a father able and willing to help us. In all ages of the Church He has answered prayer. The Bible is a continuous record of the power of prayer. The Old Testament and New are alike full of the testimonies of the readiness of God to give what His children ask in faith; and the whole economy of the Christian system is made to depend on this simple truth, that God hears and answers prayer.

It is not necessary that we understand *why* the prayer is made a condition of the blessing. We know that we are not heard because we pray, but only for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has purchased for us the blessings we need. God gives them to us for the sake of His Son. But He will not give them unless we pray in faith, nothing doubting. THAT is the theory. The facts in support of it have been accumulating from the beginning of the world to the present time. They are so many and so strong, that no reasonable mind can interpret them in any other way than by the admission of this theory—viz., the prayer of faith will prevail with God.

Among all the records of ancient and modern times, in sacred or secular history, no series of facts is more imposing in their aspect before the Christian mind than the annals of the daily prayer-meetings in the city of New York. They were begun September 23, 1857, and have been continued without the interruption of a day, through all the vicissitudes of life in the city, in the midst of war and of peace, in the heats of summer and

the cold of winter, down to the day on which these lines are written, September 23, 1863; and the Sixth Anniversary has just now been celebrated with the voice of supplication, thanksgiving, and praise.

The last five years have been eventful in the history of the Church and the country. Never has the Christian world been more sensibly impressed with its dependence on the arm of Divine power. Never has the true secret of prayer been more keenly understood and intelligently acted upon. And in this volume I propose to set forth, in the simplest possible manner, the facts that have been brought to light in connexion with the prayers of Christians within the last five years.

There will be statements here at which unbelief will laugh. Some of the people of God will doubt. Many will deny any connexion between the result and the prayer. But when all the scoffers, and sceptics, and unbelievers have had the opportunity of doubting and denying, there are still thousands of devout and humble Christians who will feel their faith stronger, and their hopes brighter and more joyful, for the perusal of these glorious annals of prayer. To me they are more than the word of man. I read these facts as the evidence God gives to me and all who will believe, that He is waiting to hear His people asking for the things they need. I am convinced by these and other like precious testimony that it is the privilege of any humble believer to come directly to the throne of Divine grace with any request whatsoever, and if it is in accord with the infinitely wise and benevolent purpose of God, the specific blessing asked for will be granted. If it is not, the believer will find in his own sweet experience that the answer to his prayer was a communication of Divine grace to his soul, more and better than what he asked for, bringing him into delightful harmony with the Infinite Will, and causing him to rejoice in the issues of God's wise arrangements, though they cross and thwart all

the plans and expectations of the believer. In this simple trust there is no superstition or fanaticism. It is faith in God—faith that takes Him at His word; and when to the outward sense the promise fails, faith finds in its inward abode a heaven of calm acquiescence in the higher and holier ways of God, a joy that no selfish gratification could have imparted. But in the history of the Church through successive periods of time, these facts stand out as monuments of God's faithfulness in hearing and answering prayer for the specific and individual thing asked. To take one of the many examples of our own times. A butcher in the market, a man of prayer and holy life, selects the nine unconverted men whose stalls are nearest to his own, and makes them the subjects of special prayer—fervent, continued, humble, and believing prayer—until he has the joy, and heaven has the joy, of seeing them all converted from sin to holiness. Or, take the life of trust now led for so many years by Mr Müller in his Orphan House at Bristol, and that also of Pastor Harms and his charge at home and abroad. These holy men have seen the same things that Elijah the prophet saw when he prayed that it might not, and then that it might, rain. They all believe, and according to their faith it is done unto them; and as in the days of our Saviour's personal presence here on earth, and in those ancient days when God dwelt among men by His prophets, and answered them out of the whirlwind and fire, so in these last days, when we live more signally than they under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, it is our right and our duty to believe in the efficacy of prayer, and to go directly to the throne of mercy and grace, and ask for what our souls most need. "Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." The pastor and his flock pray for the revival of religion, and the blessing comes. The believing wife saves her unbelieving husband by the voice of prayer. Parents prevail with God to con-

vert their children, and to the praise of Infinite Grace be it said that parents in their old age are born again when their children pray. Away on the sea in the ship of war, or far from home in the camp and field, the prodigal is followed by the Spirit sent in answer to prayer, and the arrow of conviction, sharper than the sword of the enemy, pierces the awakened sinner's conscience. He that was dead is alive again, and the lost is saved.

This volume is full of the proofs that these things are so. Blessed is he who reads and believes.

CHAPTER II.

SPECIAL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

To chronicle all the instances in which God has proved Himself faithful to His promises during the last few years would be like numbering the rain-drops that have fallen to refresh the earth. Multiplied as these signal instances have been, they are recorded on high ; and when we come to read the record in the light of heaven, we shall be struck not only with admiration at God's grace and faithfulness, but with wonder at our own unbelief. We transcribe below a record of numerous cases which have occurred within these last few years, many of them within our own observation and knowledge, and which have been noted down from time to time. Most of these cases have been related in connexion with the prayer-meeting in Fulton Street.

An aged pastor, residing in an interior county of the State of New York, one day made the following statement in the noon-day prayer-meeting :—

“About six months ago I was in this meeting, and asked prayer for a very hopeless, wayward young man, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. I stated the case somewhat at length ; and when the poor woman found I was coming to the city, she came to me, and, with many tears, besought me that I would come to the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and ask you to help her pray for the conversion of her son. I also asked you to pray that God would pour out His Spirit upon my people, and grant us a general revival of religion. As soon as I had

made known these two requests for prayer, some brother arose and spread forth his hands in prayer. Oh! what a simple, child-like, believing, earnest prayer that was. I felt at the very time, in my own soul, that that prayer would be answered.

"I went home and went to work. Soon it was very evident that the Holy Spirit was among us. Christians were quickened to prayer, and sinners were awakened, and were inquiring what they should do to be saved. Some were converted, and among the very first was that ungodly young man, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He was away from home at the time when he experienced the great change, and in his case it was truly a great change. The first thing he was impelled to do was to go and see his poor, praying, agonising mother. So he saddled a horse and rode to his home. He rode into the yard, and sprang from his horse, and ran toward her. She exclaimed, 'Tell me, what is the matter?' 'Mother,' said the boy, 'I have found the Saviour.' 'How long ago is it, my son, since you began to be anxious about religion?' 'Only about two weeks ago.' 'There! there!' said the mother, 'that was just the time when we began to pray for you, and when I sent to the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, asking them to help me pray for you.' This young man is now a professor of religion, and is an active and useful Christian.

"You prayed also for a revival of religion in my church. I must tell you how the Lord has answered that prayer. Let me tell you how, that you may be encouraged to exercise confidence in the promises of God, and always feel assured that there is a power in prayer. All winter, and even now, there is, and has been in my congregation, the gentle voice of the Spirit calling sinners to repentance. We have added to our church about sixty persons, on profession of their faith. About one half of these are farmers' sons, young men just arriving at manhood, and about to take an active part in the great drama of

human life. I verily believe that this revival has been in answer to prayer. This work of grace has been general, spreading itself over the whole congregation. Many families have been made glad in consequence of it, and rejoice over the salvation of some who are near and dear to them.

“I must tell you one thing in regard to the power of prayer. I believe much in prayer for particular cases and particular individuals. I have seen it to result in the salvation of souls in many cases during the last winter. But the case I wish to speak of is the following:—A brother pastor, who laboured near me, was on his death-bed. I knew him well—knew all about his habits of prayer. When he was dying, some one of his brother ministers asked him how he felt in view of his departure. ‘Oh!’ he said, ‘I feel happy, and assured of my salvation, as a poor, lost sinner saved through a Saviour’s precious, atoning blood.’ But still there seemed to be something weighing upon his mind. So one of us inquired, ‘My dear brother, is there any thing that is now a cause of anxiety to you?’

“The dying minister put his hand under his pillow, and drew out a piece of paper, on which were written twenty-five names of men, unconverted, leading men in his parish, and, with tears in his eyes, he said, ‘Yes, there is one cause of anxiety, and here it is: it is the salvation of these twenty-five men. I have prayed much for these twenty-five men, name by name. If I could know that these men would be converted, I could then say, ‘Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’” This was the great burden upon his heart, and so he died. At a recent meeting of our ecclesiastical body, when the conversation on the state of religion was being held, and the successor of that departed minister was giving in his account, I asked the moderator if I might, through him, ask the brother about those twenty-five men, for we all knew about the case. The clergyman heard my inquiry, and for some

time was unable to speak. Then, with the tears flowing down his cheeks, he said, '*Brethren, every one of those twenty-five men has been converted.*' We believe they were converted in answer to our deceased brother's desires and prayers—perhaps in answer to that burden of desire which he had for their conversion in the dying hour. Long had he borne them on his heart as the burden of prayer, and all of them, we think, will be stars in his crown of rejoicing in the great day."

The following account was given by one who had been a frequent attendant upon the prayer-meeting:—

"You may remember that some time ago I asked you to pray for a young man. I want to tell you something about him. That young man had a pious father and mother, and a very pious sister, who prayed much for him. One day I was at the house, and this sister said to me, 'I do not believe George will ever be converted.' 'Why not?' said I; 'do you not pray for him?' 'Yes, I pray for him, but I do not believe he will be converted.' 'Then,' said I, 'what you call prayer is not prayer. You must believe he will be converted, else all your prayers for his conversion are mockery.'

"The sister saw at once her error, and determined she would believe as well as pray, and be confident that God could convert even her brother George, far gone in sin as he was. And he was far gone. He had not been inside of a church for six years. He frequented theatres, and all such places of dissipation and amusement. He had six friends, young men like himself, and they were continually going with him, on every night, from place to place.

"Weeks passed away. One day I met George, and had a few words with him. I found him in great distress of mind, and he had been so for weeks. Sometimes he had not been able to shut his eyes in sleep all night long for anxiety and distress of soul. One morning he rose from his bed after such a night of

agony, and said to himself, 'I will go to the prayer-meeting with my father and mother and sister, if any of them will ask me to go.' The same day he came down town to his business, and one of his young friends came running in, and said, 'Oh, George, they are going to have a new actor at Niblo's Theatre to-night, and I want you to go with me. Will you go?' George forgot all about the prayer-meeting, and agreed to go, and they settled the place where they were to meet, and all about it. When the friend had gone he remembered his promise, and was in an agony of mind. After tea the parents went off to the prayer-meeting; then the sister; and not a word of invitation was given to George. They had invited him often, and he had always refused. At length a young lady, a friend, came into the room, and said, 'I want to go to the prayer-meeting. Will you go with me?' In a few minutes he was in the prayer-meeting. His parents, who knew nothing of his state of mind, but who had been for weeks engaged in earnest prayer on his behalf, were surprised to see him enter. The next day he came to this meeting, and here, within these very walls, God met him and spoke peace to his soul, and he went away a new man in Christ Jesus—went away rejoicing. He then went to his room and wrote six letters, addressed to his six friends, frankly confessing the great change which had been wrought in him, and urging them to come and find for themselves what a blessed Saviour he had found. Now I have the good news to tell you that four of the six young men have been converted, and one of them sat in our leader's chair three days ago, and conducted, with great acceptance, the exercises of this meeting."

Another case:—A young man said, "Eighteen months ago I wrote to this meeting requesting prayer for the conversion of my father. The circumstances were these: My dear sainted mother had some time before ceased her praying for me, her

impenitent boy, and had joined the blood-washed throng in heaven. I was at the Academy, fitting for college. After my own conversion, I felt my heart very much drawn toward the Gospel ministry. Like a dutiful child, I wrote to my father, telling him the desires of my heart. He wrote, dissuading me from my choice. He said he had designed me for the legal profession. The ministerial profession was a poor profession—poor pay, poor station, poor honours, poor prospects, poor everything. He said if I persisted in my choice I must depend upon myself. He would not, could not help me. I did persist in my choice, and was left to depend upon myself. My father's letters began also to fall off. He would write very seldom, and then, when he did write, his letters would contain only four or five lines, hurriedly written. Many things conspired to make me feel that I was almost an outcast from my father's house and his affections.

“It was in this state of things that I wrote to this meeting, asking those present to pray for the conversion of my father. I prayed for him continually and earnestly myself, and I wished you to help me pray. Now mark what followed. Almost immediately after sending that request for prayer, I received a letter from my father. It was not a letter of four or five lines, but it was a full sheet. It told me that he was in great distress about his soul, and implored me to tell him what he should do to be saved. I am here to-day to tell you that my father is saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am here to tell you that God answered our prayers. I cannot tell you how thankful he is that I persisted in my choice, and how glad he is that he can give me to the glorious work of preaching the Gospel.”

A young man who had been connected with a distinguished law firm in the city of New York, gave the following account of his experience, and how the Lord had answered his prayers :—

“The past two weeks have been full of the richest experience of the Divine goodness and grace. Two weeks ago I was a hopeless drunkard—a poor lost man I was. My friends had made every possible effort to reclaim me, but with no avail. I had often resolved, with many tears, to break away from the cruel bondage in which I was bound. I took upon myself the most solemn vows that I would reform. What were resolutions and vows before such an inexorable enemy as mine? I could not stand to them a moment. At last I gave myself up to perish. There was no hope for me. I was given up, too, of all the world. In this state of despair I went down to the Fishing Banks one day. There I was attracted by the very pleasing countenance of a young man. I knew he must be a poor man, and a fisherman by profession. He helped me to understand the art of fishing. There was a world of happiness in his face. I loved to look at it. At last, out of gratitude for the little favours which he showed me, a perfect stranger, I took out my flask of liquor and offered him to drink. ‘No,’ he said, ‘I never drink intoxicating drink, and I ask the Lord Jesus to help me never to touch it.’ I looked at him with surprise, and inquired, ‘Are you a Christian?’ ‘Yes, I trust I am,’ he answered. ‘And does Jesus keep you from drinking intoxicating liquor?’ ‘He does; and I never wish to touch it.’ That short answer set me to thinking. In it was revealed a new power. I went home that night, and said to myself as I went, How do I know but Christ would keep me from drinking if I would ask Him? When I got to my room I thought over my whole case, and then I knelt down and I told Jesus, just as I would tell you, what a poor, miserable wretch I was; how I had struggled against my appetite, and had always been overcome by it. I told Him if He would take that appetite away I would give myself up to Him, to be His for ever, and I would for ever love and serve Him. I told Him that I felt assured that He

could help me, and that He would. Now I stand here, and I tell you most solemnly that Jesus took me at my word. He did take away my appetite then and there, so that, from that sacred moment of my casting myself on His help, I have not tasted a drop of liquor, nor *desired* to taste it. The old appetite is gone, and I tell you, moreover, that I gave myself to Jesus in that very hour, and I received Him as a power in my soul against every enemy of my salvation, and He saves me in His infinite grace. I came at once to these meetings. I have been coming every day for two weeks, and oh, what happy weeks! I am delivered through the power of Jesus from the awful destruction which was before me. Such has been the method of my relief."

A young German said :—"It has been some time since I have been in this meeting. I have been absent, away from the city, for months. You will remember that I have often asked you to pray for my father's and mother's conversion away in Germany. I have great confidence in prayer. The last time I saw my father was after my own conversion. He told me if I had more confidence in my heavenly Father than I had in him, I might go and let my heavenly Father take care of me, and he actually turned me away from his own door. I came to this country, and was often in much poverty and distress ; but my heavenly Father has always taken care of me, and raised up for me many helpers, and I have never suffered. I have come into this meeting to-day to thank you for your prayers for my father. He is now a Christian, and I am on my way to see him. He has come to this country ; he was converted before he left Germany. He and I have kept up a constant correspondence, and I have endeavoured to persuade him to come to Christ and cast himself upon Him. And he has come to Jesus. Oh ! glory be to Jesus for His abundant mercy and grace in bringing my father to become savingly acquainted with Him."

Said one in the meeting:—"You may remember that on Saturday, the 26th of May, a teacher of a school for boys came into the meeting and asked prayer for his school. He stated that he had done it before, and six had been converted, and the sixth one would unite with the church on the next day, the Sabbath. He came to the meeting with a special burden on his heart. He had in his school a lad who was the son of a Kentucky clergyman, who was exceedingly anxious for the salvation of his son, whom he had devoted to the service of Christ, in the work of the holy ministry, if it should please God to call him to it. On behalf of that minister, as well as on his own behalf, he asked the meeting to pray for the conversion of that son, who as yet was unmoved by the conversion of those around him. That son was fervently remembered in prayer as we besought God to hear his father's prayers and ours for his conversion.

"Now," continued the speaker, "see how God hears and answers prayer. As I was leaving this meeting yesterday, I met, coming up these steps, the gentleman who is the teacher of that school. He came to tell the meeting what the Lord had done for the son of a Kentucky minister, but he came too late. He said, when he returned home on the evening of the day on which he had asked for the prayers of the Fulton Street meeting, he met this boy, and found him writing a letter to his father; and the first thing he said to him was, he hoped he had been converted, and the letter was to inform his father of the great and sudden change which had taken place in all his feelings, views, and wishes. And here," said the gentleman, "is a copy of that same letter. The teacher says this youth gives most satisfactory evidence of having passed from death unto life, and now he is labouring, with all the powers he has, to win sinners to Christ from among his schoolmates and companions. It is worthy of special mention that this Kentucky

clergyman"—as the speaker concluded his remarks—"is a descendant of the great and good Rev. Dr Dwight, once president of Yale College. So God remembers mercy for thousands of generations of them that love Him and keep His commandments."

A young German said :—"About five months ago you were asked to pray for a Sabbath-school class of six little boys. I am here to say that all those little boys have been converted. Two years ago you were asked to pray for their teacher, who was supposed to be in consumption. The Lord spared him and raised him up to health. He is now a member of a theological seminary, and is preparing for the work of the holy ministry. If he should be called to die now he would not feel that his two years of life had been in vain."

A teacher in a Sunday-school said :—"I have been a teacher for some time of a Bible-class of girls. I thought I had prayed for them, and yet none of them were converted, none of them have been awakened. I went to the morning prayer-meeting, and there stated the case of the class, and asked prayer in their behalf. A clergyman responded to the call by a wonderful prayer, and I felt at the time that *that* prayer would be answered. Now," continued the speaker, "seven out of eleven of those girls are converted. I think I did not pray as if my last day to pray had come."

A clergyman relates the following :—In his church they maintain a prayer-meeting. One day a poor woman came and brought a request for prayer for the conversion of a brother. She came before the service commenced, and placed the request between the leaves of the Bible in such a manner that it was overlooked. She was greatly disappointed that it was so. Some time afterward, it became known from one to another that this request had been passed by. The sympathies of some of those Christian hearts had become greatly excited in

behalf of that woman. The prayer-meetings went on. Two weeks after that request was placed between the leaves of the Bible, a brother took it up in the prayer-meeting. He referred to the facts of the case, and all knew whom he meant, and all hearts joined in prayer for the person, who resided two hundred and fifty miles away. He was at that very hour at work in the field. There, and at that same hour, he was suddenly brought under deep conviction of sin. He never could shake it off, or escape from it, or find any relief, until he found relief in believing in Jesus. He became a humble, devoted Christian. "And," continued the speaker, "we believe that it was in answer to prayer—her prayers and ours—that this man was converted."

"Some time ago," said one in the meeting, "I came here and asked you to pray for the conversion of my wife, and a brother led in a prayer, which I felt would be answered when we joined in it and it was offered here. I felt in a hurry to go home and see if it was answered. When I got home I found my wife in great distress of mind, under a sense of sin. Soon she obtained evidence that her sins were pardoned, and she was reconciled to God through Jesus Christ. Then there were two of us to pray for our children, three of whom have been since hopefully converted."

A gentleman from the State of Maine said:—"Some time ago I was sent for by a brother who was sick and expected to die. He wished me to come and see him, or at least to come and see him buried. This brother had been once a professor of religion. But about fifteen years ago he embraced Millerism, and afterward Spiritualism, and then gave up all religion and all attendance upon means of grace. Some months ago I sent to this meeting a request that you would pray for this my brother. In that request I stated that he was a backslider, and had become a Spiritualist. I entreated you to help to pray

for him that he might be converted. On getting the message from my brother, I immediately set out to go and see him, and on arriving, where I expected to find a brother dying or dead, what was my surprise to find him perfectly well, and walking about his house. And what was my still greater surprise to find that all his sickness, by which he supposed he was going to die, was only distress of mind about his sins. Out of that distress he had come, and was now rejoicing with great joy. Prayer had been answered in a wonderful manner. His delusions had been swept away, and he was fixed on the Rock of Ages firm and immovable."

A merchant of the city of New York, who was very anxious for the salvation of the clerks in his store, had a partner in business who was not a pious man. He said to his partner one day that he wished to attend the Fulton Street prayer-meetings. His partner coldly answered that he could do as he pleased, but *he* thought it was best to attend to business *first*. The merchant, however, went into the meetings. He became greatly interested, and deeply impressed, and felt that this was a place of the Holy Spirit's presence and power. He continued to go daily, and daily his interest increased. He said to his partner one day that he wished the clerks of the store could go to the prayer-meeting. "As you please," answered the partner, "but for *my* part I think we ought to attend to business *first*. Business is business, and should be attended to in business hours." The merchant made no reply, but asked the book-keeper if he would go to the prayer-meeting with him. "I suppose I must," said the book-keeper, in a very careless and indifferent manner. It was as much as to say, if he went at all he should go to please his employer. But he went, and continued to go till he was awakened and converted.

Then there were two who were interested in the salvation

of the two remaining clerks in the store. One of these he wished to invite to go to the prayer-meeting. So he said to his partner, "I am very anxious for the salvation of the young men in the store. I am also anxious for yours. It is now an important time with us, and it ought to be improved. Will you go to the prayer-meeting?" The partner replied, "You can, of course, do as you please. But for *my* part I think we ought to attend to business *first*." "Are you willing that one of our clerks should go each day?" "I am willing you should do as you please about inviting them, and they as they please about going; but my own opinion is, we ought to attend to business *first*." "Seek first the kingdom of God," said the merchant. "That will do very well for some men and for some seasons; but business has its claims and its time, and in its hours I believe it is *first* to be attended to."

The conversation was here dropped. The merchant invited one or the other of the remaining clerks to accompany him to the prayer-meeting, and in a little while he had the unspeakable joy of seeing both of them brought into obedience and love of the truth as it is in Jesus.

CHAPTER III.

PRAYER FOR REVIVALS.

Most of the readers of this volume will remember the extensive and powerful revivals of religion which overspread our land in 1857-58, and which had their beginning in the revival of the spirit of prayer. It was in the first of these years that the Fulton Street noon-day prayer-meeting was established, which itself became a centre of influence, and led to the establishment of similar daily meetings all over the country. The results of these revivals were recorded in part in the "Power of Prayer," and in other volumes, and were also extensively published in the newspapers. The great revivals in Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales, and in other parts of the world, followed. Of these a record will be made in the present volume. There has since been no such general outpouring of the Spirit upon the churches of this country, but many and extensive revivals have been enjoyed, and God has constantly been proving Himself the hearer and the answerer of prayer. The limits of this volume will not allow of any extended account, or even of an enumeration of all, but we have selected some of the cases in which we have the connexion between prayer and the blessing actually traced by those who were familiar with the revivals and with their beginnings. The same connexion might doubtless be traced as readily in other cases.

A correspondent gives the following account of a revival at

Fall River, Massachusetts, in the early part of the present year, (1863,) which began in prayer, and in which occurred many signal instances of God's willingness to hear and bless His people when they call upon Him :—

“The ‘Week of Prayer’ was observed by many of the churches, and most of the pastors came together in the Daily Union Prayer-Meeting, which had been sustained for five years past, and which now served as a focal point of interest, as well as bond of union for the different churches. The tokens of the approach of God in His majesty and glory became apparent. ‘Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, for there the Lord commanded the blessing!’ Soon the fruits began to appear. It was indeed a *surprise* to many of our churches. When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dreamed. The promise, ‘Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear,’ was fully realised. Meetings began to be multiplied and filled with deeply anxious souls. Soon converts began to be multiplied, and many were amazed and in doubt, saying one to another, ‘What meaneth this?’ Instead of the war and the condition of the country, which had been so long the all-engrossing theme, *religion* became the subject of conversation in the corners of the streets, the marts of business, and the workshops and mills. All classes and all ages were alike moved, from the little school child to those who had grown gray in the service of Satan. Such was the power of the Spirit, that the strong oaks of Bashan were made to bow with as much ease as the willows by the water-courses. It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. The Lord our God add to them, how many soever they be, an hundred-fold, is our prayer. In two of the seven churches visited, it was estimated there were one hundred conversions during the last week. Such evidence has there been that it is the work of God, that

all opposition has been paralysed, while God's people are fully prepared, and rejoice to ascribe all the glory to Him, and say, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people!'

"Allow me to allude to one of the rich fruits of this blessed work. Our high school is composed of advanced scholars, many of whom are being fitted for college, others for teachers, as well as other spheres of influence, and is therefore regarded with peculiar interest as containing the flower of our youth. Last week was vacation, and many of the pupils attended the meetings and were converted. The principal, who, though regarded as a religious man, had never made a profession, nor taken any active part in religious meetings, was converted, and entered upon his duties the present week, 'filled with the Spirit.' The scene on Monday morning, on reopening the school, as related by him in one of our meetings, was one never to be forgotten. The opening exercises had been reading the Scriptures and singing, but he proposed on this occasion adding *prayer* also. He requested all to bow, with which request every one complied, while he led in a prayer which, as subsequently reported by one of the pupils, seemed divinely inspired. His own choked utterances were responded to by sobs and tears in every part of the house. When the time for recess arrived, there seemed to be no desire for the accustomed sports, but a request was made that one of the recitation-rooms might be occupied for a prayer-meeting, where the recent converts spent the time in praying and labouring with their unconverted schoolmates, of whom fifteen or twenty were deeply anxious. It was ascertained that, of ninety scholars belonging to the school, forty-five were hopefully converted, many of whom were giving full proof of their high vocation by their earnest labours to bring others to Jesus. Prayer continues to be offered each morning, and teachers and scholars

are united in their efforts for the conversion of the whole school."

Many remarkable answers to prayer, and many deeply-interesting religious experiences, have come to our knowledge. Early in the revival, two Christian friends were conversing on the subject of being burdened for souls, when one said, "I have such a friend, (naming him,) for whom I ask you to unite with me in praying for his conversion." The other replied that he also had a similar case on his mind, and it was mutually agreed that they would make these subjects of special prayer for ten days. On the tenth day one of the friends met the subject of his prayer in the street, and spoke to him about the interests of his soul, when the tears started, and with much emotion he told him that for ten days he had been under deep conviction, and was earnestly seeking the Saviour. On mentioning this to his friend, he was surprised to learn that the same thing had taken place with the one for whom he was so deeply concerned, *his* first impressions dating also from the same time as the other. They are now both rejoicing in hope.

A pious wife in the place had felt deeply anxious for her unconverted husband. She had presented his case repeatedly for prayer, and had borne him on her heart for many days with strong cryings and tears. He seemed unmoved and almost indifferent, though, to please her, he would attend meetings. At length, however, after weeks had thus passed, he received an arrow from God's quiver, and went home in deep distress of mind. He requested his wife to pray for him. She kneeled by him and commenced, but stopped, saying, "I can't pray. I seem to have lost my hold on God. All is dark. The heavens seem to be as brass over me. I can do nothing for you." Alarmed at this unexpected cutting off of all dependence upon his wife, he knew not what to do. His distress was greatly increased. After a few moments of great agony and almost

despair, he opened a Bible lying near him, when his eye fell upon this passage: "My grace is sufficient for thee." "That is it, Lord," he exclaimed, "that is all I want. Thy grace is sufficient for me. I ask nothing more." Thus driven from every other source of help, he fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before him in the Gospel.

"During the revival, a lady in one of our churches requested prayer for her brother, a soldier in a regiment stationed at Newbern, N.C. She was greatly burdened on his account, and not only begged the prayers of others, but, falling on her knees, earnestly pled on his behalf herself. Last week a letter was received from the pastor of that church, now acting as chaplain in the above regiment, in which he writes, that on such an evening, at about such an hour, a young man came to his tent with the anxious inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' He was greatly distressed by a sense of his lost condition, and desired prayer for his salvation. This was the brother above referred to. On comparing dates, it was found that this occurred simultaneously with the request and prayer of his pious sister here, of which the pastor knew nothing, and wondered that he should so suddenly have become convicted, having known of no special interest on his part before. Can not He who healed the centurion's servant at a distance still perform like miracles of healing? This chaplain has repeatedly requested prayer for himself and regiment, and now writes that there is much religious interest among his charge, but, what is remarkable, it has so far been wholly confined to two companies who went from this city. What believer in God's promises will wonder, when the spirit of grace and of supplication has been so richly poured out upon their friends at home, that such results are manifested."

A gentleman in the Fulton Street meeting, in March 1861, gave the following interesting account of a revival in Evans-

ville, on the Ohio River, which began in prayer, and which resulted in the conversion of some five hundred souls. This town is one of the largest shipping ports on the Ohio :—

“The churches were made up largely of women, and we, business men, thought it was well enough for them to attend to religion, and us to business. I am a business man. I am in the habit of coming to New York on business twice a year. Sometimes when I have been here I have come to these meetings, and sat quietly down, and listened, not feeling that I had any part or lot in the matter. But now I feel as if I had a right here. I am one of those business men who have been lately converted. When I joined the church there were one hundred and ten joined with me, and sixty-five were heads of families. So it has been in other churches. A large proportion of the conversions have been among business men.

“I want to tell you how this revival began. It began by *prayer*, and prayer which was prompted by our political troubles. We live on the border ; cross the Ohio River, and you are in a slave state. Our people in Indiana had business relations with the people of Kentucky. The families of one side of the Ohio had intermarried into the families of the other side. We were all one people. When the political troubles came upon us, we could see no way but there would be civil war, and no power on earth could prevent it. What could we do ? We could not bear the thought of war. What could we do ? I will tell you what we did. We began to pray. We knew God could do something, and we went to Him in prayer ; and such a revival has followed as the place has never seen before. Almost all the leading business men have been converted, and the whole moral aspect of our town has been changed. Before, it was a Sabbath-breaking town, now it is a Sabbath-keeping town. Formerly it was the practice for the great Mississippi steamers to reach Evansville so as to lie there all day Sunday taking in freight.

To give out freight on the Sabbath was the universal custom with our commission merchants. They thought it a kind of necessity. Let me give you one example to illustrate the change which has taken place. This case will speak for all other cases :—

“The *Autocrat* is a first-class steamer, of a thousand tons capacity. Among the men converted in the revival was a gentleman connected with the freighting business of the *Autocrat*, and he was perplexed to know how he should get along, with the obligations which he was under to this steamer, to give her freight whenever she called for it. However, he took counsel of God instead of man, and made up his mind in favour of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and he would stand to the observance of it, let the consequences be what they might. The steamer came ploughing her way down the Ohio one Saturday night, and, landing at the wharf, sent up to the commission merchant, ‘Send us cargo to-morrow.’ The man had the cargo for him, and he knew he was expected to give it out, but he sent the following answer :—‘Not a pound of cargo to-morrow ; but if you will lie by until Monday, I will load you down to the guards.’

“The captain did lie by, and himself and all hands attended church on the Sabbath. On Monday he loaded up and went on his way. This was a new thing on the Ohio River, below the Falls. Now not a steamer can load there on the Sabbath.”

A letter was received from Decatur, Georgia, stating that meetings were to be held, and asking prayer for the effusion of the Holy Spirit upon the place to make those services the means of salvation to many souls. A few weeks after, the same writer, after speaking of sending the request for prayer, wrote as follows :—

“I believe you promptly complied with our request, for, as soon as the meetings commenced, the people seemed ready to

seek the salvation of their souls; upwards of thirty have given themselves unto the Lord, and many were still inquiring. This is the Lord's doing, and to Him be all the praise. No means have been used but prayer; and the silent agency of the Spirit upon the hearts of men was clearly marked. I write this that you may be encouraged still to pray for distant churches."

A gentleman arose, after the reading of this, and stated that some time ago he was in a town where he was accustomed to visit once a year, and he found religion at a very low ebb, the church broken up, and the minister gone away. He felt very much depressed at the awful declension which he saw, and he came to this meeting and laid the case before it as a subject of prayer. It was very earnestly remembered in the supplications of the meeting. "Now," continued the speaker, "I have to say for your encouragement that I have received a letter from that place, and the Lord has poured down His Spirit for some time past, and many have been converted, Christians have been recovered from their backsliding, the preaching of the Gospel has been re-established, and all the ways of Zion rejoice."

Another spoke of a revival of religion going forward in Glastonbury, Connecticut. He said, when going to the place on the invitation of the people about two months ago, he sent requests for prayer to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, to the Old South Prayer-Meeting, Boston, to the Sansom Street Prayer-Meeting in Philadelphia, to the Daily Prayer-Meeting in Chicago, and perhaps to some others, stating that he was about to commence his labours, and asking those attending these meetings to cry to God with mighty prayer that He would bless his ministry to the conversion of sinners. He said he felt strong confidence that prayer had been offered, for no sooner had he begun to labour than many sinners began to inquire what they should do to be saved; and now there are at least sixty persons who are anxious about their souls.

A speaker called attention to a request which was sent for prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Omaha City, some four weeks before, signed by six clergymen of the place, of different denominations. These clergymen appointed a meeting for prayer for themselves, in which they felt themselves to be so much blessed that they resolved to appoint a weekly meeting for the people of their church, in which they might unite in prayer. The meeting called out so great a number that it was resolved to hold it daily instead of weekly. Instead of being able to get into a lecture-room, where it was first appointed, they were obliged to open the largest church of the place, and the people came together in great numbers. One of the clergymen, in a late letter, says :—"The evening of the day when our case was remembered by you was the most solemn and deeply interesting of any we have yet had. A larger number arose for prayers than at any other time. Our union meeting has been held every evening for four weeks, and the attendance has been uniformly good. We have also had a meeting for professors of religion and for inquirers from 10 to 11 o'clock A.M. each day, for five days in the week, for three weeks. God has visited us with His Spirit in answer to prayer, and from twenty to twenty-five give good evidence of conversion to God. Many minds appear thoughtful, and most are accessible ; and many, who have rarely been in the house of God for years, attend our meetings quite regularly."

A little prayer-meeting, that had been maintained in Virginia for about three years, heard of the world's concert of prayer. During this week of prayer, and for some time previous to it, an unusual interest appeared to be awakened in that little meeting, beginning with the very time when they resolved to observe the week of prayer. A gentleman from the place was starting north on his journey to attend to some business. "When you get to the city," said one and another to him, "go

into the noon prayer-meetings, and ask them to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon us." The gentleman pursued his way northward. He stopped in Philadelphia, and went into the prayer-meeting to fulfil his commission. A letter overtook him, however, before he got into the meeting, bringing to him the joyful news that the rain of the heavenly grace was falling, and some fourteen or fifteen had been converted. So when he went up to the place of prayer to ask the brethren to remember the prayer-meeting in Virginia, he also told them of the glad tidings that God had answered even before they had called. Before he had even an opportunity to ask for prayer, the Lord had heard their cry.

During the last year and the present very extensive revivals were experienced in connexion with the labours of Rev. Edward Payson Hammond, an evangelist, in the State of Maine; in Plymouth, Massachusetts; in Hamilton and Montreal, Canada; and in several of the towns in Western New York. In Utica there were 600 hopeful conversions reported; in Auburn a large number; in Rochester about 900 united with the various churches on one Sabbath. The children of these places were greatly affected by the work, of which mention is made elsewhere. The churches on the eastern part of Long Island, and in many other parts of the country, have been similarly visited; but not having the information which connects these revivals with special prayer, we do not make the record here. The following case is recorded because of its being associated with the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting:—

In December 1860, a Moravian clergyman, lately from the island of Jamaica, West Indies, arose in the meeting, and said:—

"I have been once before in this meeting and kept silence, but now if I should keep silence I think I should do dishonour to God and injustice to this meeting. To the glory of

God's grace, I must tell you how God hears and answers prayer. Some time ago I sent a request to this meeting, asking you to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon my church and congregation in Jamaica. Now I hold here a letter just received, which shews how remarkably God has answered prayer. I was then a pastor in Jamaica when I wrote the request, about September last; now I have been transferred to this city, and am settled over a congregation near the Roman Catholic Cathedral; and as you prayed for my congregation in Jamaica, so I beg you to pray for my congregation in this city. I wish to read from this letter to shew you how God answers prayer:—

“FAIRFIELD, JAMAICA, *November 1, 1860.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER RIENKE,—I have long wished to write to you, and now my heart has a burning desire to make you a partaker of our joy. Rejoice with us, dear brother, and again I say, *Rejoice*; for the Lord has visited us, even us, with His salvation. The Lord has been pleased to pour out His Holy Spirit most abundantly upon our congregations and upon some of our sister churches. New Carmel, your beloved child of many prayers, was the first that obtained the blessing. On Thursday, the 20th of September, at the usual weekly prayer-meeting, the Lord manifested Himself to the congregation in such a manner that all hearts were melted before Him, and He, the Bridegroom, added, on that blessed day, not a few members to His Bride. Oh! how your heart would have rejoiced could you have seen and heard what your successor was favoured to witness on that day, and ever since—the awful prostrations—the mournful lamentations—the piercing cries of distress—the open and full confessions of sin—the noble zeal of the new converts to win others for Christ—the anxious desire to join the Church—the increased liberality. Brother Thaeler writes, under date of 22d October:—“The work of grace is still con-

tinuing among us here. Almost all excitement has ceased now. No vivid flashes and crashing thunders to startle you, but a clearly quiet, pouring rain. Every day produces fresh fruits. I have conversed individually with upwards of four hundred persons who have been brought under the gracious influences of the Lord's Spirit. Thus far the quickening effects have been most satisfactory, exciting us to admiration and praise."

"Fulnee and Springfield were favoured next, and both on the same day. That day was September 28th. Brother Sondeman, whose diary lies before me just now, gives the following description of that blessed work:—"Though no public notice had been given of the prayer-meeting this morning, yet the church was filled, as on ordinary Sabbath-days. Long time before the meeting commenced, the people had assembled in the yard, and a most solemn feeling pervaded all. It was still as in a graveyard. At nine o'clock the meeting commenced, and oh, what a meeting! After having sung a verse, and addressed a few words of exhortation to the people, we engaged in prayer. And what prayer that was! There was no occasion to call on any; for no sooner had one finished than another began. Such prayer I never heard. Even the little children engaged in it; and particularly when a little boy began to pour out his soul before God, a trembling seized on all. Oh, the tears that were wept then! cries for mercy that ascended to the throne of God! the groans that were wrung from many a hardened sinner! Also a little girl lifted up her voice, and oh, the prayer that child prayed was heartrending. Such earnestness, fervency, and fluency as came from that little heart I never yet have witnessed. God's Spirit came down on the assembly as a mighty rushing wind. Many were smitten down under an overwhelming sense of their sins. Big, strong men trembled on their knees as though shaken by an invisible power. There was a general weeping and crying. The sword

of conviction had been unsheathed, piercing the hearts of old and young, male and female. I felt overwhelmed at what I saw, heard, and felt. Out of the mouths of swearers and blasphemers, of fornicators and thieves, of babes and sucklings, God perfected His praise. At twelve o'clock I broke up the meeting. The manifestation was so sudden and so powerful, that, says Brother Larren, who officiated there *pro tempore*, 'I can only compare it to the sudden fall of the walls of Jericho.' The whole congregation assembled at the prayer-meeting was prostrated as one man. And such was the groaning, screaming, wrestling, that Brother Larren had to break up the meeting at once, and clear the church. And even the yard at Springfield was turned into a Bochim, filled with the slain of the Lord, who were lying in all directions, under the greatest agony of soul, till they had grace to confess their sins."

"Beaufort and New Hope were visited next, the fire having been kindled there, under God, by warm-hearted, new converts. About a fortnight ago the work began at Bethabara, and, thank God, last week poor, cold, dry, barren Fairfield was blessed. Friday, October 26th, was the day of grace when the Lord was pleased to raise up of these stones children unto Abraham. At our usual prayer-meeting on Friday, one of the new converts rose to tell his brethren what the Lord had done for his soul. His short and earnest address made a deep impression. As soon after we kneeled down to pray, the same man lifted up his voice. The pent-up feeling burst forth, and there was general loud weeping. Two women were smitten, and shrieked awfully. We succeeded in having them removed. When we began to sing again, the excitement subsided, and a holy calm pervaded the assembly, so that we could continue in prayer and praise. When I had concluded the meeting, the crowd would not disperse, but collected in groups outside on the common. Then it was that the Lord worked mightily by His

Holy Spirit. Several of the new converts from Hatfield witnessed there against the vanities of the world, and pleaded warmly for Christ. Soon one after another was smitten, and began to cry or rather scream for mercy: young, strong men; women, old and young, and little children. We had then removed to different rooms, and ere long you might have seen seven young men lying on the floor, in the door in the downstairs speaking-room. About twenty females up stairs, a number of children in the old Normal School—all in the deepest distress for sin, screaming in agony, wrestling with Satan and with their pride, till at last they conquered, and made a full confession of all their sins. Oh, I cannot describe what I felt when I sat or stood watching over those dear young men, as for hours they lay in agony, and endeavouring to administer to them the precious comforts of God's holy Word; yes, and what I felt when at last I saw a beam of joy irradiate those gloomy countenances, and when finally I beheld their faces radiant with holy joy, as they rose from the ground, and exclaimed, "Jesus has pardoned all my sins!" Most of these had been under conviction some days before, but one of them had been utterly careless up to that morning, and only began to get solemn when he and his paramour stood watching the scene after the meeting. This woman was suddenly struck, and fell down with awful cries. No doubt this made an impression on his hardened heart; still, he soon after left the place to go home. He had not, however, gone far when he was smitten. They brought him to my speaking-room, and there he lay for hours, when he freely confessed all his sins. This man is now a most active Christian. The most touching scene was to behold the children crying for mercy in the old Normal School. Several of them have found peace, and their eyes beam with holy joy. The enemies of God have much to say against this blessed awakening; but we have great

reason to bless God, for, while we have some chaff, we have abundance of wheat. A striking feature of this marvellous work of grace is the readiness of the people to confess their sins.'” The speaker stated that more than one thousand converted souls had been, up to the date of the letter, the fruits of this most wonderful work of grace, with no diminution in its amazing power. He said that any such manifestations as are here narrated had not taken place among the Moravians in the last hundred years.

CHAPTER IV.

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

In this chapter will be recorded several cases, illustrating alike the power of prayer, and the wonder-working power of God in bringing souls to the cross of Christ, even in circumstances in which their conversion seemed to be the most unlikely event that could occur in their history. The first case recorded is one that occurred in the city of New York within the period embraced in the general contents of this volume.

Look into this room. It is small, and has only one occupant. Look around upon the furniture. All is very neat, but very plain. The hand of poverty is here. It is the home of a *child of God*, alone in her young life, as many are, in this great city. It is the abode of a poor young sewing-woman. She has seen better days ; but alas ! her prospects were soon under the deep, dark cloud of hopeless poverty. Yet she is a *child of the covenant* and a *child of grace*. This is her closet for prayer, as well as her place for plying the needle in unceasing toil to support herself by honest industry. Often employment fails, and then she prays that her heavenly Father will send her work, for she cannot afford to be one hour idle. She had been praying one morning for work, for employment had failed her for some days. She had prayed with more than usual earnestness. Suddenly there was a gentle knock at the door, and in stepped a creature full of life and gaiety, with a large bundle.

"Can you sew for me?" said the young, dashing-looking girl.

"I am in haste to have some work done, and I can afford to pay you very liberally." The young sewing-woman met her question with a smile. "This is just what I have been praying for," said she. She took and unfolded it. She saw very rich and gaudy dresses before her. "I am an actress," said the young lady, contemplating the sewing-woman with surprise, as she noticed her embarrassed and hesitating manner. "I am under an engagement to play in the theatre in Philadelphia; and *these* dresses must be altered, and *these* must be made at once," rattled on the thoughtless young actress, "and I will pay you very handsomely for the labour." "I do not know about doing this work," said the sewing-girl; "I have prayed for work, it is true, this very morning, for I am in distressing need of it, so that I can earn my bread; but I do not know about doing this work," said she, hesitatingly. "Why?" said the actress. "Because I feel that in doing this work I should be serving the devil instead of serving the Lord Jesus," answered the sewing-girl, meekly. "But did you pray for work?" "Yes." "And has not this come in answer to your prayer?" "I do not know; it *seems* as if it had; and yet I *feel* as if I ought *not to do it*." "Well, what will you do about it? How will you decide?" "I will lock my door, and I will kneel down here, and ask my heavenly Father to direct me what to do. He will tell me. Will you kneel with me?"

Said the sewing-girl, in relating the circumstances, "I scarcely expected she would comply with my request, but she kneeled at once." The poor working woman poured out her heart to God, and spread before Him, frankly, the perplexities of her mind. She was very importunate in her supplications and entreaties to be so directed that she might fall into no sin, whatever way she decided. She went forward in her prayer with the simplicity of a little child, not dreaming of any effect which her prayer was having upon the mind of the young actress, till in the agony of her spirit she threw her arms

around the neck of the suppliant and exclaimed, "Oh, do not pray any more about the dresses, but pray for me, for I am such a wicked girl." The praying young woman was taken by surprise. She did not know whether her visitor was in earnest or whether she was in jest. She went on in her simple prayer, telling the Lord the new doubts which were in her mind as to the sincerity of the actress; for she really thought she might be trifling with her and with the subject of prayer. So she prayed that, if the actress was *not* in earnest, she might there on the spot become so; and if she *were* in earnest, she might *there and then* give herself to the Lord Jesus, to be His servant for ever. She prayed that she might be convinced of the sinfulness of her present manner of life and forsake it, as the work of the great adversary of souls, and that henceforth she might lead a new life of honour to God and usefulness to her fellow-creatures.

They rose from their knees together—the actress and the sewing-woman. They stood regarding each other a moment in silence. "I shall not let you do this work," said the actress; "no one shall do it." "What will you do?" inquired the sewing-woman. "I will leave it as it is." "How about your engagement in Philadelphia?" "I will write to the manager that I cannot play for him, but I will pray for him." "How long have you been connected with the stage?" "Five years, and I had become exceedingly attached to my profession. I never thought to leave it. I followed it with an enthusiasm which swallowed up my life. I never loved anything so well. But I shall quit the stage for ever. I shall never put foot upon it again." "But what will you do with these unfinished garments?" "I will keep them in just their present state. They shall remain as they are while I live and have the control of them, as a memento of this hour and this room, and of God's mercy in arresting me just here, and just as He has."

“What will you do now?” still queried the sewing-woman, now fairly roused up with concern for her visitor, who now stood before her in a new light, and rejoicing too in the resolutions which she had expressed. “I will seek to be useful in every way I can. I know not what to do; but I will do all for Christ, whatever it may be, and I will ask counsel of Him.” She then expressed the warmest gratitude to the poor, meek, faithful sewing-woman for her faithfulness to her principles and for her faithfulness to her. So they parted.

Often they met afterward, however, and conversed on the subject of religion. Often in the few next succeeding days they prayed together, and talked of the obligations they owed to the Saviour. The faith of the now converted actress grew stronger every day. She became more and more confident that the hand of God was in all this—that this was the method He had adopted to snatch her as a brand from the burning. The more she thought of it, the more she admired the amazing goodness and mercy of God in it. She felt that perhaps her heart would not have been reached so well in any other way, and this thought increased her gratitude. She gathered strength from day to day as she went on her way rejoicing. She is now in one of the Eastern states, where she has taken up her residence. She has made a public profession of religion, and joined herself to the people of God. She writes often to her young Christian friend, the sewing-woman, in Twenty-ninth Street, New York, from whose lips we had the preceding facts, and who is often seen in some of our daily prayer-meetings, apparently utterly unconscious of the power she exerted to save the poor actress, and ascribed all the glory of her salvation to God.

In a letter, the quondam actress says she is a wonder to herself. She was so attached to the stage and to stage life that she had not supposed it possible to leave it; that she had loved it so well that she did not believe she could love anything more,

but she now finds Christ infinitely more precious to her than all things else had ever been ; that she is now truly happy, and her peace is like the flowing spring, constantly flowing ; that her gratitude knows no bounds ; and that her desire grows continually stronger to do something for God. The dresses, she says, are in the same state in which her friend saw them when she unrolled the bundle and refused to do anything to them till she had made the work a subject of prayer. They are a thousand times more precious to her *now, just as they are*, than they could be in any other shape, as *memorials* of God's wonderful love and mercy in saving a poor sinner, such as she was. So she keeps them, and so she intends to keep them to her dying day—memorials of God's grace.

All that remains to be said is, that the work for which this poor young sewing-woman prayed came in on the same day in which these events transpired, and has continued to pour in upon her ever since, so that her busy, flying needle finds enough to do.

In one of the meetings for prayer, a clergyman from the interior of the State of New York related the following case of conversion, which was followed by a revival of religion and the conversion of many others. He said :—" I have been for thirty years connected with the people of my charge. I have seen many deep and powerful revivals of religion. I have witnessed the triumphs of the grace of God in the conversion of a multitude of souls. But I think I saw, last Monday morning, the happiest man I ever saw in all my life. I think I never witnessed such a marked and wonderful triumph of grace. It was the conversion of a lawyer, a man of marked ability and high standing. It occurred in a parish where there was no minister and no stated means of grace. It was in this wise :—Three pious ladies, acting on a hint thrown out in this meeting—of which the people read in the *Observer* and the *Evangelist*—of the im-

portance of united prayer for some specific object, agreed to pray for the conversion of this lawyer. They entered into solemn covenant with each other to make his speedy conversion the subject of daily prayer ; and many times a day ; and beginning as they agreed, they soon became deeply burdened with anxious desire, so much so that they could not rest, and they could not be satisfied with simply praying. They went to the lawyer and told him what they were doing ; that they were unitedly and daily praying for his salvation. They asked him if he would not pray for himself. He told them he would, without any distinct impression of the responsibility which he was taking upon himself. He was a man of strict probity and honour. As night approached, this lawyer began to meditate upon the promise he had made. He at first thought he would not keep his engagement ; then again he said to himself, ' I am in the habit of keeping my promises to my fellow-men : why should I not keep my word with these ladies ? Why not ? But I do not know how to make a prayer. I have not prayed, or tried to make a prayer, for years. I *cannot* pray. It is a mockery for me to attempt it. I ought not to have promised.' ' But you *have* promised, and you must keep your promise,' the voice within him seemed to say. ' You *must* pray.' He put it over to a later hour, postponing it as long as he could.

" At last a late hour of the night was come. His mind was in a tumult. ' Oh, what shall I pray for ? Let me think what most I need. If I have got to look up to God and ask for something, what shall it be ?' Then he began to think about his posture for prayer. ' Am I to get down on my knees ? I have not bent a knee for ever so long.' And when on his knees before God, he said, ' What shall I ask for ? What shall I acknowledge ?' It was a terrible conflict. Before this he had not the least idea what his promise involved. To pray was not a mere matter of form. It was something that must be honestly

done. So he bethought himself, 'I can ask God to shew me that I am a sinner, for I am one.' He already began to feel it. 'I can ask God to bow this stubborn heart;' for he already began to feel how stubborn it was. 'I can ask God to shew me how such a wretch as I can be forgiven;' for already he began to feel that he was a wretch undone. He knelt down, and such an overwhelming sense of sin and shame came over him that he was filled with agony. What he had promised to do in a light and thoughtless frame of mind, he was now trying to do in great heaviness of spirit. But he determined to be honest and earnest. Who shall describe what followed? Who shall say what passed in that solitary chamber? Suffice it to say, that last Monday morning my eyes beheld the happiest man they ever have rested upon in all my religious observation and experience.

"As soon as I heard of these facts in my neighbourhood, I left my own charge to visit throughout this rural country-place, having no minister. I visited fifteen families in one day, and prayed in every house; and in every one of these fifteen families I found awakened persons. They had all heard of the conversion of the lawyer with much surprise. That lawyer had visited many of them, and I doubt not that now—yes, at this very moment when I am speaking—you may see him, if you see so far, in that neighbourhood in Dutchess County, with a few tracts in his hand, going from house to house, persuading sinners to come to Christ, telling them what a dear Saviour he has found."

One who has been very actively engaged in personal efforts for the salvation of souls, in connexion with the daily prayer-meetings in the city of New York, communicates the following interesting narrative:—

"'Have you a few minutes which you can give to me? I wish to speak to you.' Some one had laid his hand on the

shoulder of the writer in the crowd, as the people were leaving the noon-day prayer-meeting, and many were speaking on every side to each other as they passed out. On looking round I saw a fine, tall, gentlemanly-looking man, as the one who had addressed the inquiry above, and he was waiting for an answer. He had been observed often, of late, in the meetings, though I did not know him. He had an intelligent, open countenance, marked with an expression of great sadness. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age.

“I answered that I would be happy to speak with him. We both made our way to the back part of the lecture-room, and took one of the seats. The room was soon empty, and we were by ourselves; perceiving which, he began:—‘I have wanted to speak with you; and even now I know not what to say, or how to get my case before you. I may as well say—I am a very bad man—I am one of the “chief of sinners.”’ I sat still, very much astonished, for I had noticed this man particularly, and took him to be some pious Christian merchant, who was in the habit of coming to this room to pray. ‘You look incredulous, but you do not know me as I know myself. I have been a very wicked man, a fast man, a wealthy man, living at the clubs, and keeping company with such men as V—, and G—, and M—, and R—,’ naming some men of well-known wealth and standing. ‘I have wanted to ask you what I should do.’ He sat with his eye intently fastened upon mine. After a pause, with an expression of disappointment in his face, he added:—‘I know you do not believe me. You cannot believe me. Nobody believes me. I went to —— prayer-meeting, and twice I asked them to pray for me, and they would not. One gave me a book to read, but no prayer. I am the chief of sinners. I have been such a sinner that they are afraid of me. They say, There comes ——. What is he up to now? They have not a particle of confidence in me. They think this is all a sham. They

don't dare to pray for me, for fear I will go away and make fun of them, I suppose. I am so wicked that they cannot believe me sincere when I ask them to pray for me.' 'That is strange,' I replied. 'The greater the sinner, the greater the need of prayer.' 'Exactly so,' said he; 'I should have asked for prayer *here*, but I was afraid they would not pray for me.' 'Certainly they would,' I replied; 'if you were to rise and ask for prayer yourself, you may be assured they would pray for you.' 'Do you think so?' 'Yes, I think so.' 'Well, you don't know me, but many here do. There,' said he, pointing to a man looking in at the door, 'there is a man at the door who knows me—knows me to be a fast man—a very bad man—knows in what sort of sin I once lived at the same boarding-house with him. You could not make that man believe that I am anxious on the subject of religion. No, no, they won't believe me; and what am I to do?'

"There was a most anxious, miserable look in his face as he gazed into the face opposite his. 'Are you in good health,' I inquired, somewhat puzzled in my impressions of his case, and supposing there might be some nervous debility, which made him look so sad and melancholy. 'Never was sick a day in my life,' he replied, with a sad smile. 'It is not nervousness, as you may suppose,' looking very grave again. 'It is not—oh, if it was, I could bear it, but this I cannot bear.' And he hung his head down in sorrow, resting his forehead upon his hand. 'If you are such a sinner as you say, why do you not go directly to Christ?' 'That is it. Why don't I? How shall I? That is just the point I wanted to talk about.' 'How long have you come to these meetings?' 'For some time. I know you have noticed my coming.' 'What made you come?' 'I do not know.' 'My friend, do you depend on the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting for any relief in your case?' 'I do not depend, but yet I want to have them pray for me.' 'Why?' 'Because I believe God hears

their prayers.' 'And yet you say you do not *depend*. May you not be mistaken?' 'Perhaps so.' 'Have you ever asked for prayer here?' 'I have sent in a written request for prayer—asking them to pray for the "chief of sinners"—but I have found no relief.' 'Did you expect any?' 'Perhaps I did.' 'Have you any right to go anywhere else with your case, with any expectation of relief, except to Christ, or to exalt this meeting into the place of Christ? Do you not see that all this is hewing out to yourself your own cistern, while you neglect to go to the fountain set open for sin in a Saviour's blood?'

"He made no reply. I added, 'Jesus Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sin. All you have to do is to apply to Him, triumphant in mercy; and if you will go to Him *now*, just as you are, and roll all your burden upon Him, you will feel in your own soul how ready He is to take it. Don't you remember His words: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and again, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." All you have to do is simply to take Him at His word, for He is just as good as His word.' He paused a few minutes in the deepest meditation, and his countenance lightened up with some new purpose and new light. 'Is there any place where we can pray together?' he inquired. In a moment we went up into one of the small rooms of the Consistory building. The missionary of the old church was there. He was made acquainted with our object in coming. We kneeled down together, 'the chief of sinners,' as he denominated himself, in the middle. One of the three led in prayer—very short—adapted to his case. This closed, and he began. Oh, what a prayer was that! full of repentance, confession, importunity, faith, love, consecration. We felt that the great transaction was done. The other followed in prayer, and our little prayer-meeting was ended. We passed silently away, down the stairs and out.

"The next day this man came and told what the Lord had done for his soul, and all hearts in the meeting were filled with joy. He gave a rapid and succinct history of his past life, and spoke, with evident contrition, of his former courses, and declared openly his new faith in Jesus, and his attachment to Him. The sadness had vanished from his face, and from that hour he has gone on his way rejoicing. He told to the meeting the features of his case that had made him regard himself as the chief of sinners, and as a brand plucked from the burning. He says he cannot recall the influences which led him to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, but having once come he could not stay away. So God has mercy on whom He will have mercy. Two or three days after, this gentleman came rather later than usual to the meeting. He took a seat near the door, unable to get further in. An expression of joyous satisfaction was resting on his face, full of humble, sweet submission. When the meeting was fairly opened, and the leader called on some one to lead in prayer, in a moment he was on his knees by his seat, pouring forth to his merciful Saviour such expressions of thankfulness and gratitude as melted all hearts. Long will that prayer be remembered by those who heard it. It may now be said of him, as it was of another, 'Behold, he prayeth.'"

A young man arose in the noon-day prayer-meeting who said he was nearly blind, and for five years had been deprived of his sight. Of late he had fallen into sceptical habits of mind on the subject of religion. He rejected the great doctrines of the Gospel as unworthy of belief. A deeper moral blindness had settled down upon his soul than that which clouded his natural vision. Years had passed since he felt any concern about himself. He rejected all evidence of the truth of religion. So he had gone on in his journey toward eternity, a thoughtless, heedless, unbelieving man. Some time ago he became interested in the published accounts of the prayer-meeting. He was then,

he said, living out of the city. From week to week these accounts were read to him, and his mind at once became deeply interested in the facts which were here related. He became uneasy, as well as interested, and the more he heard the more anxious he was to hear of the incidents of the meeting. He became fully satisfied that there was a Divine power here. Nothing but the power of God could produce the effects which he knew were produced. With this solemn conviction upon his mind, that conversion was the work of the Holy Spirit, his own peace was gone. All that carnal security of the past few years, in which he had not had a moment of religious anxiety, vanished in a brief space of time, and he found himself a poor sinner, crushed under a burden, a weight of guilt. He knew now too much of himself to doubt that he was a poor, naked, self-ruined, miserable, perishing sinner. The more he struggled for relief, the less relief he found. He was plunged deeper and deeper into trouble by all his own vain efforts. He felt the load upon him sinking him down to hell. He added:—"But God, for His great love, wherewith He loves sinners, and is plenteous in mercy toward all who come to Him through Jesus Christ, was pleased to shew me how vain all my efforts were to save myself, or to make myself any better, or to prepare myself for forgiveness, or to do anything for myself by the course I was pursuing. I did not know that all I had to do was to come to Christ just as I was. When I saw that, I found myself already doing it, so that the same influence that led me to see the one led me to do the other. In a moment I found that all was changed. I trusted Christ and Christ alone. I renounced all my own righteousness—all my vain endeavours—all confidence in my prayers, my tears, my anything and everything; I gave it all up, and took, instead of all these things, Christ. I took Him to my soul as my all-sufficient and everlasting portion; and oh, what a portion I have found in Him! Oh, what an

infatuation it was in me to be a proud unbeliever ; such a sinner as I was to be a despiser of Jesus !

“It is only six weeks ago since all these things became so changed to me ; and do you think I have nothing to be thankful for ? Do I owe nothing to this blessed place of prayer ? Do I owe nothing to the reports which I have read of this meeting ? I have longed to come here and acknowledge my obligations to God, and, under God, to this meeting. I cannot now even tell what made me desire to hear about this meeting, but you see what a blessing it has been to me.”

As soon as the blind man sat down, up sprang a man, young in years, apparently with a careworn-looking countenance, who said he wished to say a few words. “Some time ago,” said he, “I lost my hearing. I could hear little or nothing. From being very social in my habits, going almost to one extreme in this respect, some of my friends thought I was now in danger of going to the other. I withdrew myself in a great measure from society, and betook myself to reading. Among the things I read were the published reports of the incidents of the daily prayer-meeting. I became most deeply interested in them. I thought, oh, if I could only get to one of those meetings, and hear the prayers and addresses of one meeting, I should be so happy ! I should certainly become a Christian. Now I have come into the city. I have had an operation performed on my ears, and my hearing is restored, and I have been able to hear every word which has been spoken. I want you to pray for me. I am seeking earnestly. I long to become a Christian. I must remain in the city a few days, and I shall be in here every day during my stay. And will you not pray for me ?”

He spoke like one very much in earnest. Fervent prayer was offered for this anxious young man, that he might give up all for Christ, and seek all in Christ, by true repentance and faith in Him. At a subsequent hour he went, with the missionary of

the meeting, into a small upper room. While there the missionary handed him one of the consecration cards, lately published by some of the business men of the meeting, to be used on just such occasions as this. One of these had been placed in the hands of this anxious young man as he was leaving the meeting at the time he made request for prayer.

"Now," said the missionary to the young man, "will you read this card, line by line, and see if you can adopt one line at a time with all your heart? I want you to enter into covenant with Jesus, here, in this very room, and at this very moment." They knelt together, the young man placing that card of consecration before him, and laying his head down into the chair on which he had placed it. And then they commenced their united prayer, the missionary first praying that the young man might be led to give himself away to Jesus just as He is offered in the Gospel. The young man followed, heartily dedicating himself to God in all the ways of holy obedience, and adopting the language of that dedication with a full heart, in which he felt his heart all going out after Jesus as his helper and Saviour.

The next day, at the noon prayer-meeting, he spoke of the great change in his feelings since the day before. "I thought," said he, "I knew what was happiness before, but I knew nothing about it. I thought I knew what partial relief was from this burden of anxiety, but I knew nothing about it until I found it in trusting all to Christ. Now I feel a happiness in my soul such as I never knew anything about before. Pray that I may ever more be steadfast in my consecration to Christ, and humbly and faithfully follow Him;" and, with a few remarks addressed to the impenitent, he sat down.

Some one touched the writer as he was leaving the prayer-meeting. He turned, and saw the face of a well-known Christian brother; and close at hand stood a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, with whom he had been conversing—stand-

ing there, a child of sorrow. The big tears were slowly rolling down her cheek, and then she would wipe them away as if she had been half unconscious of their falling. "Here is a lady," said the gentleman, "to whom I wish you to say a few words. She says she is 'uncertain what to do.'" I soon saw that she was in spiritual trouble. "Why are you uncertain what to do?" I inquired. "I do not understand the next step to be taken," said she. "Where are you now?" I asked. "I have been coming daily to these meetings for four weeks, and all that time I have felt anxious about my soul, but all I do does not seem to make my case any better." "And what do you try to do?" "I have striven to convince myself that I am a sinner—as I know I am. But, though I know it as a truth, I do not feel about it as I should." "How would you feel about it if you could?" "I would have deep conviction." "What is your present impression about yourself?" "That I am a great sinner—that is all." "And what would you have more?" "That is what I do not understand. My next step should be for deeper conviction. But what further can I do?" "Your mistake is a very common one. Your next step, and only step, is to go to Christ just as you are. Go to Him at once. You can do nothing. Hitherto you have been relying upon yourself. Renounce all this as a dishonour done to Christ as a Saviour, and go to Him for all the help you need hope for or desire." "Is that all?" "That is all. You must repent now, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Go to Him who says to you, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' All you have to do is with true penitence to believe in His mercy."

"Oh," said she, as if a new light had dawned upon her mind, "is *that* my next step?" "Not your *next* step, as if you had already taken one or more right steps in religion. Going to Christ is your first step and only step. He does not say, Come to conviction—come to a deeper sense of sin; but He says,

Come unto *me*." "Oh, what a self-righteous creature I am! I see it all now. I have been refusing Christ, while all this time I thought I was preparing to come to Him." She said this, evidently disappointed in herself. "Will you go to Jesus now?" was hastily asked. She looked up with a smile, and great resolution depicted in her intelligent face as she answered, "I WILL."

CHAPTER V.

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS—*continued.*

THE following case, related by the person who was the subject of conversion, is calculated to impress upon the heart the words of the Psalmist, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" It shews that God can meet the sinner wherever he may wander, and that Christians are encouraged to labour and pray for the stranger, as well as for their friends and neighbours.

A gentleman had come from California to Washington City on political business. After a stay of some time in Washington, he was walking along the streets one night in company with his little son, a lad fourteen years old, when his attention was arrested by the singing of a hymn to a tune with which he was familiar in his boyhood. The words were these:—

"A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

The singing was in a private house; a lady was just passing in: he said to her, "What is going on here?" "It is a neighbourhood prayer-meeting," she replied. "What sort of people are met here?" he asked. "They are Methodists." "Can any one go in who desires to?" "Yes," she answered, and invited him in. He says:—"I went into that meeting in a state of hardened wickedness. I was steeped in every crime save the

breach of the seventh commandment and the shedding of innocent blood. I had not the fear of God, man, or the devil before my eyes. I was as stupid as a stone, and bent only upon my own advancement. I was a man of unbounded ambition. There I was arrested in the street, and led into that little prayer-meeting in a most unexpected manner. I had not been in a place of worship for years. I had a praying father, now dead, and a praying mother still living. I had a praying wife, who died a most triumphant, happy death four years ago. I have lost seven children, and have nothing left to me of a once happy family but this little boy who sits here beside me. The meeting was crowded, being led by a Methodist clergyman. I was interested from the very first, and, as the meeting proceeded, I was deeply impressed. The prayers and remarks sank down into my heart. I went away from the meeting in an agony of mind. I wanted to know *what to do*, and felt that I had got *something to do*, and yet *what to do* I knew not. I did not know how to take the first step. I resolved, however, not to go back to my boarding-house. I dared not go back. I was surrounded there by men who drank to excess—gamblers, liars, office-seekers, and a horde of evil men. I knew if my soul was ever saved I must not go there, and I have never stepped foot in that house to this day.

“The next day, which was Saturday—two weeks ago last Saturday—I called at the house where the prayer-meeting was held, and inquired the name of the minister who led it and his residence. I went to see him. He tried to direct me, counsel me, encourage me, and comfort me; but his remarks gave no comfort to my mind. He invited me to come to church the next day, and directed me to the place of worship. I went. It was the Sabbath. His subject was the prodigal son. He described him—his going from home—his leaving his father’s house—his wasting all his substance in riotous living—his

rapid descent to the lowest misery and degradation—his poverty, and want, and starvation—his abject wretchedness and woe. I felt that I was that very prodigal; and the ancient one differed from me in only one particular: he had a most degrading occupation; I had *none*. As for any good, I would have given anything for ‘husks.’ Oh, what a wretch did I find myself. Such was the instruction of the morning.

“I went again in the afternoon. The subject was continued. The prodigal coming to himself, resolving to return to his father’s house, with confessions upon his tongue, and repentance and a deep sense of unworthiness in his heart. He described that state of mind—described the journey—painted the joyful welcome and pardon which he received—his happy condition on being restored to the bosom of his family. I came fully to *myself* under that sermon. I resolved to set out for my Father’s house; but I did not know *what* to do. I could not take the first step. All was thick darkness and uncertainty around me. But one thing I resolved to do, and knew I must do it as soon as possible. I must leave Washington. I fled from the temptations by which I was surrounded. I had been a drinking man, a profane man, a gambling man. I was surrounded by those men who were addicted to just such sins as I had practised all these later years of my life.

“I had heard of the prayer-meetings of Philadelphia. I had money enough to get there. I went there immediately—went into the daily prayer-meeting and made known my case, and requested them to pray for me. I made myself known to the Young Men’s Christian Association. I went to some of the firemen’s prayer-meetings, and wherever I went I besought them to pray for me. One night, at the prayer-meeting at the Diligent Engine-house, I believe God for Christ’s sake pardoned my sins. The load of sin was removed. The burden was gone. I felt as if I had got back to my Father’s house.

Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I had fled from Washington as for my life. I left all my old associates, and having been often pointed by many ministers and others to the cross of Christ, I was at last able to get a sight of it. My prayer *was*, 'What shall I do to be saved?' my prayer now *is*, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' I give myself, soul and body, for time and eternity, to the Lord Jesus, and now I want to know what I am to do."

A young lawyer of the State of Maine, whose family name is well known in connexion with the United States Senate, gave the following account of his conversion, in connexion with the labours of Rev. Mr Hammond in that state. The narrative was given in a meeting for conference but a few days after his change. He said :—"I cannot refrain from saying that it is repugnant to my natural feelings to speak of myself ; but in the hope that it may possibly, with God's blessing, be the means of some little good, I will speak. I feel impelled to speak for the cause of Jesus, and of my late experience, though my words be feeble. My story is a simple one. But a short time since I had supposed that I was possessed of a strong will, of good nerves, and of a clear judgment. I did not think I was emotional, and I remarked to a friend with whom I was conversing, and who mentioned that Mr Hammond was creating an excitement, that if he could raise any emotion in me I should like to have him, for it was dull, and had been so long since I had felt emotion that I should like to feel it. One Sunday evening it entered my mind that I would go and hear. I went and listened intently, but it was with no expectation that it would afford me any pleasure, except that of hearing one who, from report, appeared to be an earnest and impassioned speaker. I listened to him and went away. I descanted to my friends upon his power of illustrating, and told them that he drew upon his travels for his figures of speech. I was utterly indifferent so far as my personal state was concerned. Some time after I attended again,

and listened attentively. I fastened my eye upon the speaker, and for some moments his gaze was riveted on mine, as he addressed me in tones of impassioned earnestness to come to Christ. It was thus I began to think, 'Is this real? Is it necessary? Is it a duty we have resting upon us?' But when the sermon closed I walked down the aisle and out of church alone. I thought then, 'There is no necessity of my stopping here to talk with these people; it will do well enough for persons not in the habit of thinking for themselves, but not for me.' I concluded that I would not go again; but, on reflection, I said, 'I will go; I am not afraid to hear the man.' I went. I was interested in the sermon; I was interested in the experience of Mr W——; I was interested and moved by the affecting prayer for physicians and lawyers, more particularly, perhaps, because I had been introduced to Mr Hammond during the day, and thought he might have me in his mind, and my heart was somewhat softened; but I did not heed the invitation to stop, and, steeling my heart, I walked to the door.

"I was overtaken by him. He urged me and a friend who was with me to remain. He said my old father was praying for me, and kindly pressed me to stay. He asked me to promise him that I would pray that night, but I refused the promise, and said I would see him the next day. As I walked down the still street my feelings overcame me, and I wept; but when I neared my home I endeavoured to crush out all my feelings of remorse, so that I might enter the presence of my wife calm and unmoved; for I would not let her see that a man in the prime of life could be so wrought upon, and appear so unmanly. I sat down, but my grief came over me, and I covered my face with my handkerchief. She sought to comfort me. I choked down my sensations for the moment, and said, 'This is excitement; it will pass away;' but she replied, 'It is the Spirit of God struggling with you,' and begged me to yield to its influences.

I was softened. I asked her to pray. She did so, and asked me to pray, and for the first time since I was a young boy I knelt and prayed. The next morning Mr A—— met me. He talked a moment with me in the street, and I invited him to my office. He then talked and prayed with me, and I tried to pray. He left, and during that day I was overwhelmed with mental anguish. My sins were before me. The memory of my past life came vividly to my mind, and temptations and suggestions of all sorts pressed upon me to shake off these delusions; but I prayed constantly and fervently in my mind that the Spirit of God would not leave me, but would continue to strive. That evening I attended meeting, and heard the story of the Son of God; that He came to save the lost; that for our sakes He was treated as though a guilty rebel; of His agony upon the cross; and when I listened to the words of the dying Jesus, in the extremity of agony, ‘My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?’ my heart melted. I stopped at the inquiry meeting, and on my knees I promised God that if He would forgive my sins I would take sides with Jesus; that I would stand up for Jesus, give my heart to Him, and would trust to Him and be His. I was at peace. Hence I am willing to stand up and speak to you to-night. This may seem to some a simple story, but appears a solemn reality to me.”

“A Hopeless Woman.”

So she signed her request for prayer. She said in it that she feared she had sinned so grievously that she could not be forgiven. She was a widow with four children, and she feared that they all would go down to destruction together. One son was among her children; she feared for him, especially, that poverty would drive him to despair. All together, she thought their case was hopeless. She feared she should go mad. The woman was in the meeting, and heard the prayers which were

offered for her, though others knew not that she was present. She was very much affected with these prayers. Her case was hunted out, and she was visited, conversed with, and prayed with in her humble home. She proved to be one who had seen better days. Her children, who had been fatherless for five years, had been baptized in the Episcopal Church, to which the father belonged, in Pittsburg, where he died. She has trained them with great care, and they had been kept from the evil influences of the city. The visitor heard the voice of the youngest girl, eight years old, long before he got up to the room in which the family were, singing a sweet Sunday-school hymn. The door was opened to the visitor, and there she stood on a chair facing a high attic window, singing the beautiful lines, seeming to be all absorbed in the sentiment. This did not look much like going to destruction. "You must go to Jesus," said the visitor kindly, after hearing the mother speak of her despair. "Oh, Sir, I do try. I do try with all my might," said she. "No," said the visitor, "you are not going to Jesus, I fear. You are going to your trying—to your trying with all your might. This is not going to Jesus; it is just making a righteousness of your trying. You must leave all this, and just go to Jesus." She looked up with a very intelligent look, for she is a very intellectual, cultivated woman, as if a new truth had flashed upon her mind, and said, "Perhaps I do not understand what going to Jesus is." "Perhaps you do not. Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and He does not allow any salvation out of Himself. If you go to HIM, not trusting to your prayers, not to your tears, not to your trying with all your might, but simply and truly trusting to Him, and to Him alone to save you, He can and will." "Oh, I see, I see," she replied, having evidently discovered the mistake of her own effort. "But must I not pray?" she asked, after some moments of deep silence. "Certainly," said the visitor; "you must pray,

you must go to church, you must go to prayer-meeting, but only that you may find Christ in all these." "I will go seek Him, and nothing but Him." In a moment all were upon their knees, and the visitor pled with earnestness that He would shew Himself unto this poor woman as He does not unto the world. After prayer he took his leave.

The next time he appeared in the meeting, another arose and said:—"I called on my way here upon the 'hopeless woman,' and she said all her burden was gone—all her despair. She found the Saviour as soon as she went to Him, and only Him; and now she is rejoicing with great joy. And I believe the Lord will give her and all her family to our faith and prayer."

A young man, upon hearing the 34th Psalm, in which occurs this promise—"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," gave the following account of his conversion:—

"There was a time when the question of my salvation was just reduced to a matter of dollars and cents. The naked question was whether I could afford to become a Christian. I had been for a long time under conviction of sin. I knew I must perish if I should die as I then was. I thought I was anxious to be a Christian. I had been an ambitious young man—ambitious to be rich; I had fair prospects of becoming so. I saw at once I must make great sacrifices if I became a Christian. I must give up all my cherished plans and schemes. Giving up all these, I knew not how much more was involved. I saw that I might be poor all my days instead of being rich, and *how* poor was more than I could tell. The adversary assailed me just in this way: 'You are doing very right to give attention to the subject of religion; it is a very important subject. But you are doing very wrong to make the sacrifice you must to become a Christian; it is unreasonable. You cannot afford it. No one has a right to throw away his blessings. Wealth is a blessing,

and you are discussing the question of being poor all your days, when you have every advantage for becoming rich. Be religious if you will, but by all means be rich; and then, with a contented mind, you can afford to be religious.' At the same time, the words of Jesus rung in my ears, and knocked at my heart: 'He that will not forsake all that he hath, cannot be my disciple.' 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.' The devil said, 'You do not quote the Scriptures correctly. It is hard for them who *trust* in riches to enter into the kingdom of heaven. You can have riches, and not *trust* in them. You are not called to make a beggar of yourself all your life long in order to go to heaven. This would be very unreasonable, and you are never required to do anything *unreasonable* to get to heaven. Be religious if you will, but by all means be reasonable. Do not make a fool of yourself, and in your folly throw your blessings away from you.' I knew that Christ required me to give up all for Him. I knew that I could not have my own way in the matter of salvation. There I hung, just on that hinge, balancing the question whether I would be rich and be without salvation, or whether I would be poor and have salvation. It was a dreadful struggle, and Satan helped me into trouble all he could, and made it seem hard. I thought I was willing to give up all dishonest and wrong ways of getting riches; but why should I be called upon to give up honest ways of seeking and obtaining the good things of this world for the sake of Christ? That was the point of the struggle. It was when I was in just that state of perplexity that my eyes fastened upon that 10th verse of the 34th Psalm, 'They that seek the *Lord* shall not want *any good thing*.' I said to myself, What more do I want than that? What more could be promised? Here is something more and something better than uncertain riches—uncertain about gaining

them—uncertain about retaining them after all; but if I seek the Lord, I shall not want any good thing. I needed just that passage at that time, and God, by His Spirit, helped me to believe in His faithfulness to fulfil His own word. On that text, as on a hinge, my heart turned to seek the Lord, and I gave up cheerfully all my fancied wealth for the sake of a saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. The load of guilt was gone, and I felt that I had salvation through the blood of the Lamb. The struggle was over, and my peace flowed as a river.

“Some unconverted, awakened sinner may ask, ‘How about that promise?’ When my heart began to trust God I forgot all about the promise. I had all my heart desired in Jesus Christ. But God did not forget *that* promise, though I did; and I can truly say, from that moment when I first believed Him, I have never been in want of *any* good thing. I found that He remembered to give me what I did not expect to ask, and in His abundant mercy He has always kept His word to the very letter. Of this world’s goods I have had all I could have asked, and even more; but, best of all, *I have been made alive unto Christ for evermore*. I am going home to die no more; for me it is not *death* to die. I thank God for that 34th Psalm; it led me to trust God through Jesus Christ. ‘They that *seek* the Lord shall not want any good thing.’”

“Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How bless’d are they, and only they,
Who in His love confide.”

CHAPTER VI.

PRAYING MOTHERS.

As there is no earthly influence that clings round the heart with such tenacity and power, or that forms so much of a safeguard against temptation, or is so mighty in reclaiming the wanderer as a mother's love and instructions, so there are no prayers that seem so prevailing with God as those of a Christian mother. The reason may be obvious. The interest which a mother feels in behalf of her children is more absorbing and fervent than any other, and leads her to be more importunate and persevering in supplication ; she never gives up the child of her womb ; and it is persevering prayer that prevails with God, not that which springs from a sudden impulse and is soon forgotten.

We make but a brief selection from the large amount of material furnished by our records to illustrate this chapter, and to encourage the hearts of mothers who are waiting on God.

Recently, at a prayer-meeting, the following instance was related :—A man was converted who had adopted infidel opinions under the teachings of his father. The convert had previously been an active opposer of religion. At an evening prayer-meeting, a brother suggested that conversions are given in answer to prayer, and that wicked men, who seem abandoned, are sometimes converted in answer to the prayer of parents who have long been dead. This convert lost his mother when he was too young to remember her, but now it occurred to him that *she* might have something to do with his conversion. He rode out

to his father's house to ask him about the matter. The old man derided his son for being such a fool in religion, but at last told him that not only was his mother a pious woman, but that her last hours were occupied with prayers for her child, and in charging her husband to bring up their child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And there was revealed the hidden cause of an effect which filled the town with wonder. The infidel was converted in answer to the prayers which his mother had breathed on his behalf, when he was an infant too young to remember either her or her prayers. I may add, that old father was also converted soon afterward.

A middle-aged man arose, and said he wished to bear testimony to the power of prayer. "For many years," said he, "I was the burden of a mother's prayer. That mother I nearly brought with sorrow to the grave. I did everything to resist her influence. I went into all manner of dissipation. I kept the company of the irreligious and the ungodly. I plunged into pleasure of every kind. I laid no reins upon my desires. I did not intend to give any heed to religion. By some strange means I was brought into this meeting ; I hardly know how it was ; but, having been in once, I had a desire to be here again. I came time after time. The more I came the more I desired to come. It was not easy for me, with my own consent, to stay away. I took to watching Christians. I scanned their conduct narrowly to see if I could not find some inconsistencies. I wanted an argument against religion, for I had begun to feel that it was a solemn reality. There was one family whom I watched narrowly. It was regarded as a very pious family, and I knew them well. But, after all my observation, I could detect nothing out of the way. I was satisfied that the cheerful, constant peace which they enjoyed was not a sham. The more I believed this, the more trouble I was in. My mother's prayers and my mother's faith never gave out. They

followed me. At last I was obliged to tell her just how it was with me. I had to acknowledge that I felt myself to be a very guilty sinner, and I should go down to hell unless God would have mercy upon me.

“I want to tell you what I owe to Jesus. I obtained mercy through Him. Oh, if there is a poor man here, without God and without hope, who has a praying mother, I want to beg you to come and lay yourself at the feet of Jesus at once.”

A clergyman from California related the following incident, in connexion with his own experience and observation :—As he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances at the East, and as it was known that he was travelling to a great extent over California, he received many letters from anxious friends, begging him to hunt up a brother or a son, and endeavour to bring them to Christ. Many an earnest letter of this kind he had received. Among the rest was one from a mother, so urgent, so full of entreaty, that it took a deep hold upon his heart. The letter told him how she had agonised and prayed for a son in California until she had lost all traces of him, and begged of him that, on her behalf, he would endeavour to look up the lost boy, who she feared was in the broad road to ruin, and, as he loved souls, do all he could to save him.

Then the speaker went on to say :—“I hunted for that son a whole year. I made inquiries for him everywhere. I determined to find him, if possible. At last I found him in a gambling saloon, at the card table, deeply engaged in play. In the midst of his game I approached him, and told him I wished to speak with him. We descended into the street together. I told him how long I had been on the hunt for him, and it was all about the salvation of his soul. He laughed me to scorn. He assured me I used my time and money to very poor advantage in looking for him, and, as he would take good care of himself, he did not know but thanks for all my painstaking

would be superfluous. He said much that indicated that he looked upon my efforts with haughty disdain and contempt. But I had a commission to fulfil. So I requested him to go with me to the temperance rooms and there sign the temperance pledge; and then I wished him to go to the prayer-meeting with me. He flatly refused to do either. Stepping up close beside him, I placed my hand upon his shoulder and said, 'Charlie, I believe you have a pious, praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year have I sought you, from place to place, in obedience to a request of that mother. I have the letter in my pocket asking this of me; would you like to see it?' The young man was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment. I ran my hand into my pocket for the purpose of shewing him the letter. 'Oh,' said he, 'don't shew it to me; don't produce the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If any young man owes a debt of gratitude to a mother, none more than I.' I asked him again to go with me. He answered, 'Let me go back and finish my game, and then I will come and go with you.' He went back and played out his game, and, good as his word, he came out and went with me. We first went to the temperance rooms, and he signed the pledge. Then we went to the prayer-meeting. The man was soon in great agony of spirit.

"To make a long story short, that young man became hopefully converted, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was a liberally educated young man. He was, in process of time, chosen to be a judge of the court of the county in which he resided. He was a conscientious judge. One day he was trying a man who was indicted for gambling and similar offences—just such as he had before been guilty of. The man at the bar was a desperado, and shot the judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded, and life was fast ebbing away. He sent immediately for me," continued the speaker;

"I had just time to reach him and receive his last words. Oh, what precious words they were! 'Tell my dear mother,' said the dying young man, 'that I am dying in the assured hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Send to her a thousand thanks that she sent you that letter, and oh, a thousand thanks to you that you so faithfully followed me up, and hunted that whole year for me. Tell my darling mother I thank her for that love which never tired, and for the prayers which were never omitted for her far-off son. I am going—going to heaven. I shall meet her there. Oh, who can value a mother's prayers? And who would complain of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, if they would give him no rest, as did this mother, my dear, dear mother. Farewell.'"

In one of the meetings a young man arose and said he wished to relate his religious experience. Five years ago, he, his mother, and one sister landed in New York from Scotland, without money, having but seven shillings left after having paid their passage. Said he, "We knew no one in the city. But *mother knew* God. After being in New York a short time I found bad associates, and was in the habit of staying out late at night. Mother would leave the outside door ajar, so that I could come in without disturbing the other tenants occupying the house. One night I came home early and went to my bed without going into my mother's room. After being in bed for a time, she came in softly, and with her hands, in the dark, felt to see if I was there. Finding me there, she said, 'Thank God, my son is in early to-night.' Kneeling down beside the bed, she poured out her soul to God in audible prayer. She wrestled and pleaded with God that I might be converted and become a minister of the Gospel of Christ. The earnestness and anxiety of that prayer made a deep impression upon my heart, and from that moment I resolved that

by the grace of God, I would become a Christian. I sought the Saviour, and very soon found Him. About two years since, hearing that a small church was in want of a pastor, I resolved to accept the charge if they would give it to me. Before leaving to enter upon my ministry, my mother gave me her parting blessing, commending me to God and the word of His grace. Three months after I received a letter informing me that my mother had suddenly died. I have just come from Greenwood, where I knelt upon my mother's grave, and anew consecrated myself to the service of God in the Christian ministry with more earnestness than ever."

A pious widow in Boston had a young son, whom she dearly loved, and endeavoured to bring up in the nurture of the Lord. But when he approached manhood, she discovered, to her inexpressible sorrow, that he had fallen into evil habits, and, withal, of profane swearing and mockery of sacred things. He had, like many thousands of other boys, been secretly enticed by sinners older than himself, and became thoroughly initiated into their vices before his good mother even suspected the fact. When she discovered it she was almost heart-broken, and resolved at once to do what she could to reclaim her lost son. She questioned him, rebuked him, counselled him, warned him, wept over him, and pled with him. She called in her good pastor, that he might aid her with his advice, his paternal admonitions to her son, and prayers for his recovery from these evil courses. But all seemed to be in vain. The miserable young man was so hardened in his vices that no human power could reform him.

There was one last resort. She saw that there was no help in man, or sufficient power in herself. Her sole remaining hope was in God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. To God she went, and on Him only she resolved to depend. She prayed night and day for her prodigal son. She spoke no more to him about his evil ways. With "strong crying and tears" she com-

him to the sovereign grace of God. She still treated him
notherly kindness; but he must have observed the marks
ness in her face, and of tearful eyes, when she looked upon

While she lived she saw no sign of godly sorrow or of
nation in her prodigal son. But she had faith in God, and
not to pray. At length she died.

death shocked him, and produced some qualms of con-
e, but he soon plunged deeper into the slough of vice.
ay his good old pastor happened to meet him as he came
one of his usual haunts of dissipation. His mother's
saluted him kindly, and asked whither he was going.
hell!" said he, with a mocking emphasis. The pastor
his hands, and said, solemnly, "No, my dear youth, not
e way to hell. Your blessed mother put up too many
rs on your behalf; you cannot break through them."

wretched young sinner was sobered by these words, which
to his heart, and gave him no rest till he found it in
t Jesus. They were wisely spoken; they were the ap-
ed means by which that son of a mother's prayers was to
rn again.

young man arose and said:—"I have something to say about
ayers of a pious mother. I had one. With the first
ing of intelligence she began to teach me to pray. The
things I can remember are those little prayers which she
t me to repeat. When yet a boy, I hoped I loved Jesus
t. For two or three years I walked in the light. Then
a season of thick darkness—years of darkness. As I grew
a young man, I neglected prayer, and plunged into dissi-
n, and for years I have given myself to all kinds of folly.
n the midst of it all I have heard my mother's prayers, as
med to me, offered with a broken heart for *me*, her way-
son. Often, in the midst of my gayest and wildest revels,
ce would seem to say to me, 'Your mother is praying for

you.' I have wandered the world over—been in almost every country on the face of the earth, but I never could escape from that impression which was like a voice in my ear, saying, 'Your mother is praying for you.' A short time ago I came home to this city, not a repenting prodigal, for I had no repentance, but I was wearied out with my endeavours to flee from conviction that I was doing wrong. I came back to my poor, praying mother, and found her praying on still, just as she had been praying for years in my behalf—still holding on to God. I never felt easy to know that she was praying, and I felt continually reprov'd. I did not wish her to pray, and yet, I suppose, I should have felt dreadfully alarmed if I had known that she had ceased praying for me.

"One day, in my down-town rambles, I passed this place of prayer. I had often passed it before. But on that day, as I came near, I thought I would just step in. I wanted to see how they did things in this meeting. It was the merest idle curiosity. I sat down on a seat, and beside me was sitting a young man in evident great distress of mind. He was in a state of great agitation. I pitied him. I said to myself, 'What makes this young man feel so?' After a time he leaned over to me and said, 'I wish they would pray for me,' as if he supposed I, as a praying man, would rise and request prayer for him. It was like an arrow shot from a bow, drawn at a venture, by a strong arm, right into my heart. I became myself very much moved. I suppose others observed it. When the meeting closed, a gentleman came to me and said, in a kind and gentle way, 'Would you not wish to have a share in the prayers of this meeting?' 'No, no,' said I, very abruptly, at the very same time feeling as if I wished somebody would pray for me. I walked out into the street, and the same gentleman pursued me up towards Nassau Street. 'Had you not better go back, and write a request for prayer to-morrow?' said he, in the same quiet voice. I walked

on, and he repeated the question. At that second question I turned and came back, and he with me. We went into the upper room, and I wrote out my request. That turn in Ann Street, to go back and write the request for prayer, was a turn in my life. I have come here every day. My mother was praying all the time that I might be led to come; praying that I might be persuaded to come to Christ; and here I am to tell you how I have come to Him, been forgiven, and have now a good hope of salvation through faith in His atoning blood. Oh, how much I owe to a mother's prayers!"

A young man said there was nothing like a mother's prayers to touch the heart of an unconverted young man. "I am always deeply moved by these requests of mothers for prayer for their unconverted sons. I remember two years ago, when prayer-meetings were held in Burton's Theatre, as I was leaving the house one morning, my mother asked me if I knew how important the present period was to me, and what a responsibility rested upon me in such a day, when God was pouring down His Holy Spirit in such a wonderful manner. It was a solemn moment with my soul, she said, and the tears stood in her eyes while she said it, as she held my hand affectionately in hers. My heart was unmoved by all this. She begged me to go to the prayer-meeting in that theatre. She perhaps knew that I had some sort of purpose to go. I was not decided; but she urged me to go; she exhorted me. I was unmoved by all she said. 'Go, my son,' said she, as I was breaking away to leave her, 'and remember, *I shall be praying for you.*' I passed into the street, uninfluenced by all my dear mother had said except that last sentence, 'I shall be praying for you.' This, ringing continually in my ears, was a terror to me. I went to the prayer-meeting, and I seemed to hear that little sentence continually repeated in my ear, 'I shall be praying for you.' I could not shake it off; it followed me everywhere, and I never found a

moment's peace until I laid down all my rebellion, all my opposition, at the Saviour's feet, and cast myself as a poor, lost sinner upon His mercy. Oh, these mothers' prayers—these mothers' prayers, how they move my heart! How they follow us, their sons, wherever we go. A mother's prayer comes to this meeting, asking us to help her pray for her poor wandering boy. I wish I could encourage that poor praying mother. Under God I owe all I have, all I am, all I hope for, to that short little sentence, 'I shall be praying for you;' and that, too, because she did pray for me. When it was twelve o'clock at noon, there was my mother, up in her chamber, pleading with God, as none but a mother, perhaps, can do. I am here as a living witness to the prevailing prayer of a devoted, pious mother."

A young sailor recently, in one of the meetings for prayer, bore the following testimony to the power of a mother's influence and the value of a mother's prayers. He said:—"I am from the sea. I want to tell you how good God has been to me. I am here a stranger. You meet here daily for prayer. I want to tell you never to doubt God when you pray. Will He not be as good as His word? I had to come all the way home from sea to find out why I was awakened and converted. I now humbly hope I am a Christian; and if I am, it is in answer to a dear mother's prayers. As soon as I got on shore, what do you suppose was the first thing I did? Why, the first thing was to go home and tell my mother of the great change. I said to her, 'Mother, I hope that I have become a Christian.' 'I know it,' said she, 'I know it; I would have been dreadfully disappointed if I had found you anything else.' 'But how did you know?' I inquired. 'Oh, I was so sure of it; I never doubted after I had that blessed assurance that you would be saved.' 'Then you have been praying for me?' 'Oh yes, and something more than praying; I have been believing; I *felt* that you would be converted.' So, when I learned all this

from my mother, and all about the time when those prayers were offered for me, I then understood why, away at sea, in mid ocean, without any visible means of grace, I was overtaken by the Spirit, and brought to submit myself to Jesus." He stood hesitating a moment, then said :—" Oh, I was a wretched wanderer, a poor prodigal, and there was not much hope for me, but my poor mother's prayers reached a power that could reach and subdue me. Now, when you pray, do believe. I tell you that it is true, God is as good as His promise."

He was a tall, manly-looking son of the ocean, and he spoke with an earnestness characteristic of the men of his class. He was a child of many prayers, and a child of the covenant.

Another sailor bore the following testimony :—" I bless God for praying parents. I was brought up under the instruction of a dear father and mother, who always endeavoured to teach me what duties I owed to God and to my fellow-men. My dear mother was taken from me, and she is now in heaven. My father was left, but I neglected all my instruction, and went away to sea. I was never at rest ; I was always afraid of coming judgment, and never could be happy. I knocked round the world in search of happiness, but I never could find it. Sometimes I was in China, sometimes in Australia. I was on every ocean—every sea—seeking happiness, but I never found it. I was never at rest. I was always carrying about with me a troubled conscience. I never could forget my mother's prayers—my dear, sainted mother. How often, away on the dark sea, in my night-watch, did I think how she prayed for her wandering boy, asking God to have pity and mercy upon me ! And how often did I feel afraid to live on as I was living—no God, no hope ; but I did live on, a very unhappy young man, never at rest.

" I came into Boston last winter from sea, and, blessed be God, there I found an interest in Christ. There I found what

it was to have my dear mother's God for my God. My joy was unspeakable when I felt assured that my sins were all forgiven, and my iniquities blotted out for the sake of Christ. Oh, I cannot tell you how happy I was and am. I am a happy man. The happiness I was always seeking I have found. I never found it until I found Christ. Now I am at rest. I have in Christ all I need ; I have every want of my soul supplied in Him ; I am not afraid nor ashamed to be a witness for Him on ship or on shore ; under all circumstances I stand up joyfully to speak of the great love I have for Jesus, and the great love He has for me. I love Jesus above all besides. I love Him because He first loved me. I cannot tell you how happy I am ; and my happiness increases every day. My heart is full of joy and my mouth is full of praise. I want this meeting to pray for me." He spoke with an indescribable tenderness, and apparent sincerity and honesty, which carried conviction that it was as he said : he could not tell how happy he was.

In a prayer-meeting in the city of Boston, a sailor who had just landed gave the following account of his conversion :—He ran away from home when young, and went to sea. He had a pious, godly mother, whom he had not seen for seventeen years. He often had letters from his mother, begging him, when he came into port, to come and see her, but he never would go. He was often under a promise to go, but when he came home from his long India voyages, with one hundred dollars or two hundred dollars in his pocket, drawn as back pay, he would go ashore and fall into the hands of the land-sharks, and there he would be tossed about among them until his money was gone, and then he would go to sea again to be gone for another long voyage. All this time his mother kept on praying and writing to him, and still begging him to come and see her when he should come ashore. This mother had been in the habit of

praying with him when he was a little boy, but he had long since forgotten her prayers. So he had gone on in a career of wickedness for seventeen years, disappointing all the fond hopes of his pious mother. One night, he said, his ship was overtaken by a terrible hurricane, so that it seemed as if the sails would all be blown away. He was ordered to go aloft to endeavour to take in the sails to save them. It seemed to him that, in spite of all he could do, he should be blown off into the raging billows. In that terrible gale, when it seemed as if destruction and death were yawning beneath him to swallow him up quick, he said he thought he heard his mother's voice crying for mercy for him. The thoughts of his poor praying mother came rushing over his soul. He listened, and still he thought, in the midst of the howling tempest, he heard the prayer of that same blessed but neglected mother praying God to save her son. "Then and there it was," said this sailor, "when I was hanging on for my life to keep from being blown overboard, all my mother's prayers when I was a little boy came up to my mind. I seemed to hear them all over again." He said, as soon as he could come down from aloft, overwhelmed with a sense of his sins, he ran down into the fore-castle, and there fell on his knees and cried to God for mercy. He confessed what a vile sinner he had been, and he asked God to hear his poor mother's prayers and his own cries for mercy, and forgive him. He hoped he that night obtained forgiveness.

From that time all his manner and his plans of life were changed. He came into Boston a new man in Christ Jesus. The land-sharks could not get hold of him. He had saved up his wages, two hundred or three hundred dollars, and he said he was going right home to see his dear mother, who for these seventeen long years had been praying for him; and whatever he could do, or his money could do, all should be done to make that dear faithful mother happy.

At one of the meetings a young man arose and said, "I wish this meeting would pray for me, for I had a praying mother." He stood trembling, essaying to tell something more, but being unable to proceed, he sat down, overcome with deep emotion, hiding his face in his hands, and weeping bitterly. After the close of the meeting, a gentleman, somewhat advanced in years, was observed looking round, as if to find some friend. "Did you wish to find any one?" said the missionary, standing in the doorway. "Yes," said the gentleman, "I wish to find some one; I am looking for some one who will be kind enough to pray for me;" and, looking into the benevolent face of the missionary, he said, with an indescribable earnestness and an imploring expression upon his countenance, "Will *you* be kind enough to pray for *me*, for I, too, had a praying mother?" He said he was a physician, had been long in practice in the city of New York, was the only one of a large family of brothers and sisters unconverted. His parents were pious, and his mother a most devoted praying woman. She had prayed with him and for him all through his childhood and youth; and after he had entered his profession, and settled himself in practice in this city, she pursued him with her prayers and entreaties. He was impatient under it, and begged her to desist, and let religion alone when he visited her, otherwise he could not do so with any comfort. "The last time she ever prayed for me was in 1824, and the last sentence," he said, "of the last letter my mother ever wrote me was this: 'Oh, my son, pray, cry to God for mercy!' and then God took from me one of the loveliest and best of mothers, to her eternal rest in heaven. Oh," said he, "if a cannon ball had struck me, I could not have been more deeply wounded than I was when that young man stood up in the prayer-meeting and said, 'I want this meeting to pray for me, for I had a praying mother.' It went like a shot to my heart." He expressed great fears that he could not be forgiven,

and at the same time the strongest resolution that he never would give up asking until he had obtained forgiveness. He soon after found peace in believing.

"I was sent for," said a gentleman in the Fulton Street meeting, "to visit a young lady in a very anxious state of mind. I have always felt the importance, in talking with such, to keep to the words of Scripture—the Word of God—and rely on that, as the fire and the hammer, to break the hard and flinty heart in pieces. I was invited, on entering the house, into the parlour. I had never seen the individual whom I had called for; but, while waiting for her to come in, I stepped to the table, and took up a neat little Bible, and opening it, I found a leaf turned down, and the corner of the leaf pointing to this particular passage, and I thought there was something significant about it. The passage pointed to was this: 'Be not afraid; only believe.' When the young lady entered, after the usual salutations, still holding the little Bible in my hand, I inquired, 'Who turned down that leaf?' 'My dying mother,' she answered, with much emotion. 'Well, have you trusted, according to these words, in the *Author* of these words?' 'Never,' she replied. 'Not in Jesus?' 'Not even in Jesus!' and a tear was seen falling down her cheek. 'Could you do anything better?' 'I presume not.' 'Why, then, not believe?' 'How can I believe when I do not believe?' She looked perplexed and troubled. I knew that the Holy Spirit was moving on her heart, and again inquired, 'Would not Christ have felt insulted if those to whom He addressed these comforting words had said, "How can we believe when we do not believe?"' 'No doubt of it,' she answered. 'Is it any less insulting for you to say it than for them?' 'Not the less—perhaps the more.' 'Here is this leaf turned down for a purpose by your dying mother. What purpose do you suppose it was?' 'That I might read and obey these words;' and the tears were falling

fast. 'These words are the path, and this leaf turned down is the fingerpost pointing to the path in which she wished her dear daughter to walk when she was dead and gone. Now, will you walk in it?'

"There was a solemn pause. She trembled violently as she stood beside me. At length she said, 'I will, I will not be afraid, and will believe.' I have called upon her since, and I always find her rejoicing in Jesus."

CHAPTER VII

PRAYING WIVES.

Who can estimate the power of a praying wife! Even when the one to whom all her interests are united is apparently insensible to the claims of the Gospel, and so hostile as to forbid a word of appeal, her humble example and her silent prayers may, through God, be causing the walls of opposition to crumble, and preparing the heart to yield to Christ. Read the following cases:—

A praying wife, the mother of several children who were hopefully pious, had long carried to God in the arms of her faith the case of her unconverted husband. For years she had tried to commend him to God, and to implore for him the converting influences of the Holy Spirit. Her children, one after another, were brought into the fold of Christ, but he was still without. Already the locks of age were covering his head, and he was fast verging on to his threescore and tenth year. God had seemed to try every method, such as we might think was adapted to bring him to the Saviour's feet. Now He sent prosperity, making his plans in life succeed, and crowning his efforts to obtain earthly good with His blessing. Still the heart was proud, unbroken. The man lived on the bounty of his Maker, but made no returns of gratitude for the mercies bestowed on him. God then sent adversity, leading him to feel how uncertain is every worldly possession—that it is the easiest of all things for Him to attach wings to earthly riches and

make them fly away. But he would not bend his stubborn will. He refused to hear the voice of God speaking to him in the storm which swept over him, and saying to him, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things in the earth." He was not an immoral man. In all the commercial disasters through which he had passed there was not a single stain upon his integrity. Before men he was still pure and upright. But he did not love his God and Saviour. He would not humbly bow at the throne of grace, and penitently acknowledge his sins, and by faith avail himself of that precious blood which was shed for sin. The Holy Spirit had striven with him, but in vain. Revival after revival he had passed through, but he had come out of them all seemingly more hardened than ever. The condition of her husband weighed heavily on the heart of his devoted wife. She loved him with an affection which years of pleasant married life had made exceeding strong, and, if the giving of her life would have led to his conversion, gladly would she have laid it down to rescue his soul from perdition. Her mind, ever on the alert in devising plans for his spiritual good, led her to propose to her pious children—some of whom were still under the parental roof, and others scattered to other places—to set apart a certain hour of that day to make him the subject of special prayer for his conversion.

Week after week passed away, but nothing indicated that prayer was heard in his behalf. The faith of the children, one after another, began to waver, and they were coming to the conclusion that their father was beyond hope. The wife and mother would not give up that hope. Under the trial her faith did not fail, but grew stronger, and her plea more urgent. Her whole soul was in an agony of desire on his behalf. She could not repress her anxiety; but one night, after they had retired, she told him once more how deeply concerned she felt

for him. He listened as he had been wont to, respectfully, but with indifference, and at length, even while she was in the act of pouring out her affectionate heart to him, he fell asleep. In her distress she rose from her sleepless couch, and making her way in the dead of night—a cold night in the month of February—to the sitting-room, she raked open the coals, and, kneeling down on the hearthstone, spent the whole night in prayer. As the morning dawned, the following passed through her mind:—“What a heavy burden I have been carrying these forty years! My strength is exhausted; I can bear the load no more; but what shall I do with it? My poor husband, would God I could die for thee! This awful weight of anxiety, how can I be pressed down under it any longer! Let me cast it on the arm of my covenant-keeping God. The proud heart is too hard for me to break, and the stubborn spirit too unyielding for me to make it bend. I must distress myself no more. Have I not sinned in allowing myself to be so distressed? My heavenly Father, perhaps, has seen in me a spirit not ready in all things to submit to His will. But now I will submit; I will give up all into His hands. Pray I must and will, but it shall be no more with an overwhelmed and afflicted spirit. Henceforth let me, with a deeper emphasis than ever, say, ‘Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.’ I leave all with Thee.”

When the morning hour came she was calm, and the subject of an inward, sweet peace, such as she had not for a long time felt. She had reached the quiet, serene heights of an undoubting faith, and her soul was at rest. When she met her husband, she spoke a few tender but earnest words to him, reminding him of the prospect which was before them, and that they, who for almost half a century had been united together, might perhaps soon be separated for ever. She besought him to grant her one request—to give up that day to meditation and prayer, if not for his own, yet for her sake. It was evident that, through

the power of the Spirit, first calming her perturbed soul, and then effectually working on his, the victory was about to be gained. He was struck—awed by her impressive manner. He promised to comply with her request. He left her side, and was not seen by her again till pight. When he made his appearance, it was evident that he had passed a most thoughtful, serious day. Wisely she forbore saying much to him. The next day was spent in retirement, and when the evening hour came, it was clear that he was an altered man. He was still solemnly thoughtful, but plainly there was a change in him. "I know not," said he, "what is the matter with me; I have been the subject of such feelings as I have never had before. This afternoon it seemed to me as if I became such a changed man. Everything seemed to tell me that there was a God, and all things upon which I looked were singing His praises. And then how did my heart go out in love to everybody! The man whom I have so hated, and felt as though I had just reason to hate him for the wrong he has done me, why, I thought I could take him to my bosom as though he was my own brother."

Oh, what words were these to fall on the ear of that loving and long-praying wife! Sincerely could she say, "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined His ear unto me, and heard my cry. He hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God."

The following is the public testimony of a young man who had been a Freethinker, and who was led to reflection, and subsequently to Christ, through the example of an affectionate wife, who was not permitted to express to him her own feelings, but who lived near to Christ, and at length drew her husband with her to the Cross:—"It is only a short time that I have hoped that I was a Christian. I was always, as I called myself, a moral man. To be this was all that I supposed neces-

or happiness here or hereafter. In religion I was a Freeer. I made little account of Christianity in the world ; I ght all professions of religion a mere sham ; I thought all would be required of man was a moral life ; I prided myself on mine. I was well read in all the creeds and forms of ion of the day. My head was full of arguments against ion ; I felt that no one was able to confute them. Two ys made a deep impression upon my mind—a sentiment an example. I will say a word of the example. I married ung, pious wife. She set before me a consistent Christian ple. She never argued with me on the subject of religion ; knew that this would do no good. I could have over- lmed her with arguments, but she reprov'd me every day er consistent Christian life. I felt the power of that reproof. e had not been so consistent, I would have got along better myself ; but she said nothing, and kept living religion out er life. She did not conceal the fact that she made me a ect of daily, earnest prayer. This troubled me. I did not easy to have her continually praying for me. I knew she ld not pray for me unless she knew I needed prayer— led the blessings which she endeavoured to procure by er. What a commentary on my life ! My wife had a calm, t, sweet repose of spirit. She enjoyed her religion. I could she did. I had to admit it. I knew that she had a peace ind to which I was a stranger. I knew her religion made happy. I knew that her religion was of priceless value to ; and if it was beyond all price to her, I wondered why the e experience might not be beyond all price to me. I was bled and anxious, and she seemed to be in a state of perfect . My mind became very much aroused, and all peace fled y from my mind. I knew not what to do. Not a word had et passed between us. I knew she was anxious about me, was praying for me, and I thought she was well aware that

I was anxious for myself. The struggle was an awful one. 'Here I stood, a self-condemned sinner.

"Now let me say a word about the impression. I have heard my minister say, in one of his discourses, when I was not more than ten years old, 'that men should think of the world as they will think of it when they have been in hell or heaven a hundred years.' This made a deep impression. I could never controvert the sentiment. How poor it made everything appear. I had nothing *but* the world, and at such stand-points how worthless it was. I was very miserable. I felt guilty and wretched beyond expression. I thought of prayer, but I had never prayed in my life—how should I begin? You cannot think how wretched I was; it was an awful struggle for me to get down on my knees; but God brought me to my knees; I was completely humbled; I could only say, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'

"My wife, with a Christian woman's instinct or penetration, soon found out my state of mind. - She prayed now with me. I was not now ashamed to acknowledge that I needed prayer, and that I prayed for myself. I loved my wife, and how unspeakable was my sense of the blessing to my soul of that consistent Christian example which adorned her life! At length I was led to embrace the Saviour just as He was offered me in the Gospel. He became my joy and my hope. I trusted Him without a shadow of wavering and doubt. I look back to these two things as the means of my hopeful conversion: the light and influence of a consistent Christian example, and the influence of the sentiment which fell upon my mind from the lips of the living preacher when I was but ten years old, that we should think of this world as we will think of it when we have been in eternity one hundred years, whether it be in heaven or in hell.

"To you who are young wives, and have impenitent hus-

bands, I want to say, think of the importance of a right example. Do not try to reason so much as to live religion before your husbands. Let them know, if you please, that you pray for them. If they love you, nothing will trouble them so much as this. They cannot bear it. I could stand anything but those silent prayers, which I knew were offered, but which I never heard."

The following history of the conversion of a husband is given in his own language, as he repeated it in the daily meeting for prayer:—"Thank God," said he, "I have never been a criminal, but I have been everything else—have plunged into all manner of sin and vice. I never went to church, never attended upon any means of grace, and gave myself up to the evil courses of this wicked city, and went in them as far as the furthest. One night, on my going home, my little girl came to me and said, 'Mother and I are going to be baptized to-morrow.' I turned to my wife and said, 'What is this? What does this mean?' 'It means just this: that we expect to be baptized to-morrow, and make public profession of our faith in Christ.' 'In what church?' I inquired, with no little degree of indignation. 'In the C—Street Baptist Church,' said my wife, firmly. 'Oh,' said I, 'any church but that! I hate it. You must not join it.' 'My husband,' she rejoined, 'we have been attending the prayer-meetings, and we hope our sins have been forgiven, and we must obey God and confess Christ before men.' Well, let me tell you one thing. If you join that church I will never darken these doors again—never!' I spoke in high dudgeon. My wife cast upon me a firm but imploring and compassionate look, and said, 'My husband, I leave you in the hands of God. We shall be baptized to-morrow. I leave you in the hands of God,' she solemnly repeated.

"'In the hands of God'—it was like an arrow in my heart. I did not want to be left there; I fought against it, I struggled

against it. I said, 'Anywhere else but in the hands of God.' I tried to escape from the conviction that I was in a state of danger—tried to believe that I had nothing to fear, but all my efforts were in vain. My wife and child were baptized. I was there to see them thus publicly profess their faith in Christ. I felt miserable. I did not run away from home as I had threatened. My sins pursued me; I saw no help or hope for me. I began to cry to God for mercy, and I hope He has shewn me mercy. I have attended these prayer-meetings several times within six weeks. Six weeks ago, if any one had told me I would have been in this prayer-meeting, how astonished I should have been, and I should have said, 'How little you know!' But here I am, confessing myself one of the chief of sinners, and professing my faith in Christ as *my* Saviour."

A speaker said:—"A wife was converted in this meeting not long since. She had an impenitent husband, mother, and daughter. Soon after her conversion, she was taken sick. She sent for her minister. He came, and, on conversing with her, found that she did not need the consolations of religion. She had them already. He seemed to be in doubt, and inquired, 'Why have you sent for me?' 'Wait a moment,' said the sick wife, 'and you will know.' The husband came in, then the mother, then the daughter. The physician had also dropped in. He assured them all that she could not possibly long survive. 'Now,' said the wife, 'I will tell you' (addressing the clergyman) 'why I have sent for you. I have prayed for my husband, and the Lord has given him to me, in answer to my faith, now, on the spot; and I want you all to kneel down, and he with you, and let us all pray that he may be converted now. They all knelt around the sick-bed and prayed, and the husband cried out in agony to know what he should do to be saved. The clergyman told him to lay all his sins on Jesus—come to Him believing, and he should be saved—not resolve—not promise—

not go about preparing—but to come to Christ at once. It was but a short time before the husband was rejoicing in a crucified Saviour, and expressed his hope and confidence that his sins were forgiven. 'I knew it,' said the wife, 'I knew it. I knew that my husband was to be given to me as a believer in Jesus before I should be called from him. And, by the same token, I know that my mother and my daughter are to be given to me in answer to my prayer and faith. Now kneel all down again, and my dear mother and daughter must and will give themselves up to Jesus Christ to be His for ever. And to this end let us all pray.' Together they did pray, and, according to that poor woman's faith, so it was done unto her, and husband, mother, and daughter were all found believing and trusting in Jesus. 'Now,' said the wife to the clergyman, 'you know why I have sent for you. I felt assured that my dear, dear ones were all to be brought into the sheepfold of the Good Shepherd, and I should be permitted to see this before I die.'"

A merchant from the South was in the habit of coming North once or twice a year to buy goods. He had a pious wife, and on leaving home she made him promise that, when he was in New York and Philadelphia, he would attend the business men's prayer-meetings. He came on, and he was in this prayer-meeting here, and here he was deeply impressed. Then he went to Philadelphia, and he was seen one day looking at his watch as the hour of prayer approached. He was asked if he would not buy these goods and those goods—"You are not going, sir, till you give us your orders, are you?" "I am going to the prayer-meeting, for I am under an engagement to go." He went to the prayer-meeting at the Sansom Street Church, and it happened that the church was so full that he was obliged to go up near to the pulpit to get a seat. A gentleman observed this man to be deeply affected in the progress of the meeting. As soon as it was over, he accosted the strange merchant, and with

two or three others went into the lecture-room below with him, and spent a whole hour in conversation and prayer. And there, in that lecture-room, was the place of his espousals to Christ. He gave himself up to be saved by His grace. In a short time he went on his way home rejoicing; and from the place of his residence, and from his praying, joyful wife, came back the following letter:—

“L—N, N.C., *April 6, 1859.*

“DEAR SIR,—With an overflowing heart, I take up my pen to answer your truly kind and unexpected letter; and with feelings of inexpressible gratitude to you and Mr S—, Rev. Mr D—, and Rev. Mr M—, for the great interest you took in my beloved husband, in praying for him and labouring with him for the salvation of his soul. With joy I now can say that our prayers have been heard and answered by a gracious God, and my dear husband is rejoicing in having found the Saviour. I do feel that the Holy Spirit has full possession of his heart, and that he is now ready to stand up for Jesus. He speaks of the fervent prayers which were offered in his behalf in Philadelphia by those dear brothers in Christ, who so kindly met the stranger, and led him to the feet of Jesus. We shall never forget them, and pray that heaven’s richest blessings may reward your Christian zeal and benevolence.”

Then she begs for prayer for her son, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the place where she dwells.

A very interesting case was related in the Fulton Street meeting. It was that of a young man whose wife was a Christian. Without the knowledge of the husband, the wife had sent requests for prayer to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and had invited those who attend, from among her special friends, to speak to her husband on the subject of religion. On a late occasion he came to the meeting; did not, or could not go in, but stood in the hall-way of the lower lecture-room, looking on, while

prayer was offered in the room. All of a sudden a most powerful influence came upon him, and, though a very large, stout man, he was very nearly overcome. He burst out into a flood of weeping, entirely unable to control himself. He had to be assisted up stairs when the meeting was over, and there, in that upper room, he cried for mercy, and was entirely overborne by a sense of his sins. He said :—" I came from home this morning somewhat anxious, but I was determined that nobody should know it. I was too proud to have it known. But the Lord has found out a way to make me willing to have my anxieties known and to humble me. Oh, what a sinner I have been ! what shall I do ?" He was conversed with, and in a calm way were repeated to him some of the invitations and promises of the Saviour, and he seemed to seize upon them with eagerness. Prayer was offered with him and for him by three or four brethren who were present, and then he was invited to pray for himself. It was a turning moment in his existence, and the full surrender was made of himself to Jesus. It was in only a few words, and yet it was heartily done. That night he went home to his pious wife and told her of the great change through which he had passed, and then he set up the family altar, and, for the first time, he offered prayer in presence of them all. The next day he was at the meeting, shedding many tears, but they were tears of joy.

" A few weeks since," writes a correspondent, " I met with an intelligent lady who had married, some years ago, a wealthy man from the South. They had a nice farm, and were pleasantly situated, but her husband was intemperate. One day, when she knew him to be at the county seat, some miles from their residence, in a drunken revel, she engaged in prayer for him, and continued to pray on through the entire night and much of the time during the next day. The second night she was obliged to rest, but the third night again she prayed all

night. Toward morning a grown daughter of his arose and united in the prayer, in which they continued together till morning. In the morning the father and husband was found helpless on the bar-room floor, and taken to his home. His first request, when carried into his house, was that his wife would pray for him. After a few days of great distress he obtained peace, established family worship, and gives most gratifying evidence that he is really born again. Now, if this almost lone woman could lift in the arms of prayer and faith this drunkard, while yet in his cups, into the very kingdom of heaven, for whom may we not be encouraged to pray? Are not all things possible with God?"

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

characteristics of the outpouring of the Spirit of God in churches in these latter days, and one which proves to be from the same Spirit that indited the pages of the old, is to be found in the fact that "the hearts of the young have turned to their children" in seeking, and praying, and giving for their conversion. There has been a great want in this respect on the part of the Church. Children—under years—have been too much regarded, and treated as if they were not capable of conversion; as if the Spirit of God could not save them, amid all the perils that surround them, and that they have arrived at maturity; but this feeling is passing away, and is giving place to a more liberal and enlarged view of the Holy One of Israel, and to better views and stronger faith. The instances of youthful devotion to the service of Christ, and of youthful piety, are so numerous, and so true, and so truthful that none can doubt. In the pages of this work, we record, to the praise of God's grace, some instances of early conversion which may well strengthen the faith of the people, and lead them to expect the salvation of children by a direct and immediate conversion—as much and even more than if they spent many years in sin.

The case recorded is one with which the writer of this work is well acquainted. In March 1860, the following recital was read in the Fulton Street meeting in the city of New York:—

“To the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting.

“*March 18, 1860.*

“I have heard that persons might ask for prayers. I thought you would be so kind as to pray for me, a little boy of ten years, that I may be converted.

“SCOVILLE H. M'COLLUM.

“P.S.—Pray for me every day.’

Nothing was known at the time of the person from whom the request came, excepting that it was from a little boy whose name was appended to it ; but his character and history were subsequently made known in consequence of his early death, which occurred before the close of the same year. The following sketch was received in the form of a letter from the city where the parents of this little boy resided :—

“SYRACUSE, N. Y., *Oct. 20, 1860.*

“Some time last spring, a little boy of this city, not then eleven years of age, of his own accord, wrote a letter to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, requesting prayers to be offered for his conversion. Five weeks ago he died. His parents have no memory of the time when he disliked to have the Bible read to him, and, as soon as he was able to appreciate what it was, his little mind took delight in its study, being particularly interested in the story of Christ's ministry, and His sufferings and death, and in the histories of the Old Testament. He was unusually fond of the Sabbath-school, always punctual in attendance when not necessarily detained, and never without a well-learned lesson. He delighted in the society of adult Christians, and was very happy when clergymen were guests at his father's house, that he might converse with them upon subjects in which they were interested ; and never avoiding, but rather seeking conversation in relation to the great interests of the soul. Last spring he was particularly impressed with the subject, and, as

before stated, of his own accord, wrote asking prayers of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting; but his parents never dared indulge the hope that he was a Christian until, upon his death-bed, the evidence was furnished so clear and remarkable as to leave no room for doubt.

“From the time he was prostrated with disease, but when no fears were entertained that he would not recover, he desired a Testament with large print laid upon a stand by his bedside, where he could reach it, and it was his constant companion. He read from it himself when not too weary, and desired it to be read a great share of the time. The change in his disease was sudden and unexpected, and when informed that he must die, and that probably in a few hours, he clasped his little hands and raised his eyes in prayer for a few moments, and then, as calmly as he would make preparations for a short journey, he called for the doctor first, and then for his friends, and conversed with them freely and earnestly, but without emotion, so far as his own feelings and condition were concerned. He never, through his entire sickness, expressed a fear of death, and never, from the announcement that he was going to die, a desire to live. To his physician he said, ‘Doctor, you say I am going to die. I have prayed the Lord to take my spirit to heaven, and I shall go there.’ He requested Mr S—, an elder in the church, to be sent for, and when he came he said to him, ‘I am going to die. I am going to be a little angel in heaven.’ The visitor questioned him in relation to the foundation of his hope, and he replied, in the simplicity of childlike faith, ‘Only God and Jesus can save me. Jesus has saved me. He died for me, and I am going to see Him. I want you to pray Jesus to take me to Himself, and, if it is the Lord’s will, that I may see my dear father once more before I die.’ His father had left his bedside but about thirty-six hours before, under the fullest assurance of the rapid recovery of his child. He had

been telegraphed to, and was expected at midnight, but the physicians feared the little sufferer would not live till that hour. After Mr S—— had prayed with him and taken his leave, he inquired for each member of the household, and said to each individual, 'I am going to die. I am going to heaven. I shall be a little angel there. Don't weep for me, but meet me in heaven. Kiss me.' To one of his relatives he said, 'I want you to be a Christian;' and when he heard the reply, 'I will try,' he said, 'Nothing is impossible with God.' Then his continual prayer was to see his father once more. He talked freely of his teacher, and friends, and school, and playmates, and wished them all to be told that he died a Christian, and that his desire was that they should meet him in heaven. He spoke calmly in relation to the funeral arrangements and of the place of his burial, desiring particularly that his body should be laid where those of his parents would by and by be laid beside him.

"At half-past twelve at night his father arrived, and it seemed that the child's last earthly wish had been gratified. He talked with him for perhaps a half-hour, and then seemed to regard his mission in this world as ended. When he came in he said, 'Papa, I am going to die a Christian. I think I am a Christian. I lay myself at Jesus' feet, and ask Him to do as He has a mind to with me.' As the tears flowed from his parents' eyes, he said, 'Don't cry, papa; don't cry, mamma. I don't cry. I love Jesus, and He loves me.' He then repeated, with his mother, the beautiful hymn, 'There is rest for the weary;' and when finished, he folded his little hands upon his bosom, and said, 'Yes, rest for me.' As the morning approached, he asked, 'How long before Jesus will come after me?' He manifested continually after this a desire to depart, frequently exclaiming, 'When *will* Jesus come and take me? I want to go to heaven. I hope the Lord will let me go to Jesus pretty soon.' When his mother asked him if it was not a hard thing

to die, he replied, 'No;' and then added, 'I love you, mother, dearly, but I love Jesus more; and you want me to, don't you?' Toward morning, after a short sleep, he roused up, and asked that he might have 'everything clean' about him. After his nurse had made such changes as she could, he said, 'Heaven now! I want to go to heaven now.' A little after, he called for his father and wanted to kiss him. He said, 'Don't cry, papa; for when I die I am going to heaven, which is a great deal better place than this.' As the morning dawned, a slight favourable change was apparent, and when the doctor came, he thought life might possibly be protracted forty-eight hours. This was on Friday morning. The intelligence seemed to be a disappointment to the child, who was anxious to 'go home to be with Jesus.' Mr S——, who had before visited him, called again, and, after prayer, conversed with him in relation to his hope of heaven. He asked him if he was afraid to die, and he replied, in a triumphant manner, 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!' He slept considerably during the day, but always when awake he talked of heaven, of God, and of Jesus, his Saviour. He told all who called to see him that he was going to die and then live with Jesus in heaven.

'About nine o'clock on Sunday morning it was evident that he was very near his end. He conversed but little, but, whenever he spoke, it was to give new evidence of a Christian's faith and a Christian's trust in God. When his little feet were treading the very verge of Jordan, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr R——, at the mention of our Saviour he exclaimed, 'Yes! yes! He is all I have now; He is all I love.' He suffered much with thirst, and called continually for water, and the last words he uttered were, 'I shall soon drink clear water in heaven.' A few minutes after, his spirit passed peacefully away to God who gave it."

Another authentic account from one who visited him in his last illness says :—"When this little boy was supposed to be dying he called his father to his bedside, and left with him his little sermon, addressed to all Sunday-school scholars and all children wherever he might have an opportunity to speak to them. 'Tell them from me,' said he, 'be Christians, love Jesus, and meet me in heaven.' This message he was anxious should be sent to his Sabbath-school companions that Saturday night, when all supposed he was dying. They suggested that it might not be possible to send it that night; he was dying one hundred and fifty miles from home; but he was importunate, and, going to the station, the telegraph was found to be working and the message was sent over the wires to Syracuse, and was read to the Sunday-school to which he belonged just after the one who sent it had gone to his eternal home in heaven."

The death of this little boy produced a very deep and wide impression upon children, the circumstances having been extensively published, and very numerous cases of conversion resulted from the impressions thus received. One who was well acquainted with the family wrote to us within a few weeks after the account of his death was published, that the conversion of at least twenty children had been traced to this event as the awakening instrumentality. Not long after his death, among the letters read one day at the Fulton Street meeting, was one from a Southern mother, asking prayer for her son eight years old, who was awakened to earnest desire to become a Christian by reading of the death of Scoville. While the reading was going on by the chairman, a little boy, eleven or twelve years old, who had wandered into the meeting, no one knew how, was sitting beside the missionary of the church. He burst out into a fit of weeping. The good missionary leaned over and whispered kindly to him, and inquired, "What makes you cry?" "Oh, sir," said the boy, "I want to be a Christian too."

A Sunday-school superintendent in Philadelphia wrote requesting special prayer under these circumstances. The writer said:—"On the first Sabbath of the month, after relating to the school an account of the triumphant death of Scoville H. M'Collum, he requested all who desired an interest in Jesus to remain for the purpose of prayer and religious conversation. Seven remained. Last Sabbath he repeated the invitation, and the number was increased sevenfold, forty-nine remaining. Pray especially for these forty-nine, that they may be led of the Spirit to give their hearts to Jesus Christ, and that the work thus commenced may be carried on until all the school may be brought to know the Lord."

The missionary at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting relates the following case. It was that of a little boy thirteen years old, who came to the rooms as soon as they were unlocked, about nine o'clock in the morning. He was a fine-looking, intelligent little boy. No one but the writer was in the room. He had a look of quiet anguish on his face, and seemed to be in a great hurry. "Can you tell me, sir," said he, "where the minister is?" "What minister?" was inquired. "The minister who leads this meeting every day." "What do you want of him?" "I want to ask him to please ask this meeting to pray for me, for I am a very wicked boy." "What makes you think you are a very wicked boy? Have you been committing any crime—stealing, robbing, or what?" "Oh, no, no!" said he, "nothing of that sort; never stole a thing in my life; but I have such a wicked heart, and I do so want a better one;" and the tears ran profusely down his manly cheeks. "Now, my dear boy, what has made you feel that you are so wicked and so to want a better heart?" "Well, sir, I will tell you;" but his tears choked his utterance. Just then the sexton came in, and, observing the distress of the boy, said, "What is the matter with this boy?" supposing that it was some temporal distress.

The answer left the boy alone with the writer. "Will you tell me what first aroused you to think about your wicked heart?" "It was reading about Scoville H. M'Collum, who died so happy." "Where did you read it?" "In the papers, and then afterward our superintendent read it in the Sunday-school to all the scholars." "Where do you go to Sunday-school?" "I did go to St Ann's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr Cutler's, but now, since my parents got on this side, I go to the Mariner's Church, Rev. Mr Jones's, Sunday-school." "Where do you live?" "In Madison Street." "Where do you work?" "At No. — Broadway." He stood all this time weeping. I told him I would see that his requests for prayer were presented to the meeting, found that he could not be present himself on account of his engagements, and entreated him, as soon as he got to the store, to go to some private place for prayer, and give himself up to the Lord Jesus to be His for ever, assuring him that the Saviour never turned a little boy away who wanted a "better heart."

Two days passed away. Meantime the old superintendent of St Ann's Episcopal Sunday-school had come to the meeting, and inquired the name of the little boy of thirteen years, and when told that it was F— M—, "Oh," said he, "I know him very well, and have known him for years;" and with great earnestness he started down Broadway to his place of business to see him. The day following he came into the meeting, and as soon as he had opportunity he rose and said, "You will all remember the case of the little boy, thirteen years old, who was prayed for day before yesterday. Yesterday I called to see him. Oh, I wish you could have seen the smile and the peace which was on his honest face as he met me." "Oh," said he, "I have found Christ, I have found Christ! All is peace now." I inquired of him "when it was that he first found the Saviour?" He answered, "Yesterday noon." It was the same hour in which

the meeting was praying for him. Some time afterward the superintendent said in the meeting, "I have been asked since I came into the room, 'How about Frank?' I am often asked about him. Frank is the little boy who came into this building one morning very early, almost as soon as the doors were opened, inquiring for the leader of the meeting, and in great distress of mind wishing to be prayed for *that day*, because he was such a great sinner. He was thirteen years old. He was formerly in my Sunday-school, and since his parents have moved to this side of the river he has joined a school over here; but I have seen him, and he has been to my house, sat at my table, visited my Sunday-school, and is one of the happiest boys I ever saw. It is religion which makes him happy. He is a beautiful boy, and his bright blue eye speaks and his face shines with the joy which is within, that living water, in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. His attachment to his Sunday-school is wonderful; nothing will persuade him to be away for a single day."

The efforts of Rev. E. P. Hammond as an evangelist, both in this country and in Great Britain, have been greatly directed to children, and have been attended with a remarkable blessing. In Canada, in the State of Maine, and in Utica, Auburn, and Rochester, New York, there have been extensive revivals in connexion with his labours, in which large numbers of children have been hopefully gathered into the fold of Christ. The following account of the work in Utica may serve as a description of each place:—

"The labours of Mr Hammond were at first specially among the children. The First Presbyterian Church, the largest in the city, is every afternoon filled with children and young persons, drawn thither by a mysterious and invisible power. If we should undertake to state what that power is, we could only say that it is the name of Jesus. No one who has once wit-

nessed the sight which every afternoon may here be seen, of hundreds of children gathering to hear about Jesus—no one who hears the flood of melody that pours heavenward in the sweet songs they have been taught by the Sabbath-school, and love so well to sing, can ever forget it.

“The Good Shepherd is gathering many of the dear lambs into his fold. Even now the number of those who think they have found their Saviour is very large, and still they are flocking in to the glory of His grace. Not on a single occasion, when preaching to these crowds of children, has Mr Hammond endeavoured to drive them to Christ by the terrors of the law. He seems to think that they should be ‘suffered to come’ to Jesus, because ‘of such is the kingdom of heaven,’ and so whoever else rebukes them, or throws stumbling-blocks in their way, the Saviour does not. By beautiful illustrations and personal appeals to their hearts, Mr Hammond continually presents the love of Jesus as the attracting power. And it is the Gospel to them, for they are drawn and won to Christ so wonderfully as to astonish even the faith of the most ardent Christians.

“The writer of this is a Sabbath-school superintendent, and, as an illustration of the results in his school, can say that, after this revival had continued but one short week, he observed that many of the children and youth were in tears, and that a strange solemnity rested upon the hearts of all. In his school are faithful, praying teachers. Long had they laboured for souls, and some had become well-nigh discouraged. We had been working, praying, and hoping; but when the blessing came it was all beyond our faith. When the children were asked to testify for Christ, and that all who sincerely desired to become Christians should rise, the whole school, to the amazement of us all, stood up. There was no excitement, but there was a deep, serious, and earnest feeling, which, while it

could never be described, neither could it be mistaken or forgotten. The next Sabbath came, and with it many for the first time came into that place with the stamp of heaven on their faces. Tears had given place to joy, fear to love. In passing around among the classes, we found that there were seventy-eight of those children who thought and believed they had given their hearts to Jesus; and this was full two-thirds of the whole number present; and nearly all the others were either under deep conviction or expressed a strong desire to become Christians. This is but an evidence of what is the fact in many of the other Sunday-schools, shewing what God is doing for the children of our city. When we look for the means and agencies which have produced all this, we can only say and feel that it is in truth the work of the Holy Spirit. There is another characteristic of this revival among the children. They go to work for their friends and companions so soon as they themselves are brought to Christ. It is an everyday occurrence to see them talking and praying with their companions. Those who have found Jesus will collect in groups, and sing and pray as if their hearts were only happy in such work and service."

It was stated in the New York State Sabbath-school Convention in Troy, in August last, that one thousand and one from the Sabbath-schools in and around Rochester had, as the result of the recent outpouring of the Holy Spirit, united with the Church of Christ.

CHAPTER IX.

PRAYING CHILDREN.

A GENTLEMAN related in the prayer-meeting the following history of a Sunday scholar :—“About two years after she began attending the school, one Sunday afternoon her father came home earlier than usual. Having to go up stairs for some thing, on reaching Mary’s room he heard her voice in earnest prayer. ‘O God, have mercy on my dear father! Shew him his sins. Let him feel his need of Jesus Christ. May he seek Thy mercy, and find peace through believing in Jesus.’ He stood powerless—almost paralysed. Quietly he turned and came down stairs, and was overcome with a sense of his great guiltiness before God. The hand of God had touched him. The light of heaven had beamed upon his dark, polluted soul. He sank down on a chair, and said to his wife, ‘I feel very strange.’ His wife, looking at him anxiously, said, ‘You don’t look well; what’s the matter? Shall I send for the doctor?’ ‘No, I’m not sick, but I feel an awful weight on my heart. Isn’t there a Bible in the house?’ He sighed heavily when Mary spoke: ‘Father, I know where there is one; shall I fetch it?’ ‘Yes, child, do.’ Quickly she was in her room, and brought the book, and handed it to her father. He gave it to his wife, saying, ‘You read; I’m too wicked.’ Opening the book in the middle, her eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm, which she read slowly and distinctly. ‘Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness,’ never fell upon ears more ready to receive

them than was this poor trembling sinner. When the psalm was finished, he said, 'Can't you pray for me?' Blushing at such an unexpected request, she said, 'No, I cannot; I have not prayed since I was a little girl.' The dear child, seeing her father's distress, said, 'Father, shall I pray?' 'Yes, child, if you can.' She kneeled down, her father and mother both fell on their knees, when she poured out a fervent prayer for mercy and salvation for these her parents. God was in that room. Jesus was there. The Holy Spirit was there. That father's heart was melted; so was his wife's. Both wept together for their sins. Mary's face beamed with joy that her prayers were now answered. Many times had she sought the Lord alone, and prayed for her father's conversion. That day salvation came to that house. While partaking of their evening meal, he said, 'I would like to go somewhere to church to-night.' The wife answered, 'I don't know hardly where to go, but I'll go with you.' Mary said, 'Won't you go and hear Mr B——?' They consented. She led them to the sanctuary where was her Sunday-school. The Gospel of Jesus was proclaimed, and the words reached the heart of this man. He went home to pray. He sought and obtained mercy. His wife became a Christian; all three united with the Church. Mary is now a devoted Sunday-school teacher, endeavouring to lead other children to Christ. The infidel is a zealous Christian, and has written defending the faith he once sought to destroy.

A speaker said that he went from a Brooklyn mission-school to a far-off home in Missouri. He went with several other boys, and they were all placed in good Christian families. The gentleman speaking had visited them in their distant homes a short time back. When Tommy left the mission-school in Brooklyn, it was hard to part with him, for he was a good boy. He shed many bitter tears at the thought of going so far away. But when he saw him, what was his joy to find that he had

become an earnest Christian. God had met him in mercy, and had given him a new heart, and instilled into it an earnest desire for the salvation of others. There was living in the same town an old gray-headed infidel. He had lived many years in the place, and had grown up with it. He was a man who never went to church, and paid no heed to religious things whatever. When this little boy, who was only twelve years old, became a Christian, he felt very anxious for the salvation of this poor old infidel. So he went to him, and asked him to go to meeting with him. "No, no," said the old man; "I have not been inside of a church for twenty years, and I do not wish to go." "Oh, come with me," said the young disciple, "come with me. It will do you no harm, and it may do you some good." "No, no," the infidel replied, "you do not catch me to go there. I know better. I am not going to begin now, after staying away from church for twenty years. No, no, you don't catch old birds with chaff." The boy began to shed tears. He could not help it. The old man seeing this, said that he believed he would go just to please his little friend, for he did not know when any one else had manifested such anxiety for him. The next night he went for the old man again, and with some persuasion he got him to go a second time. That night the old man got an arrow in his heart. The third night he had no trouble to get the infidel to go to the meeting. The fourth night he went of his own accord. That old infidel was awakened, convicted, and converted; and he often, now, in the prayer-meetings, speaks of his experience, and says, "What would have become of me if it had not been for little Tommy's tears and entreaties?" Thus the poor mission-school boy has begun to be a real missionary, and has been enabled, by God's grace assisting, to win over the stout-hearted infidel to the cause of Christ. Another little boy, who also belonged to a mission Sunday-school, was converted. When he had found an interest in Christ himself,

he felt very anxious for his impenitent father and mother, and brothers and sisters. He told them of his own feelings. He persuaded them to pray. He prayed with and for them. That father and mother, and those sisters and brothers, are all rejoicing in the truth. The whole family have set out for the Celestial City.

The following case was related by a young man who was a student in the Theological Seminary. He said that among his fellow-students there were eight whose fathers were impenitent. Among them was one whose father was a wealthy, proud man of the world. He had carried the son through a collegiate education with a view to a shining career in another profession. When the time came for the son to make choice for himself, he frankly told his father that he wished not to study law, but to enter the Theological Seminary with a view to the Gospel ministry. "You wish to enter the Theological Seminary, do you?" inquired the father in a rage. "Yes, I do," answered the son. "And be a preacher—a poor preacher, do you?" "And be as good a preacher of the Gospel as I can." "And I educated you for this, did I?" "Not for this; but I hope this is my calling—to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." "And you intend to enter the Seminary?" "I do, God being willing." "Then, from this day I cut you off from all inheritance with my children, and I disown you for ever." "Not for ever, I hope," replied the son. He entered the Seminary, and he was one of those eight sons who had impenitent parents—for whose conversion they held stated prayer-meetings. The hearts of these children were turned to the parents. They earnestly wrestled in prayer. And I am here to tell you that every one of those impenitent fathers is converted. How shall I describe the meeting between the outcast son and his converted father, whom he hurried home to embrace as soon as he heard of the "great change." Oh, what a change! You

who have impenitent parents, be encouraged to pray for their conversion.

During the revival at Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1863, of which an account is given in another part of this volume, a little boy was converted who was only ten years old. He was a bright, intelligent little boy. His father and mother were utterly regardless on the subject of religion. They had not attended any place of worship for years. Immediately after little Willie's conversion, he became exceedingly anxious about the salvation of his father and mother. When his father came in he would run and spring into his lap, and putting his arms around his neck he would say, "I want you to come to church with me; I want you to be a Christian; I want you to go to heaven with me; I want you to begin to love Jesus right off." And so, when the father entered his own door, he would be sure to meet Willie pressing him to come to Jesus and to come to church. At first he made every effort to divert the mind of the boy and turn the subject, but it was of no use; the boy was continually preaching and persuading. At last the father said one evening, "Wife, I think we had better go to church, if for nothing else, to satisfy Willie; I cannot stand his importunity any longer." So that night they both went with their little son to the prayer-meeting. Strange was the sight to see those two in the prayer-meeting! Never had they been so seen before. The meeting had only well begun when the father, on his own motion, went forward to the altar, and when he had reached it he turned around and addressed his friends and neighbours, saying, "Friends, if you think Jesus can have mercy on such a sinner as I am, I want you to pray for me." His face betrayed deep distress. Instantly the little boy was on his feet, and running around through the crowd looking for his mother; and when he had found her, he took her by the hand and begged her to come and kneel beside his father.

With some reluctance she went and knelt, and the son knelt between his parents. The minister called on some one to pray, who attempted it and broke down. Then the minister tried, and he failed. Then the whole congregation were melted into tears before the Lord. The result was that in a short time the father, and soon afterward the mother, were converted. The father said he had heard some of the best preachers, but he had never heard any preaching so touching and powerful as the preaching of his little Willie, "Come to Jesus, father, come to Jesus!"

During a recent revival on Long Island, a little girl, less than three years of age, accosted her impenitent father, as he came in from his work, with the salutation, "Mother's been praying on her knees since you been gone." "She has!" exclaimed the man; "well, what has she been praying about?" "She has been praying for you, father," artlessly replied the child. He was completely overcome. Soon it was said of him, "Behold, he prayeth!" His pride was abased; his sinful habits were abandoned; he became a consistent follower of Christ, and asked for admission into the bosom of the Church.

"Father, when will Jesus come?" So said a little girl—a dear Sunday-school scholar—to her weeping father, as he stood bending over her. It was a dreadful trial to him to see his precious little daughter lie there, breathing her life away, to be with him no more. "Father, when will Jesus come?" the dying little girl again repeated. "We must wait with patience His time, my daughter," was the sobbing reply of the father. "Yes, we will," was the meek rejoinder of the submissive child. This little girl was about eleven years of age. She had the advantages of faithful parental instruction and Sunday-school teaching. She was a docile little child. She drank in the lessons of the hour with a humble, earnest spirit. In the recent religious interest among children, she had been one of the first

to feel the power of the Divine Spirit upon her heart, and she had, among others, and with some of her companions, fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before her. She had taken sanctuary in Jesus. She was now about to be called away from her Brooklyn home to her glorious home on high. She had not a shadow upon her believing, trusting heart. Not a doubt disturbed her. She was only anxious that Jesus should hasten His coming. Her sickness was very sudden. Her coming to the gates of death was entirely unexpected by herself and the family. The summons had come as a thief in the night. The disease had made short work; it had been very severe as well as hasty. When the superintendent of the Sunday-school called upon her, on first hearing of her prostration, he asked her if she believed, and could trust in Jesus as her *own* Saviour? She answered, with seeming surprise at such a question, "Why, yes; why not trust Him?" When the physician's skill, and all that kind, loving hearts could do, failed and proved utterly unavailing to arrest or remove disease, it was announced that her stay on earth would probably be short. With much composure she replied, "I would like to stay a little longer with mother, but if God wishes me to go now I think He will make me a little angel."

As time flew on, her parents and grand-parents, brothers and sisters, were all called into her room, when she requested her little playthings to be brought to her, and from among them she selected little keepsakes for each. After bidding them all good-bye, and kissing them, and telling them, one and all, to meet her in heaven, she asked her father to read a chapter in the Bible and to pray with her, which he did. She wished, also, some of her beautiful Sunday-school hymns to be sung, and she endeavoured to sing with the others, but her voice failed her. When the death-angel seemed to be hovering near to cut the brittle thread of life, her father knelt down to com-

mend her spirit to God, and, while on his knees praying, a convoy of angels came and conveyed little Josephine to her happy home in heaven. Those lips that had spoken a little while before, saying, "When will Jesus come?" were now closed for ever, and the tongue that had attempted the song on earth was now still in death, but another tongue had joined in the anthem of redeeming grace on high.

A pious physician gave the following account of the death of one of his own children :—"You will all remember that I was in this meeting a few days ago, and told you of my losing a little boy eight years old. Since I was last here we have lost another, still younger. The oldest was a child remarkable for his intelligence in the things of religion. He seemed to have a full comprehension of the way of salvation, through repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He had long expressed the hope that he might be a minister and a missionary of the Lord Jesus. To this work a father's and a mother's heart had consecrated our bright little boy, if it should please the Lord to spare him. But it was not so to be. In a most unexpected moment that child took his leave of us, rejoicing in the going, and soared away to be for ever with Christ; for we could not doubt that the dear boy was a real Christian, made so by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. The last child sickened with the same disease. His case was very painful, for he suffered intensely. It was evident very soon that death had marked him for his prey. We have always taught our children to pray, even before they could speak their words plainly. We have not been among those who believe that children can be saved otherwise than by the washing away of all corruption and moral defilement in the blood of Christ. So we could teach them to pray, in all sincerity, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' We could teach them that they must never expect to go to heaven by reason of their

own innocence, but they must be *saved* by the blood of Christ. They must be *sanctified* by the Holy Spirit. They must be rendered *meet* for the inheritance of the saints in light. So we believed ; so we prayed ; so we taught our children to pray. When this little boy was in his death-hour, he looked up, with a most wistful look—a pleading look, as if he feared he might be denied—and said, ‘Mother, I want to say my prayers.’ She knew the heart of her little boy, and immediately answered, ‘My dear child, you shall say your prayers.’ ‘Not here,’ said the little sufferer, ‘but on my knees.’ He was lying on her lap. She raised him up on his knees, when he clasped his arms around her neck, and, laying his head upon her shoulder, poured out his heart in prayer to God. He was so weak and feeble that he could only say a word at a time. At length his prayers were finished, and he unclasped his little arms and fell back upon her lap. A smile of heavenly sweetness stole over his face ; he drew a few inspirations—slow—slower—and he was gone. Oh,” said the pious father, “the blood of Jesus, that cleanseth from all sin, never appeared so precious to me as it did then. I looked upon my dear little boy as one whom I might hope had been *redeemed* and *saved* through the merits of that blood.”

In January 1860, a terrible accident occurred at Lawrence, Massachusetts, by which a large number of persons met with a most shocking death. The wall of an immense factory, the Pemberton Mills, employing about a thousand persons, suddenly gave way, and the extensive building became a heap of ruins, burying several hundred beneath the bricks and timbers, about two hundred of whom perished. The horrors of the scene were greatly increased by the building taking fire, so that many who escaped death by the fall, unable to extricate themselves, and beyond the reach of their friends, perished in the flames. Some of those who thus lost their lives were trans-

lated, as it were, by a chariot of fire to the presence of the Saviour, and welcomed death, even in this horrible form, with songs of triumph. A gentleman from Lawrence gave the following account of a little girl who was thus carried to heaven, singing a Sunday-school hymn as the flames closed around her:—

“Some time ago,” said he, “I led a little girl from a wretched home, where both parents were daily drunkards, to a Sunday-school. We had neatly clothed her. In a little time she took great delight in her school. More than once or twice the unnatural parents sold her clothes from off her back for rum, and we would clothe her up again. It cost a good deal to keep good clothing on poor little Mary; but as often as her clothes were sold, I would see that she had new ones. She became very much attached to the school, and loved dearly to sing her Sunday-school hymns. She went to more than one school, for she would go morning, afternoon, and evening. She soon gave pleasing evidence that she had become a child of God. At the burning of the Pemberton Mills, Mary was at work in a basement room with some other little girls whom she had taught to sing her hymns with her. At first they were not hurt, but closely confined. Piles of timber and rubbish lay above them. We could talk with them, and cheer and encourage them. We passed down food and coffee to them. All this went on till the cry of fire was raised. The ruins were all soon enveloped in one sheet of flame. In the midst of all the noise, and above all, I could hear the voice of my dear little Mary, my Sunday-school scholar, striking up and singing, with her little band of singers, her favourite hymn, beginning with the stanza,—

“My heavenly home is bright and fair.
 We'll be gather'd home;
 Nor death nor sighing visit there,
 We'll be gather'd home,

We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 And we'll be gather'd home.'

"I stood with streaming eyes and heard her sing till her voice was lost in silence. And she went up to heaven in her chariot of fire—'gathered home.'"

Another gentleman spoke of another scene which he witnessed there. Among the number who were held fast by the fallen timbers, and mangled more or less, were three little girls, children of Irish parents, who were members of one of the Sabbath-schools of Lawrence. In it they had learned some of the sweet hymns which are sung in the Sunday-school, and they were very fond of singing them. They had communicated the knowledge of these hymns to some of their fellow working-girls. A company of these little girls was involved in the ruins in such a manner as to be comparatively safe and uninjured until the fire broke out. They would soon have been rescued if the devouring flames had not shut out every hope of escape from the prison in which they were immured. But when the fire began to roar around them, they joined their voices in singing,—

"I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand ;
 There, right before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,
 I'll wake the sweetest music, and praise Him day and night."

Beautifully and calmly they sung through all the hymn ; and their sweet voices could be heard above the noise and cries of the rescuers and the crackling of flames, as they sung that other joyful hymn,

"We're going home to glory,"

until their voices were silenced, to be heard no more until they are heard, as we hope they will be, in the triumphant anthem above.

CHAPTER X.

CONVERSION OF ROMAN CATHOLICS.

THE power of Divine grace has been wonderfully displayed within these years in the conversion from their errors and their sins of many Roman Catholics. This manifestly, in many cases, has been in answer to prayer, and very frequently prayer has been the instrumentality employed in their awakening. They have, through various influences, been led to the prayer-meeting, where the silent power of the Spirit has been felt, and they have learned the difference between a religion of empty forms and ceremonies and one of true spirituality, and between praying to dead saints and to the living God. We give some of the many cases which have come to light, especially those in connexion with the prayer-meetings.

In one of the daily prayer-meetings, a young man said he had never been in that meeting before, and he might never be again ; but he felt that he was among Christians, and he wished to tell them something of his own religious experience. He seemed to be a German, of good education and great intelligence, making good use of the English language. He said that before he came to this country, he had never seen a Protestant, and knew not what Protestantism was. All were Catholics in the country from which he came. "To shew you," said he, "how little I knew, I need only say that I was actually afraid of Protestants. I trembled at the name. We came, a whole family, to this country, under just such delusion as that. I had heard that

there was such a book as the Bible, though I had never seen one. I resolved to buy one. This I did secretly, and I read it with great avidity. The more I read, the more I saw how ignorant I had been of the way in which a sinner could be saved. I soon saw all my religion was a delusion. It was not the religion of the soul; it was one only of outward forms and observances. I lost confidence in my former belief. I soon saw that all the gaudy trappings of the Roman Catholic Church was not according to the simplicity of the Gospel. I lost confidence in my priest. I found that Christ must be my atoning High-Priest, and that He alone could be my Mediator and Intercessor. I found I must believe and trust simply in Him, or I should be lost for ever. I could not read in the New Testament without losing confidence in my own religion. One month after I began to read the Bible, I was taken very sick. All my friends were Roman Catholics of the strictest kind. They knew that my faith in Roman Catholicism had been shaken. I had told them so, and that I must forsake the errors of the Romish Church, and be a Protestant. They were greatly alarmed. My own mother came to me and said, with an imploring voice of great distress, 'Will you not, my son, be a good Catholic?' 'How can I be a good Catholic, mother, and believe in priestly absolution, when my Bible teaches me that there is no name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus Christ; and unless I am born again, I never can see the kingdom of God? I must be a new creature in Christ Jesus. I must be renewed by the power of the Holy Spirit; and without all these, no power on earth can save me.' So anxious did my friends become about me, that my own wife locked me up in my sick-chamber, so that no Protestants could come to visit me; but I cried to God for help and mercy all the more; and, thanks be to God, He did shew mercy. I cast myself upon Him through Jesus Christ. I fled away from all

human dependences, and I relied, simply and alone, upon the saving merit of the Lord Jesus Christ. What a peace I found ! what joy I experienced springing up in my heart ! I found Christ—the way, the truth, and the life—my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption ; and I found all this out of the Bible alone. I could not refrain from speaking of my new hopes ; I have spoken of them everywhere and ever since. Now I have the satisfaction of believing that my wife, and my father, and mother, and one sister, are all Christians. Wherever I go, I try to preach Christ and Him crucified to my poor deluded people, and not without success. With no unkindness in my heart, I go to them to tell them of their errors and superstitions, and lead them to Jesus.”

One of the city missionaries gave the following narrative of facts. He said that a tract distributor, in going her rounds, accosted a little girl, and asked her if she would take a tract. She said she would, but she would not like to carry it home ; her mother would be displeased, for she did not like such books. The little girl said she would like to get a tract the next month too if she could. The lady tract distributor looked for the little girl the next month in her rounds, and found her near where she found her before, but she found her mother with her. The little girl said to her mother, “This is the good lady who gave me the little book last month.” The mother and the child both received tracts of the distributor. The missionary of the ward took a deep interest in this family, being a worthy Roman Catholic family. The man was in great want of employment, and could find none. After a time this man saw an advertisement in the papers for men wanted in Newark to work in a factory, but they were required to be Protestants. This poor man went to the missionary and told him about the advertisement, and asked him what he could do. The missionary advised him to go over and seek

employment *as a man* having a large family to support, and needing very much the benefits of his labour. Under this advice the man acted. He went to Newark and engaged in work. Soon the family went over to Newark to live with the husband and father. As the husband had been received into service on the supposition that he was a Protestant, though no questions had been asked, he could not make objection, when invited, to go to Protestant meetings on the Sabbath and on other occasions. He went, and so did the family. The whole family soon became deeply interested in the new views which they gained of religious truth and religious duty. They fell into a current of instruction and influence which was entirely new to them. They also drew in some of their Roman Catholic friends to Protestant meetings. The result has been, that this father and mother, and that little girl, and eleven others, all Roman Catholics, have become Christians, and have all publicly espoused the cause of Christ, and have joined themselves to the people of God.

"We see," said the speaker, "what good can be done by a little effort. The distributor of that tract to a little girl in the street, whom she had never seen before, little thought of the chain of events which were to be connected with it. So when we go abroad sowing the seed of the kingdom, we little know what fruit may come in the time of harvest. We may scatter the handful of corn in the tops of the mountains, the fruit of which shall shake like Lebanon. We may drop the seed on most unpromising ground, yet in due time we may reap an abundant harvest."

The following request for prayer was read in the daily meeting:—

"The prayers of the brethren here present are requested in behalf of a dear girl who has been converted in your meeting, and who now stands before her Roman Catholic parents trembling as a lamb prepared for the slaughter."

"The history of this case is this," said the gentleman presenting it:—"Two or three young Catholic women were in the habit of coming into these prayer-meetings, we do not know for what cause—whether from curiosity, or what cause. But, whatever might have been the motive, they were all soon in sore trouble of mind on the subject of religion. One of them was soon enabled to cast herself on the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. She was very happy in her new faith in Jesus Christ. She laboured earnestly for the salvation of others; and through her persuasions she brought in this girl for whom prayer has been requested. Time after time she was here; and, without our knowledge of the fact, here she was awakened and brought to the sense of sin and guilt in the sight of God; and helpless, poor, despised, forsaken, she came to Christ just as she was, and embraced Him just as He is offered in the Gospel to the perishing, believing sinner. Her parents," said the speaker, "have found out about the 'great change' in her hopes and belief, and are now persecuting her with a malignity and bitterness quite incomprehensible by those who have not had the experience. If any poor creature needs the prayers of the people of God, it is such as this one."

At a subsequent meeting a gentleman said he wished to say a word in regard to the converted Catholic girl who was prayed for the other day, and who stood, as the request for prayer expressed it, before her Roman Catholic parents as a lamb trembling for the slaughter. You will all remember the prayer that followed. "I have," said he, "good news to tell you. At the very hour, while we were here praying for her, that girl was holding an interview with her father and mother. They used all the persuasions in their power to withdraw her from the stand which she had taken. They entreated; they threatened; all the curses of the Church were held over her head, as about to be poured upon her if she did not come back to her Holy

Mother. The poor girl was meek, but she was as firm as a rock. The father at first used the most outrageous language against his own child. The mother was very vindictive. But all at once the storm subsided. The father, when he found that he could do nothing, changed his tone to one of kindness. He bade her a final farewell; gave her up to do as she pleased, and even exhorted her to be faithful to her new religion; shook hands with her, and left her to go her own way."

The following account of a blind woman was given by a gentleman who was well acquainted with the subject of it. She was converted many years ago, when an inmate of the Asylum for the Blind in this city, and when she was but fifteen years old. Her mother came to see her, and ordered her to go home. She was a Roman Catholic. "No, mother," said she, "I cannot go home; for I am to be baptized and be received into the Church to-morrow, and I cannot go home." "If you do not go home," said the mother, "I will murder you." But she did not go. Then her father and mother came for her, and both commanded her to leave, but she would not. Her father a little time after this died, and the poor blind girl went home to comfort her mother. The priest came to see her; and the priest on one side and the mother on the other endeavoured to induce her to give up her religion. "You will come to see me?" said the priest. "No, I will never come to see you," said the brave girl. "You will come to confession?" commanded the priest. "No, I will never come to confession," said the girl. "You will send for me when you are dying?" rejoined the priest. "No, I will never send for you when I am dying." "What has changed you in your religion?" "The Bible!" "Oh, that accursed book!" said the priest, "it is this that is doing so much mischief, and sending so many souls to damnation." She has stood as firm as a rock, said the one who gave this account as he had received it from her own lips.

A Roman Catholic woman appeared in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. She was a woman about thirty-five years of age, a widow, and the mother of children of tender years. She appeared to be in great distress of mind. She wept bitterly as she told to the missionary and others the story of her sorrow, disappointment, bereavement, and now her pressing religious anxiety. Her husband was an Englishman, a Protestant, and an earnest, devoted Christian. He came to this country some years ago to better his condition, and then he sent her money to bring her to this country. But before she arrived he was taken sick and died. She landed here only to find herself a widow and her children orphans. Her father was a Protestant and her mother a Roman Catholic. She had never been to confession since she went just before being confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church, unknown to her father, through the influence of her mother, and the contrivance of the Roman Catholic priest. Without the knowledge of her husband, or even his suspicion, she had had all their children baptized by the Roman priest. "When I was married," she said to the one who narrated the facts, "I had to almost swear that I would not go to confession. And I never did go while my husband was living ; but when I found that he was dead, such was my distress of mind that I thought I would go to confession to see if I could not get a little relief and consolation." So she went. But in the midst of her confession she was so shocked and disgusted that she left. They endeavoured to drag her back, but she told them, "No !" She would never go there again. She never would have anything to do with them any more. She said she did not know how she came to hear of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, or of coming there for prayer. She could hardly tell what brought her there. But she came there, and had attended four days in succession, and had been greatly enlightened by what she had heard. She desired to be

prayed for, supposing that, as she must go away to service, she would not have an opportunity to come any more.

The case of a Roman Catholic lady was brought before the meeting as a subject of prayer. She was represented as being in great anguish of mind, under the conviction that she was a great sinner in the sight of God. The gentleman speaking with her asked her if she had ever been into the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. No, she said, she had never so much as heard there was such a meeting. She was anxiously seeking to find rest to her troubled spirit, but she could not find it. It was not in her religion. It was not in confession to her priest. It was not in penance. It was not in absolution. The gentleman with whom she conversed endeavoured to explain to her the plan of salvation by repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. She was groping in the darkness of Roman superstition, and could comprehend but little of "this new and living way." She wished the Fulton Street meeting to remember her in their prayers, which was done some days before. She had been in frequent attendance upon the meetings herself, and had been made the subject of private prayer.

A few days after, the meeting was called upon to return thanks to God for giving this poor benighted mind the light of life, and to this darkened heart the joys of His salvation. She was now happy in believing in Jesus. She now relied on Christ alone for all her hopes of justification before God.

A gentleman, speaking of this case, said that we have great encouragement to labour for the salvation of Roman Catholics in our families, among our friends and acquaintances, and all around us ; and he hoped all in this city, and all in our country, would open their eyes to the importance of labouring for this class of our population. God is preparing the way for their emancipation from the yoke of terrible bondage and slavish fear under which they now are, and of which thousands are

becoming very impatient. He believed it was wrong to give them up as we had done as hopeless, and so do nothing for them. If we would pray and labour for them with the same zeal, and faith, and hope as we felt for others, mingled with kindness and consideration toward them, he very much doubted whether our success in winning souls to Christ would not be as great among them as among any others.

A woman came into one of the tenement house prayer-meetings for the first time. In less than twenty minutes she fell on her knees and called aloud to God to have mercy on her soul. She said :—" I am a poor Catholic ; I don't know what to do or what to say. I have heard you pray here for a long time, and for six months have wanted to come to this prayer-meeting, but have not dared to do so ; but I could stay away no longer, and to-night I have come to ask you 'what I must do to be saved.'" She was told that she had often looked at an *image* of the Saviour made by man, that could not hear her when she called upon it, nor sympathise with her sorrows, nor heal her broken heart ; that she must now look to the *Saviour himself*—the *dying, risen, living* Saviour, lifted up on the cross—God's atoning sacrifice once offered for the sins of the world, now mighty to save, able to deliver, and waiting to be gracious to all poor broken-hearted sinners who will come unto Him.

While on her knees, with clasped hands and streaming eyes uplifted toward heaven, gazing wildly, as though she thought she must see the Saviour with her natural eyes or perish, she became suddenly calm, and professed her faith in Christ.

In the prayer-meeting it was stated that four—two men and their wives—who were recently Roman Catholics, but now hopefully converted, were to be received into one of the Presbyterian churches of Brooklyn on the next Sabbath, by a public profession of their faith in Christ. When inquiry was made into the causes of their awakening and conversion, it was found that they

were the reading of the Bible and prayer. They had been presented with the Bible by some one, and they began to read it with eager earnestness and concern to know the truth. They prayed to be enlightened into a knowledge of the truth; and the result was the renunciation of their former errors, and their simple trust in Christ alone, as the door, the way, the truth, and the life.

Another case of the conversion of a Roman Catholic was mentioned by the leader of the meeting. The missionary of one of the wards found a Protestant man married to a Roman Catholic wife. The husband was an Englishman, but in a back-slidden state. The missionary gave him a Bible and other religious reading, and both he and his wife began to read the Bible with intense interest. The woman had been exceedingly superstitious and bigoted. Not only did they read, but they also began to go to the daily prayer-meeting. The priest came to inquire of the woman if she were reading the Bible and attending the prayer-meeting. She told him it was true. He told her if she did not stop he would curse her from the altar. And he did curse her. But the wife kept on reading the Bible and attending prayer-meeting, and now she is a rejoicing, happy Christian. Both are walking in the faith of the Gospel.

In another chapter a record is made of the wonderful work of grace on board the United States receiving-ship *North Carolina*. About the same time a similar work was in progress on the United States ship *Ohio*, at the Charleston Navy Yard. A gentleman who had himself once been a Roman Catholic, and who had renounced his errors and become a humble disciple of Christ, gave the following account of the conversion of a sailor on the *Ohio*:—"Soon after Patrick was converted he got leave to go on shore to see his friends. His priest found out he was on shore, and came to see him with a raw hide in his hand. He told Patrick that he had come to whip him. 'You must not strike

me with it,' said Patrick. 'Yes, I must, and I will. It is my duty to flog the heresy out of you,' said the priest. 'Don't strike; I shall take no more of that; I am an American sailor.' 'Cannot help it, I shall flog you.' 'Well, sir, if you give me a blow,' said Patrick, 'all I have to say is, there will be two of us at it;' and he stood so firm and looked so determined, that the priest dared not strike him.

"But I can tell you," said the speaker, "that the use of the veritable raw hide is common—common in this land of liberty and equality—common wherever there is a Roman Catholic priesthood. I speak that I do know, and testify of that which I have seen. Let any of them deny it, and I will give them the proof. Pray for those poor Roman Catholic converts. I tell you that poor, weak, dependent, defenceless women are flogged by Catholic priests for heresy in this free, Christian country, because they dare to believe in Christ—because they dare to hope that they shall be justified through the merits of His death alone." And then he related examples. A brother and sister lately embraced Jesus Christ as He is offered in the Gospel. They, of course, renounced Popery. The priest came with his raw hide to flog that poor sister, and her brother also. The owner of a large manufacturing establishment interfered and prevented it. But he knew of cases where women had been whipped by the priests. "Pray for converted Catholics, for they have persecutions to endure, I know by bitter experience. Pray that they may be steadfast against all the enticements that will be used to allure them back—steadfast against all the craft that may be practised to entrap them and bring them again into bondage—steadfast against all the violence which would compel them into submission to the Church of Rome. Then I beg you also to pray for all Papists. Many of them are blindly seeking after the truth, and would follow it if they knew it."

CHAPTER XL

CONVERSION OF INFIDELS.

NOTHING in the history of the great religious revivals of the last few years is more striking than the facts connected with the conversion of men who have spent their lives in infidelity, and who have wrapped it as a mantle around them to ward off conviction from the truths of the Gospel. Many and many a time has God shewn how easy it is for Him to send an arrow between the joints of the harness, or even through the coat of mail; and how easily, when once pierced, the infidel is made to bow at the foot of the Cross, crying, "Lord, I believe."

At the anniversary of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, held on the 23d of October 1860, when the exercises were about half through, the chairman announced a personal request for prayer. He said he had been informed that an individual was in the meeting in a state of great religious anxiety, who desired the meeting to pray for his conversion. This individual proved to be a gentleman of high professional position in the city, being a physician and a professor attached to one of the Medical Colleges in New York. He continued to come regularly to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and promptly at the hour of twelve noon he would be seen entering the place where prayer was wont to be made, and through the services paying the most diligent attention. At length one day he arose and asked the meeting to pray for him, a poor blind sinner, who needed the illumination of the Holy Spirit to lead him to seek salvation through our

Lord Jesus Christ. He confessed that he knew not how to get relief.

A very deep sympathy was awakened in the meeting in behalf of this awakened religious inquirer, who did not know what to do. Spiritual counsel was given him, and his case was often remembered in prayer in the meeting. At length the light began to dawn upon his mind, feebly at first; but it was the true light, so far as we could judge, that enlightens every sinner's soul who is brought to believe in Jesus. At first hope was feeble and light was dim, but it rapidly grew brighter and hope grew stronger. That dreadful load of anxiety was gone, and the lately despairing, lost sinner was found sitting at the feet of Jesus, and rejoicing in the great salvation with great joy. When asked how he was getting along, he would speak with much modesty, but with a good degree of confidence, of the great change. Yet there were times when he would be at a stand, and could hardly persuade himself that all was real; it was so great a change that he was afraid of some kind of illusion of the mind. He would say that for such a sinner as he had been to be found depending alone on Jesus Christ, and believing in Him unto eternal life, as he hoped he did, was beyond his comprehension. He sometimes doubted whether he was not deceived about his own convictions and consciousness, but as time passed on he became more assured. One day he rose and requested leave to tell how the Lord had dealt with his soul, and had led him out of darkness into marvellous light. He began by saying:—

“I have been one of the most wicked of men. After wasting a fortune on myself, I met with a calamity which will go with me till my dying day. I resolved that I would retrieve my broken fortunes, and have a name and fame in the world. I worked hard night and day to make myself a master in my profession. To some extent I succeeded. But I was never

happy; I was always unhappy—was miserable—no man more miserable than myself. For ten years I thought I had been somewhat earnest on the subject of religion. I regularly attended church; I had the Bible read to me. I really thought that I was seeking religion all this time, but in this I was deceived; I was in darkness, and spiritually blind. When of late it pleased God to open my eyes to see what a sinner I had been, the sight of myself and my sins was terrible. I would wake in the night groaning with mental anguish. My wife would ask, 'Where is your pain? Can you not do something for it?' I would tell her, 'My pain lies too deep for any human hand to reach; it is internal, and no medicine will cure it.' So I was oppressed with a load of sorrow. Finally, I seemed to be told, as if a voice spoke to me, 'There is one sin greater than all—the sin of unbelief. You do not believe in the Bible; you do not believe in religion; you are an infidel. And when I examined into my own heart I found it was all true. I really did not believe in the Bible—in religion, in Christ, in anything. When I found the accusation which was laid against me was all true, the sins of which I seemed to be guilty, and which were so enormous, those sins which before so distressed me, dwindled down into insignificance, and the sin of unbelief towered up like a mountain above all others. I cannot tell you what a dreadful state of heart and mind I was in. I bore a burden which I could not shake off with any power of my own. I tried everything. I could do nothing—praying, reading the Bible, nothing gave me any relief. Can you imagine a man more miserable than I was?

"At length I became convinced that all my infidelity must be given up; that infidelity was really no remedy for my condition. There was no remedy but in Jesus Christ. More and more deeply this truth was fastened on my mind. I saw in Jesus Christ a remedy for my distressed and distracted con-

dition, and to Him I went for relief. Now it seems to me the change is just as great a miracle as the change in Saul of Tarsus. I am a miracle of grace. Sometimes I can scarcely believe that simply believing in Jesus is all ; and yet it is all. I have grown stronger in my faith in Him ; I believe in Him with all my heart ; I believe in the Bible—in it all. It is sometimes said that the studies of our profession lead men to admire and adore the wisdom of God. So they ought. All I have to say on this subject is this :—If any of your sons intend to enter on these studies, let them first make their peace with God and become true Christians, or I am afraid they will never do it.

“If any one should ask, ‘How did you become anxious on the subject of religion?’ I have to make this answer:—I had a pious, praying, Presbyterian mother—a devoted mother—one of the best women that ever lived. I believe that mother’s prayers have been following me these long years ; I believe that her prayers and your prayers have been answered. There are no prayers like the prayers of a mother.”

Sometime since there appeared before the session of one of our churches a man who wished to make public profession of his attachment to Christ. He said that he had been an infidel—a rank infidel—no one more decided in his unbelief than himself. But one thing had always troubled him. For more than twenty years his mind had been agitated with one single impression, and he never could shake it off. Twenty years ago he happened to overhear two men conversing on the subject of religion. He heard one man ask the other if he loved the Lord Jesus Christ. The man answered, “No ; I do not think I do.” “What!” said the inquirer, “not love the Lord Jesus Christ! I love Him.” “That was all I heard of the conversation, and they did not know that I heard even that. I *knew*,” said the man, “that he who asked that question did love the Lord Jesus Christ. I *knew* he did. I felt in my own soul that he did.

There was something that carried the irresistible conviction to my mind, and for twenty years I have been followed with that conviction. It has been the cause of frequent and deep disquietude. But of late it has troubled me more than ever. I have asked myself, 'Why should that man love the Lord Jesus Christ? And if he had good cause to love the Lord Jesus Christ, why may I not—why ought I not to love Him?' So of late this question has been so pressed upon my mind that I could get no rest. I have found it a barbed arrow in my heart. I knew that there was one man who loved the Saviour. And I had that inward evidence and persuasion on my heart and conscience for twenty years. And the inquiry of late has come home with painful force, 'If one man loves the Lord Jesus Christ, why should not I?' I have been so hotly pursued by this inquiry that I could find no peace of mind. I have felt that I was bound as an honest man to answer that question, but I could not answer it save to my own condemnation. I was smitten with dismay at the convictions which came clustering upon me, coming with overwhelming force, that I ought to be a Christian. I have found myself a ruined, condemned sinner before God. I have found that there were within me no principles of self moral recovery. I was led to despair of help or happiness in myself. I have found reasons, many and pressing, why I should love the Lord Jesus Christ. I have such a spiritual necessity upon me as none but Christ can relieve. I have come before this session to tell them that all my hope is that I am a pardoned sinner, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. I think I can truly say that I love the Saviour. I have reasons in my own soul why I should love Him. I want to unite myself to the people of God because I love Him. I want to make my profession to the world that I am the Lord's—that I am a sinner saved by His grace."

In one of the noon-day prayer-meetings a gentleman arose,

whose whole appearance indicated the intelligent, accomplished scholar and the man of strong common sense. He began by saying that it is now about one year since he first came into this meeting. He came out of sheer curiosity. He had no faith in anything that was said or done here; he came a confirmed atheist. He was made an atheist by science, *falsely so called*. He came to see and hear for himself. He had not been long in the meeting before the inquiry arose in his own mind whether there was not a Power above these minds which moved them. He looked around upon the faces of these business men, and he was led to ask himself, "What leads these men to come here day after day, and month after month, year in and year out? Can any human influence or human considerations do it? What makes these people come here in business hours to pray? It is not enthusiasm in the bad sense. It is not fanaticism. Is there a mind moving these minds, and is that mind God? Such were the inquiries which were started in my mind. The questions which I had raised as an honest philosopher I was bound to answer. It came with all the force of overwhelming evidence that there was a Power above all and moving all, and that Power must be God. It was an irresistible conviction upon my mind that nothing short of Divine power could produce what I felt here in my own heart. The moment that the existence and present power of God was admitted, that moment all peace of mind departed. I knew that I had need then of a knowledge of His government, mind, and will. It followed, of course, that I was under His moral government, and was accountable. I felt that if there was a God, *I* was a sinner, for I had lived in the world regardless of Him; and, if a sinner, how could I be forgiven? That was the question. If a sinner, how can I be saved? There was a spiritual necessity—an awful one—that made me feel a Saviour I must have. Where shall I find Him? I was shut up to the Bible; I had to admit it.

as my teacher and guide; I had to believe it to be a revelation from God. Oh, what a poor, lost, guilty wretch I found myself to be! Oh, how often I exclaimed, 'What a fool I have been all my days!' Can you wonder, then, how my anxious mind groped after a way of escape? Can you wonder, when my despairing heart was thus prepared to attend to the proposal of Christ in the Gospel, how eagerly I embraced Him as He was offered me—offered me in the threefold relation of prophet, priest, and king? Oh, how glad was I to be convinced there was such a Saviour, and how gladly did I embrace Him! I saw at once how needful it was that He should be made of God to my soul, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. I felt that He must be divine to save a wretch like me. Oh, can I ever tell any one how He was exalted in my heart? Can I ever tell any one how my poor heart honoured Him? No, no, I never can. Language cannot describe the honour, the homage, the affection, the devotion, the gratitude, and the joy of my soul. In Him was all I wanted found—every blessing I felt was laid up in Him. But I must stop. Oh, what a change! One year ago a proud, un-humbled atheist, strong in my position, I am here to-day to confess to you that humbly I write 'fool' on what I was, and turn from my own self-righteousness—a garment of rags—to the infinitely meritorious righteousness of Jesus Christ. The life I now live I live by faith in the Son of God. I expect one day my faith will be changed to vision, and I shall behold Him whom, having not seen, I have loved, but in whom, having seen, I shall have joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The following account is given by a clergyman of T—, New York, where the facts occurred:—

"We had an infidel living within the bounds of my parish, who never went to church—never did anything but ridicule and oppose religion—boasted that he could confound the ablest

in argument among Christians who dared to encounter him. One day that man was met by another infidel, who began to deride the revival which was prevailing in T—, and the first named began to defend it. In giving an account afterward of the conversation that ensued, the infidel said, 'What made me take up in opposition to my infidel friend in favour of the revival, as being the work of God's Spirit, I know not, unless it was my love of disputation, and the habit I had of always being in the opposition; but when he advanced arguments against the revival, I advanced arguments in its favour, until at last I convinced myself that it was the work of God, and could be no other.' At that point," said the clergyman, "this man came to me and told me all; and soon I saw that the man was in sore trouble. He said, 'I am in distress; I want you to tell me how I can get relief.' I told him to take his Bible and go to his room, and open it at the eleventh chapter of Luke, and read with care the first thirteen verses, and then turn over to the fifteenth chapter, and read the whole story of the prodigal son. I told him to read these, believing every word he read; then, with the Bible open before him, to kneel down and pray, believing, and accepting, and coming, as the prodigal did, to his father. The man went home and did as he was requested, with little confidence in anything which he could do, but thoroughly stripped of all his own self-righteousness, and convinced that he was a poor, perishing sinner. That prayer was not made in vain. That man," continued the pastor, "is now a member of my church, and we hope is a true Christian."

Another clergyman gives the following facts connected with his own religious history. He said he was the son of a clergyman—the son of a pious mother also; yet he had now to confess that he had been an infidel, notwithstanding a fond father's prayers and a mother's tender care and counsels. "I

had noticed that there was a wide difference between the professed belief and the practice of Christians. The Bible could not be the Word of God, I thought, and those who professed to receive it as such really did not believe its teachings; they could not believe its threatenings, at least, or they would not be so easy about their friends, who were going down to eternal destruction. It could not be true that they believed that their beloved friends were in such jeopardy, or they would not be so easy about them and make so little effort to save them. But the time came when I was to feel that there was a truth in religion. I felt the need of a Saviour. I felt that religion must be true, for it proposed just such a Saviour as I did need. Oh, how my miserable doubts fled when I was made to feel what a poor wretch I was as a sinner against God. That Saviour I needed I found in the Lord Jesus Christ. Now I am not only a professing Christian, but I am a minister of the Lord Jesus."

The following deeply interesting narrative was written by a merchant of the city of N—— :—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—You know that for many years I had been a follower of strange gods, and a lover of this world and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was self-righteous, and thought I had religion enough of my own that was better than the Bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell. I believed that, as God had created man, He was bound to save Him. I knew I did not serve Him, did not know Him, did not obey Him. I did not believe in the entire divinity of Jesus Christ, and thought that all Trinitarians were idolaters. You know what my early instructions were, deep in my heart, though they had been buried from sight or thought by pride, and sin, and the world. Prayer was forgotten; church was neglected; and worldly morality was the tree which brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

"So I lived, so I would have died, had it not been that God remembers His promises to His loving children, 'shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Him and keep His commandments.' Now and then better thoughts, and doubts and fears, would spring up in my mind, which, however, were soon stifled. As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As our boy grew up, our mutual love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him. His mind turned over the little he had learned of God, and his nightly prayers, taught him by us from habit and superstition rather than any conscientious feelings. His questions often puzzled me; and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor sinful father to know more about his heavenly Father, and that 'happy land, far, far away,' which his nurse had taught him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him. A feeble feeling of gratitude would steal up in my heart, and fill me with something like regret, and bring back the time when I loved to hear about, and believed more about, that same 'happy land.'

"A greater distrust of myself, and a greater sense of my inability to assure my boy of the truth of the faith contained in the simple little prayers I had learned from my mother, with my brothers and sisters, gradually began to grow over me, and made me oftener think. Still, I never went to church—had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach my boy—Christ and Him crucified, or Universalism? Or let him learn what he could from the Jesuits, in whose church he had been baptized? Blessed be God, He, in His sovereign will, chose for me. One of his little friends died; then another; then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it; wanted to know 'why God had done it: it was hard that God should thus go and take his friends;

he wished He would not do it.' I, of course, had to explain the best I could.

"One evening he was lying on the bed partly undressed, myself and my wife being seated by the fire. She had been telling me that T—— had not been a good boy that day. She had been telling what he had been doing, and had reproved him for it. All was quiet; when suddenly he broke out in a loud crying and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him and asked him what was the matter. 'I don't want it there, father—I don't want it there,' said the child. 'What, my child, what is it?' 'Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad things I have done to-day. I don't want it there. I wish it could be wiped out;' and his distress increased. What could I do? I did not believe, but yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him; so I said, 'Well, you need not cry; you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want.' 'How, father, how?' 'Why, get down on your knees, and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it out, and He will do it.' I did not have to speak twice. He jumped out of bed, saying, 'Father, won't you come and help me?'

"Now came the trial. The boy's distress was so great, and he pled so earnestly, that the big man, who had never bowed down before God in spirit and in truth, got down on his knees alongside of that dear boy, and asked God to wipe away his sins; and, perhaps, though my lips did not speak it, my heart included my own sins too. We then got up, and he lay down in his bed again. In a few moments he said, 'Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?' Oh, how the acknowledgment grated through my unbelieving heart as the words came to my mouth, 'Why, yes, my son; the Bible says, if you ask God from your heart, for Christ's sake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done, it shall be all blotted out.' A smile of pleasure passed over his face as he quietly asked, 'What did the

angel blot it out with—with a sponge ?' Again was my whole soul stirred within me as I answered, 'No, but with the precious blood of Christ. "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." The fountains had at last burst forth. They could not be checked, and my cold heart was melted within me. I felt like a poor guilty sinner, and, turning away, said, 'My dear wife, we must first find God if we want to shew Him to our children. We cannot shew them the way unless we know it ourselves.' After a little, the boy, with almost heaven looking out of his eye, came from his bed, and, leaning on my knee, turned up his face to mine, and said, 'Father, are you and mother sinners?' 'Why yes, my son, we are.' 'Why,' said he, 'have you not a Saviour? Why are you sinners? God don't love sinners; don't you love God?' I answered as best I could; and in the silent hours of the night I bent in prayer over that dear boy, and prayed, 'Lord, I believe; help my unbelief.' My wife, being a Roman Catholic, would not pray with me over our boy, until, blessed again be God, the Lord's Prayer was put into my heart, and we prayed it together, and prayed jointly for ourselves and our child; and God heard our prayers and received us, as He always does those who seek Him with a whole heart; for He has said unto such, 'They shall surely find me.'"

CHAPTER XII.

PRAYER ON MISSIONARY GROUND.

THERE is nothing connected with the remarkable religious revivals of the last few years, and especially the revival of the spirit of prayer in the hearts of God's people, that furnishes stronger proof of its heavenly origin, than the fact that this spirit has so wonderfully visited our missionary labourers among the heathen, who are isolated from all religious influences save those that come from above. No portion of the Church has been more signally blessed than the bands of Christ's servants whose field is the world, and who, in the distant parts of the field, are striving to impart the light of the Gospel to those who have been sitting in darkness. It was at a station in the north of India that God put it into the hearts of a few missionaries to consecrate the first week of the year as a "week of prayer," and to invite the Christians of the world to unite with them in its observance—a season which was followed by the most signal displays of divine grace, and which has ever since continued to be observed as a consecrated week. In the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, at a subsequent period, a missionary from Northern India remarked that he was attached to that station in India which sent forth the call to prayer in 1853, inviting all Christian churches throughout Christendom to unite in one great concert of prayer, to be observed in the second week of 1860, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh. And little did the small band of missionary brethren at

diana, India, know how the Lord was preparing the universal Church to respond to the call by the great revivals of religion which were even then in progress, but of which he had not heard. The missionary said he was in the meeting in Calcutta, in Northern India, when the call to prayer was adopted. He knew well the spirit which led to it; it was a humble, earnest spirit of prayer. He had enjoyed the privilege, since he had been in this country, of seeing how the Lord had poured down His Holy Spirit in answer to prayer which had been invited by that call. It was all of God from the beginning to the end; and the end is not yet.

It is a matter of glad surprise that God has so greatly blessed this call to prayer, giving it favour in the hearts of Christians, and moving the great body of American and European Christians to observe it. Instead of saying it was an pertinence coming from an obscure place in the ends of the earth, from a feeble band of missionaries, the Church of God most with one voice said, "LET US PRAY;" and it is wonderful to notice what great and precious revivals of religion followed observance in the various quarters of the globe.

In the early part of the year 1859, a note was received at the office of the *New York Observer* asking that a request from a missionary in the north of India might be forwarded to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. The source of the request was not known at the time, although it was afterward ascertained from the initials appended, and from circumstances of great interest which came to light in connexion with the subject presented for prayer. The request was as follows:—

"NORTH INDIA, *November 17, 1858.*

to the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, New York.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I am a missionary to the heathen. I am a son sixteen years old—almost seventeen—at school in

the United States, who, I have reason to believe, does not yet know the Lord. For his own good, I have consented to his being brought up among strangers, where the advantages of Christian institutions and of good education might be enjoyed, but where, at the same time, I cannot exercise an immediate influence upon him, and where he may be exposed, without my knowledge, to the most dangerous temptations. My most earnest desire and prayer for him is, that he may become a child of God, and be sent back to preach the Gospel to the benighted and perishing heathen among whom he was born, and of whose language he still knows something. Would it be too much to ask the help of your prayers for this object? I am encouraged to beg this favour by what I read from week to week respecting your meeting in the *New York Observer*.—
Most affectionately yours,
“J. N.”

The day on which this was read in the meeting it happened that a pastor from Philadelphia was presiding, who, upon reading it, paused, and with deep feeling remarked, “I think the request last read has been already answered.”

He then proceeded to say that at a late meeting in the Sansom Street Church in Philadelphia, it was mentioned that a youth, the son of a missionary in Northern India, of the same age, and whose name answers to these same initials, has been converted. “And what do you think my emotions were,” said he, “when I learned the fact that this youth had been converted through the efforts of a member of my own church, a lady.”

The request, on inquiry, was found to be from Rev. John Newton, D.D., missionary at Lodiāna, North India. The Philadelphia pastor sent next day the following letter to one connected with the meeting:—

“PHILADELPHIA, *February 22, 1859.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am most happy to tell you that my supposition, mentioned yesterday in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, is fully confirmed by the Rev. Dr Steel, of Abington, Pa., who knows the writer, and recognises his handwriting. Three days before this request of Dr Newton was written, his son was admitted to the full communion of Dr Steel’s (Presbyterian) Church, and the joyful news of the boy’s conversion is on its way to India, in a letter from Dr Steel, detailing the circumstances to the father. More than this: this child of prayer first gave himself to Christ, and then to Christ’s work among the heathen. Thus both parts of the missionary’s prayer are so far answered. I narrated the circumstances at our noon meeting to-day, in Jayne’s Hall, to a weeping audience of at least three thousand people.—Yours very truly,

“W. J. R. S——.”

“*Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.*”

That which gives the deepest interest to this case is the evidence it affords that the prayers of this missionary father, in a far-off land, were heard and answered in the conversion of his son before his request could reach this country, and before his Christian brethren could join him in his supplications. About the very time that Dr Newton, in India, was writing the request for prayer, which had been on his mind for several days, with most loving desire for his son’s conversion, that same son was before the session of a Presbyterian Church in this country giving them an account of his awakening and conversion, with a view of being admitted into the Church at the approaching communion.

The following narrative we give in the words of the writer

from whom it was received. It is an eminent instance of God's faithfulness to hear and answer prayer, and strikingly enforces the lesson of the parable which teaches "that men ought always to pray and not to faint:"—

"An eminent missionary in India, now gone to his reward, sent home his two eldest boys, one of whom fell to the care of the writer. He was a lad of eleven years, of ardent temperament and precocious mind. With strong passions and an indomitable will, it was found very difficult to manage him, or to keep him within the limits of moral decency. There were some redeeming traits, however. He was affectionate; and seeing his errors, when pointed out to him, was ready to admit the wrong and promise amendment. But the impulse of selfish passion would carry him headlong, and all his promises were in a moment forgotten. Nature had gifted him with talents of a high order; but the inferior impulses were so impetuous, that it was feared these talents would be shipwrecked in the rush after sensual pleasure. Satan seemed to have taken the entire control; and, forgetful of parental instruction, and all the wishes and hopes of friends, he pursued, with headstrong determination, his career of wickedness. After failing in two colleges, he was sent to work down his turbulent spirit on a farm; but still there was no sign of moral improvement. At length, at his own solicitation, and with apparently sincere promises of amendment, he was placed once more in the University with a view to finish his collegiate course. Here he commenced a course of reading which ended in infidelity. This was the last retrograde step from that early pious culture which he had enjoyed under the best of parents. 'The strong man armed' had now built around the soul an impregnable battlement; but, while all human efforts to reclaim the wanderer were ineffectual, there was One who is stronger than the strong man armed, who had His eye upon him, and was about

to shew that what was impossible with man was possible with God.

“The parents of this young prodigal had by some means become informed of his course, and after the first shock, which nearly prostrated the mother on a bed of sickness, they betook themselves to fasting and prayer. A week was set apart for this purpose. Each day they wept, and prayed, and fasted before God, in behalf of their reckless son. About this time it pleased God to visit the city with a powerful work of grace, under which many young men were induced to forsake their sins and follow Christ. Among the converts was S——, the boon companion and bosom friend of the missionary’s son. They had read together, and sinned together, and sympathised with each other in regard to the sceptical views to which their readings and their reasonings had tended. But God’s Spirit came and separated them for a time. Young S—— had not only given up his infidelity, but had, in heart, embraced the truth as it is in Jesus. Of course, the bond of sympathy was sundered. H—— was left alone in his scepticism, and knew well the reason—viz., that his companion in wickedness had become a Christian. Still, he determined to brave it out, and said, ‘Well, if he will go, let him go. I will not go with him.’

“But S—— was not disposed to go to heaven without his companion, and, like the Samaritan woman, went to him with the good news of his salvation, and urged most affectionately that *he*, too, would come to Jesus. But the interview was painful. His overtures were rejected with scorn. There was not the least sign of relenting. At length S—— determined to make one more effort; and, with much prayer and some little faith, he again gave the invitation, ‘Come, go with us.’ Rev. Mr K—— was to preach especially to young men, and most earnestly did the young convert plead with his companion to go and hear him. There was, as before, stout resistance. As a

last argument, S—— said, 'Well, H——, if you will not go from any interest in the subject, will you not go to gratify your friend?' This was said with strong emotion, even with tears. At this H—— replied, 'Yes, I will, if you put it on *that* ground. But recollect, I yield simply to the appeal of friendship.' The sermon arrested his attention, and, as it proceeded, the arrow of conviction sunk deeper and deeper into his heart, so that, at the conclusion, and when the invitation was given to the convicted to retire to the adjoining lecture-room, H—— decided to accept the invitation, and promptly took his place among the inquirers. For a week and more there was a tremendous struggle in that dark depraved heart; but the strong man armed had to yield, and He, whose right it was, commenced His reign there. Sin and Satan were cast out, and Jesus was enthroned.

"I had almost given up the hope of any change in my refractory charge, when I received from him a letter, containing only a few lines, the purport of which was as follows:—'God, I trust, has forgiven me my wickedness, and now, on my bended knees, I ask forgiveness of you and yours.' I was obliged to turn away, and wipe the tears which gushed from my eyes. 'Is it possible?' said I. 'Can it be that H—— is really converted from the error of his ways?' But ere long he came to testify in person to the grace of God which had been revealed in him. And what a change! Truly, it was the lion converted into the lamb. Everything in him was so subdued, so meek, so self-renouncing, so pliant! He clung to me with a gratitude and affection never before exhibited. He spake of the great love of God. 'Oh,' said he, 'how different life looks to me now. Now there is something to live for.' The whole course and current of his life was now in a new direction. He consecrated himself, soul and body, to God, and to the cause of missions. After due preparation, he set sail for India, where, joining his

enerated father, he laboured side by side with him, and where he still is spared to do battle with the powers of darkness.

“In the conversion of this young man, several things, illustrative of God’s dealings with His faithful servants, may be noticed. Many years before the event—before this child was born—his father, in the true spirit of a disciple, laboured for the conversion of a family with whom, providentially, he went to reside. God blessed his efforts, and nearly all the members of that family were brought to Christ. One of them he married. Another became a minister of the gospel. The latter, while in college, was instrumental in turning to God a reckless young man, who afterward became a noted revival preacher. Long years elapsed, perhaps twenty, when this revival preacher addressed a congregation in which was the son of the missionary. God sent him, under that preacher, to get the arrow of conviction in his soul. Thus, by a circuitous current of divine influences, mingling with providential changes, the labours of that missionary in the aforesaid family returned upon his own son, then unborn—now born again, and baptized with the fire of heaven. How true it is that they who water shall themselves also be watered !

“But we cannot fail, also, to connect this conversion with God’s covenant faithfulness. This boy had been dedicated to God. He had been trained in God’s truth. Prayer unceasing had been poured forth in his behalf. Still, the case looked dark. Satan desired to have him, yea, strove to keep possession. He seemed, for a long time, to be given up to his influence. But God had His eye upon him. In the darkest hour, when even infidelity had been added to vice, the parents set apart a week for fasting and prayer in his behalf. They wrestle at the throne of grace, pleading as parents only can—pleading the promises, which are to our *children* as well as to *us*; exercising faith, no doubt, in God’s covenant faithfulness; and while thus engaged,

behold, the providence of God sends a converted companion to their son, who induces him to attend upon the ministry of a pungent and warm-hearted preacher; and there he becomes a disciple of the Lord Jesus, and ultimately a co-labourer with them on heathen ground. Was not this illustrative of the power of prayer? Surely Christian parents should take encouragement therefrom to hold on to the promises of God—to plead them in behalf of their children; not knowing when, nor by what means, it may please God to answer their prayers.

“But special prayer, combined with fasting, and that for one week, was in this case observed. Perhaps parents are not earnest enough—praying only on ordinary occasions for the conversion of their children. It seems to me that there is a call, often, for special and agonising prayer in behalf of our unconverted children. In the instance above cited, the parents, so soon as they learned the sad moral history of their son, devoted a whole week to fasting and prayer, and with what success we see. Let other parents do the same, and mayhap God will answer and bless them accordingly.”

A missionary among the Indians of New York stated that, “during the week of prayer at the beginning of the year, they had gracious refreshings from on high. It was with great unanimity and concord that the Christian Indians resolved to observe the week of prayer. And what do you think was the experience of those poor Indians? Why, before we called, God heard; and while we were yet speaking, God answered. The Holy Ghost fell on them, and they had faith to cry mightily to God for the conversion of their pagan neighbours. One evening there came in a tall, stately Indian—a blind, obstinate pagan—a bitter opposer. Nothing but the power of the Holy Spirit could have brought him there, a poor, broken-hearted sinner. I said to him, ‘Colonel S—, I am glad to see you. How does your heart look to you now?’ ‘Oh, so black and

wicked,' said he; 'I have come here to see if I cannot find out some way to wipe out all my past life, that makes me feel so bad, when I look at it, so that I should never see it any more.' The Lord had mercy on him, and he came out boldly on the side of the Lord Jesus. Then he came into our prayer-meetings, bringing in his two sons. He sat down in the meeting with a son on either hand. He arose and told what the Lord had done for his soul, and it would have done your souls good to have heard him; and it would have affected your hearts to have seen how he watched the effect of his words upon his sons. They both arose for prayer: Then they were converted, and others were converted. And the Lord took these children of the forest, and made them His sons and daughters by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

On one occasion, a Cherokee Indian chief appeared in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. His name was "White Cloud." He was richly attired. His outer coat was of buckskin, very highly ornamented with rich work of silk embroidery. The cut and taste was thoroughly Indian. On his way to the meeting, he had attracted much notice in the street. He was modest in his appearance and bearing, and appeared very intelligent. He began by saying that he felt it a great blessing to him to be in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. "I have," said he, "a great heart toward all Christians here. I could embrace you all, and take you all to my bosom. God only knows how it makes me feel to stand here and look around on these praying people, and think that you come here to pray. You pray to go to heaven. Poor Indian wants to go to heaven too. You pray to Jesus, whom you love. Poor Indian loves Him too. You pray to be washed in His blood. Poor Indian must be washed in His blood too. You pray as brothers redeemed by the same Jesus. Poor Indian comes as a brother too, redeemed by the same Saviour. I am a Cherokee. My home is 3500 miles away,

in the far West. You sent the missionaries to my people in 1816. The white man came with the Bible on one arm and his hymn-book on the other, and the love of the Gospel in his heart. He told us that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. The Spirit of the Lord came down into the darkest corner of my father's wigwam, and said to me, 'You are a sinner; you must believe on Jesus.' He accused me of everything. He laid heavy charges at my door. Felt very bad. Ran away into the deep forest; no getting away from very bad heart. The Spirit say go to Jesus. I went to Him, and owned up to it all, and told Him all about it. He had mercy on me. I could not speak one word of English when I was converted. I cannot tell you how glad I am to be in this prayer-meeting. Oh, keep it a prayer-meeting in this great city of New York. I cannot speak very good English, but I want to pray. Let us pray."

He then led in prayer; and such a prayer, for its childlike-ness, thankfulness, simplicity, faith, and love, was scarcely ever heard in that room. Some sobbed aloud, and strong men bowed their heads to hide their flowing tears. That prayer was indescribable. It made upon all the deep impression that this Indian was taught of the Holy Spirit.

A missionary mother some time since wrote to the same meeting, asking prayer for the conversion of her son. Afterward she wrote requesting the meeting to unite with her in thanking to God, for her son, she hopes, is saved. She sends her request from a far country, and, with a mother's warm heart, begs us to bring her thank-offering before God. In her first request she stated that, with a mother's most earnest devotion, she had, from his birth, consecrated this her eldest child to the work of the holy ministry, and to the missionary work on heathen ground, where he was born. For long years she had watched, and laboured, and prayed; and her heart had almost fainted when she saw that her son had come up to manhood and

had not given himself to Christ. She has been, all these long years, hoping and believing ; but when the age had been reached when temptations were strongest, and especially on heathen ground, she felt a yearning desire that he might be led to consecrate his manhood, with all its powers, to the Lord Jesus. Now she writes that "the great transaction's done." And the very first expression of desire on his part, without any suggestion or influence from herself, was that he might immediately begin to prepare himself to become a preacher of the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

CHAPTER XIII

PRAYER ON MISSIONARY GROUND—*continued.*

THE following letter was read in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting soon after its reception in this country:—

“BOMBAY, 19th June 1859.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—This is the Lord’s day. Here I am, and here I have been for fourteen years, in a ‘land of graven images,’ among a people who ‘are mad upon their idols.’ ‘Just Lot’ was once similarly situated; and ‘that righteous man, dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul *from day to day* with their unlawful deeds.’ David, ‘the man after God’s own heart,’ was once somewhat similarly situated, and ‘*rivers of water* ran down his eyes because they kept not God’s law.’ Paul, ‘a servant of Jesus Christ, separated unto the Gospel of God,’ was once similarly situated, and ‘his *spirit was stirred* in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry.’ The Friend of Sinners was once similarly situated, and

“ ‘Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness’d the fervour of His prayer.’

“ ‘*Mine eye*’ has at times ‘affected my heart,’ and my soul has wept in secret places for this people; but really I have done nothing for them—nothing to turn them to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, even Jesus. Ah! they themselves shew of me what manner of entering in I must have had unto them—that it

was surely very different from Paul's entrance in unto the Thessalonians; very different from Jesus' entrance in unto the Galileans, 'in the power of the Spirit.' Yes, I must conclude that I have not, during my abode among this people, been strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man.' I have been a very unprofitable servant, a very wicked and slothful one. During the first seven years, as pastor of the Free Church, I lived, not unto Him who died for me, but unto myself, seeking to be popular. I got my reward. The Free Church was made 'the valley of Achor' to me. During the next three years, as Professor in —, I lived unto education, the secular education of this lost and ruined people. I laboured with indefatigable zeal, and was praised by all. I got my reward. The Poona College was made a 'valley of Achor' to me. During the last four years I have been living unto science. This too has been made a 'valley of Achor' to me. I have got my reward. All this because I have not been filled with the Spirit —because I have not been 'holiness unto the Lord' Jesus. Oh, could any one need the prayers of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting if I do not! Were it possible, I would fly to that sacred place, and beg the Lord's remembrancers to bear me on their hearts before Him. I cannot appear among them in person; but I have resolved to solicit you to carry my earnest request to that meeting, and to prefer it for me. You know what a praying mother I had; indeed, both father and mother have, I believe, obtained the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. You know, too, what a praying grandfather I had. You know, moreover, how early I was consecrated to God, and how fervently I cherished the desire and hope of being a messenger of God, to bear His name to the Gentiles—the good tidings of great joy to the lost heathen. After all, what have I been but an Achan, coveting the accursed thing, and turning every place where the Lord has sent me into a valley of Achor trouble!

Like cold waters to a thirsty soul, however, have been to me the good news of the glorious things which the Lord has done and is doing in the churches of His saints in my dear native land. I wish to share in these great blessings. I *must* share in them. I have been reading, am still reading, and shall continue to read, with tears and prayers, Dr Prime's precious book, entitled 'The Power of Prayer.' I believe in the power of prayer, as illustrated in the marvellous facts recorded in that book, and therefore I see that I *may* share in these vast blessings. You must, then, go to the business men's noon-day prayer-meeting in Fulton Street, and ask the prayers of that meeting for me—that I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind by the act and power of the Holy Spirit—that I may be holiness unto the Lord Jesus—that the Lord would keep the glory of Jesus, and the interests of Jesus, and the things of the Spirit for ever in the imagination of the thoughts of my heart, and that I may henceforth be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, a co-worker with God, and an instrument, a 'chosen vessel unto the Lord, to bear His name before the Gentiles.' Such is my request to the saints in Christ Jesus which attend the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. Do not fail to prefer it for me at the first meeting after the receipt of my letter.

"What a precious book that is, 'The Power of Prayer!' We have a few copies in Bombay. I have one myself. I never read such a record except in the Word of God itself. Do circulate it. It ought to be sent to the people of God in every place. It is well calculated to stir them up to take hold of God; and, if they would do so, they would have power to overturn Satan's kingdom—yes, the kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom, would soon be given to the people of the saints of the Most High. 'The Power of Prayer' shews what power any true Israelite has; any one of the Israel of God may shake the earth. How little this is understood! How little power

is exerted! How feeble the saints are, when one of them might chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight!

“I shall wrestle with God with reference to the subject of this letter, and I shall look up for an answer to the prayers of God’s remembrancers in Fulton Street. Yours truly.”

This letter was published in the *New York Observer* after it had been read in the meeting, and some months after the following was received by the editors of that paper :—

“Editors of *New York Observer*.

BOMBAY, Nov. 11, 1859.

“Your paper of the 8th of September last contained a letter addressed by me to a most highly esteemed friend in your city, requesting him to solicit on my behalf the prayers of the Fulton Street Union Prayer-Meeting. The letter was written without any thought that it would ever appear in print; but I can never regret its publication, as doubtless I have thus obtained many a prevailing prayer with which I should not otherwise have been blessed. I desire now to thank the God of providence and of all grace, His dear servant to whom my letter was addressed, and His praying people whose intercessions I solicited, that my letter reached its destination, and that my request met with a ‘cordial response;’ for I am now rejoicing in the fullest conviction that the prayers offered for me have been answered, and answered, too, as our bountiful God always answers His people’s earnest prayers, in ‘good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over;’ yea, ‘exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.’

“Just about the time that the letter above mentioned reached its destination, and the attention of the Fulton Street Union Prayer-Meeting was specially directed toward Bombay, two daily union prayer-meetings were established here, one at seven o’clock in the morning, in the Church of Scotland’s Missionary

Institution, in the native town ; the other at one o'clock Scotch Church in the fort, and designated the Business Mid-day Union Prayer-Meeting—all Government officers, those of our merchants, professional men, &c., being invited. It was my great privilege to take part in the establishment of these meetings, and it has been my precious privilege to take a humble part in the maintenance of them to the present. Shortly after the commencement of these two meetings, a third was established by the native Christians in their own language. We have now, therefore, three daily union prayer-meetings in Bombay. They are attended by few, but these few see the necessity of having adopted the resolution of Jacob,—‘I will not go except Thou bless me.’ I can bear testimony that the power of praying as is heard in these union meetings has never been heard before in this city during the fourteen years of my connection with it. God’s people have been taught by the Spirit how to pray, and strengthened by the Spirit to continue constant in prayer. The spirit of prayer is the earnest longing which it is transporting to anticipate. ‘Who are they that fly as a cloud and as the doves to their windows?’ ‘Lift up thine eyes round about, and see ; all they gather themselves together ; they come to thee.’ Yes, we shall surely be enlightened with the abundance of Zion’s glory ;’ we shall say, ‘This land that was desolate is become like the Garden of Eden.’ Come, Holy Spirit, hasten the display of Thy wonders. In addition to the daily prayer-meetings, we have seven or eight weekly prayer-meetings, and three nigh concerts.

“In the city of Poona, distant about one hundred miles from Bombay, a weekly union prayer-meeting has been recently established, which is well attended, and increasing in number and power. I attended this meeting lately, while on a visit to Poona, and can testify to the earnest spirit of prayer that

vails in it. There are two or three other weekly prayer-meetings in Poona, and a monthly concert.

“At Ahmednuggur, about seventy miles from Poona, a great spirit of prayer prevails. The annual meeting of the American Mission was held there from the 19th to the 26th of last month. All the American missionaries of this presidency, with one exception, were present—viz, Messrs Ballantine, Abbott, Fairbank, Bissel, Wood, Barker, Dean, Harding, and Bowen.

“A great and interesting spirit of prayer prevails in other parts of India. I cannot lengthen this letter by a reference to all the places where daily union prayer-meetings have been established, but I cannot refrain from noticing the very interesting circumstances in which such a meeting has been established in Calcutta.”

The writer then proceeds to give a deeply interesting account of the commencement of a series of meetings for prayer at Calcutta, in the first of which he says :—

“During the meeting numbers were deeply affected to tears, and not a few seemed almost audibly to sigh and sob under strong emotion. Two or three were so overcome that they had to be carried out, but they are said to have since ‘enjoyed great peace and joy in believing.’ All went away as if sorry that the meeting was at an end, feeling that it was good to have been there, and hungering and thirsting after a renewal of similar meetings.”

The following statement, recently made by a missionary, is recorded for our encouragement in calling upon God :—

“Forty years ago,” said a speaker, “I landed, one of a company of missionaries, at one of the Sandwich Islands, and there I laboured twenty-one years. In that time the islands renounced their idolatry, and the Christian religion was everywhere acknowledged. The Bible was translated and printed in the language of the islands, and schools and churches were esta-

blished. The whole moral aspect of the islands was changed. When I returned to this country on account of enfeebled health of myself, and especially of my wife, we brought with us a little boy nine years old, my only son. In process of time he became a follower of Christ, was educated for the ministry and missionary work, and he entered into the service of the American Board, and three years ago, when the *Morning Star* sailed for Micronesia, he and his wife went in her to that far-distant field. They took with them some missionary helpers from the Sandwich Islands, and planted themselves at one of the islands of the Micronesian group, at the invitation of the chief of the island. After having been there one year, a chief of a neighbouring island sent a thousand warriors, in a hundred war-canoes, to make war, and capture, and plunder, and destroy the people. One morning they saw this armed and savage force approaching under full sail, and, with the spyglass, the missionary saw that they were making directly for the shore where he stood, and so he informed the chief and his missionary company. What should be done? They had no mountains to flee to. They had no cave to hide in. They had no weapon of defence. What should be done? It was proposed that they should hold a prayer-meeting upon the shore, and that they should pray for two things—first, that they might be perfectly resigned to the Divine will; and second, that they might be saved from their enemies, or assisted to overcome them. The first prayer was answered at once, for, when they rose from their knees, after their season of prayer, they felt perfectly willing that the will of God should be done, whether they were to be saved or whether they were to be destroyed. They had a happy confidence in the Lord, and joyfully committed themselves to His disposal. So far their prayers had been answered.

“Now look at the further and wonderful answer to prayer. All this time this war fleet of one hundred

had been making straight to the place where this missionary company had been kneeling, as the spy-glass plainly revealed ; but, while they were watching their movements from the shore, all at once it was seen that their sails were fluttering in the wind. They hesitated a while, then changed their course and sailed away in another direction, and landed six miles distant. A battle ensued which lasted for three hours, and the war fleet was defeated, and fifty out of the one hundred of their war canoes were captured. Thus God most signally answered both parts of the prayer which was offered to Him, and the mission company was saved and their enemies were overthrown."

The missionary went on to state that the son of whom he had been speaking had visited the island of that hostile king, and had preached in more than thirty of his villages, and the king had earnestly pressed him to send him a missionary family to reside on his island, and promised them assistance and protection.

A ship-captain, recently returned from a long voyage, said he had called at an island in the course of the voyage, 14,000 miles' sailing distance from here—one which he had known well in former times as an island of cannibals. He stood off and on for some time, uncertain whether to land or not. He considered it dangerous to attempt it. Finally, one evening, he ventured to land with a few of his men:—"And what do you think we found? We found a prayer-meeting. It was a meeting of sixty young people, all the children of heathen parents ; but thirty of these were now Christians. They had been visited by missionaries from some of the neighbouring Christian islands, and I found them and heard them singing the same tunes which I have heard here to-day, and I doubt not the same hymns, though in a language which I could not understand. Only think of it," said the officer, "14,000 miles away I heard heathen youth singing your tunes, and praying

to God on an island where I dared not land when I first hove in sight. I tell you," said the officer, "that it affected me greatly. I thought of what God is doing in answer to prayer. I have come home more deeply impressed than ever I was before with the power of prayer. I *know* God hears and answers prayer. I *know* it. Why should we be so slow to believe it, when He has promised it?"

A dark-complexioned young man arose in the Fulton Street meeting. "I am," said he, "from Asia. I am Spanish by descent, but was born in India. I was in this city two years ago, and was converted in the Pierrepont Street Baptist Church, in Brooklyn, as I hope. I have been gone a long time from New York, and when I came again, on Monday last, the first place I sought after was this prayer-meeting. Some ask me, 'Well, how have you got along?' I answer, 'If I had not got along well, you would never have heard from me in this meeting.' I love to bear witness for Christ every day, and everywhere. Next Monday I sail for San Francisco. I want you to pray for me all my way to that city. I hope I shall do some good on the voyage; and when I get there I shall go into their prayer-meeting, and tell them of my being here. So, wherever I go, I seek out the prayer-meeting, and I keep my heart alive to Christians everywhere, because it is alive to Christ. My life is one of continual happiness and constant duty. I find enough to do, and I try to do it, everywhere bearing about with me the marks of the Lord Jesus. I ask all here to pray for me."

A missionary from the Gaboon Mission, on the West Coast of Africa, near the line of the equator, stated in the prayer-meeting that about one year ago he had sent an earnest request for prayer to be offered for a Bible-class belonging to one of the Sabbath-schools under the care of the mission. Prayer had been answered in the conversion of one of the class, and he the most promising young man in it. He was highly educated

—has received as good instruction as the mission could give him. At the time of prayer offered for him in this Fulton Street meeting he was two hundred and fifty miles from the mission ; yet he was awakened, and subsequently became a very decided follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. This young man is now preparing for the ministry under the instruction of the missionaries ; and the speaker hoped the time was not far distant when the youth—converted, as he believed, in answer to prayer—would preach the Gospel far in the interior of Africa, where the foot of the white man has never trod.

Another missionary from Africa said he belonged to the Mendi Mission, on the West Coast of Africa. His station was on Sherbro Island. He spoke of the way in which the revival began there. Some months ago, he appointed a prayer-meeting on a Monday night. He was present himself at the hour. No one else came but a little boy twelve or fourteen years old. He came with a cast-down and very sad countenance. He sat down beside him, and said, "What is the matter with you?" "Oh," said the little boy, "I feel so bad. My sins are all before me. I am a great sinner;" and he burst out into bitter weeping. He instructed him as well as he could. He prayed with him, and then they parted. He appointed another prayer-meeting the next Monday night. At that prayer-meeting that little boy was present, bringing another little boy, about his own age, with him. "And there he is," (directing attention to a bright-looking little black boy in the back part of the room.) "Oh, if you could have seen how changed that sad face was, and what a glow of happiness sat upon it, and if you could have heard what he said and how he said it, you would not have doubted how precious Christ was to him. You should have heard him! I asked him what the matter was. He answered, 'I have found the Saviour.' Then what a prayer he poured forth for Africa! How earnestly did he plead! Then in what tones of thankful-

ness and joy did he pour out his young heart in expressions of gratitude for sending the missionary among them, thanking the Lord Jesus for his coming, and for his having been taught that he was a sinner, and that Jesus came to save sinners such as we are. Four years ago this boy was a wild heathen, and knew nothing of the English language. Now we hope he is a Christian. He belongs to one of the princely families, and, if he lives, he may some day be a king of his tribe." The revival went on, and just before he came to this country he organised a Church, which now consists of nineteen members. It was a vine of the blessed Master's planting.

The Rev. Joseph Jackson, of the Wesleyan Mission, writes from Indaleni:—"A short time ago I furnished you with a few cases of conversion, which to us on this barren place, where spiritual death has so long appeared to hold its unmolested reign, were very encouraging. Those cases were but as a few drops, which, however, we tried to believe gave the promise of a shower. I am thankful to inform you that the drops began to multiply, until a gracious rain descended, and a goodly number have been refreshed thereby. The station has lately often been literally a Bochim. Prayer-meetings have frequently been held and kept up until a late hour, at which many penitents have found peace through faith in the blood of a crucified Redeemer. This much-needed revival was preceded by the exercise of discipline. It is remarkable that one of the first to find peace was the wife of one of the men who had been dealt with, and now the wives of both have obtained the same blessing."

So late as March 1863, the Rev. H. Bixby, American missionary to the Shans in Burmah, gives the following account of a remarkable movement among that people in connexion with the Week of Prayer:—

"On my arrival here we found about ten thousand Shans, most of whom had been sent out to British Burmah, within a

few weeks before our arrival, by some warlike disturbance in the Shan states. We regarded this as one of many remarkable providences which pointed to the immediate evangelisation of the Shans, and we entered upon our work with the feeling that God would speedily gather in His own from this multitude, and send many of them back to their perishing fellow-men with the 'joyful sound.' Most of the people, as well as the missionary, having a previous knowledge of the Burmese language, the work of preaching was commenced immediately, but with no favourable indications so far as the Shans were concerned. A few Burmans believed, and a small Church was organised after a twelvemonth. We found the Shans generally quite as bigoted Buddhists as the Burmans, and nearly fifty years' experience has taught the Burman missionaries that Buddhists are slow to receive the Gospel. A large number of Shans had heard the Gospel within the first year, and some of them had manifested considerable interest in the truth; but one Shan only had been converted (he was the eldest son of a hereditary prince) up to the beginning of the present year, a period of about seventeen months of hard labour.

"With very great pleasure we welcomed, in these distant parts, your call for a week of united prayer at the beginning of the new year; and now I have the pleasure to communicate to you some of the immediate fruits, as it seems to us here, of this world-wide prayer-meeting.

"Within the first week of the new year, and while the Christian world was yet bowed before the mercy seat, the spirit of grace and salvation came down upon this Shan community. Stout hearts were melted, stubborn wills subdued, superstition was removed, and dead souls sprung into life. The number of converts seems large only when we take into account the character of Buddhists, and the limited amount of evangelical labour bestowed upon them. Until recently, the single mis-

sionary had not one native preacher. Up to this date twenty-five adults, nearly all heads of families, have applied for admission to the Church in the ordinance of baptism, nineteen of whom have been baptized, while the others remain for further instruction. There is still a wide-spread spirit of inquiry, and we cannot but hope for a still richer harvest."

CHAPTER XIV.

PRAYER AMONG SOLDIERS.

The gathering together of such a vast body of men as were summoned to the defence of our Government on the breaking of the rebellion, apart from the interests involved in the struggle, was an occasion of deep anxiety to the hearts of Christians. Those who composed the great army of the republic were to be removed beyond the ordinary restraints of home, of society, and Christian institutions, and to be surrounded by temptations which they had never met before. The demoralizing and irreligious influence of war was too well known. A large portion of these soldiers, also, must fall in battle, or die of disease, and, unless brought under the saving influence of the Gospel and of Divine grace, though martyrs in the cause of liberty, they must perish eternally. Thus doubly exposed to temporal and eternal death, their spiritual condition awakened urgent prayer in their behalf throughout the land, and led to the most earnest efforts for their salvation. The great deficiencies of the chaplain system were supplemented by various means for supplying the army with religious reading, and many warm-hearted Christian men went forth as volunteers in the service of Christ, to persuade the soldiers of the army to become members of the Cross. We have great reason to bless God that the prayers and efforts of His people have been answered to a large extent, and that so much of a religious influence has been exerted, resulting in the salvation of so many souls.

Although iniquity has abounded, as in almost every war, grace has also abounded in many a camp and hospital, as the following pages will shew.

A chaplain, in a letter from the army, gives it as his opinion, that no field now open to the minister of the Gospel affords such encouragement to labour as the army. All a man has to do to be successful is to convince the men that he really cares for their souls. The soldier will feel the deepest interest in those who are interested in him. He readily yields to be guided and instructed by such a chaplain, and feels an unbounded gratitude to him for the interest which he feels. Speaking of his own case, he says that he made efforts to establish his own heart in a deep concern for the salvation of his men. He prayed for it; he laboured for it; and it became an all-absorbing desire with him to see all his men Christians. The men did not fail to discover this, and the effect on them was wonderful. He did not dream that he ever could so win the affections of the men as he has done. He did not believe there was a man in the regiment who would not cheerfully lay down his life in his defence. He has seen many a man turning to the Lord. God gives him souls for his hire. All that a chaplain has to do is to shew that he has a soul, and that his *heart* is in his *work*, and not in his *compensation*, or the paymaster's pocket.

A soldier, in making a statement in regard to the condition of the army, said he felt a sense of duty to his country and a duty to souls. He wanted to win some souls to Jesus Christ. His people all opposed his enlistment. He had a praying mother. He told her he felt it his duty to go into the army. She wished to know what his chief motive was, and when he told her that it was to try to save some of the soldiers from eternal ruin, she told him to go, and a mother's prayers should continually go with him. When he got into his regiment, after very diligent inquiry, he could find only one pious man, but he

was of kindred spirit. They were only two, but they resolved on a prayer-meeting. It was begun in much fear and trembling, and against not a little opposition and ridicule. They had no help but God; "and oh," said he, "how did He answer us and help us! He converted four of our fellow-soldiers—the four most unlikely that we could have picked out. We felt all the time that some would be converted, but we were almost overcome when these four came out for Christ. That praying man and those four converts belonged to a different company from myself, and now I am alone in the regiment. I came here to ask you to pray for me. I intend to stand up for Jesus, and I expect He will bless me."

A chaplain, who had been some time with the army on the banks of the Potomac, beyond Washington, said in the meeting, there was nothing which gave him so much courage about the soldiers or the army as prayer. You may send them Bibles, and Testaments, and tracts, and religious publications, and, after all, if there should be no prayer there would be no good done. It would be seed scattered by the wayside. But when he went into the prayer-meetings, and listened to the prayers which went up to God for the poor soldiers, his heart was moved and encouraged. It filled him with joy and hope. "A few days ago," he continued, "I was in this Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. I told you something of the peculiar temptations of the soldiers, and how hard it was to make impressions upon them for good, and how many influences were in operation to drag the young soldier down to ruin. I gave you something of the dark lines in the picture of war. I went back to my regiment, and I said to the soldiers gathered around me for worship that I had lately been into the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and my heart had been melted when I heard the prayers which are there offered for the soldiers. After service, a soldier came up to me and said he wished to have a word

with me in private. 'Do they really pray for us in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting?' said the soldier, as soon as we were alone. 'To be sure they do,' I answered. 'And what do they pray for?' 'They pray that you may be converted, if you are not, and that you may honour Christ, if you are converted, by being witnesses for Him.' The soldier stood with his eyes downcast, and said, 'What you said in the meeting about the Christians praying for us made me feel worse than anything else. I have a pious mother, and very likely she has asked them to pray for me. She goes to that meeting.' 'Very likely,' said I. 'She could hardly go there without asking for prayer for you. I heard many a son prayed for; and the requests came from the praying mothers.' He was silent a moment, and said, 'Chaplain, I have been very thoughtless and wicked since I came into camp, but I am going to quit it. I will break off my wicked ways. My mother shall not pray in vain for me. I have got something to do about it.' 'And what are you going to do?' 'Seek the Lord and be a better man. I know my mother prays for me. When you told us what kind of prayers you heard offered for us poor, wicked soldiers, it seemed like a cannon-shot through my heart. I am going to seek the Lord and become a praying man.'

The night before the first battle at Bull Run two soldiers were talking together. One was a Christian young man, the other was not. The unconverted man was in great heaviness of mind. He had been for some time anxious about his soul. He went to his friend to open to him all his heart, and said to him :—"I do not see as there can be any mercy for me." "Why not mercy for you?" inquired the friend. "Because I cannot find it." "What do you want to find?" "Want to find! I want to find relief—I want to find happiness." "Is that what you want to find?" "Surely it is. What else should I want to find." "My poor friend, happiness is very desirable, but you

will never find it if you seek it as an end. You must find—"Find what?" "Why, you must find Christ. You must be cleansed from sin in order to be made happy. You must be renewed, and sanctified, and purified by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. You must find Christ here and now. You have no time to lose." "Well, how shall I find Him?" "Believe on Him with all your heart. Tell Him you renounce all your sins and are sorry for them, and consecrate all you are, and all you have to Him. Give everything away for Him, and take Him to your heart instead of everything else." "And shall I then be saved?" "Believing in Christ you cannot be lost. You are saved already. You are passed from death unto life. You may depend on it I tell you the truth. He says, if you simply believe, you shall never perish, neither any be able to pluck you out of His hand. Him that cometh unto me, He says, I will in no wise cast out. He also says that whom He loveth He loves unto the end. Now, can you not believe and trust your soul to Him?"

The two friends were separated for the night, or that part which was given for rest. But before daylight they found themselves together again. They were marching toward the field of battle, shoulder to shoulder, and knew not when nor where they would meet the enemy. "How do you feel now?" said the pious soldier to the other. "Oh, unspeakably happy!" he replied. "Happy! what makes you happy?" "Oh, I have found Christ. Last night I was so miserable that I did not know what to do. After our talk, I went away by myself, and fell down on my knees, and told Christ what a poor sinner and miserable wretch I was, and deserving nothing—nothing but hell, and I must go there unless He reached down His hand to save me, and I knew He could if he would, and I believed he

would. No sooner said than done. I felt as plain as day that He did hear and save. It seemed to me I could hear His voice saying to me, 'No, you shall not go to hell; no sinner goes there who believes on me; I will take you to myself, that where I am you may be.' Oh, I have wanted to tell you so; it seemed as if I could not wait. I want you to praise the Lord with me. All you told me last night is true, every word true: you can't trust Christ even a little but He seems to fill you full of joy. I never saw anything like it. It is almost more than I can bear to think how He has mercy, and how *much* mercy He has on such a poor sinner as I have been. Oh, I am sorry—I am *so* sorry! I am ashamed before God, and I have told Him so; and the more He seems to love me, the more sorry I get. And yet I am so happy; and yet I can hardly tell why. But I will tell you one thing—I give up all to Jesus; no half-way work about it, I tell you. It is all or nothing, I find; and if I could stop, I should not know where to stop."

So the new convert revealed his new joy to his pious companion in the early morning of that fatal 21st of July. The soldier said:—"We went upon the field together, he talking, and I listening with glad surprise to his rich experience of forgiving grace in Jesus Christ. By and by we were in the midst of the roar of cannon and musketry, and my friend was shot dead at my side."

An officer gave in the Fulton Street meeting the following account of his conversion:—"I came home from the battle-field at Bull Run uninjured, and saved from instant death as almost by a miracle. I was in the battle of the 21st of July, and in the thickest of the fight, and such were the circumstances of my escape that I was led to think on my ways. I have been a wicked man. When there was any wickedness going on I was sure to be foremost in it. Coming home wounded, I had time to ask myself why I had been spared. I was struck down by a squad

of the Black Horse Cavalry. I never expected to get away alive. Death had been so near and so imminent that I had given myself up for lost, and supposed that a few minutes would end me. From that moment I became concerned about my soul. I came home greatly burdened with spiritual anxiety. I resolved that I would seek the Lord with all my heart until I should find Him. I hope now I *have* found Him. I believe my sins are pardoned. I have begun a new life—a life consecrated to Jesus Christ. I am nearly recovered, and am going back to my regiment. I am going to meet again my old companions in arms. I am young in this new experience, yet I am determined to let them know that I have set out in a Christian life. I am weak, and I could not let you go until I had implored your prayers in my behalf. Pray for me that I may stand up in the name of Jesus Christ, and recommend Him to our perishing soldiers. I am determined to do it. We have but a few pious soldiers. We had a few. They would not run in the day of battle, but stood nobly up to their duty.”

One who had visited the Army of the Potomac to promote the spiritual interests of the soldiers said, on his return:—

“You can have no idea of the eagerness of the men for religious reading. You cannot take a waggon, with religious tracts and religious newspapers, and drive into one of those camps, and begin to distribute them, but you will be almost devoured. Hundreds of men will come running from all directions, stretching out their hands and pleading for something good to read; and when you have stood in that waggon and given out all your store to perhaps five hundred men, they will say, Now speak to us a while. I have stood in the waggon and preached to them a few minutes, saying something right to the point—telling them about Christ, and how they may be saved by simply trusting in Him. In one of the regiments there is a genuine revival going forward at this present

time. They have meetings every night. One night is a prayer-meeting; the next night is an inquiry meeting; the next a meeting for the relation of religious experience; and so all through the week. The chaplain is hard at work, and the chaplain's wife is with him—the only woman I saw in camp beyond the Potomac. She is about as much of a chaplain as he is, and as hard a worker in the great enterprise of winning souls to Jesus. Every day some come out on the Lord's side. Oh, that you would pray for the revival of God's work among the soldiers, and that you would believe that Jesus is coming in the greatness of His strength to subdue stout hearts unto Himself!"

A soldier once communicated to his praying friends the following:—"You will perhaps remember that I some time ago asked prayer for a regiment. I want to tell you what has been, and is now, its spiritual condition. Vice and immorality prevailed in it to an alarming extent. Soon after I asked prayer in their behalf, four of the soldiers resolved to establish, if possible, a prayer-meeting in camp. At the first meeting only these four were present. At the second meeting thirty-three attended. At the third three hundred were present, and at the fourth nearly all the regiment, except those who were on guard or other duty. There is great religious excitement and anxiety in the regiments. I came here on purpose to ask your prayers. Oh, pray that this work, begun in manifest answer to prayer, may result in the salvation of a great multitude of souls. We want all to be converted."

The chaplain of a Maine regiment stated in the daily prayer-meeting that God was pouring down His Spirit upon the regiment, and about twenty-five of the men had been hopefully converted within three weeks. Among them was an old man aged sixty-eight years. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and has always lived a moral life, but wholly unconcerned on

the subject of religion. It was very touching to hear him talk or pray in the prayer-meeting. He blessed God that he came into the army, for he thinks if he had remained at home he would have lived and died in his sins, without repentance. All the newly converted men took part in their regimental prayer-meetings.

A soldier in a New York regiment, writing from a fort to which his regiment had been sent, says:—

“On Saturday evening we hunted up some half-dozen young men who were professing Christians, and appointed a prayer-meeting for Sunday morning at half-past six o'clock, and on Sabbath morning at that time there were gathered some dozen or more at the south-west bastion, which we had permission to use for the purpose. It was a pleasant reviving meeting, and it shed its influence over us during the whole day. At night, at eight o'clock, we had another meeting of the kind, at which there were, I think, more than twenty present, and among them two of the captains, one of whom is a professing Christian, and at that time joined in the exercises with us. We met again last evening, and the exercises were conducted by one of the captains, who is a Christian. We have these meetings now every evening in the week, and more than once a day on Sunday. We hope and pray they may do much good to those who are out of the ark and without hope, and we pray God to use it to His own glory and to that effect.”

A young officer of a New York regiment wrote to his pastor from Camp —, February 17, 1863:—“We are in the midst of a most gracious outpouring of God's Spirit. Already there have been numerous conversions, and scores are crying out, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?’ Last Sabbath evening our chaplain stated that there would be, on the following evening, a meeting for those who wished advice as to how they must become Christians; it was to be, in fact, an inquiry

meeting. I went, thinking there would be very few at such a meeting, but, to my surprise, I found the room where we hold our exercises quite full. On account of so great a number being present, we held a prayer-meeting, and I never saw the power of God more strikingly demonstrated. When the invitation was given out for all those desirous of becoming Christians, and who wished the prayers of God's people, to signify it by rising up, it seemed as though every one in the room stood upon his feet. I was very happy; but when I happened to turn about and see three of my brother officers standing up to be prayed for, then my poor heart was too full for utterance; but I said within myself, 'Give God the praise.'"

Another soldier, writing from Beaufort, S.C., April 27, 1863, says:—"I can name several regiments in which daily prayer-meetings have been sustained for several weeks, even without a chaplain. In two regiments there have been one hundred and fifty conversions each. In other regiments, one hundred, eighty, and so on down in numbers. In this place is a daily evening prayer-meeting, held in the large Episcopal church, at which from three to five hundred soldiers attend. And they come, not from curiosity, not to escape the confinement of camp, but to take part in the meeting, to pray, to bear witness to what the Lord has done for them, to invite others to come to Jesus, and to encourage one another in the Christian course."

The chaplain of one of our large hospitals in the vicinity of the metropolis said:—"There is much religious anxiety among the men. Many express hope—say twenty-five or thirty—that they have lately passed from death unto life. Our prayer-meetings are very interesting, and nearly one-third of the inmates of the hospital attend. It would be sure to move your hearts if you could see those men come into our meetings. Some come in on crutches, some on sticks and canes; some with bandages around their heads; some with broken arms, and some

with broken legs ; some blind, some sick—too sick to be out of bed, but creeping into the prayer-meetings because they are so anxious on the subject of religion that they cannot stay away. They long to know how they can be saved. They long to know how they can have religion. They ask for religious reading with an intensity of interest of which you can have but very vague conceptions. I have come for religious reading to-day, and I am in this meeting to solicit your prayers in behalf of these anxious men.”

Another said he came from a prayer-meeting the previous evening at a military hospital in which are 2500 to 3000 men. In the various wards of this hospital are to be found men with whom the Holy Spirit is striving. In the prayer-meeting of the previous evening more than twenty persons took part, and more than twenty more tried to do so and failed. The leader observed this, and supposed that others desired to ask for prayer, as many had done. Near the close of the meeting he stated that many desired to be remembered in the prayers of the people, he had no doubt, and he would give them an opportunity to express their desire by rising. About four hundred men instantly rose : no springing up and sitting down again, as is done sometimes, as if half ashamed of what they had done ; they remained standing, shewing that they were in sober earnest in the request for prayer which they had silently offered. He stated that night after night it was the same thing—multitudes rising for prayer. Many have, as is hoped, fled forth refuge, and laid hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel.

Another said he had received several letters from other hospitals which indicate the same spiritual blessing, and the same earnest religious anxiety on the part of numbers of the men. One writer says:—“I hear the cry daily for religious books. But what shall we give them ? I will give you an incident

which occurred last month. I went into one of our prayer-meetings, and a captain of the Thirty-third Illinois arose and said he hoped the meeting would pardon him for intruding, but he had a message to deliver. He said that a few months ago they received a small soap-box full of books from a member of a church in Chicago, and among the contents of the box were twenty-four hymn-books, and twelve Testaments, and a few tracts, and these were distributed in the regiment, and, a few weeks after, the captain was called to the bed of one of the dying soldiers, who wanted to hear him sing the old hymn,—

“‘Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer.’”

“It was sung, and after the singing he took the book and a Testament and pressed them to his bosom, which had already become cold in death, and said to the captain, ‘I wish you to send these to my mother after I am gone;’ and then he closed with a message to his friends, adding, ‘I am now ready to die.’ He lay a few moments, and then said, ‘One thing more, captain. If you ever go to Chicago, go to the prayer-meeting, and thank the unknown individual who sent that little soap-box full of books to our regiment. Tell them that it has led one soul to Jesus, and I will meet the giver in heaven.’”

A chaplain in an hospital says:—“I am crowded to death with my duties, and truly they are privileges; for I think an hospital one of the best places to do good in of the whole field of work. God is truly blessing us in this hospital. Prayer-meetings in different wards every night, except Saturday night, are well attended. A healthy interest is growing. We have a tent for Sunday services made of six hospital tents. Service at three P.M. At eleven A.M. we have Sabbath-school; and it would melt your heart to hear fifty of these scholars, men grown—hard soldiers, some are—married men, one-legged men, all joining in singing, ‘Stand up for Jesus.’ It is conducted the

same as any Sabbath-school. Our object is twofold—1st, to teach them how to study and teach the Bible; and, 2d, to render them efficient labourers in the regiment or in the Church at home. We need your prayers. The promise is with the prayerful. An incident of the influence prevailing occurred only half an hour ago. A large soldier came in for a Testament. He has been profane from his youth—his parents spiritualists. He said, two weeks ago he stopped swearing. One night before that, one young man, in conversing with him, noticed that he swore fifty times in the course of a short conversation. He told me that he resolved to stop one night while in the prayer-meeting, and it has been no trouble to him to refrain ever since. To-day he came for a Testament with the Psalms in. He has now gone to his regiment. God grant that the seed sown in his heart may result in his salvation!”

Another chaplain told of sickness and death which he had witnessed in the camp. Some had died in the triumph of Christian faith, and some had died in despair. He gave a few examples. One man died saying he had never read a chapter in the Bible in his life—never had attended a place of public worship on the Sabbath; and when entering the dark valley of the shadow of death, he sent for the chaplain, saying, in his own Western language, that “he was powerfully afraid to die.” The man was from Missouri, and he died uttering his fears. Another—a young man—he spoke of, who had been a Sunday-school scholar. He came to his place where he was lying on a naked floor. “How do you feel about dying?” inquired the chaplain. “Oh,” answered the lad, “I am ready. I am not afraid to die. I believe in Jesus. He is my trust, and I commit my all to Him. I am not afraid to die.” And in a joyful state, the poor lad passed away from our view.

One of the most faithful chaplains in the army of the Union was the Rev. Mr Wyatt, a clergyman of the Reformed Presby-

terian Church, who, after passing unhurt through the battles of James Island, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and others of the severest conflicts of the war, died of a sudden attack of inflammation of the bowels, in the officers' hospital at Memphis, Tennessee, July 10th, 1863. In a report which he made to the Synod with which he was connected, he stated that fourteen hundred men had been under his immediate care during his chaplaincy; that eight hundred of these had fallen on the field of battle, or of their wounds subsequently, while a few only had died of disease. Among these, he adds, several had been converted to God after they joined the regiment, and of the religious men in the regiment, many presented the highest types of Christian character. On the evening before the assault at James Island, near Charleston, in 1862, he held a prayer-meeting with his men, a goodly number of soldiers being in attendance; and his heart was moved to speak very tenderly to them, because he knew that many of them would not see the setting of to-morrow's sun. He told them plainly it might be their last opportunity—must be with many, and begged them then to receive Christ. He said that afterward, in picking up the wounded and visiting them in their hospitals, he found some three or four who thought they became Christians that night in that prayer-meeting. They could not resist the solemnity of the circumstances and of his earnest entreaty.

Another chaplain, in addressing a meeting held on board a vessel off Charleston, said:—"We have a church organised in my regiment. I have received, on profession of their faith in Jesus Christ, sixty-nine members within a short time past. To every member is given a little book, which contains a verse of Scripture for every day in the year. The verse for to-day is this:—'Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.'"

One who had been visiting an hospital for which we had often been asked to pray, said he wished all in this meeting could

have been there. It was an affecting sight to see these men come hobbling down on their crutches and sticks in great numbers to attend the place of prayer. A more solemn prayer-meeting is not often attended. Great numbers were deeply moved during the meeting, and many tears were seen falling. Then, when tattoo beat, which was a signal to close the service, you ought to have seen how anxious the men were that it should be extended. Some of the anxious men, after the meeting was dismissed, came round the minister for religious instruction. One noble-looking Vermont soldier came up and confessed his anxiety to become a Christian, but he could not find his way to Jesus. It was all a mystery to his mind. The tears were coursing down his cheeks while he spoke of his perplexities.

The same speaker held a Testament in his hand. It was from the battle-field of Fredericksburg. On one of the fly-leaves was this record:—"Found on the battle-field of Fredericksburg, December 16, at 2 A.M., while covering the evacuation of that place, by P. H. B. Taken from beside a dead body." There was evidence that this Testament had been read after the owner had been wounded. It was found lying open. On the fly-leaf in front is this inscription:—

"A PRESENT TO WILLIAM GLOVER
FROM HIS SISTER MAGGY.
READ THIS OFTEN."

It was a beautiful gilt-edged Testament, having a clasp on the lids, bearing the imprint of the American Bible Society of the year 1860. "I have looked through this Testament to see whether it had been much used. I find the Gospels bear marks of much reading. I have looked to see if there were any marks in it. I find two leaves turned down, evidently intended to mark these passages:—John iii. 14, 15: 'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must

the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Then I find another leaf turned down so as to point to this passage in Luke xxiv. 25 :—‘Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?’ Who can estimate the value of this Testament to such a dying man?”

The following history was related in the daily prayer-meeting :—

There were two Vermont mothers who had sons gone to the war. They were the children of most fervent prayers, offered through a series of years by these pious, godly women. Their faith failed not, though it was hard to see them going away unconverted. These mothers bade their sons farewell with many tears, and reminded them that they had been given to Jesus in a covenant with Him, and they besought them to remember that they expected them to give themselves up to His service. The young men went away, not without shedding many tears. Now, God is sovereign in His grace, and sovereign in the means through which He dispenses it. Just look at the system of means adopted in this case. These young men, both highly educated, went to the war. About the same time of their going a lady was travelling in Europe in company with her husband. They had been three years on their travels. When they heard of the breaking out of the war, the lady said to her husband, “Now let me go home and be a nurse to the men in the hospitals who will be wounded in battle.” The lady was a lady of wealth in her own right, and her husband was a man of wealth. They turned their faces homeward. But what had all this to do with the sons of the two Vermont mothers? We shall see. The lady returned, and on landing she proceeded at once to Washington, and offered her services

as a nurse in hospital, and was accepted. She began her labours in a Washington hospital, and at length was assigned to one of the Georgetown hospitals. Into this hospital both of those two young men had been sent. Both had been wounded in battle. A merchant of Georgetown sent a letter to this meeting, saying the enemy was busy sowing tares, and he wished to sow the good seed of the kingdom. He wished a bundle of tracts sent to him. That letter was read in this meeting, and a gentleman hearing it, handed the reader of the letter five dollars. A bundle of tracts, equal in value to the five dollars, was sent, and by that merchant it was distributed in the hospital where lay the boys of the two Vermont praying mothers. This pious, praying nurse, who had come all the way from Europe to get among the sick and wounded soldiers, seized upon these tracts as the means which she hoped might bring these two Vermont soldiers to Jesus, and she was not disappointed. Both of these men were converted. One died in the hospital in Georgetown—died, as this pious, gifted, rich, and Christian lady said, the most triumphant death she ever witnessed. It was perfect victory and joy. The other, converted nearly at the same time under the faithful ministration of the same pious nurse, started for home. He got as far as Philadelphia, when he could go no further. There he was taken into the house of a pious Christian family, and nursed as if he had been one of its own members. But he died—died in the same holy joy as the one who had preceded him. The remains of both those sons passed through this city to their Green Mountain home, and with them went the unspeakably precious evidence that a covenant-keeping God had blessed the means used for their salvation.

A gentleman in the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, one day in the early part of the present year, rose and said that he could not let the meeting close without adding his testimony to

the power of prayer, especially the power of fathers' and mothers' prayer. He said :—

“I am a teacher of a Bible-class belonging to a Sabbath-school, composed of young men and young women. The young men of my class had most of them gone off to the war. Among these was one of great promise, who was not a Christian when he left home; but when he had gone, his mind began to recall the solemn truths of the Bible which he had learned under parental and Sabbath-school instruction, and he became deeply anxious about his salvation, and finally was converted. Meantime he was laid upon a bed to die. His father was sent for to see him. On arriving, he found the son very low, and immediately telegraphed the mother to come on immediately. The mother went. It was a most affecting meeting between that mother and son. You ought to have heard the overwhelming expressions of thankfulness which he poured forth for the prayers which that mother had offered for him, and in answer to which he was now rejoicing with a joy which he had no power to describe. It was joy in Christ Jesus the Lord. It was a peace which flowed as a river. He was brought to the borders of the grave, and yet with the grave full in sight he was full of joy. The young man was anxious to be brought home, and they brought him with much difficulty. It soon became apparent why he was so anxious to get home. He became a preacher to all he saw, urging them to come to Jesus. As he declined rapidly, and he saw that his end was near, he became anxious that the Lord's Supper should be administered to him. Propped up in bed by pillows, there he was, just going to heaven, with the glories of heaven already falling on his face. Never, never shall I forget that face. When the holy communion was over, he called me to him, and again and again thanked me for the instruction which I had given him in the Bible-class. Then he called his parents to his bedside, and in most melting accents

poured out his gratitude to God and them for giving him such parents, and for the prayers which they had offered for him. He reminded his dear mother how she had considered him lost on his going to the war, and how she had expressed a mother's fears that it would be his undoing ; but God had made it the means of his salvation. The hour of his departure soon came, and oh how glorious and triumphant was the dying hour ! The value and power of prayer were manifested then, when his feet were already in the river and he was passing over. His was a rapturous death, and he died shouting,—‘O death, where is thy sting?’”

The above instances, in which the Spirit of God has been evidently visiting the soldiers in our army, are given, not as the general condition of the camps, for alas ! we have sad evidence that iniquity is far more prevalent than religious influence, and that sin abounds to a fearful extent ; but they are recorded to encourage God's people to pray and to labour for the salvation of those who are so exposed to evil and to death.

CHAPTER XV.

PRAYER AMONG SEAMEN.

FOR a long time it appeared to be the sentiment of the Church that sailors were beyond the reach of Christian effort, and must be given up to the dominion of the great enemy of souls. Little was done for their salvation; few and feeble were the prayers that were offered for them; the faith of but few of God's people was sufficiently strong to cherish even the hope that they might be brought, in any numbers, under the power of the Gospel. But God has been most graciously chiding our unbelief by gathering the sons of the sea within His fold, and shewing us that they are not only open to religious impression, but peculiarly susceptible; and that when once they are brought to embrace the truth and submit their hearts to Christ, they become whole-hearted Christians. Within the last few years He has been carrying on a mighty work upon the ocean as well as upon the land, calling the hardened veterans in sin as well as inexperienced youth by the still small voice of the Spirit, and making them missionaries and apostles to other sons of the sea. Among no other class have there been more striking or more interesting cases of conversion, or more remarkable instances of simple, earnest, active piety; nor have these cases been rare. The pastor of one of the mariners' churches in the city of New York, the Rev. Mr Jones, stated not long since that within four years he had admitted to the communion of his church more than five hundred persons, more than three

hundred of whom were seamen, and that there were members of his church on twenty-two ships of war belonging to the United States naval service, and that on seven of them are held daily prayer-meetings. The church to which Mr Jones ministered (the Mariners' Church, under the care of the New York Port Society) was organised in March 1856, with sixty members. A statement published in 1863 says "that number has so increased, under the Divine blessing, that on our seventh anniversary, in March 1863, the membership had reached over seven hundred and sixty. During that period we have good reasons for believing that full one thousand souls have been hopefully converted, as the result of the combined labours of the pastor, the missionaries, and the membership of the Church and Port Society." On a single cruise of one of our national vessels there were seventy hopeful conversions, and the daily prayer-meeting was constantly maintained for the space of two years.

To give an illustration of the work of God as it has been carried on among seamen, and of the type of piety which prevails among this interesting class, we transcribe in this place a faithful report of a sailors' Saturday evening prayer-meeting, held at the New York Sailors' Home, in July 1860. The record was made at the time. The large rooms were filled to overflowing. The meeting was led by that veteran seaman, Captain Richardson. It was opened in the usual manner. The reader exhorted all to be very brief—to speak not more than three, and, at most, five minutes each. He said there were new converts in the meeting—men, also, who were awakened, and men who had never spoken before. He exhorted the older ones to stand aside, and let the new and the young men speak. A verse of a familiar hymn was sung, after which a seaman arose and said :—

"I have been some time in port, but have never before been in this meeting. Eight months ago I hope I was converted.

I went to sea with an impenitent company of seamen. I have tried to stand up for Jesus ; I trust I have been instrumental in doing some good, and winning some souls to Christ. We had a four months' voyage, and during that time every man on board was converted. You never saw such a happy company of men. Go where you would over the ship, and you would hear the men singing the precious songs of Zion—in the tops, in the fore-castle, in the cabin, on the deck, at the wheel—everywhere singing at their work. Oh, what joyful, happy times were those ! You may depend upon it, we were happy. At Valparaiso we were all discharged, and went on other ships. I have heard of some of our company. They are living witnesses for Christ. Some of them are here in this meeting, and they expect to-morrow (Sabbath) to make a public profession of their faith in Christ, and unite with His people. Oh, shipmates, shipmates, what a meeting is this ! and what a meeting we are going to, when we shall have time enough—time enough on the other shore to tell all we wish !”

Tears were falling fast as he closed this address.

A young, earnest-looking man, a Norwegian, arose and said:—“I feel thankful to be in port again—thankful to meet you here. Some few months ago, when here, I was invited to go to the Mariners' Church. I went, only to find and feel myself to be a poor, lost, ruined sinner. How wretched I was ! I did not know what I had been all my life, an enemy of God. I was borne down with sorrow. But it pleased God to shew me how I might be saved by Jesus Christ, through faith in His name. I felt that my sins were all forgiven, and I found great joy and peace in believing in Jesus. The first thing I did, after my conversion, was to go straight home to Norway, to tell my father and mother what a Saviour I had found. I did not leave Norway till my father, and mother, and one sister was converted. Oh, what cause I had to rejoice !”

Another sailor said :—"I was awakened at midnight, in the midnight watch ; another sailor was awakened at the same time. After a while the Lord had mercy on both of us, and we were converted ; and then, oh, what happy seasons we had ! what times of prayer together ! how we comforted and encouraged each other ! Oh, shipmates, come to Jesus ; come to Jesus. I see some here I want to have come to-night. Come to Jesus now."

A cheerful, encouraging verse of a hymn was sung, with great earnestness and animation. It was most delightful singing.

A young sailor said :—"The lightnings have been playing around us in the shower this afternoon, and they made me think of the manner of my own conversion, far, far at sea. In a thunder-storm I was struck with lightning, and was taken up for dead. As they were carrying me along the deck, I heard the mate say, 'Poor fellow, he is gone!' I was conscious, and knew all that was said and done. I said to myself, 'Where will I go to?' In a moment, all the acts of my wicked life passed in review before me. It seemed to me there was not one thing I had ever done that did not come up to be looked at. It was an awful sight. I thought hell was not far off, and go there I must. I was dropping right into endless wailing. They revived me, but I had been too near eternity to be any longer indifferent. I fled for refuge to Christ. It was five years ago. I have stood up for Jesus everywhere, on land, on sea, ever since. All this time I have been praying for my father and mother, that they might be converted, and to-day is the first good news I have had. I got a letter to-day that some of my dear friends are converted. Glory be to the name of Jesus ! I know that God hears and answers prayer."

Another young sailor said :—"Ten months ago I was in this port. I was very wicked, very wicked, in everything that such

as I plunge into while in such a city as this. I boarded here in the Home. I went to meeting at the Mariners' Church. At the meeting I was convinced what a great sinner I was, and I was going to an awful judgment and an endless eternity. I went to sea, and I have been eight months away. I have come home a new creature in Christ Jesus. I expect to put on Christ afresh to-morrow, in the holy ordinance of baptism, and be received into the Church. Three of my shipmates were converted on this voyage. There are others of my shipmates who are here: they don't know what to do; they want religion, they say, but they do not know how to set about it. They do not know what steps to take. Oh that they would be persuaded that they have nothing to do but to come to Christ! Oh, come at once to Christ; He alone can do you any good."

After a verse of tender, touching singing, another said:—"When I was awakened, the Lord gave me plenty to think about. I was pretty well burdened, I can assure you. It was a grievous load. I was a drunkard, a bold blasphemer, a poor, ignorant despiser of Jesus, a man steeped in crime. I had enough to think about—full enough to think about; and when the Lord rolled off the burden from my soul, and set my captive spirit free, oh, it was such a salvation. I had enough to talk about. When a new song was put into my mouth, I had enough to sing about. I *did know* next to nothing. All my vanity was gone. I could not read a word, but I determined I would learn to read the Word of God. I got a New Testament, and I began in that. I learned my letters, and then I spelled out the words. I prayed to the Lord Jesus to help me to learn to read His Holy Bible, and I believe He did. I can read it now as well as any of you. And oh, what riches do I find in God's blessed Word to the children of man! Treasures richer than mines of solid gold are there unfolded to my grateful heart."

After singing the chorus, "I want to go," &c., another sailor said, (he was a captain of some craft :)—"I am waiting for my Saviour to come and take me home. Oh, it seems as if the abundance of the sea would soon be converted to Christ. When about to sail on my last voyage, a boarding-house master came to me to know if I wanted a crew. 'No,' said I, 'we are supplied.' 'Why,' said he, 'what office do you ship from?' 'Oh,' I answered, 'I find my own crew. My owners pay nothing for men.' 'But, captain,' said he, 'I could give you all temperance men—all pious men, every one.' I looked hard at him, for I knew he had been a very hard case. I was surprised to find he had become a pious man. Some of our boarding-masters are becoming pious men; and when these men are converted, we shall have better times, and songs will be on the sea. Some of my men were converted on the last voyage. Some of them are in this meeting."

A young man said :—"I was a poor, miserable drunkard. The last voyage I went, I was carried on board drunk. When I came to myself I began to curse and blaspheme, near the galley, and right off. I was reprov'd for it by some men standing by. 'Hoot, toot,' said I, 'what does this mean?' 'Means this,' they answered; 'we do not like to hear you take the name of our God in vain.' The amount of it was, we had shipped two pious men. When I found this out, I was very much afraid. I was alarmed about myself, and really resolved that I would attend to religion. I wrote to my dear pious mother about my feelings, and told her about the two pious men in the crew, and sent the letter off. Then my feelings began to grow dull and cold. After a time I got a letter from my dear mother, and that letter made my blood run cold. She told me how glad she was I had pious shipmates; begged me to improve my opportunity; warned me against the awful consequences of grieving away the Holy Spirit. That letter

pierced me through and through like a dagger. I never found any peace till I found it in believing in Jesus."

A pious captain arose and said :—" I am about to go to sea, and my inquiry has been, Where shall I get a pious mate ? and I have prayed to the Lord Jesus to give me a pious mate. Thank God, the pious mate is given me, and my prayer is answered, and his voice has been heard in the testimonies of this evening. Oh, who will doubt that God hears and answers prayer ? God has heard my prayer."

The mighty power of God seemed to be upon the meeting. The interest was touching, tender, and overwhelming. Many were bathed in tears under the influence of these simple and earnest testimonies.

Another said :—" If any person had said to me some time ago, and only a short time ago, Why do you hang round the drinking-holes, and bad-houses, and dance-houses ? you ought to keep away from such places, I should probably have told them that they had better attend to their own business in no very innocent language. I should have believed it impossible for me to keep away from such places. I was one who gloried in my shame. But God, who is rich in mercy, and can save to the uttermost all such as come to God through Jesus Christ, has been pleased to pardon just as great a sinner as I am, and washed me from my sins in His own blood ; and I expect to-morrow to make public profession of my faith in Jesus, and to unite myself with the people of God. I want you all to pray for me."

Another said :—" When I was converted, away on the deep, in mid ocean, there was not another pious man on board the ship ; and how well do I remember when the first one was converted ! What a time of rejoicing that was to me ! But how little did I think then that I would ever see such a sight as my eyes behold to-night, or that thirteen of us, all in one stage,

would be going, as pious sailors, up town to attend a prayer-meeting, singing as we went !”

Every now and then, as the meeting was in progress, some one would say, “Let us pray,” and all would be upon their knees. And such prayers! It seemed as if heaven inspired them with the very spirit of grace and supplication.

The leader rose to close. He said:—“Twenty-three have spoken in this meeting—twenty of them men of the sea. This is the best meeting ever held in the Sailors’ Home, and I have attended a great many good meetings here.” He called on one of the Bethel chaplains to pronounce the benediction.

The chaplain remarked that the state of things in the meeting was certainly very remarkable. “Here are men coming in from different seas, where they have been converted on their voyages, to tell us what the Lord has done for their souls. How extraordinary this is, that away at sea—away from all the common means of grace enjoyed on shore—revivals of religion should prevail, and God should pour out His Holy Spirit and glorify the riches of His grace in the conversion of seamen. This looks like the coming of the latter-day glory. Now there are awakened men in this assembly. Speak to them before they leave the room, after the benediction is pronounced, and endeavour to bring them to the great decision—to submit to Jesus to-night. We ought to expect men to be converted to-night.”

The doxology was then sung, and the benediction pronounced, and the audience very reluctantly retired, many stopping for a brief conversational meeting.

We record below several of the brief testimonies of men of the sea, made at the sailors’ and other prayer-meetings. They are alike characteristic and instructive.

A German sailor, in broken language, related his experience substantially as follows:—“I cannot tell you what a wicked sinner I was, and how much damage I have tried to do Christ’s

cause. I read and studied to know how I could bring reproach upon religion. I did not believe one thing about it. I declared my unbelief everywhere. I went to a prayer-meeting once, not long ago, and there I heard things which set me thinking. I said to myself I must investigate this matter again. I read the Bible, and I was smitten with the conviction that all I read was true. I read about Christ, and I believed He was divine. I read about myself, and I believed I was the greatest sinner—one of the *greatest*; and when I found myself one of the greatest, and that the Word of God condemned me for everything, I said to myself, 'Now what are you going to do? How are you going to make escape? Where will you hide?' I found I could hide nowhere. I could make no escape. I was a poor ruined man, and *very much* ruined. Oh, what was to become of me! I was bound to destruction, and going fast on my way. Oh, I cannot tell you how lost I was. I could not deliver myself. Then I read how this same Jesus love and pity me, a poor sinner, so much that He said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' I had been trying, and praying, and weeping, and crying to be saved. I said to myself, now I will stop trying; I must quit my trying, and I must just come to Jesus. I let go all for Him, and I cannot tell you how true I found it—that He would not cast me out. No, no, not He; never felt that He upbraided me—no, never. I, such an opposer, blasphemer—such a wicked, vile sinner, all polluted with sinner's sins, covered all over. He never told me how bad I had been; but He told me, 'Though your sins be red as scarlet, they shall be as snow; and redder than crimson, they shall be as wool.' Well, this was just what I needed and wanted. Now I never trust to anything but to the blood that cleanses me—never trust to anything else, and Jesus I trust all the time with my whole heart. All besides is filthy rags—no good at all. All I want is in Christ. I ask Him for all I need;

I never ask in vain. The more I ask, the more I get and the more I want. Oh, what a blessed Saviour I have! I have help when I need it, and I always need it. I was much persecuted on the ship, but I had help from Jesus, and the more the persecution, the more I went to Him. Oh, what a Saviour I have found! I praise Him all the day long. I cannot tell you how much I love Him. None but Christ—none but Christ, is all I have to say.”

“Glory be to God,” said a seaman, rising and stretching forth his hand with great animation, “glory be to God that I may be permitted to stand here, a monument of God’s mercy in answer to prayer. I was prayed for by my Christian friends, and God was faithful to His promise to hear and answer, in the riches of His grace. I was a sailor on a man-of-war. I had not been into a church for nine years. I was a hardened, scoffing man. But six months ago, on that same man-of-war, I was converted, as I humbly hope. Oh, what a change! No man can know it who has not been through it. If any one had told me that I would have ever been a man of prayer nine years ago, what would I have thought of them! And now I cannot live without prayer, no more than I can live without my daily bread. I never should have prayed for myself if my praying friends had not prayed for me. I tell you there is no mistake about it, God answers prayer. If He did not and never does, where should I have been now? I am here a witness for God that He answers prayer. Prayer, made for me by my dear brethren on a man-of-war, was answered on a man-of-war. They picked me out, the greatest sinner on board, to pray for me; and here I am, saved by glorious grace in Christ Jesus.”

An old sea-captain, a native of North Carolina, said at twenty-four years of age he did not know a letter of the alphabet. All the education he had he had picked up on board ship. He lived more than threescore years without any regard to God.

He had commanded many a ship out of the port of New York, and it was not till the great revival of 1858 and 1859 that God was in all his thoughts. But the Holy Spirit took hold of him a few months ago and shook him out of his spiritual slumbers. He got his eyes open, and found himself among the breakers. He did not know enough about prayer to know how to cry for help. He looked into the Book of sailing directions, and he found "Our Father, who art in heaven," and he took hold and held on, crying "Our Father." Then he looked into the Book of sailing directions again, and he found it said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He looked over the whole that was said about the Lord Jesus, and he found he was just such a Saviour as he needed in the storm, and he cried out to Him, "Lord, save—I perish." No sooner said than done. The Lord Jesus was as good as His word. He cut him adrift from his sins, the ship righted—he clawed off the rocks. Christ was now the Captain of his salvation.

“ ‘Happy day—happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.’

“I tell you, brethren, it's smooth water now. I was almost gone. I was just sinking—swamped, and water-logged, and rigging all over the side, and in the trough of the sea, *and everything else*; but the great Captain cut me adrift from my sins, and they went clean away. How quick He put all to rights when He took hold—ship free—all stanch and tight. ‘Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away,’” the old captain again repeated. There was an indescribable earnestness, and heartiness, and honesty in his manner and voice, which made all feel that “it was all right” with the old captain. “I am an old sinner,” said he, “just saved by grace. I was almost gone. Now I must redeem the time. I ask for no easy duty. I must be much on deck. It is not watch and

watch below and on deck alike, as you know is the rules of the ship ; but I must make my watch short below and long on deck. I'm in for duty strong. Voyage of life almost over. No time to lose. Made poor headway all my life. Hope to meet you all, when we have made port and got to the good haven, and we have entered in through the gates into the Celestial City."

An old sailor said in the noon-day prayer-meeting that he had, for many months past, made it a rule to go away into some secret place of prayer at 12 noon, and pour out his heart to God. "I am," said he, "but an old hulk, and my timbers are rotten ; but I thank God that He has had mercy on my soul, and did not let me go down to ruin. I have never been here before, but oh, how I have desired to come ! I tell you all that I have great peace and joy in my soul. I have seen what a poor sinner I was, and I have been led to see how a poor sinner can be saved. I was near being cast away upon a lee shore. I was gone on the rocks and among the breakers with all my sails set. I was driving straight on. I should have been, in a little more, *hard on*, at high-water mark. I should have gone all to pieces. I was a poor miserable sinner, sinning with a high hand and without my eyes open ; but when the Lord opened my eyes, and shewed me where I was, and how fast I was going to destruction, oh, it was then that I cried for mercy, and for help to haul my wind, and to clear off from a lee shore. Oh, brethren, you cannot think how precious Jesus appeared to a poor sailor then, as He stood by my side and told me to put my vessel under His command, and He would bring me off in safety ; and so He did ; and now I take orders from Him. I am bound home, with a smooth sea, and a fair wind always blowing in the same direction, and I expect in a little time to make the port of my destination. I want you to pray for the old sailor. I am among four hundred sailors. Pray

for the four hundred, that every one may be converted, and that I may do some good among them." He spoke with great animation, and joy beamed in his face.

An old sea-captain said in the prayer-meeting :—"I am an 'old bark,' sixty-two years old, and sixty-two years I lived in sin. Five months ago to-night, I hope God pardoned my sins for Jesus' sake. For forty-eight years I was on the ocean, and for twenty-seven years I was in command of vessels out of the port of New York. I have little or no education but such as I picked up at sea. What I have, I have gained by my own efforts. Oh, I have but just begun to live. It grieves me to think I should have spent all my life in sin, and just now wake up to the realities of living for some good. Oh, only to think that I have lived sixty-two years in a sinful way, and only just now to begin to live; it shames me to think of it. Some young men think that religion is a delusion. Speak to them about it, and they will tell you so; they tell me so when I endeavour to talk with them. Oh, I wonder that every young person does not become a Christian. There is no real peace without it. Now I have peace here"—placing his hand, with an emphatic gesture, upon his heart. "I suffer no day to pass but that I recommend religion to somebody, and I mean to do it while I live. This 'old bark' is shattered, but while she hangs together she shall do her duty. I see some old weather-beaten men around me, and men of the sea; I hope they will not be ashamed to stand up for Jesus. I have a companion, who has been a faithful wife to me; and when I was in a foreign port, my heart was always turned homeward, and I longed to be on the other side of the sea. This was an anchor to me, and saved me from many a rock."

Another sailor said :—"I am to go on the ship *Mendi* to the coast of Africa. I am here, never, probably, to be here again, and I must tell you how the Lord came to me in the ship. He

made me confess I was a great sinner, and accuse myself of many crimes. I did not like it then; but oh, how thankful I am now that He ever made me feel that I was a great sinner. What would have become of me if I had never been made to feel it? I felt my need of Christ, and I found Him a great Saviour. Just as I am I came to Him. I went to Him, sins and all, and cast myself at His blessed feet, and said, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' And no sooner said than done. He did have mercy, blessed be His holy name. I found there was no other way but to go to Him as I did. I tried to thrust convictions far from me. They would not go; they stared me in the face. Then the devil said, 'You are so great a sinner there is no mercy for you. No sinner like you was ever saved, or ever could be saved.' Then I remembered Christ died for all sinners, for the worst sinners—even the very chief; so I resolved to go to Him. Satan said, 'Better knock off some before you go.' I said, 'No; I cannot get salvation that way. I have tried knocking off before, and could not do it. It is not in me.' So I had to go to Jesus, sins and all, just as I was, and told Him what a wretch I was, and how sorry I was. And oh, what sweet words I heard! 'Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' I found the way to come to Him was to come, sins and all, and cast all down before Him. Oh, young men; all around me, take a poor sailor's advice, and go to Jesus just as you are."

A sailor arose in the back part of the room, and said the Lord had mercy on him in answer to prayer. He was awakened at sea, when far from any means of grace or communications with his friends, and converted on board ship before reaching port. He did not know what to make of it when religious anxiety first came upon him. He, however, could find no rest till he

found it in coming to Christ. He thought, at first, that he could never live religious on shipboard; but he had found that he could not keep it hid that he hoped he had become a Christian. He told his shipmates of the great change, and boldly declared to them that hereafter he would be on the Lord's side. He found it more easy than he expected to stand up for Christ. No one ridiculed him or opposed him, and in this he was disappointed. But not until he came into port could he understand why the Lord sent His Spirit to convince him of sin while at sea. He found that he had been made the subject of special and daily prayer. His brothers and sisters, and the daily prayer-meetings, had carried his case to the throne of grace, and now he could understand why, away at sea, he had been convinced that he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour.

A ship's captain, in very earnest terms, described the change which had come over his spirit as follows:—

"I had a pious sister," said he, "who urged me to come to this meeting. I told her 'No, you don't catch me in a prayer-meeting, or any little room like this. Have I not paced the quarter-deck of a ship? Humph! I go into a prayer-meeting! Not *I*. When I go to a meeting, I will go into a *church*—a *church*, mind you, and not a small lecture-room.' But she insisted, and urged, and somehow I got in here, I don't know how. And when I had been here only a very short time, at the very first meeting, oh, what a change came over me! I had been puffed up, and was a great man in my own estimation. I felt that I was a man of importance; I was a proud sinner. But in a few minutes, in that first hour in this meeting, I had such a sense of my own littleness as I never had before. I never dreamed that I was such a little creature. My importance was all gone. It seemed to me as if I could have crawled into the smallest hole or crevice; I was nothing. Not only was I a little creature, but I saw I was a very wicked creature. I

loathed and abominated myself. I never had such feelings. What should I do? Where should I go? I thought in that very meeting, now if there was ever a poor sinner that needed the mercy of God, I am that very sinner. I cried in my heart for mercy, and I cried with all my heart, and mercy came in that very meeting. My heart melted within me. I cannot describe it. Little as I was, and sinful as I was, I was led to come right to Christ, just as I was, and He received me right off—right on the spot. Oh, I tell you, it was a blessed place to me before I got out of it, this despised Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting; for, though I had not said it, in my heart I had despised it. But, glory be to God, the great Saviour did not despise such a poor little creature as me, but He had mercy as soon as I cried out for it with all my heart.

“What do you think are my feelings toward Christ now? The time He had mercy on me was more than a year ago, in this very place, and I have been on voyages since, and He is always with me. Think of Christ? Why, I think the grandest hopes that ever entered into the heart of mortal man are hopes in Jesus. Oh, what good times I have had with Him when it was my watch on deck in the middle of the night, far, far at sea! Oh, I love to talk of Him, and to recommend Him to poor sinners like me.”

The pastor of the Mariners' Church in New York, in one of the meetings, mentioned the case of a sailor who was converted in mid ocean. “He came home, and united,” said he, “with my church. He met another sailor, and took him to his room in the Sailors' Home, and talked and prayed with him, and he became a Christian, and he also united with my church. Now see what one sailor can do. That man was a quiet, peaceful man, unobtrusive. He shipped for a voyage to California with a wicked crew and a wicked captain. He went to work, when

the ship left port, to try to persuade some of his shipmates to attend to religion ; but they all laughed him to scorn, and he gave it up, supposing he could do nothing. Finally, a change came over that whole ship's company. This sailor, from being shunned and ridiculed, became a general favourite. He had been in the habit of singing his hymns, reading his Bible, and praying in one corner in the fore-castle, and some of the men would draw near. They said among themselves, 'This man has joys entirely above ours, and better, and we want them for ourselves.' So, long before the voyage was ended, one man was converted, then another, and another, and another. When the ship returned, one man came to me and wanted to unite with my church. He was received. He was a Swede. He burned with desire to go back to his own country and preach the gospel to his own countrymen. He went, and he was an honoured instrument of promoting the great revival which had gone over Sweden."

One who had come in from the sea arose in the meeting and said:—"About one year ago I stood up in this meeting and requested your prayers. I stated that I was about going on the steam-ship Hermann, on her voyage to San Francisco, and I desired that your prayers might go with us. For three weeks after we left this port we tried to get up a daily prayer-meeting on board. We met with opposition ; but, finally, the opposition gave way, and our meetings commenced. Soon the Holy Spirit was poured out. Many were converted ; and though I was ignorant, and when the Lord converted me on shipboard I could neither read nor write, yet the Lord enabled me to be useful, and I was enabled to guide many inquiring souls to Christ. When we arrived at San Francisco we attended meetings there. When in that city, I went to visit a Swedish sailor who was sick. I asked him if he knew anything of the love

of Jesus, and I found that he knew nothing of Him. I gave him a New Testament, with the English on one page and the Swedish on the other. This man went eagerly into the study of it. Soon he was converted, and all his conversation was of the love of Jesus. He died soon after, in the triumphs of faith in Christ."

CHAPTER XVI.

PRAYER AMONG SEAMEN—*continued.*

ON the 1st of July 1860, the United States' ship *Niagara*, Captain M'Kean, sailed from the port of New York with the Japanese ambassadors on board, to take them to their own country. Immediately on her return, about a year after, she was ordered to the Southern waters, in the service of the Government, with the same officers and crew on board, and remained more than a year longer. During all this time the ship was literally a Bethel, religious services being constantly maintained by the excellent and faithful chaplain, Rev. Charles S. Stewart, D.D., and numerous conversions took place both among the officers and seamen. The captain was a man of decided piety, who gave every encouragement to the religious services. We make some extracts from the letters of Dr Stewart to the *New York Observer*, shewing how God visited this ship with His refreshing and converting grace.

“U.S. SHIP *Niagara*, AT SEA, *April 22, 1861.*”

“The cruise of the *Niagara* is rapidly approaching a close. We hope to make the light-ship, off Nantucket Shoals, to-night, and to be brought safely to our desired haven to-morrow. The homeward voyage from Aden has been devoid of special interest, except, it may be, in regard to the religious state of a portion of the ship's company. Previous letters from me will have informed you that the prayers which attended our depar-

ture from New York, and which, we are persuaded, followed us over the wide seas, were not in vain. Early after leaving the United States there were evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit among us in the conversion of one and another of the crew. My letter from Batavia apprised you of the encouraging circumstances in this regard in which we arrived in the Eastern world.

“By the time the *Niagara* reached Japan, the number of avowed Christians on board, among the foremast hands, had increased from nine to upward of twenty. The visit of the ship at Kanagawa for a week afforded to these an opportunity of happy and refreshing intercourse with the missionaries there—Mr Brown, Mr Nevins, Mr Goble, and Dr Hepburn, and their families. The freedom of the mission houses, and the hospitality promptly and most kindly extended by them, were gratefully appreciated, while their Christian fellowship and brotherly love cheered the hearts and confirmed the faith of the new disciples of a common Lord. Two or three prayer-meetings, on successive evenings, at the mission houses, in which the sailors chiefly took part, and one on board the *Niagara* the night before we left, to which all the missionaries, both ladies and gentlemen, came, although a gale was blowing at the time, seemed to be greatly enjoyed by and blessed to all parties.

“An occasional conversion occurred on our way from Japan to the Red Sea, and also between Aden and the Cape of Good Hope, including, in this last passage, two or three of the officers. At Cape Town the ship's company had liberty on shore for a second time in our cruise. Here again the religious men of our number, now increased to about thirty, were greatly cheered and strengthened by kind and interesting association with warm-hearted and spiritually-minded Christians. Knowing that the monthly concert of prayer would occur during the stay of the *Niagara* in port, in place of going on shore in their turn with

their respective watches, as is customary, they determined to request permission of Captain M'Kean to go in a body together at a time when the evening of the concert would be embraced in the forty-eight hours of their leave of absence from the ship. The captain most cheerfully complied with this request ; and the Rev. Mr Thompson, pastor of the Union Church at Cape Town, and director of the missions in South Africa of the London Missionary Society, apprised of their purpose, very kindly invited the whole of the party to a tea-drinking at the parsonage previous to the meeting. Several members of the Union Church, both ladies and gentlemen, and the Rev. Mr and Mrs Colliard, of the French Mission in South Africa, were of the company, and an hour and more was thus spent socially, to the evident gratification of all. At the concert the chapel was crowded to overflowing, and the part taken in the exercises of the evening by the hardy sailors from the *Niagara* was a subject of thankfulness and joy to many a pious heart. It being known that they would remain on shore another night, a second meeting was appointed for the succeeding evening. This proved to be one even of greater interest and blessing than the first. A gale of wind prevented the party from returning to the ship the next day. It was too late, when this became certain, to have the chapel opened again ; but, unwilling to be deprived of their accustomed daily prayer-meeting, they held it, by permission, in a large upper room of the hotel in which they were. They thus left a most happy impression of their Christian character among the good people of the Cape.

“The kind notice of Sir George Grey, the governor of the colony, was accidentally attracted by them. The museum and public library are situated in the Government Gardens, near the residence of the governor. One morning had been appropriated by the party from the *Niagara* for a visit to these. On reaching the building, however, they discovered that it was

not open to the public on that day. The governor happening to pass at the moment, and surmising the difficulty in the case, was so much interested in their general appearance as to give instructions to the keeper to have them admitted; and going to the Government House for one of the ladies of his family, returned to the museum with her, and passed a half hour *incognito* among the party. He told Captain M'Kean afterward that he had been exceedingly interested by the respectability of their whole appearance, and by their intelligence, and had never seen anything like it before in a company of men-of-war's men.

"Soon after leaving Table Bay, on the 9th of March, there were evidences of increased seriousness on board. The nightly prayer-meeting was attended by greater numbers, and an unaccustomed spirit of prayer manifested; and now, for more than a month past, we have been in the enjoyment of a season of grace more marked and more general than at any other period in our cruise. From twenty-five to thirty have again been added to our number, including six officers besides those already mentioned; these are of different ranks, from that of lieutenant down. Two nights ago fifteen of the crew at one time publicly avowed their purpose of henceforth serving the Lord as the first duty of life, and the prayer-meeting has become the centre of attraction every night to a large number on board.

"I may have before mentioned the remark of a warm-hearted sailor, one night, at the close of a meeting, at which an officer was present, and had taken part in the exercises. Coming up to me, he exclaimed, with tears of joy in his eyes, 'Oh, Mr Stewart, is it not beautiful thus to see the "*gold lace*" and the "*blue flannel*" mingled at the feet of Jesus!' This sight is no longer a novelty on board the *Niagara*. Last night there were twelve officers, of all grades, from the captain down, at the

meeting, clustered closely with the sailors at the throne of grace, and alternating with them in prayer, and in words of exhortation and praise. This, so far from leading, as some might be disposed to say, to any compromise of dignity or loss of influence on the part of the officer with the men, secures a regard and affection that leads to the promptest discharge of duty, and a readiness to hazard even life, if it were necessary, at command. It is the sympathies of our nature to which the sailor is most awake ; and the officer who has joined with him in the spiritual worship of a common God and Saviour, and who has touched his heart in love, and melted his eyes to tears by exhortations of tenderness, in which these have rolled freely down his own cheeks—as has been not unfrequently the case here—will be the very last to whom he will fail in deference or respect, or whom he would be slow to honour and obey. Last night an old man-of-war's man said to me, with a glowing face and sparkling eye, at the close of the meeting at which so many of the officers had been present, and in the exercises of which they had taken part, 'Well, sir, to-night I have had a little glimpse of heaven. I know we are to be one there, but it appears to be beginning to be the case even here. Nothing but the Spirit of the Lord could have wrought this, and it is marvellous in my eyes.'

"This state of things has had a marked effect on the whole ship's company ; and it is freely confessed, by those who have the best opportunities of judging, that they never knew so great a change for the better to take place in a month anywhere, either at sea or on shore. I have been particularly struck with this in the night-watches on deck. Little groups of six, eight, and ten may be found clustered here and there from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, from which the subdued sound of a hymn, in place of a silly if not immoral song, is heard, or conversation expressive of the new hopes and joyous affections of

those who have but recently been brought from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Many approach even their native shores with reluctance, in view of the changes and separations which will take place, and would gladly remain at sea till more of their messmates and shipmates should partake of the grace they have received. It is to be hoped that they will carry the warmth of their new-born affections with them wherever they go, and be the means of good to the souls of all they meet.—Yours truly,

“C. S. STEWART, U.S. Navy.”

“U.S. FLAG-SHIP *Niagara*, MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
Nov. 2, 1861.

“It is now six months since the blockade of the rebel ports south of the Chesapeake was initiated by our good ship. Though within the distance of a week, by steamer, of New York, we have been twice without a mail, a letter, or a newspaper, for six weeks in succession; and I have no recollection of having ever felt, even in my missionary life at the Sandwich Islands, then the ‘*Ultima Thule*’ of the world, so entirely cut off from the ‘sweet charities of life.’ Still, I have seldom been more content, or more truly happy, chiefly from the conviction that I am at the post of duty, with evidences, past and present, of a work around me to be accomplished by the ministry of the Gospel through the power of the Holy Spirit.

“The *Niagara*, as you may recollect, arrived from Japan in April, in a state of much religious interest. Some fifty of the ship’s company, embracing officers as well as seamen, had been hopefully converted during her absence—the greater number within a few weeks just preceding. The influences leading to this happy result were still prevailing, but were almost unavoidably stayed by the circumstances awaiting our arrival. No intelligence from the United States had reached us for many

months ; we were ignorant of the secession of any of them, and little prepared for the shock of the first words reaching us from a pilot-boat, as she swept under our stern : 'The Union is gone!' 'We are at war!' 'Fighting has begun!' Nearly half the commissioned officers of the *Niagara* refused to take the oath of allegiance required from them, and abruptly left the ship, as secessionists, the same day. In place of leave to the rest to visit their homes and their friends, and the discharge of all hands to the enjoyment of liberty, as had been confidently looked for, after a year of almost uninterrupted confinement on board ship, in a voyage of more than forty thousand miles, we had orders for immediate service at sea again, and were hurried off on our present duty.

"That the good work in progress on board should have suffered a check by such disturbing causes was not a surprise. For a time this was the fact, so far as regarded new cases of conversion ; but the faith, hope, and spirit of prayer of those already on the Lord's side continued in lively exercise, and at the end of a few weeks the presence of the Spirit was again manifested in the conviction and inquiring state of one and another, here and there, among both officers and crew. Hopeful conversions have again occurred up to the present time, and within the last two months twelve more have been added to the number of professed disciples, and have openly joined our band of praying men. Among these are three young officers, graduates of the Naval Academy, of special interest and promise : one, the son of a distinguished general officer in the army, now in active service ; another, a grandson of one of the most celebrated divines and theologians of the present century in our country ; and the third, a descendant of the well-known and honoured presidents of the College of New Jersey, Dr Stanhope Smith and Dr Witherspoon. These three complete the number of twelve officers of the *Niagara* who, within the

year past, have publicly cast their lot, in this regard, with the Christian sailors on board. It certainly is an interesting sign of the times that there are found, among the most promising young officers of our service, those who have the independence and decision of character not only to avow themselves to their messmates and fellow-officers to be followers of the blessed Saviour, but also unhesitatingly to identify themselves as such, at our nightly prayer and conference meetings, with the humblest sailor under them who loves the Lord, as members of a common brotherhood.

“With a commander-in-chief deeply interested in the best good of all under him—himself an humble and consistent follower of Christ; with a fine set of officers generally, so many of them of the same mind of our chief, and so large a number of professed Christians and converts among the crew, the combined influence on all on board has been most marked and most salutary. We have a happy ship; one that is a model in good discipline, good order, and, consequently, in contentment. Commodore M’Kean, as you well know, is a man of prayer, and during our whole cruise has been found night after night at our prayer and conference meetings on the forward deck, occupying the same plank for a seat with the common sailors, uniting in the songs of praise and in the prayers of the humblest of them, and himself often leading us to the feet of Jesus at the throne of grace, or addressing words of encouragement to the professor, and of exhortation and persuasion to the careless and unconcerned. His promotion has produced no change in this respect; he was in his accustomed place the first night after receiving it, and I know not when I have been more touched than when, at the close of the meeting, he motioned to me to withhold the usual benediction for a moment, that he might, as I soon discovered, solicit the prayers of his brother sailors and fellow-Christians lowly as their position in comparison

with his is, that he might have grace and strength from the hearer of prayer to discharge the responsibilities newly devolved upon him to the glory of God and the best interests and honour of his country. Such proofs of independence of character and just indifference to the views or opinions of men of the world in Christian profession are evidences of true nobility of mind and heart. I could not but be reminded by this incident of similar instances of Christian decision and piety recorded of the gallant soldier and devoted Christian—Havelock.—Yours truly,
“C. S. STEWART, U.S. Navy.”

For several years the United States' ship *North Carolina*, a very large vessel, has been lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, used as a receiving ship for seamen. During the greater part of the time, many hundred men have been on board waiting to be sent to other vessels. A ship thus stationed at the entrance to the sea, in which thousands of sailors sojourn for a time, would naturally be an object of interest and a subject of prayer with those who have the spiritual interests of seamen at heart; and God has heard and answered prayer on behalf of this vessel. More than once the spirit of revival has been kindled, and many souls have been converted on board. We give below some of the reports which have been made from time to time of the state of things on board this ship.

Rev. Dr Stewart said one day in the Fulton Street meeting he had often requested prayers for the men of the sea on the *North Carolina*. When last he mentioned the case of that ship in this meeting there were but few men on board; now there are about five hundred. The work of grace goes steadily forward, and from night to night there are some who are coming out on the Lord's side. Never did the men of this old ship stand in more need of prayer than now, that God would not stay His hand, but bring many to repentance. He said, if the

time would permit, he should like to read some extracts of letters which he had received from the *Ohio*, in the Charleston Navy Yard. He would simply say that these letters inform him that since the men of the *North Carolina* were received on board the *Ohio* there had not been a day without more or less conversions. Dr Stewart closed by hoping we would often remember the men of the *North Carolina*, and every ship in the navy, in our prayers. God is doing a great work among seamen, and we have much encouragement to pray.

Another gentleman said he had been to one of the daily prayer-meetings on the *North Carolina*. There was a good number present, and the presence and power of the Holy Spirit was most manifest. He heard a most touching letter read from one of the seamen, who had been sent from the *North Carolina* to the *Ohio* at Boston, giving a cheering account of the progress of the work of grace on the *Ohio*. The writer says that they have not the presence or aid of clergymen or Christians from the shore, as in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, yet they have the wonderful workings of the Holy Spirit among the men of the ship, and daily there are added to the number of believers those who they trust shall be saved. The writer of the letter was one of the converted men of the *North Carolina*. At the prayer-meeting which he attended on the latter vessel, the speaker continued, "Seven or eight men signified their desire to be prayed for. One man kneeled down upon the deck and prayed for himself alone, and very humbly confessed and bewailed his sins, and earnestly begged that he might be forgiven. He used the first person singular in prayer, and prayed as if he had forgotten that his shipmates were present. One thing was remarkable in the prayers of all these men—they prayed for the conversion of all the men at sea, and for the blessing of God upon all on shore who ever prayed for them. There was something," continued the speaker, "that made me feel that it was a great

privilege to be remembered in the prayers of these men, for one could not resist the impression that these prayers would be heard."

At another time a chaplain of the navy said the revival on the *North Carolina*, with which he was almost daily conversant, was wonderful, and without a parallel, so far as he knew, in the naval service of any nation. At the last three or four of the daily prayer-meetings which he had attended on board, not less than fifteen had come out and confessed themselves to be on the Lord's side. About eighty are the hopeful conversions of the last few weeks, and it now seems to pervade more or less the whole ship's company, now numbering from nine hundred to one thousand men. No man can have a doubt of the genuineness of the work who can be a witness for himself. No power but Almighty power could produce such results as are now seen on board of this man-of-war. Men-of-war's men are supposed to be among the most hardened of all men; but go on board and you will see no excitement. You would not know what is going on in the minds of these really fine and noble men till you speak to them on the subject of religion, or go into their prayer-meetings and hear them pray; then you will feel that the Holy Spirit is at work in His silent but mysterious and amazing power upon the hearts of these men. The work of God's grace and mercy on board our ships of the naval service is a blessing to the nation and to the world, for those men will be missionaries wherever they go, on sea or on land.

The following report of one of the daily prayer-meetings held on board was made during the progress of the revival by one who took a deep interest in the work:—

A seaman, a stalwart, strong man, young in years, said:—
"I left my home when I was ten years old; I ran away; and when I got to the coast I went to sea, and I have been my own

master ever since. I had a praying mother, a godly woman. There was never a better mother than mine. I came down to the prayer-meeting the other night on purpose to make fun; and when the men were asked to raise their hands if they wished to be prayed for by their friends on ship and shore, I raised mine, as thoughtless as I ever was. That very act seemed to make me solemn. The preacher then said, 'Perhaps some of you who have raised your hands for prayer have praying mothers, or have had.' That short sentence went right to my heart; it made me afraid. I don't remember I was ever afraid but once before in my life, and that was in a hurricane at sea. I thought of all my mother's prayers. I ran away from that mother in 1846. I could get no peace. I seemed to hear those prayers all over again. I am not ashamed to tell you, shipmates, that I have turned over a new leaf; I am going to live for Christ; I believe on Him; I trust in His pardoning mercy. I am going to follow my dear praying mother in leading a new life."

Another seaman followed. He stood with one arm akimbo, and looked steadily all round on his fellow-seamen. He was a large and powerful man, and had a face as bold as a lion. He began:—"Shipmates"—and he paused a moment—"I suppose you know what *I* have been—a ringleader in everything that was wrong—in every kind of deviltry. I confess what *I was*. I stand up here to tell you what *I am*. By the grace of God *I am* what *I am*"—and here his voice choked with emotion, while the stillness of death prevailed all around, in order that they might hear what more he had to say. He broke the prolonged silence by saying, "I too had a praying mother; and when the minister said, 'Perhaps some of you have had praying mothers,' a shot went clean through me. I was in agony. As soon as the meeting was over I ran down into the hold, hid away in the coal-bunkers to get away all alone in the dark,

and I kneeled down and cried, 'O God, my mother's God, have mercy on me! mercy on *me!* Can you have mercy on such a wretch as *me?*' And there I kept praying, till all at once I felt as if a fifty-six pound weight was taken right off my heart; and when I came out of the coal-bunker that night I felt as if all my sins were washed away in the blood of Christ. Oh, shipmates"—and the tears were falling all around—"I tell you Jesus Christ is able to forgive sins. Oh how I want some of you should try it! Come to Jesus right off. Knock off your old ways; knock right off and come to Jesus, and try Him once, and see if the load of sin won't soon be gone. You know what I was. Nothing but the power and mercy of God could make me what I hope I am. I thank God I had a praying mother." And he sat down weeping like a child.

On one occasion, when several Christian friends from on shore were attending a meeting on board the ship, it was difficult to close it, so anxious were the seamen to continue the exercises. They found, after the meeting had closed, that there were ten nationalities represented among the men who had been hopefully converted. As they came up to bid the visitors farewell, one said, "I am from England;" another, "I am from Scotland;" another, "I am from Ireland;" and another, "I am from Germany;" at last one came saying, "I am from Greenland." Then all struck up the beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," which they sang through with great spirit. The whole scene was exceedingly moving and tender, and the bonds seemed strong that bound all these hearts together.

The following letter to Rev. Mr Jones, of the Mariners' Church, New York, speaking of a revival on board the United States' ship *St Louis*, was written by the pious sailor who was the means of the establishment of the daily evening prayer-meetings on board the *North Carolina*, and which resulted in the in-

gathering into the fold of Christ of such a company of earnest, faithful men, who are scattered now through several ships of war. In reading it, Mr Jones remarked that there were members of his church on board eighteen of the armed vessels of the United States.

“SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA, *December 26, 1859.*”

“DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR,—It is my pleasant duty to communicate to you the glorious tidings that the Lord has been graciously pleased to bless us with a revival. The Holy Spirit has come down upon us with power, and I think I can confidently say that, with the exception of some decided infidels and bigoted Catholics, there are but few individuals on board who have not more or less felt its influence upon their hearts. The calls of the Spirit, however, have been differently received by different individuals; for while some have yielded to its admonitions, repented and believed, many harden their hearts, and seek to drive away serious thoughts by railing against Christians and their religion. Looking from this advanced point, I can trace the commencement of this work to the first days in October—at that time the Lord, having evidently heard our prayers, restoring A—P—from his backslidings. Since then the blessed work has gone on with unabated interest. As far as short-sighted men can see, nothing has transpired, as physical cause and effect goes, to bring about this revival. It must therefore be looked upon as a direct answer to prayer. The most wicked and depraved among the ship’s company are now among the converted. An uncommon degree of sorrow and contrition for sin has been exhibited by these men. Most of the converted take at once an active part in our meetings, and some have already begun missionary labour among us.

“A marine, on the day after his conversion, after having read an article in some religious paper in which my unworthy name was mentioned in connexion with the work on board the *North*

Carolina last year, said, 'Maurice, since I read that, a voice has been speaking to me, saying that, since the Lord has been so merciful to me, I must labour for Him;' and from that time he has acted up to this call of the Spirit. Another, two days after his conversion and his confessing Christ before men, conducted a noon prayer-meeting in the main-top. Once he had the disposition of the enraged tiger, now the gentle lamb; once his mouth was full of bitterness and cursing, now of prayer and praise. Oh that I could impart to you a faint yet correct idea of the spirituality and blessedness of our meetings of late! Oh, what solemn meetings! several officers present, and a large portion of the crew. Great joy flowing from a sense of the Saviour's pardoning love. Groans and sobs are heard all around in our meetings, and the tears are flowing down the cheeks of many a hardened sinner, and many a prayer goes up from the berth-deck of the *St Louis* to that God who hears the worst of sinners when they cry to Him for mercy.

"Of the result of this revival so far, there have been nineteen hopeful conversions. Our officers are all kind to us. We have privileges extended to us that praying men on board other ships do not enjoy. On Christmas-day, Captain Poor called all hands to prayer on the quarter-deck, and in the afternoon and evening we had our own prayer-meetings. All hands to prayer on the quarter-deck is an uncommon order from an officer commanding a ship of war. Let us pray that this glorious work may not cease, but be carried on with amazing power.—Your brother in Christ."

Letters from Sailors.

The following letters were addressed to Rev. Mr Jones:—

"U.S. SHIP *Constellation*, ISLAND OF ST VINCENT, *Sept.* 26, 1859.

"When I first came on board this ship, I did not attend the prayer-meetings of the brethren; for, not being with them, I

was against them. But Christ, through His Spirit, commenced a work in my heart, and then I went to them and asked an interest in their prayers; and now I know of a surety that fervent supplications have not been offered for me in vain. I have been with Jesus, and what sweet comfort I have found in Him! Pray that I may not be a slothful servant in my Master's cause, but that I may continually work as a missionary and soldier of the Cross."

There is a band of praying brethren on board this ship, and the letter goes on to bear witness to their fidelity and earnestness in their religious duties.

"U.S. SHIP *Roanoke*, ASPINWALL, Nov. 16, 1859.

"I want to let you know what God has been doing for me as a sinner. I ask God, from my heart, if He will forgive all my sins past, that I may become a true follower and believer in Christ, and a faithful servant of God, that I may reach that heavenly shore where there is no more weeping or sorrow. I know that God hears all those who come before Him to cry for the pardon of their sins, for He desires not the death of the sinner. The brethren on board send their best respects to you. They are all walking in the light of God for ever, and they feel that He is with us daily and hourly to help and strengthen us."

This letter also speaks encouragingly of the praying band on board.

"U.S. SHIP *Mystic*, CAPE DE VERDES.

"Captain Le Roy holds regular evening service, as the men assemble for their hammocks, down on the lower deck; all are requested to join in prayer, read by the captain. The influence is a happy one."

"U.S. SHIP *Hartford*, ISLE OF FRANCE, Sept. 23, 1859.

"There is a great work of God going forward here on board

this ship. Six have been converted and added to our number. I hope they are truly converted, for you can generally tell what a man is by his conduct; for when their mouths are turned from blasphemy to prayer and reading the Holy Bible, and when men despise the shame and scorn of men for the sake of honouring Christ, there is hope for them. Some tell us that they cannot bear to hear us praying for them; that it cuts them to the heart, and they are sorely troubled. It would do your heart good to see this ship. Morning and evening there are more than three hundred men assembled to have prayers; and there is good attention and due reverence paid by officers and men, from the commodore to the boys; and the captain says that never, in the whole of his life and experience, did he see a ship like this, for there is no disturbance of any sort; there is nothing to do but to station the men in the different parts of the ship to do ship's duty. The carpenter told me that the officers had said to him, at different times, that they never saw anything like this before."

In a letter from the same ship, of a later date, the same writer says that seven more of the men, thirteen in all, had become converted; that there is a mighty work of grace, and the songs of salvation resound through the ship, and the whole company seem pervaded with the Divine influence. He says:—

"By the captain's orders, one Sunday, we were all sitting by ourselves, during service, to sing the songs of Zion. Oh, dear pastor, the ship rang with the songs of redeeming grace, and praises to the Lamb that was slain; and I know that the heavens opened to receive our songs and anthems of praise. We arose in the faces of our officers and men—shipmates—to testify what the Lord had done for us, and what He was willing to do for them if they would only come and forsake the evil of their ways and cling to Christ Jesus. Oh, the Lord blessed us in the act. There were five of our officers with the

tears running down their cheeks, and many more with their faces hid in their caps. The officers told the carpenter that they never witnessed such a scene, and the commodore said he never saw anything like that before in all his life—sailor-men preaching Jesus, and with tears in their eyes imploring their shipmates to flee from the wrath to come. It is not of us, but it is Jesus in us, and speaking through us. The captain and commodore have told us that when one place is not large enough for our meetings we shall have another. Dear pastor, we are in hopes the little leaven will leaven the whole lump.”

This vessel was bound for Hong Kong as the flag-ship of the China squadron. The *Roanoke* was the flag-ship of the American squadron, and the *Constellation* the flag-ship of the African squadron.

The following letter was addressed to Rev. Dr Stewart, of the navy, by a young sailor bred regularly to the sea, without any advantages of education or position other than those of a common seaman:—

“ U.S. FRIGATE —, *January 4, 1860.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I greet you in the name of our Lord and Saviour. May this find you, as it leaves me, through the blessing of God our heavenly Father, in good health. I am still, through the mercy of God, in the path that leads where my Saviour is. Yes, I can still say, ‘O happy day that fixed my choice!’ I have great reason to rejoice that God is still merciful to me, and that the Holy Spirit has kept me in the way I should go. He has heard my prayer, unworthy as I am, and cold as I am in my duty to Him. Oh for grace to serve Him better !

“When I first came to this ship, I went to the captain and asked him to grant me the privilege of having prayer-meetings on board. His answer to me was ‘No!’ My hopes for good

failed me, but God held me up. There were only two of us, W—— and myself. I did not know how I should keep on without the meetings I had so long enjoyed on board the *North Carolina*. Little did I know of the love of Jesus. He heard my feeble cry and blessed me. Jesus is indeed the sailor's friend. When we had been out about six weeks, I fell into conversation one day with the ship's painter. I thank God for it. Through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, I was thus made the means of leading him to Jesus. He continues faithful, and is very earnest in the cause of his Master. Then W——, E——, and I went up into the main-top every evening, and knelt together in prayer to God, that He would open a way for us to do good, and would add to our number. Soon our little flock increased to seven, and I thought we might then have a private meeting on deck, where we could get together, sing our hymns, and offer our prayers to God. We met between two guns, and kept on in this way for some time, till two more were added to us; and at last, as our number had thus increased, we went down on the gun-deck. Here we took a bold stand. The place we chose was by the main hatch in the midst of the deck; on both sides of us were the ship's company going on in sin, and we in the midst of them praising God. We still hold our meetings regularly there. We were not granted the privilege; we took this one on our own responsibility. We have no aid from officers or men. The captain, and officers, and most of the men seem against us; still the power of God is wonderfully manifest. Our stand is so strong that none now trouble or disturb us, and the captain does not stop us. It looks as if God had placed us there for a light to others, and the men seem to regard it as a hallowed place. None come to it to trouble us. Here we have had two more added to the little band who meet together for prayer and praise. Dear brother, we send a special request to all the followers of the Lord

Jesus for prayer that the Holy Spirit may be felt in power in this ship.

“There has been remarkable evidence of the presence of the Spirit on board the —. Some thirty have been converted there within the last two months. The work is still going on. She is indeed a happy ship. Pray on, dear brother ; God hears and will answer prayer. I thank Him that I was ever called. With the help of the Holy Spirit, I will try to be among the chosen. Pray for me ; you are not forgotten by us. If, in the providence of God, we should never meet again on earth, I hope we shall in heaven before the blood-bought mercy-seat, there to shout ‘Alleluia!’ to the Lord God Omnipotent who reigneth for ever, and to receive crowns of glory from those hands which were once nailed to the cross for such a worm as I am. All my trust is in Jesus. I thank God that by His grace I am what I am. I would delight, dear brother in the Lord, to receive once more the warm grasp of your hand. Though far separated, may we still meet in spirit at a throne of grace! May the blessing of God attend all your labours.—Your unworthy brother in Christ.”

Sailors' Closets for Prayer.

The following facts illustrate the straightforwardness of a sailor's piety, and may also serve to shew other Christians that in finding a closet for prayer, as in other things, “where there's a will there's a way.”

A closet on the top-sail yard.—A sailor, in the morning prayer-meeting for seamen, in the city of New York, said :—“I have been a great sinner. Sailors here have all said, ‘I am the greatest of sinners.’ So I say. I am or was the greatest sinner alive. I felt so when God shewed me to myself. I was at sea ; chief mate of a ship ; was a great blasphemer ; cursed at everything and everybody ; but the Spirit of God got foul of me

and shewed me my sins. I was miserable. I looked into the Bible, but the more I read it the more it condemned me. Everything in it seemed against me. So it continued for near two weeks, till one day I was sitting aft on the booby-hatch strapping a block. I thought my heart would break. My hands were at work, but my soul was in agony. I wept scalding tears. I was afraid that I should become weary and discouraged, and begin to swear again. I felt that if I did, my religion would be all gone. I thought, it appears to be of no use; I cannot be pardoned. But I resolved to make just one more effort. I knew God was true. I threw down the block and strap, and started aloft for the main-top-sail yard, and then I leaned over that yard and prayed, 'O Lord! if there is mercy for a poor sinner, let me have it now, here on this top-sail yard, before I go down on deck. Thou art able: O come now.' Just at that moment, when I felt 'I can do nothing; O God, help me!' then the answer came; then the light broke on my soul; then I knew that *God is love*.

"O happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away."

That was twenty-five years ago. I have never since lacked a closet in which to call upon my God."

A closet in the knight-head.—A sailor who came to the experience meeting of the Mariners' Church, while telling what Christ had done for his soul, stated that his first permanent religious impressions were the result of the Christian faithfulness of one of his shipmates, whom he surprised *in his closet* in communion with God. "It happened," said he, "after this wise:—I was sent forward to take the look-out, and as soon as I got on to the top-gallant fore-castle, I heard some one talking, but could see no one. I followed the sound, which led me forward to the knight-heads, and on looking over into the head, I perceived a shipmate of mine engaged in prayer. He was

too much interested in his devotions to heed my approach ; so I stood breathlessly listening to his pleadings with God for his own soul, and for the souls of his shipmates. It was then I first felt, as I reflected on my own necessities, that I was a sinner, and that I ought to pray for myself. I began to pray from that hour to my Saviour, and He has preserved me to this day. Oh, shipmates, do not say we cannot serve God at sea. We can find a closet anywhere. 'Where there's a will there's a way.'

A closet leaning over the breach of a gun.—Another seaman, who was brought to acknowledge Christ on board the *North Carolina* in 1859, when speaking of his private devotions, said : —“I can always find a place to pray when I have a heart to pray. I can commune with God *leaning over the breach of a gun*, and hold communion with God though fifty men were walking the deck at the same time.”

A closet in the fore-chains.—Another, who is now almost the sole representative of Christ on board a man-of-war, said to the writer, “When I want to commune with God alone, I am never at fault. I crawl out into the fore-chains, and there I worship Him undisturbed.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

It will be impossible, within the limits of this volume, to give an extended account of the wonderful revivals of religion which have pervaded the British Islands within the last five years; but a book designed to record the wonder-workings of God's grace in answer to prayer would be altogether incomplete without a sketch of these remarkable effusions of the Holy Spirit.

In no part of the world have the manifestations of the Spirit been more striking than in Ireland. In our own country the people have been familiar with the history of revivals for a century past, and scarcely any portion of the land, and, indeed, but few of the churches, have been without such seasons of refreshing; but they were quite unknown to the greater part of the people of Ireland, and it is this which gives to the mighty work that was there wrought clearer evidence of its Divine origin. The people were taken by surprise; with the exception of a chosen few, they were not looking for such a visitation, when God came down in power, stirring up the hearts of His people, and awakening sinners in multitudes, and bringing them through deep and agonised experience into the kingdom of Christ. The peculiar bodily affections which characterised the revivals in Ireland in so many instances were but an incident connected with the work, neither proving it nor disproving it to be the work of God. It was perfectly clear

that they were not the result of mere sympathetic emotion, for many who had not a particle of sympathy with the work or with its subjects—some of them opposers and scoffers—were as suddenly struck down as any others, and often without having been brought under any sympathetic influence. Whatever may be thought of these incidental circumstances, the evidence is now beyond all possibility of contradiction that the revival in Ireland was one of the most remarkable displays of God's grace which have been witnessed in these latter days.

The first indications of unusual religious emotion appeared in the county of Antrim toward the close of the year 1857; and they proceeded uninterruptedly, extending like a wave, spreading onward and outward as from a centre, until the greater part of six counties—Antrim, Londonderry, Down, Donegal, Tyrone, and Armagh—with some portions of the adjacent counties, were visited with the special operations of the Divine Spirit. It was estimated that in Belfast, a city of 130,000 souls, there were 10,000 converts.

The earliest account of the beginning of this work in Ireland we find in a sketch by Rev. Samuel J. Moore, of Ballymena, from which are gathered the following particulars:—

In September 1857 was commenced, in a little school-house near to Connor, County Antrim, *The Believers' Fellowship Meeting*. The society consisted at first of four young men—John Wallace, James M'Quilkin, Robert Carlisle, and J. Meneely. The two first-mentioned had lately removed from Ballymena, where, some short time previously, they had seen themselves, and been found by their Saviour. The special object of their society was prayer that God would bless the preaching of the Gospel in the Connor congregations, and their own labours, and those of others, in connexion with the prayer-meetings and Sabbath-schools throughout the district. The society soon ceased to be a secret one; and slowly one kindred spirit after

another was introduced, on the recommendation of some of the original members. For a few months they had to walk by faith. The seed, however, was not long cast upon the waters till the tide ebbed, and the tender blade sprung up. They wrestled on; they prevailed. Surely, when God's set time is come—when He intends signally to answer prayer, He disposes the supplicant to plead, and, with growing anxiety, to plead on till the blessing is secured.

The first observable instance of conversion occurred in December following. A young man became greatly alarmed. After some time, in answer to earnest prayer by himself and others, he found peace and confidence. Early in January, a youth in the Sabbath-school class taught by one of those young men was brought to the saving knowledge of Christ as his Saviour. Special prayer, about the same period, was frequently offered in the Fellowship Meeting in behalf of two persons who, some three months afterward, joyfully professed their faith in the Lord Jesus. Faith grew. Hope brightened. "The power of prayer" began to be known, and felt, and seen. Throughout the extensive parish, consisting of some thousand families, it was generally known that, lately, persons had been turned to the Lord among them—some moral, and some wildly immoral. A few had heard of a similar triumph of Divine grace beyond the Atlantic. The services were peculiarly solemn. The Master's presence seemed to be recognised, and His call heard. A great impulse was given to consideration and seriousness, intensifying and extending these general precursors of conviction and revival. The old prayer-meetings began to be thronged, and many new ones established. No difficulty now to find persons to take part in them. The winter was past; the time of the singing of birds had come. Humble, grateful, loving, joyous converts multiplied. They, with the children of God, who in that district have been revived—greatly refreshed by this Divine

Spirit—are now very numerous. There are, on an average, sixteen prayer-meetings every night in the week, throughout the bounds of that one congregation—*i. e.*, about one hundred weekly. The awakening to a sight of sin, the conviction of its sinfulness, the illumination of the soul in the knowledge of a glorious Saviour, and conversion to Him—all this operation, carried on by the life-giving Spirit, was in the Connor district for more than eighteen months, a calm, quiet, gradual, in some cases a lengthened process, not commencing in or accompanied by a “smiting down” of the body, or any extraordinary physical prostration more than what might be expected to result from great anxiety and deep sorrow.

Thus, it is worthy of being noticed and remembered, the great American revival began in 1857—so did the revival in Connor; the one began in the month of September—so did the other; one youth in each of the movements dates his conversion November 1856; prayer, fervent, confiding, and unceasing, was, and continues to be, the prominent characteristic of the one and of the other; laymen, one or six in the one case, and four in the other, were the prominent agents in commencing, as they continue to be in carrying on, the work in the one country as well as in the other.

In the beginning of the year 1859, a convert from Connor visited his friends near Ahoghill, and, through his urgency and prayers, the Holy Spirit awakened nearly all the family to a deep sense of their sins. These became missionaries to their neighbours and friends, and, about the middle of February, hundreds through the parishes of Drummaul and Ahoghill were overwhelmed with convictions of sin, its dangers and demerits; and during the month of March, in private houses, and barns, and school-houses, and churches, prayer-meetings were conducted and addressed by recent converts, attended by multitudes *in* the houses and *around* them. In their own

private homes, as well as at these meetings, many persons were violently convicted.

In Ballymena (writes Mr Moore) the work began early in April. The first convict—I think I may truly say convert—who is resident in town, is a lad some sixteen years of age. He had deep anxiety and great fear for some weeks. He found Jesus to be his own Saviour. He rejoiced in peace yet with trembling, for among his companions he could find no kindred spirit perhaps for nearly a month. Others had been previously “struck” in Ballymena, in the streets and in the public-houses, on the market-days, but they were from the country. The second and third persons belonging to the town, and also the second and third persons whom I had seen under agonising convictions of sin, were two females of mature years, pretty well instructed in Gospel doctrine, and of good moral character. They continue faithful to Jesus, and I am persuaded will do so. The one sighed heavily and wept bitterly, the other seemed absorbed in thought or overwhelmed in sorrow. I engaged in very earnest prayer, but I soon had to cease, and remain there for perhaps ten minutes in silent admiration of the sweet and intensely anxious, and powerful, and appropriate prayer I had ever listened to. The next visit I was called to make was to an Arian family, and soon afterward to a Roman Catholic family. On my return, after two days’ absence at a meeting of Synod, I found the town in a state of great excitement. Many families had not gone to bed for the two or three previous nights. From dozens of houses, night and day, you would hear, when passing along, loud cries for mercy by convicts, or the voice of prayer by kind visitors, or the sweet, soothing tones of sacred song. Business seemed at a stand-still. In some streets four or five crowds of people, in houses, and before the open doors and open windows, engaged in prayer or in praise, all at the same time. A very large number of the people, during the

past few days, had been metamorphosed into prophets and pre-centors. A goodly number of young men, in business establishments in town, and not a few young workmen—shoemakers, carpenters, sawyers, and labourers, who were depending for their daily bread on their daily wages—gave up almost their entire time, day and night, during the first week, to minister to the religious instruction, and physical and spiritual comfort of the poor stricken sufferers. Prayer-meetings, in town and country, became very numerous. In private houses they were held all hours of the day and night. At each meeting addresses were delivered and prayers offered by converts, the minister presiding. At the various churches frequent meetings were held for lecture and prayer. These meetings continued for months, with the interest unabated and the attendance undiminished. For many Sabbaths the evening assembly was held in a field, addressed principally by laymen—generally recent converts—presided over by a minister. A union prayer-meeting was held in the town-hall on Tuesday and Friday, at noon, attended by ministers and members of the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist Churches. Persons from England and Scotland, and many parts of Ireland, were to be seen perambulating the streets and lanes of Ballymena—ministers, missionaries, Sabbath-school agents, and cool, inquisitive business-men, anxious to witness with their own eyes and ears *this strange thing*, of which they had heard in their distant homes—a *half dead soul revived by God's Spirit! a poor, lost sinner, with God's "arrows sticking fast in him"—his crimes over him like a thick cloud—"his iniquities a burden too heavy for him to bear"—his heart sore pained within him, "the terrors of death having fallen on him."* One in twenty of these inquirers, perhaps, returned home apparently dry, cold, sceptical, puzzled. Many returned having caught a spark of the celestial fire, to be fanned into a flame in their own localities.

The Connor enlightenment, so far as practicable, was kept unnoticed and unknown. It seems to have been so gradual and gentle, like the dew on the mown grass, that the parties did not feel *constrained* for a time to compel others to come in. One member of the flock wandered a little way beyond the parochial limits, and, touched with a live coal from the altar himself, his words, and tears, and prayers kindled a flaming fire in the hearts of others, and *impelled* them to go and beseech sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Besides, tidings of the American revival reached this country. Our Church Courts directed ministers to consider the subject, and to preach on it. This was generally done throughout our Presbytery, and, I presume, throughout the congregations of our Synod. American newspapers, especially the *New York Observer*, were regularly read by some of us, and thus the subject kept fresh and prominent before the mind. From an early period in the history of the movement in America and in Connor I know that the daily, I might say hourly, prayer of some earnest spirits was, "*Come, Lord Jesus, come!*" "*Spirit of God, O Holy Spirit, come!*" and that many an hour—a day's sweet refreshing revival did these supplicants enjoy, months, many months before the awakening was so marked or so extensive as to attract the notice of either the Church or the world.

In this town, (Ballymena,) at public worship on Sabbath, the churches were thronged—pews, alleys, and vestibules. The "open-air services," whether in town or country, on any evening of the week, were attended by thousands; and these services, though so numerous, were often not far distant from each other. Our congregational weekly prayer-meeting was attended by some fifty persons ordinarily. During the three months past, whether held four times or seven times a week, it is attended by more than twenty times that number. The difficulty used to be to get the people *into* the church, but the difficulty now is to get them *out* of it. One *night and morning* we had three ser-

vices. The first of these was three hours and a half. I pronounced the benediction, intending to dismiss the people; but no, they kept possession: only a very few left. After some half-hour we engaged in prayer and praise again. I pronounced the benediction, intending to dismiss the people; but no, they still kept possession: only a few left. Having attended for some time to a number of weak and anxious persons, presuming that a third attempt might be successful, we engaged in prayer for a poor girl, who seemed to us to be dreadfully tormented; and oh, the depth and universal fervour of that prayer! All prayed, very many wept; and, having sung to a plaintive air a portion of a *prayer-psalm*, for the last time that morning, between one and two o'clock, I pronounced the benediction, and left; many remained. Verily, praise waiteth for God in Zion. Prayer-meetings are very numerous in town and country, and are well attended. Within the bounds of the Connor congregation, I am informed that there are one hundred prayer-meetings every week. A few months ago the bellowing of anger, and cursing, and blasphemy resounded along the roads from parties returning from the markets, and especially on Saturday night, or rather on Sabbath morning. Now the sweet service of sacred song is heard floating on the night air from persons returning home from the prayer-meetings.

Two congregational prayer-meetings assembled on a Saturday evening to engage in devotional exercises as a "preparation for the Sabbath." Earnest prayer was offered for the blessed agency of the Spirit to accompany the services of the sanctuary on the following day. The members of one of these prayer-meetings had such assurance that their prayers would be answered, that they said to several persons, and, among others, to the officiating minister when he was walking down to the church on Sabbath morning, *they "were sure that the Spirit would do a great work among them that day."* The usual public services were proceeded

with, but in great weakness, for the minister was quite exhausted—unable to speak vigorously. The subject was, “*Quench not the Spirit.*” About the middle of the sermon, after mentioning parties who fear and would try to escape the operations of the Spirit, the preacher, with united hands and uplifted eyes, said tenderly, “*Lord Jesus forgive them!*” He stood in that attitude, and in perfect silence, for perhaps a minute, when the death-like stillness of the church was broken by heavy sighs, and loud, earnest cries for mercy in all directions through the house. The audible supplicants were removed and attended to. In a few minutes the remaining congregation were seated again, more than half of them in tears, and some, evidently with great difficulty, restraining themselves from pleading aloud for mercy. The services were quietly proceeded with, there being no interruption till the close, but by the breaking forth of one other overfilled heart that could hold no longer. During the evening of the day, in their homes and prayer-meetings, many more were overwhelmed with a sense of sin.

To the inquirers as to the character of the revival here, I answer by telling them a few, and necessarily but a very few, of the things which I have seen, and heard, and felt; “how that the (*morally*) blind see, the lame walk, the impure are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead live, and to the poor, the physically, intellectually, and spiritually poor, in thousands, every day in the week, the Gospel is preached.” The ignorant, whether young or old, are docile; they are learning to read, that they may read God’s Book for themselves; the boisterous and quarrelsome have become calm and peaceful; enemies love one another; the mouths that bellowed forth cursing and blasphemy now praise and bless God’s holy name; the Sabbath-breaker remembers and keeps holy the Lord’s-day; the impure have abandoned their pollutions; the drunkard is sober notwithstanding fiendish temptations from old acquaintances, and, perhaps, poor fellow, from within also. Some publicans have

abandoned their business; Sabbath-schools, prayer-meetings, and houses of worship are overcrowded; many ministers and members of the Church, many parents and Sabbath-school teachers are revived—greatly refreshed—more loving, earnest, and diligent; good books and tracts are in great demand; many, very many pray who were never known to do so before; generosity to the cause of Christ is on the increase; the victims of the apostasy are alarmed; Romanists and Unitarians have been turned to the Bible as the *only* guide, and to Jesus as the only and *divine* Saviour; the godless multitude are awed into solemnity; the Lord Jesus is greatly glorified. “And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Christ.” We have here some of the finest specimens of the Christian, by this extraordinary influence of the Spirit, that I ever met with in my life; and I have no more apprehension of them proving faithless to their loved Lord and Master, than I have that I will do so myself. The changed lives of thousands in this town, and in the neighbouring towns and districts, testify to the truthfulness of the representation now given as to the results of this revival. Very philosophical, and learned, and “decent and in order” Christians ascribe many of the results mentioned to excitement, nervousness, and “epidemic.” The Jews ascribed Christ’s works to Beelzebub; and, alas! there are those now who, ignoring the all-sufficiency of Christ, and the existence and the power of the Holy Ghost, proclaim the Spirit’s work to be “*a work of the devil.*” One who had witnessed much, and felt a little of the salutary change, returning lately from an *altar lecture*, in which his satanic majesty got all the credit of “the revival” and its results, said to his companions, “*Well, friends, all I have to say is, if the devil has done all this, there must be a NEW DIVIL; for I’m very sure the oul’ one wouldn’t do it at all at all.*”

The above account of the origin of the revival and of its progress in a particular district has been selected because it traces its history so directly to the humble, fervent, believing prayers

of God's people, which is in strict accordance with the ordinary dispensations of His grace. The same great and blessed work spread over a large portion of Ireland, and was attended in all sections by the same wonderful displays of God's sovereign, almighty grace.

Our limits will not allow us even to trace the progress of the work from place to place ; but we cannot refrain from giving a few of the incidents attending it, which illustrate its Divine origin, its mighty power, and also the power of prayer.

The following remarkable incident is related in connexion with the movement in Coleraine, County Antrim :—

In a school belonging to the Irish Society, a boy was observed under deep impressions. The master, seeing that the little fellow was not fit to work, called him to him, and advised him to go home and call upon the Lord in private. With him he sent an older boy, who had found peace the day before. On their way they saw an empty house, and went in there to pray together. The two schoolfellows continued in prayer in the empty house till he who was weary and heavy-laden felt his soul blessed with sacred peace. Rejoicing in this new and strange blessedness, the little fellow said, "I must go back and tell Mr——." The boy who, a little while ago, had been too sorrowful to do his work, soon entered the school with a beaming face, and, going up to the master, said in his simple way, "Oh, Mr ——, I am so happy ; I have the Lord Jesus in my heart." Strange words in cold times ; natural words when upon the simple and the young the Spirit is poured out, and they feel what is meant by "Christ in you the hope of glory," and utter it in the first words that come. The attention of the whole school was attracted. Boy after boy silently slipped out of the room. After a while the master stood upon something which enabled him to look over the wall of the play-ground. There he saw a number of his boys ranged round the wall on their knees in earnest prayer,

every one apart. The scene overcame him. Presently he turned to the pupil who had already been a comforter to one school-fellow, and said, "Do you think you can go and pray with these boys?" He went out, and, kneeling down among them, began to implore the Lord to forgive their sins for the sake of Him who had borne them all upon the cross. Their silent grief soon broke into a bitter cry. As this reached the ears of the boys in the room, it seemed to pierce their hearts. As by one consent, they cast themselves upon their knees and began to cry for mercy. The girls' school was above, and the cry no sooner penetrated to their room, than, apparently well knowing what mourning it was, and hearing in it a call to themselves, they too fell upon their knees and wept. Strange-disorder for school-master and mistress to have to control. The united cry reached the adjoining streets. Every ear, prepared by the prevailing Spirit, at once interpreted it as the voice of those who look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn for Him. One and another of the neighbours came in, and at once cast themselves upon their knees and joined in the cry for mercy. These increased and continued to increase, till first one room, then another, then a public office on the premises—in fact, every available spot—was filled with sinners seeking God. Clergymen of different denominations and men of prayer were sought, and they spent the day in pleading for these anxious souls—sweetest of all the toils that this earth doth witness, when men, themselves enjoying heavenly peace, labour in intercession for those who are now, as they were once, broken-hearted by a sight of their sins, and striving to enter in at the strait gate in order to walk in the narrow way. Thus passed hour after hour of that memorable day. Dinner was forgotten; tea was forgotten; and it was not till eleven o'clock at night that the school premises were freed from their unexpected guests.

From this time onward the work spread over the whole

place and the country round. There being no churches sufficient to contain the multitudes who flocked together from this and adjoining towns, open-air meetings were held in the evening in the market-place, at some of which all the evangelical ministers in the town were present, and engaged in addressing the various crowds. In these meetings the people were seized with violent convictions of sin, some crying out in their agony and others being struck down. One of the ministers who was engaged in addressing the multitude, and who, after his discourse, was called to pray with a young man who was thus stricken down, and in great distress of mind, in giving an account of the scene, says :—"As I arose from prayer, six or eight persons all at the same instant pressed around me, crying, 'O come and see —, —, —,' naming one and another, until I felt for a moment bewildered, and the prayer went out from my own heart, 'God guide me!' I passed from person to person who were thus convicted for two or three hours, as did also my brethren in the ministry, until when the night was far spent, and the stricken ones began to be removed to the shelter of roofs, I turned my face homeward through one street, when I soon discovered that the work which had begun in the market square was now advancing with marvellous rapidity in the homes of the people. As I approached door after door, persons were watching for me and other ministers, to bring us to deal with some poor agonised stricken one; and when the morning dawned, and until the sun arose, I was wandering from street to street and from house to house on the most marvellous and solemn errand upon which I have ever been sent."

Just about this time the new and spacious town-hall of Coleraine was completed, and handed over by the architect to the corporation. Considerable difference of opinion arose as to the manner in which it should be opened, when, upon a given

evening in the month of June, a dense multitude assembled in the open air to hear the Gospel preached. Many persons from a considerable distance in the country were present, and toward the close of the meeting very many of these people were reduced to a state of perfect physical helplessness beneath an overwhelming sense of guilt and danger. The question arose, Where were those poor distressed ones to be sheltered during the night? A pewed church is not the most convenient place on such an occasion; and some one having experienced this fact, and happily thinking of the town-hall, suggested that those stricken ones should be conveyed thither. The suggestion was at once acted upon, and, the hall having been opened, it was very soon filled with poor sinners crying for mercy, and Christian men and women labouring to direct the broken-hearted to Him who alone can bind up.

The work began with great suddenness and power in Belfast, the capital of Ulster. Two young men from Connor visited the metropolis of the North to tell of the Lord's doings in the former place. At the first meeting that they attended several were seized with conviction, one of whom had been an unbeliever in the revival. Soon others were crying for mercy; the churches were opened, and within a week a feeling of deep solemnity pervaded the town. The various ministers of the place, including the English bishop of the diocese, gave it their hearty co-operation, and from that time forward God was working mightily upon the hearts of men. It was here that the largest prayer-meeting probably that has been known since the dawning of the Christian era was held. The *Edinburgh Witness* gave the following account of it at the time:—

“On Wednesday, at half-past eleven, a great union prayer-meeting was held in the open air in Belfast. In order to accommodate all parties, the use of the spacious grounds of the Royal Botanic Garden was obtained for holding the meeting; and as

it was well known that many persons from the surrounding country were desirous to be present, special trains of uncommon length were run by the different railway companies. Some idea of the interest felt may be imagined when we state that it is computed that no fewer than fifteen thousand individuals arrived in Belfast, and that from thirty-five to forty thousand persons in all were present at the services. The leading streets of the town presented, during mid-day, a most remarkable aspect, particularly after the arrival of trains. The footways were literally thronged with well-dressed and respectable-looking people from the country, not passing along with the negligent and easy-going air of pleasure-seeking excursionists, but staid and solemn in demeanour, the younger as well as the elder, and the majority with Bibles or hymn-books in their hands, as if proceeding to Sabbath services. On they passed toward the place of meeting, past the glittering rows of gorgeous shops, and through the fashionable thoroughfares. Thus the living stream—such a stream as was never before witnessed in Belfast—poured onward for at least two hours along both sides of the streets.

“The scene in the garden grounds is said by the *Banner of Ulster* to have been one of the most striking, as well as impressive and animating, ever witnessed in the province. The whole space within view from any point was as closely packed as it was well possible for it to be. Even the branches of the trees were taken advantage of by numbers of the junior members of the audience as the most suitable situations for seeing and hearing; and there, while the sounds of praise were rising from the multitude below, these young worshippers were heard joining in the song of thanksgiving. Nothing of holiday levity, nothing of the thoughtless mirth of youth, was manifest among these. Their attention was as marked, and their conduct as well ordered as that of any persons in the vast assemblage.

Both as regarded its magnitude, and the deep solemnity and earnest spirit that pervaded it, the meeting is said to have recalled vividly the historic days and scenes of the signing of the 'Solemn League and Covenant.'

"The Rev. John Johnson, of Tullilish, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, presided, and he was supported by the ministers of the different Protestant denominations in and around Belfast. After prayer, the chairman read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures, and then gave out the 100th Psalm; and never before in Belfast did so many voices unite in such hearty accord in singing this favourite song of Zion. Scarcely had the first note been raised on the platform, when it was caught up by the immense assemblage, the majority of the voices combining in surprising and unexpected harmony; and as each stanza closed, the dying away of the cadence in the far distance of the throng had an effect at once solemn and thrilling. Short addresses were delivered by ministers and converts, and also by Mr William Dickson, of Edinburgh, and Mr Peter Drummond, of Stirling. Prayers were also offered up and verses from hymns sung. As it was impossible for the speakers on the central platform to make themselves heard by the whole of the vast multitude, clergymen and others scattered themselves among them, each forming the centre of a large congregation which immediately gathered around, joining in devotional exercises.

"At one time there were no less than twenty of these subordinate meetings, numbering from five hundred to one thousand each. Every here and there throughout the immense multitude, while the hymn or the prayer was rising on high, persons were being struck down under a sense of deep and overpowering conviction of sin. Inside of some of these circles there could not have been fewer than twenty persons, chiefly females, apparently under the influence of spiritual visitation at the same

moment, some of them prostrate upon the sward, and others reclining upon the laps of friends. These were affected in various ways: some weeping bitterly, but silently, under a deep conviction of sin; some crying piteously for mercy; and others unable to utter a word, so thoroughly were their physical faculties in abeyance. In many parts of the garden, groups of boys and girls, who had retired from the body of the congregation, formed in the shrubbery little meetings for prayer and exhortation among themselves. Some of these were ragged little boys, who had evidently belonged to the outcast classes. One of these cases was that of a little boy, about eleven years old, who, in a very retired part of the garden, engaged in prayer, surrounded by about twenty lads of the same age and class. This lad was, it appears, neglected by his parents, and formerly obtained a scanty livelihood by hawking ballads through the streets; and the tattered garments in which he as well as his companions were arrayed on Wednesday, shewed that, in that respect, their prospects in life had not much improved.

“At the close of the general meeting, one of the ministers of the town, who has moved a great deal among the juvenile population, was surrounded by a large assemblage of boys, who ultimately formed themselves into a procession, and marched into town singing ‘Oh, that will be joyful!’ Many of these children evidently belonged to the lowest classes of society. A portion of the procession, which divided from the rest, on arriving at the Pound district ceased to sing till they had passed its dangerous precincts, and resumed their song when they passed into Townsend Street. The immense concourse of people left the gardens in the most orderly manner, the majority of them evidently impressed with the conviction that it was ‘good for them to have been there.’ A few manufactories and other places of business were closed for the day, in order to allow the workers to join in the above services.”

The Rev. Robert Ross, of Londonderry, gives the following facts in regard to the work in that place:—For about twelve months before the revival commenced there, prayer was made for a season of refreshing in almost every congregation, and ministers frequently preached on the personality and work of the Holy Spirit. The progress of the work when it began was very rapid, like the progress of the fiery element through the buildings of a burning city. The fire of the Spirit seemed to spread from soul to soul. For the first three or four weeks, meetings for anxious inquirers were held daily in almost all the churches, and attended by hundreds. Five public meetings were also held daily at the commencement of the work. The whole Protestant population are believed to have heard the Gospel, and to have been more or less impressed. The careless became anxious; the hardened were softened; the thoughtless were compelled to think; and the men of the world were forced to contemplate their prospects for the world to come. The revival was the one grand topic of general conversation. The world was “turned upside down,” and many were delivered from it and made the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. The formerly converted have also been especially blessed by this awakening. They have been wonderfully quickened, enlightened, and refreshed. Mr Ross says that he believes that it would be underrating the work to say that one-fifth of the church-going population has been converted. Many of the young men, in whose hearts the love of Jesus glows, have been very useful in praying with the converted, holding prayer-meetings, and addressing meetings in the country districts. Drunkenness, swearing, and lying have all but disappeared. Congregations are increased in numbers, and the ministers feel now that they are not preaching to men and women who seem like statues, but to living souls, for the truth of God now finds access to their hearts.

Rev. J. M. Killen, of Comber, County Down, writes :—"The first time that I noticed the congregation generally and visibly affected was on the 15th of May last, which was our preparation Sabbath. On that day I preached from Rev. xxii. 17, and had not discoursed more than about twenty minutes when nearly the whole audience seemed melted under the power of the Word, and the place for a little was a perfect Bochim, and I found difficulty for a moment or two in proceeding with the service. The people, however, recovered themselves, and our communion season passed over without anything very noticeable save a larger attendance and greater solemnity than formerly. On Monday evening, the 30th of May, we had a very crowded meeting in our church, which was addressed by converts from Ahoghill, and to the services of that night many traced their first religious impressions. Having accompanied the Ahoghill brethren on their return the next day as far as Ballymena, I passed the remainder of the week in that town and neighbourhood, witnessing the great work of grace in progress there, and on my return to Comber late on Saturday evening, I determined to address my people on the subject the next day, which accordingly I did, and concluded with requesting them to meet me the next evening, that we might pray together for a special outpouring of the Spirit on ourselves. On Monday evening, the 6th of June, as arranged, the people came, and in such numbers that the church had to be opened, and was soon filled. Such seriousness and evident anxiety prevailed during the service, that at its conclusion I announced another meeting for the following Thursday, the 9th of June, which was still more largely attended, and it was at this meeting that the first cases of physical manifestation occurred. One young woman fell with a tremendous crash on the floor, two others had to be removed, many were affected, all were roused, and it was now evident that the work had fairly begun. The fol-

lowing Sabbath we had more cases and an immense audience. I then announced that we should have public services in the church on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings; and such were the crowds that assembled from all parts to these meetings, that the church, both above and below, was crowded to the doors, and it was impossible at times to get either out or in. These crowds, though they continued for weeks, may at first, perhaps, have been attracted partly by curiosity, as our congregation was the first in County Down blessed with this outpouring of the Spirit, yet it was very evident that a far more important feeling was causing most of them to attend.

“The first Monday evening after the revival commenced—viz., Monday the 13th of June—will long be memorable in the annals of First Comber, and, indeed, of the place generally. On that evening the Spirit came down on our assembled congregation with mighty power. Thirty-two ‘stricken ones’ had to be removed to the school-room. Many other cases followed. The whole town was roused. Many did not get to bed that night at all; and for several days great numbers were unable to follow their usual avocations, but gave themselves almost unceasingly to the study of the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, and for the next month, with three exceptions, I did not get to bed till morning, such was the anxiety of the people for pastoral instruction and consolation. For twenty-one days after the revival commenced, we had, on an average, more than ten cases daily, and altogether we have now upward of three hundred and forty cases of visible awakening in connexion with our congregation, not to speak of those far more numerous instances of a quiet and silent character, of which no proper estimate can yet be formed; for though the public physical manifestations have greatly abated, yet the work is still progressing with great power among us, so that it is impossible

now to state, with anything like accuracy, the extent of the present awakening.

“The revival has embraced those hitherto beyond the pale of the Church altogether, and *drunkards have been reformed, prostitutes reclaimed, thieves have become honest; Sabbath-breakers, profane swearers, scoffers, neglecters of ordinances, and worthless characters of all descriptions, have been awakened or converted.* No sex or age has been exempt. Our converts include children of seven, and old men and women of upwards of seventy years of age. Our converts, and more especially the females, manifest a wonderful power in prayer and fluency of expression, *and as yet I know not of a single instance of apostasy among them.*”

All denominations of evangelical Christians, bishops of the Episcopal Church, and ministers of the various communions, have united in promoting the work, and have borne testimony to its spiritual character and its permanent results. A report of the proceedings of the Irish Presbyterian General Assembly in 1863 says :—“ Ever since the revival of 1859, attention has been specially directed to this important subject, and it is satisfactory to state that while the excitement connected with that movement has long since ceased, the best results have followed from it, both to the Church and the general community. There have, as is usual in connexion with such seasons of awakening, been many fallings away, but, making full allowance for these, it is universally and gratefully acknowledged that incalculable blessing has followed in its train. The Assembly, in addition to the public reception of the report, had two separate private conferences as to the best mode of perpetuating and extending the hallowed influence of the revival.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

FROM the North of Ireland the wave of Divine influence passed over into Scotland. Many who came to Ulster and Antrim, and other parts of Ireland to witness the work that was going on, returned having their own hearts kindled with the sacred fire, and were the means of spreading the flame. It was many months, however, before the work began in its greatest power in Scotland. Indeed, it was not until the year 1861 that the most remarkable displays of the presence of the Divine Spirit were seen.

The *Scottish Guardian* in August 1859 had the following notice of the beginnings of the revival in Glasgow and its vicinity :—

“The Holy Spirit has been manifesting His gracious power in a remarkable manner in this neighbourhood during the last few days. Our readers are aware that ever since the news of the great revival in America reached Scotland, prayer-meetings for the special purpose of imploring a similar blessing have been held in Glasgow as well as in other places. The intelligence which has reached us recently leaves no room to doubt that these prayers have been heard. We have heard—we trust with gratitude—that God has been pleased, from the very beginning of these prayer-meetings, to use them as the means of converting souls and quickening His own people; and latterly—at least in the meeting of the Religious Institution Rooms, with

which we are best acquainted—the attendance has been decidedly on the increase, and anxious souls frequently remain at the close of the services to seek counsel and direction from the ministers and others who take part in these meetings. Christian men and women appear to be attaining to greater faith in the power of prayer, and petitions from Christian parents for their children, children for their parents, brothers and sisters for brothers and sisters, and friends for friends, have been becoming more common. There is already evidence that some of these prayers have been heard. God's people are not only praying for the blessing, but working for it; parents have brought their children to the meeting, and children have brought their parents, and their labour of love has been rewarded with a blessing upon those about whom they were solicitous. The cases of awakening have occurred chiefly among the humbler classes of the community, but are by no means confined to such, and, in most instances, their convictions of the guilt and anger of sin have been so broad and deep that either they have been unable to control their emotions in presence of others, or have only succeeded by a powerful effort of will, which but intensified the inward struggle."

In one of these meetings at the Institution Rooms during the same month, a missionary from the east end of the city gave the following account of the manifestation of the power of the Spirit at the end of the town where he had established a prayer-meeting:—

"Last night we held our weekly prayer-meeting of district people at the head of Saracen Lane, when the attendance was more than usually large. I must say that I was looking forward to this meeting with much prayerful expectancy, indulging in the hope that the Divine Spirit might come among us, and give us to taste and see that God is gracious. And indeed we had a solemn meeting. I never witnessed such intense

interest as was shewn by men and women, and even children, to the report of the wonderful works of God and of His blessed Gospel. But yet no unusual outward manifestations were seen. The meeting was closed, and the people dispersed in great quietness. On retiring from the place, and just as I was going out of the door, two women came forward, presenting another somewhat younger, and saying that she wished to speak to me, as she could not go away without an interview. Conceiving what was the cause, I asked her how she felt. She replied with sobbing, 'I have a lost soul.' On hearing this, and seeing her downcast condition, I led her back to our Bethel. On being seated, I asked when she began to feel in this matter as she never felt before ; when, in broken, faltering tones, she told us—there being two women and two men present with us—how that, on two Sabbaths back, she was providentially directed to the Green, and there she was brought under the voice of the humble individual who now addresses you, and under the Word and Spirit of God received a sting in her heart, that made her uneasy, restless, and wretched. With the arrow of God in her soul, she went on mourning and groaning from day to day, and from night to night, until last night, when her convictions of her sinfulness and perishing condition reached such a point as that she could restrain herself no longer, but broke her silence with one loud and long outburst of mental emotion. In coming out at the door, ejaculating all the while for mercy and salvation, the Divine Spirit seems to have met her at the very threshold, for all at once she turned her head round and asked, 'What voice is that ?' It was the voice of the Divine Spirit, as if audibly coming from above. It was a word of sweet peace and blessed consolation to this daughter in her bonds. 'Try Jesus,' that was the heaven-shed word. 'Try Jesus ; yes, try Jesus ; try Jesus—oh yes, Jesus ; try Jesus. He is coming to me. He has come. The burning is taken away from my

heart, and I now am happy. I have tried Jesus ; I am trying Jesus, and oh, I have found Him all-sufficient for me, a poor sinner. Blessed be His name, He has done all things well for me.' For several minutes arrested on the same spot where the Lord met her, she poured out her heart in an ecstasy of blissful emotion, lavishing her heart's love upon Jesus, who had saved her and given her a sense of His pardoning mercy, and praising Him with words that but faintly expressed the fulness of her new heaven-born being. She blessed the place, and thanked God that ever her feet were directed within its walls."

The same paper contains the following report of the work that was then in progress at Port-Glasgow, as given at the prayer-meeting at the Rooms :—

"A gentleman from Coleraine, Ireland," said the speaker, "came over a few days ago to see his two sons in Port-Glasgow, feeling moved to go over and tell them what great things had been done in Coleraine, and to urge them to flee from the wrath to come. He had a meeting on Sabbath morning in his son's kitchen, and a good number attended. He had read the Word of God, prayed, and gone away, when a girl suddenly took ill. Those who were present thought it was some illness of the body, but it was far deeper than that—it was in the soul. She began to cry for mercy, and they sent for the Coleraine gentleman, and it was not long before she found peace, and began to rejoice in Jesus Christ as her Saviour. The gentleman's son began to see the meaning of this, and cried, 'Oh, father, what must I do?' 'What is wrong?' he was asked. 'Oh, I am such a sinner!' He seemed to have got a deep sense of his sins, and, bent down to the ground, he cried for mercy. There was a meeting after this, and during the prayer a young man staggered and fell all his length on the floor. He was in dreadful agony of soul, but three or four hours after he was found with his hands clasped and tears in his eyes, saying to others,

'Oh, if you knew the precious Saviour I have found, you would come to Him too.' The news spread through the town on Monday and Tuesday, producing great excitement, and on Friday there was a large meeting in Provost Birkmyre's store, where Mr Fraser, of Gourock, preached. On Thursday there were a great many cases, and during the singing numbers were carried out in great distress of mind. The people were much agitated, and some even ran out of the meeting in fear. On returning from Coleraine, where I had heard of what was going on, I went down to Port-Glasgow early yesterday morning, and found a girl in great distress of soul, and crying for mercy. I was not long in till the gentleman from Coleraine came in, and took me to another case, and another, and another. I just thought I was in Sandy Row in Belfast. I went back in the evening, and the place of meeting was crammed. There must have been more than two thousand present. One cried out, and then another and another, and some of the cries were as piercing as anything I ever heard in Ireland. I never heard any cries more piercing and affecting than the cries of some of the girls in that store last night, and some of these girls were the worst characters in the town—characters who were notorious in Port-Glasgow. After the meeting had been desired to separate, a great many remained behind, most anxious to hear the Word. Young men and young women, and two or three Roman Catholics, have been already arrested and turned, and, before the meeting separated, I found a little Roman Catholic boy sitting with his Bible in his hands, saying that there was no mediator but Christ, and that he would have no other, and ever looking to Christ the Mediator to save him. There was a large, crowded meeting outside, and on my asking if they wished to hear more, they said that they did. I spoke till ten o'clock, and they were unwilling even then to go away. Till an advanced hour of the night I was visiting the persons thus stricken down, and I

saw a number of them this morning who had found peace and were rejoicing in Christ. They are just like the converts in Ballymena already; they all know one another, speak the same language, and, like the Irish converts, are beginning to preach the Gospel, saying to their friends and neighbours, 'Come to Christ—come just as you are, without first trying to make yourself better. I just cast myself down at His feet, and told Him that I despaired of saving myself, and I believed that He saved me; I did not dare to doubt. And so I entered, through belief, into peace.' I think God has begun this work in the small town of Port-Glasgow, just that, being near Glasgow, it may become known there and spread thither too, just as He began in Connor and Ballymena, and then carried the work to the large town of Belfast."

The following communication, dated Ivy Bank, Port-Glasgow, 1st August 1859, was published in the *Guardian*:—

"We have been visited here with blessed times of refreshing. We had long been praying much for the gracious manifestation of God's presence and power among us, and when the intelligence of the revival in Ireland reached us, this gave a new impulse to our faith and prayer. God, I have reason to believe, was working among us in some measure before; but at the beginning of last week, He began to manifest gloriously His mighty power to save, convincing, converting, and filling with peace and joy in believing, and the whole week was a week of wondrous power. The work is not confined to any one denomination. Persons connected with all the four Presbyterian bodies in the town have shared in the blessing, as well as some belonging to the Episcopal Church, and some to the Church of Rome, and many who were living in neglect of ordinances altogether.

"One feature of this work is a deep conviction of sin, accom-

panied, in some cases, by such outward manifestations as prostration of the body and loud cries to God for mercy. Some take objection to the work on account of these bodily manifestations. But, if we remember the effect that worldly losses and bereavements, for example, often have through the mind upon the body, and if we remember the solemnity and the vast importance of those spiritual realities which are unfolded at once with mighty power by the Spirit to the soul in the work of conviction, it seems to me that there is little ground for wonder that the intense feeling in the mind should greatly affect the body, between which and the mind there is so intimate a connexion. Another feature of the work is exceeding earnestness of prayer. Those convinced of sin pray to God with a fixedness and an earnestness such as I have never on any other occasion witnessed. So much is this the case, that sometimes, when one is endeavouring to direct their minds to some passage of the Word, he finds it difficult to gain their attention, so continuously, so intensely are they pouring out their hearts to God. Another feature that strikes one is the correctness of their views of the two great doctrines of pardon only through the blood of Christ, and a change of heart through the agency of Christ's Spirit. Another feature is, that those affected are often *speedily* brought into light and peace in receiving Christ, and are filled with joy.

“I have only to add that the hearts of God's people are filled with life and joy. They feel that God is in them and among them. Their hearts are opened up by God's Spirit in faith and expectation, and are going out in earnest prayer to God. And we feel that what we have seen is only the beginning of the work; that God will bless us yet more and more abundantly, and will send the tide of blessing rolling over the length and breadth of the land.

“Let the people of God, then, be stirred up to earnest, persevering prayer, and go forward in faith and in hope. ‘God, even our own God, SHALL bless us,’” (Psalm lxxvii.)

The *Guardian* had the following account of the religious movement in Rothesay in the summer of 1859:—

“The Lord’s work in Rothesay is, to all appearance, steadily advancing. The great excitement which prevailed the first week is gone, and now the chief feature in all the meetings is a deep solemnity, with marked earnestness and thirsting for the Word. The daily open prayer-meeting is increasing in interest and numbers, the largest attendance being four hundred and thirty-three on Friday last. Being begun for the special benefit of the working classes, the meeting is not more than twenty to twenty-five minutes in length. It is attended chiefly by factory workers; and as these people do not generally make dinner a regular meal, they can afford to spend twenty minutes, which otherwise could only be done at considerable inconvenience. Some of the young women have remarked ‘that they enjoy that meeting so much, that they don’t feel the afternoons pass now.’ Women who hitherto were seldom or never in the habit of attending church, and who had no clothes and no inclination to go anywhere, are now able to muster clean caps, &c., for the occasion, and there they are every day listening with apparently intense interest; and as the song of praise ascends like sweet incense to the Eternal, the windows of the houses surrounding the field are all thrown up, and eager heads put out to listen. In many instances the work is very deep. Some, unable to restrain themselves, give vent to their agony in a loud and startling cry for mercy. In the case of others, it is a sad, plaintive, inconsolable wail.

“At the close of the evening prayer-meeting on Thursday last, an Irish labourer stood up to tell what the Lord had done for him. He said that before he came over here he went to

some of the revival meetings in Ireland, where he became impressed, and after he came here he heard a sermon at the Mill Park that went right to his heart. He could get no rest that night, and went out to a field to pray. He said he found the great load he felt at his heart taken away at one of the meetings since then, and now he thinks he could do anything or give up anything for Jesus. This plain statement made a deep impression on the audience. One person remarked afterward it made more impression than all the sermons she had heard for some time.

“One very cheering feature of the work is the change wrought in young men. A Bible-class for young men met last week for the first time, and numbered more than sixty, one of whom, when spoken to as they were dismissing, burst into tears, exclaiming, ‘Oh, I am anxious about my soul, for I have pierced Jesus! I have pierced Jesus!’ Some of these young men who have lately found Christ have commenced a prayer-meeting among themselves. The last time they met twelve were present, but we hope this is but the beginning of a great movement among that interesting class of the community. The decision a number of them have manifested is such as only the Spirit of God could give. They had much ridicule and scorn to bear, but this is just the lot, more or less, of all who truly name the name of Jesus.”

The work of grace thus begun extended to the towns in the vicinity and in different parts, but it was not until the next year that the revival pervaded Scotland. In the early months of 1860, the churches throughout a large portion of Scotland were visited with the most remarkable effusions of the Holy Spirit. Scenes similar to those which had been witnessed in Ireland were everywhere occurring. The great inquiry on every hand became, “What must I do to be saved?” The churches were crowded with anxious worshippers; and in many places

the churches were altogether insufficient to hold the multitudes that resorted to them to hear the Word of Life. Meetings were held in various places in the open air, reminding one of the days when the Covenanters assembled for prayer and for the preaching of the Word among the fastnesses of the mountains and upon the moors; but, happily, exhibiting a pleasing contrast with those days, when the people of God met thus away from the ordinary places of gathering on account of the persecutions which they had to endure. These open-air meetings were characterised by the deepest solemnity, the Spirit of God pervading the whole of the vast assemblies, and sinners listening to the Word as for their lives. All branches of the Church shared in this gracious effusion. As early as May 1860, the Free Church General Assembly declared that "from Banff to Kirkcudbright, and from Skye to Ettrick, the heavenly rain had fallen, and produced holy fruits." And the Established Church appointed a day of thanksgiving for the blessing, and for urging the continued and increasing use of the means for its permanence and diffusion.

In Annan, the Week of Prayer (the first week in January 1861) was observed with great solemnity, and earnest supplications went up to the throne of grace for the outpouring of the Spirit. The answer was very speedy. During the same month a general and powerful awakening occurred in that place. The meetings were crowded with earnest and anxious worshippers, and crowds flocked to Annan from the surrounding parishes to share in the blessing which was descending so copiously upon the people of that town. Says one account:—"Many, very many, after passing through a longer or shorter period of soul-conflict, gladly received the Word, and returned to their homes as in primitive times to tell what God had done for their souls, thereby widening and deepening the interest in the work, and prompting others to utter the earnest cry,

‘What must we do to be saved?’ insomuch that within less than a month the awakening might be said to have embraced the whole of the south of Scotland. All classes of persons, too, were brought under the blessed influence—the young and the old, church-goers and church-neglecters, masters and men, ladies and maids—all were equally stirred to the very depths of their nature, and were to be found sitting side by side in the inquiry meetings, directing, or being directed to ‘the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.’”

In no part of Scotland were these exhibitions of the power of Divine grace in the awakening and conversion of souls more striking than in the district about Dumfries. The following account was given in a public meeting by the Rev. Mr Machray, of that town :—

“On the 23d of April 1860, I began holding a series of meetings, which continued for ten days. In the afternoon a prayer-meeting was held, attended by between fifty and sixty persons, and in the evening the church was crowded to excess, so that I found the average numbers conversed with at these two meetings were eighty-nine persons, many of whom belonged to the Church of Scotland. Some of these people have since died, rejoicing in the prospect of passing into the presence of their God and Father. In the month of June I held another series of meetings, beginning on the 11th of the month, and we had at that time preaching in the open air, attended by between five hundred and six hundred persons. The number of persons converted was much larger than during the preceding movement, amounting to one hundred and eighty-eight, so that nearly three hundred persons were converted in connexion with the meetings of my own congregation. These persons, however, belonged to all the different denominations in the town.

“I think the work is fully deeper in some of the country districts than in Dumfries. I went, for example, to the parish

of Kirkmahoe, which is three or four miles from Dumfries. The church would seat, I dare say, between five hundred and six hundred persons, and was quite crowded. About two hundred persons remained to the inquiry meeting. I found, after conversing a little with the people, that no progress was made. Every word that was said to them seemed to have no effect, and we felt it high time to invoke God's blessing. After engaging in prayer, we recommenced the inquiry meeting; we were doing something, but not what ought to be done. A second and a third time we engaged in prayer, and after this every word seemed to be winged with the power of the Spirit of God. It is astonishing with what rapidity sometimes the work of conversion seems to be accomplished. You go up to a group of three or four individuals, and in ten or fifteen minutes one after another testifies that he has found rest in the Saviour. The work that evening was delightful; a considerable number were brought to a knowledge of the Gospel. In the parishes of Dalbeattie and Lochmaben, too, a great work has been going on."

The Rev. Mr Campbell gave the following interesting account of the revival at Lockerbie. A series of prayer-meetings were held, at which he was assisted by the Rev. Mr Monro and Mr M'Luckey. The first droppings of the shower came on the evening of Saturday, the 26th of January last. Next day, Sabbath, would long be a memorable one in Lockerbie. At the prayer-meeting held after the usual service, a young man from Annan related the particulars of his own case, and thus assisted greatly in removing the shyness which kept the people from expressing their feelings. About one hundred and twenty remained for inquiry. Next Monday night was always referred to in Lockerbie as the great night—the crisis-night of the movement. About three hundred anxious inquirers were present at the protracted meeting, many of them in deep distress. He had never before seen or heard such manifestations of mental

anguish. A group of about thirty young women was among the number, and their cries and sobbings were truly heartrending. He gave out for singing the 45th Psalm, and he did not think anything could have been better suited to their condition. As they sung it from beginning to end, they gradually became calm, and at the close many found peace in Jesus. It was a solemn week that in Lockerbie. In every house of the town there were some serious souls. Many anxious ones went about sleepless; in individual cases no sleep was obtained for three consecutive nights. Others spent hours among the deep woods and dells crying to God to have mercy upon them. During that week about one hundred persons found the Lord. The annual report of the Free Church of Lockerbie in 1861 says:—"Truly we may say, 'the parched ground has become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.' If great and extraordinary interest in Divine things—if an intense thirsting for the Word of God and for the ordinances of God's house—if deep, piercing conviction of sin—if weeping, and sobbing, and wailing on account of sin—if earnest cries to God for pity, for pardon, for mercy, for deliverance through Jesus Christ—if longing desires after Christ and His salvation—if earnest and prayerful efforts at closing with His invitations and offers—if joy and peace in believing—if deep contrition and brokenness of heart—if searching the Word of God diligently, and feeding upon it—if prayer—if zeal—if indignation against sin, and forsaking of it—if love to Christ, love to the brethren, and love to the souls of men—if these be scriptural marks and evidences of a true work of grace, as we are persuaded they are, then such a work we have had in the midst of us."

The labours of Mr Brownlow North, Mr Hammond, from the United States, and others, who devoted themselves to evangelistic work, were greatly blessed. Mr Hammond commenced his labours at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, a place which,

like the suburbs of all cities, was most difficult of cultivation. The mass of the people were living in neglect of the means of grace, and quite indifferent to religious things. But soon a new state of feeling sprang up. The meetings became full, and presently inquirers after Christ came in anxious crowds to hear the word of life. One important feature of the work at this as well as at other places was the deep hold which it took upon the hearts of children. Of this the Rev. W. L. Alexander, D.D., of Edinburgh, gave a very interesting account in an address before the Congregational Union of Scotland, at the anniversary meetings at Glasgow in May 1860, from which we make the following extract:—

“The first thing that struck me in going out to Musselburgh was the increased number of attendants. I went out upon a week evening, and preached in a place where I hardly ever saw a full house upon a Sabbath-day, and I found myself called upon to address a congregation that crowded the place from wall to wall, and even filled up the steps leading to the pulpit. It immediately satisfied my mind that some very great work was going on there. Another thing that struck me very much was the multitude of young persons—of children—who were in the meeting, and who seemed interested in the work that was going on then and there. I was struck further, after I had been preaching, on going into the vestry, with the number of young lads, ragged-looking collier lads, fisher lads, and that class of young men who, from my knowledge of Musselburgh, seemed to me really almost beyond the reach of evangelistic efforts—I had a sort of feeling that they were a hopeless class altogether. There they were, however, in the room, listening with the greatest attention. When I went in they were engaged in singing. After they were done singing, the whole company went down on their knees. One of the party engaged in prayer. I looked at the man. I know him well enough; I knew him of

old. He was a man who was pretty well known in the town as a very rough character indeed, and he still retains upon his outward appearance something of his original roughness. His prayer was very short ; I don't think it lasted for three minutes. It was the prayer of a man who had never been taught by any human being to pray. There was not a single expression in his prayer that we are accustomed to hear in prayers. He had evidently been taught by his own meditation, and by the Spirit of God, to pray. Some of his expressions were very striking. I do not know that I ever felt so touched by a prayer as I was by that, though it was so short and simple. It was very striking, coming from a person who had never learned to pray ; indeed, whose only approximation to a prayer before probably was taking his Maker's name in vain. Allow me to mention also what struck me very much—the work among the children. I confess I had something of the unbelieving state of mind upon that subject to which reference has been made. Having never come in contact myself with anything of the kind, I frankly confess I had not just the same cordial belief in the conversion of very young children as I have now. I happened, when I was out there one evening, to leave my great-coat in one of the small vestries, and feeling the night air a little chilly, I thought I would put it on. When I went to the vestry-door I found it bolted. I was going to retire, when the door opened, and a very little girl appeared. I asked if there was anybody in. She said, 'Yes, sir.' Whispering, I said, 'I was going in for my great-coat, but I will not disturb you ; but who is it?' She said, 'A whenen o' us lassies.' I said, 'I will not go in, then ; could you get me my coat?' She said, 'It's here, sir, but I canna get up to 't.' I was going away, when she said, 'You might come in.' So I went in, and there I found some six or eight—I forget exactly how many—little girls like herself upon their knees, and one of them was engaged in prayer when I

stepped in. Whether she had overheard us talking at the door, or supposed that some person had come in, I don't know, but her voice faltered, and she concluded very quickly. I hardly heard her; but immediately she had concluded, another girl began to pray without their rising from their knees, and a very simple, very child-like, but very beautiful prayer it was. I stood listening to that child's prayer, and the tears rushed down my cheeks as I listened; I could not help it, because I felt that I was reproved—that I had doubted the work of God in that particular, and now He had brought me face to face with the work itself. After she had concluded her little, short prayer, they rose up, and very abashed the poor little things looked when they saw I was standing in the midst of them. I began to talk to this little girl who had been engaged in prayer, and I said to her, after I had reassured her a little, 'Well, now, I heard you thanking God for pardoning your sins, and for the peace of mind you have; I suppose you feel that you have been converted?' And she said, 'Yes, sir,' with great quietness and great assurance of mind. I said, 'Now, how did that come to pass? you didn't always think of these things.' 'Oh, no!' she said, 'I never cared about these things at all.' 'Well,' I said, 'just tell me how it came to pass that you did come to care about them.' She said, 'I came to the meetings, and attended them for a while, but I did not care much about what was going on. One night I went with some others into a room. There were a good many women there, and some of them were greetin' about their sins; and a lady was present who spoke to them, and told them about their sins, and told them how they were to get pardon of their sins; and,' she added, in her simple sort of way, 'the thought just came into my mind that I was a sinner too.' I said, 'And did you go away with that thought?' 'Yes,' she replied. I said, 'Did that grieve you?' Looking up in my face with a most earnest and striking ex-

pression, she said, 'Eh, sir, I was in an awfu' way!' In this state she continued, she said, for a good while. I asked, 'How did you find peace of mind?' 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'it was something that Mr Hammond said when he was preaching.' I asked, 'What gave you peace of mind?' Turning on me again the same intense and earnest look, she exclaimed, 'Oh, there is nothing *can* give peace of mind to the sinner but the blood that was shed on Calvary.' Now I just put it to any experienced minister whether a statement like that does not shew that this child knows the way of salvation, and affords evidence of having experienced the grace of God in truth. For my own part, all my doubts and unbelieving suspicions were gone. I may just mention that, as this talk was going on, there was a little boy in the corner of the room—so little a fellow that he had just emerged from the condition of petticoats, and had not reached the dignity of a jacket, his whole costume being in one piece from his neck to his heels. He was standing in the corner of the room, and sobbing very hard. The only idea that came into my mind was that the little fellow was sleepy, and that he wanted to go away home, as it was now about ten o'clock. I said to one of the girls that he was wearied, and that some one had better take him home. She said, 'Oh, no, sir, he is not wearied; he is crying for his sins.' I went to the little fellow and spoke to him; however, he was really past speaking to. He was in a state of great distress, whatever was the cause. I said to one of the girls, 'Perhaps you could speak to him better than I could;' and she said to me, 'Well, yes, sir, I will speak to him, but he does not belong to this place.' I said, 'Indeed.' 'No,' she said, 'puir fallow, he has walked all the way frae Prestonpans to-night.' Now this was a dark wintry night, and yet this little creature had walked by himself about four miles to get to the meeting. I asked about him the last time I was out. This little girl told

me that she believed he was going on in the right way, but that he did not come to Musselburgh now, as there was a revival in Cockenzie in his own neighbourhood. This was a very striking instance to me, and I was struck also with the manifestation of a kindly interest in him on the part of his juvenile companions. I said, 'This poor little fellow cannot go home at this time of night.' 'Oh,' says one little girl, 'I'll no let him gang hame; I'll tak' him hame wi' me.' This struck me as like the time of the beginning of the Gospel at Jerusalem, when they had all things in common, and every man received into his house those from a distance who were converted to the truth. One servant girl went down from Edinburgh, and she got into conversation with one of those little girls, or the little girl got into conversation with her—I don't know which—and the little girl began to preach Christ to her as the Saviour of sinners, to the utter amazement and astonishment of this grown-up woman. She said to her, 'Lassie, where did you learn this?' After a little while, the little girl, to her still further astonishment, said, 'If you will kneel down, I will pray with you.' And, to use the woman's own words, 'she just drappit doun on her knees, and I couldna but gang doun too.' And the little girl prayed; and the woman, strongly moved, when they rose up, exclaimed, 'Lassie, wha ever learned you to pray?' The child's answer was, 'Nobody learned me; I think the Lord just pits 't into me.' That was the means of that woman's conversion; she is now one who gives evidence of being really converted."

Rev. Hamilton H. Macgill, Home Secretary of the United Presbyterian Church, in a communication published in the *Evangelical Christendom*, bears the following interesting and important testimony to the connexion between the revival and the prayers of God's people:—

"The invariable testimony of the brethren is that a spirit of

prayerfulness preceded the revival. In Burghhead, one of the fishing villages in the North, the first special fact noticed as preceding the revival was the following: that at a prayer-meeting, held in the house of a Christian woman, laid for the last thirty years on a bed of affliction, the burden of the prayers at her request was for the outpouring of the Spirit for the quickening of God's people, and the conversion of sinners. Ere long the careless fishing people were awakened, and many of them converted to the Lord; while the entire community, with few exceptions, was moved, and not a few, formerly without the pale of the Church, came forward to profess the faith. There have been cases in which nothing but almost total deadness existed before the blessing came, but in many places the preparation for the blessing was deep humiliation among the people of God, and much earnestness in crying for the descent of the Spirit. 'Where there were God's own faithful saints,' says Mr Gordon Forlong, 'I have generally seen a spirit of prayer combined with faithful testimony.' Another layman, like Mr Forlong, largely acquainted with the history of the revival, Mr Reginald Radcliffe, puts the single word *prayer* opposite the query about *preparation* as certainly the full and significant reply. In not a few places where the cause of vital Christianity has received the strongest impulse—in the village of Newland, for example, where, but for want of adequate accommodation, the Free and United Presbyterian congregations would have united in the celebration of the Lord's death—the work was preceded and accompanied by united prayer. The *Union Prayer-Meeting* is a name which has of late become significantly familiar in various towns and villages in which the blessing has come down. In Bervie, where many have derived permanent spiritual good; in Perth, where very many have been blessed, and around which, for many miles, the Rev. John Milne informs us, the country is on fire; and in Aberdeen, where

thousands have derived spiritual good, as well as in many other places, united prayer-meetings preceded and accompanied the blessing from on high.

“The religious awakening went with much power, as it has been expressed, ‘by the way of the sea.’ The fishing community have, more conspicuously than any other class, been brought under the power of the Gospel. In Eyemouth the entire aspect of the population has been changed; and many have been added unto the Lord, including not a few belonging to every class of the community. In Newhaven many have been received for the first time into the fellowship of the Church, where the careless have been overawed, and the entire church-going community refreshed, many of them led truly to give themselves to Christ. St Monance is an obscure village, from whose harbour scarce a fishing-boat set sail, during the revival, in which religion did not form the principal topic of conversation. Of Ferryport-on-Craig, one minister, speaking with caution, says:— ‘I would say thirty or forty connected with myself have derived spiritual benefit, with all of whom I have had many meetings, and not one of whom has caused the tongue of scandal to be raised against him.’ In Arbroath many of the factories, as well as the fishing population, have been blessed; and in two small fishing villages in the neighbourhood, with a population of one hundred and fifty families, about thirty persons, ranging from fifteen to seventy years of age, have, it is believed, given themselves to the Saviour, and are seeking to bring others to Him. In Montrose, not fishermen only, but persons of various ages and conditions, especially young women, mill-workers, household servants, and young men in the same position in society, to the number of five or six hundred, have experienced a marked spiritual change, not to speak of cases to which no publicity has been given. In Ferryden, near Montrose, with a seafaring community of about twelve hundred souls, it is be-

lieved that nearly one half have come under the power of the revival. In various towns and villages on the coast of Banff the awakening has not been less conspicuous."

The following facts, illustrating the immediate connexion between prayer and an answer, are related by Rev. William Wood of Campsie, Scotland:—

"I visited Ireland in September 1859, and at a place near Londonderry, preached on the Sabbath. At the close of the worship the minister of the place, without any previous knowledge on my part, stood up and proposed to his people specially to offer prayer for Campsie, at a meeting to be held half an hour before the usual time of evening worship. The church at that meeting was full, and, as tidings that followed me to Londonderry intimated, the people were persuaded that their prayers were heard. I had felt more than ordinarily drawn to pray for my own people that a revival might be vouchsafed to them, and came expecting to hear that a blessing had been granted. On reaching my own house on the Saturday immediately succeeding the Sabbath on which the above prayer-meeting had been held, I found that on that Sabbath evening, and within two hours after the prayer-meeting in Londonderry had been held, there had been a special manifestation of the Divine presence at a meeting for prayer in a school-room in Campsie."

In May 1861, Rev. Dr Wood, chairman of the Committee on Religion and Morals, made to the Free Church General Assembly the following report on the revival. —

"This is in some respects the most important and interesting report that was ever laid on the table of the General Assembly. If, as has been said, 'a living soul is of more value than a dead world,' what joy has there been in heaven over souls that have been made alive in Scotland since we met here a year ago! In consequence of instructions from last General Assembly, the Committee on Religion and Morals transmitted a circular to

every minister and probationer in a charge or station throughout the Free Church. In reply to that circular I have received one hundred and sixty-eight returns—one hundred and sixty-nine, for one has reached me since the Assembly met. These one hundred and sixty-eight returns are from sixty-six Presbyteries of the Church—all the Presbyteries except five. From some Presbyteries we have received only one return; from other Presbyteries we have received several. Of the one hundred and sixty-nine returns, eighty-six reported decided awakening and revival in the congregations of which they report. These eighty-six congregations are to be found in forty-two Presbyteries of the Church. Thus in forty-two Presbyteries we have reported decided awakening or revival; and in the other eighty-three congregations, which are to be found in twenty-four Presbyteries, we are gratified by being told that while there is no decided awakening or revival, there is, in almost every instance, without exception, increased attention to and interest in spiritual things. And it is important to bear in mind that, besides the returns we have received, we know that there are many congregations where there has been revival, though not reported to us. We have reason to know that while the returns we have received give a very pleasing idea of the state of religion throughout the country, they by no means give us an adequate knowledge of the state of religion. We find, indeed, that since the returns were sent in to me, awakening has taken place in a number of localities. Some of these returns were sent in two or three months ago; and I find that since then there has been a decided work of the Lord going on in those places, while at that time they were only able to report a considerable interest in religious things. For example, at Snizort, in Skye, Mr M'Leod, in the month of February, I think, reported everything cold, and no appearance of awakening. We had scarcely read his reply, when it pleased the Lord

to visit them with a remarkable awakening, which, I believe, still continues. In other parts of the country this same thing has taken place. You will observe that we have had returns from sixty-six Presbyteries, the whole number in the Church being seventy-one; five Presbyteries have not sent returns. It is very interesting to find that these reports are spread over the whole country, from Shetland to the Solway. The revival with which God has been pleased to bless us extends over the length and breadth of the land. Moderator, you and the fathers and the brethren around me are aware that in former times Scotland has been visited with revival and awakening, but I believe that on those occasions the revival and awakening was partial—confined to particular localities. We have heard of the great and deeply interesting revivals at Kilsyth, Dundee, and Moulin, and in the West Highlands; but these, as I understand it, were confined to certain localities. It seems a blessed characteristic of the revival in our times that it is wide-spread. We trust that through God's sovereign grace it will yet prevail over the whole of Scotland. The indications in the reports that I have are exceedingly cheering; even where no revival is reported, it is reported that there is much prayer, much earnest listening to the Word of God, much earnest expectation and desire for the blessing; and I find that these things, in almost every instance, have preceded the awakening; and I scarcely know of any instance where the awakening has not been preceded by this spirit of prayer and expectation. Thus the revival has affected all classes and all denominations. The reports I have received do not allude particularly to what has been done in other denominations than the Free Church, but we know that this blessed awakening has affected many in other denominations.

“There seems in many—almost every instance—to have been a preparatory work. In our own Church we have been looking for many years past for such a revival. Many now present

must remember our exercises in the Music Hall, before we had the privilege of meeting where we are now assembled. They must recollect the earnest prayers for revival that were then offered up in conference and addresses connected with revival. Then, in many of our congregations, there was a gradual increase of the spirit of prayer and increased expectation of revival, which was quickened when we had tidings of the Lord's great work in America and in Ireland. These tidings both excited gratitude to God and raised expectation that He would not pass us by; and when we used the scriptural means for obtaining the blessing, they were blessed to us by God. There was increased attention to the preaching of the Word, increased attendance at prayer-meetings, and an increase in the exercise of prayer in our social circles, in our families, and in secret; and when the Lord had thus prepared us for receiving the blessing, it pleased Him to pour it out very remarkably and very abundantly. I cannot help observing that one great means of awakening seems to have been the communication of intelligence of what the Lord had done in other places. I find in almost all the reports that this was done with the most blessed results. The information interested the people, and brought the thing home to them; they felt it was a reality; it excited a desire to partake of the benefit, and led them to use the means God has appointed for obtaining the benefit. I believe we can scarcely ascribe too much influence to the communication of religious intelligence in England about the results in which we this day rejoice.

“The revival throughout the country began in every variety of way, and through every variety of instrumentality: one time under the quiet ministrations of the stated pastor; sometimes through the visit of a stranger from a distance—some quite unknown man, it might be; sometimes one of those men whom the Lord seems to have raised up in our day for doing Him good service in His Church; sometimes it was a convert who

went and told his simple story of the Lord's goodness to him ; sometimes it was a company of fishermen, in the way of their profession, going to a different part of the coast, and carrying to their friends their tidings of what the Lord had done for them. I find in many of the returns mention made of such men as North, Grant, Radcliffe, Hammond, Forlong, and Weaver. God seems to have honoured the labours of these men in a marvellous way. At the same time, we are to bear in mind that they were but instruments, the excellency of the power resting with God ; and we find abundant evidence that He can use the weakest means in carrying conviction to the hearts of sinners."

Perhaps in no part of the world have the effects of the revival and the actual visitation of the Spirit been more permanent than in Scotland. The revival spirit has pervaded many portions of that land, and corresponding fruit has been exhibited even to the present time. Wherever the spirit of prayer has been preserved, there God has been present by the awakening and converting influences of His grace, accompanying the faithful labours of His people. The work, too, has been extending, and so late as the present year (1863) we have the following intelligence from the remote parts of Scotland :—

From the far north, in the Shetland Isles, a Free Church minister writes :—"Very pressingly would I urge that you would send us at once at least two evangelists. Dr C— and Mr F— have been labouring for some weeks, and have been largely blessed. From all the isles there is a cry." And again, in another letter, he says (18th January 1863) :—"The district in which I minister is startled from end to end. The Lord has graciously visited us ; troubled hearts abound ; dumb lips have been opened to encourage us."

In the fishing villages along the coasts of Moray and Banff a remarkable revival had just taken place, and whole villages have been awakened.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REVIVAL IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE great revival which swept over the north of Ireland in 1859, and which pervaded the south and west of Scotland during the two following years, although visiting some portions of England, did not become so general here. Some of the towns in the north and interior of England were visited with special effusions of the Holy Spirit, many of the churches being refreshed with the gracious shower, and numbers being converted to Christ; but there was no such extended and overwhelming outpouring as in the other parts of the kingdom which have been mentioned. The city of London shared in the blessing which came upon the other portions of the vineyard. Many of the ministers of the metropolis, and great numbers of Christian laymen of various denominations, visited Ireland while the revival there was going on with greatest power, and they returned not only to tell of what they had seen and felt, but to communicate the sacred influence to others with whom they came in contact. In this way, as well as by a growing principle of piety and activity, the Christians of London were led to devise ways and means of reaching the vast population of that great city who were living outside of the circle of religious influences. Meetings for prayer and Christian instruction were greatly increased; the various classes of the previously neglected were reached by specific efforts designed for their benefit; theatres and public halls were opened on Sundays for public

services, many of the most eminent preachers taking part in these meetings, and bishops of the Established Church, with their clergy, freely labouring in this way for the salvation of men. There was thus literally a genuine revival in London, which has been permanent in its results, the same special efforts being continued to this day. But there has not been at any time such a manifestation of the presence and power of the Spirit in the conversion of souls as has been witnessed in other places.

Wales, on the other hand, has experienced some of the most wonderful displays of God's grace that have been witnessed in these latter days, and nowhere has the availing power of "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous" been more marvelously illustrated. The work, indeed, commenced about the same time as in Ireland, although, owing to the diversity of the language, and the comparatively little intercourse ordinarily carried on with this part of Great Britain, there were fewer visitors, and much less was known of what was there transpiring. Revivals were enjoyed in some localities in 1858, and in 1859 the same wonderful scenes were transpiring as in Ireland. It was not until the commencement of the year 1860 that the facts became generally known. During the first year of the revival the number of converts to the various denominations of orthodox Christians was estimated at from thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand. It is known, from reliable sources, that twenty-five thousand were added to the Welsh Calvinistic churches.

The following facts are taken almost exclusively from a history of the revival in Wales, by the Rev. John Venn, vicar of St Peter's, Hereford:—

"As far as South Wales is concerned, the revival commenced on or near the banks of the Ystwyth in Cardiganshire. The places named as having first manifested a more than ordinary

concern for religion are Tre'r-ddal, Ysppyty, Ystum-tyhen, Cwmystwyth, and some other localities in the same remote region. It is said that the work commenced chiefly by the instrumentality of Humphrey Jones and David Morgan—the former a preacher among the Wesleyans, and the latter among the Calvinistic Methodists. Mr Jones had emigrated to the United States, and having witnessed much of the revival work in that country, he was now anxious, on his return to his native place, to witness a similar outpouring of God's Holy Spirit there. We are told that he addressed his discourses to professing Christians, chiefly with a view to rouse them to greater life and activity, maintaining, it is presumed, that an *awakened Church* is to be the principal instrument in converting the world. It is said that the first intercourse between these two men was most solemn. Being engaged in the same work, they interchanged views and feelings very freely. Mr Jones spoke to Mr Morgan very strongly on the state of religion in the country; the deadness of the churches, and the necessity of more earnest prayer. The character of the ministry was dwelt upon; that the Gospel should be preached with more directness and energy, to be followed up by personal labours among the people.

“Mr Morgan was at first prejudiced against Mr Jones' proceedings; but what he said to him had such a powerful effect upon his mind that he could get no sleep for several nights, but continued in earnest prayer for the guidance of the Spirit. Mr Morgan went again to see Mr Jones, and said, ‘We cannot do much harm by keeping prayer-meetings, and trying to rouse the country, even if there be nothing but man in it after all.’ ‘You cannot do any harm,’ Mr Jones replied; ‘and if you try it, you will not be long before God will be with you.’ The next Sabbath-day Mr Morgan heard Mr Jones preach from ‘Woe to them that are at ease in Zion;’ and this sermon took so strong a hold of Mr Morgan's mind that he was at once aroused to

the work. A person who was present at this service writes :—
‘There was no visible effect during the preaching of this sermon; and in the society afterward, Mr Jones said he had found it very hard to preach. One of the elders got up and said it was a very difficult thing for a man to say “Amen” under a ministry which he felt condemning him; and as he said these words he sat down as if fainting away. At this moment there was something (I cannot say what it was, but that it was *something* that neither I nor any one else present had ever felt before) went through the whole congregation, until every one put down his head and wept! The following week the two churches, Wesleyan and Calvinistic Methodists, united to keep prayer-meetings every night alternately, and we soon had a proof that the Lord was willing to accept our offerings, for there was a sweet-smelling savour accompanying them. Old backsliders began to return. Men came in crowds from the mountains, and all the country round, to our meetings, until we were afraid the chapel would come down—men who were never seen in any place of worship, except in church at a christening or a funeral, and who knew nothing of worshipping God.’”

Mr Morgan was by this time full of the spirit of revival, and was fully occupied during the day, as well as every evening, in holding prayer-meetings and conversing with inquirers. He was sent for to all the churches round, and wherever he went the Spirit was poured out, and scores of people came forward to seek a place in the house of God.

Similar causes produced similar effects, and the revival made rapid progress. Other ministers entered the great field, baptized with the same spirit of earnestness and zeal for the Master's glory and the salvation of souls. The “spirit of grace and supplication” was given to the churches, a revival in itself, and the means of procuring still greater blessings. The awakening influences at length reached the towns of Aberystwyth, Aber-

ayron, Tregaron, and almost every district in the upper and middle parts of Cardiganshire. The celebrated Llangeitho, the ancient Zion, the scene of Daniel Rowland's devoted labours for more than forty years, was also visited with that revival power which on many former occasions had distinguished the place. The lower portions of the county, containing large and influential congregations, were also roused, and scenes of extraordinary interest were witnessed in many places. The fire was kindled, and the flame burst forth in the adjacent counties. "In Merionethshire there is a glorious work in progress. Bala, so long honoured and blessed by the labours of the apostolic Charles, is the scene of a powerful revival. At Dolgelly, and throughout the whole country lying between the Rivers Dovey and Mowddy; from Barmouth, along the sea-coast till we come to Harlech and Talsarnau; from thence to Maentwrog, Festiniog, and the quarry regions beyond, the mighty movement is felt. The counties of Carmarthen, Pembroke, Glamorgan, Brecknock, Radnor, and the Welsh parts of Monmouth, though not so deeply and thoroughly roused, have not been left unvisited. A prayerful spirit is general, and conversions in some places are very numerous. Indeed, in some districts of the counties here enumerated there are awakenings as powerful and as productive of good as we find in the most highly favoured districts. The same description applies to Montgomeryshire. Large portions of Flintshire and Denbighshire are stirred to their depth, and every week brings interesting reports of fresh movements in other towns and villages. Glorious tidings reach us from Carnarvonshire. The towns of Carnarvon, Bangor, Pwllheli, Portmadoc, Tremadoc, Conway, and Llandudno, are awakened to a blessed extent. The chief work, however, is in the vast slate quarries, among the thousands who toil in the great excavations and caverns made by their own hard hands and strong arms. From Bethgelert to Waenfawr, Llanberis,

Dinorwie, Pentir, Bethesda, Capel Curig, Bettws-y-coed, and Dolyddelen — the villages which surround Snowdonia — the revival has already spread. Like a belt of fire, it encircles the mighty mountains, and whatever *natural* ice and snow may be found on any of their high peaks or in their craggy recesses, there is but little *moral* ice now left which has not felt, in some degree, the melting power of this gracious influence. In the county of Anglesea, from Menai Bridge to Holyhead, from Newborough to Amlwch, from Linas Point to Llandona Head, along that coast rendered so sadly memorable by the wreck of the *Royal Charter*, the revival spirit is felt, and a great moral revolution is now being effected in the hearts and lives of many of its inhabitants. Little did those numerous Christian travellers know when they passed through this county on their way to Ireland during the summer and autumn of 1859, to witness the operations of God's Holy Spirit in Ulster, that on either side of the line along which they were passing there were equal wonders of grace and mercy being wrought by the influences of the self-same Spirit. But, even had they known it, the difference of language would have presented an insurmountable barrier in the way of free intercourse with the people."

Rev. William Griffiths writes from Llanharan, February 10, 1860:—

"At our annual Assembly, held at Aberdare in June 1858, it was proposed and unanimously resolved that the first Sunday in the following August should be set apart by all the churches and congregations of our Association in the four counties—viz., Glamorgan, Monmouth, Brecknock, and Radnor—to pray unitedly and earnestly for the outpouring of God's Spirit. I went home, and stated the resolution to my people, and some unusual feelings thrilled through the minds of all present. When the stated Sabbath arrived, we were blessed with remarkable earnestness at the throne of grace for the

descent of the Holy Spirit to revive the Church and convert the world. Ever since that memorable Sabbath, the prayer-meetings presented a new aspect; they gradually increased in warmth and number during the following months. This continued to February last, when it pleased Jehovah to pour down His Spirit from on high, as on the day of Pentecost. Then anxious inquirers came forward in dozens, some under strong mental emotions, perceiving their lost state as sinners; and shortly they received relief to their minds by exercising faith in the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. At this period it was advisable to publish prayer-meetings daily, and the attendance constantly increased for months, and continues doing so to the present time. Our chapels and other places of worship are overcrowded. At the close of each meeting we announced a society (church) meeting, and new converts came forward daily. The number of these at present in our churches amounts to several hundreds. The churches are generally doubled in number, and new inquirers are continually coming forward. The heavenly fire still continues to burn, and the flames have spread throughout the county at large. All religious denominations are cordially united in social prayer-meetings, and the descent of Divine influence among us is evident. The writer of these lines (to God be the praise) has had the great honour of giving the right hand of fellowship to more than six hundred and fifty new candidates for membership in our churches in this district since February last, and that in a comparatively small circle too."

On the 2d of November 1859, the Rev. D. Edwards, rector of Festiniog and Maentwrog, thus writes:—

"About three weeks ago a few young men from Bettws-y-coed came to work in the Festiniog slate-quarries. They were in deep concern about the state of their souls. They came on

Monday morning, and their deep distress was observed by several of the quarrymen. They followed their work in this state of mind, occasionally weeping on account of their lost condition as guilty sinners before God. After dinner, the following day, they were observed by some working people making their way to the top of the hill. Immediately they were followed by all the workmen in that quarry, being about five hundred in number. They halted on the summit of the mountain, and on that spot, under the broad canopy of heaven, they held a prayer-meeting. While they prayed, the Holy Spirit was poured out upon them most abundantly. Nearly all present wept and sobbed aloud. On the same evening they met at their respective places of worship to hold a prayer-meeting. On the following day they met again on the mountain, leaving their work unheeded, for by this time the people were in a state of great religious excitement. They met every night during that week at their several places of worship, to offer up prayer to Almighty God. The rocks seemed to re-echo the voice of prayer and praise. On the following Saturday, those who lived at a distance went to their homes, carrying with them the newly-kindled revival fire, and on the morrow the surrounding churches and chapels were in a blaze. Our people met at Maentwrog to hold a Saturday evening prayer-meeting. I attended it, and, witnessing the effects already produced upon those who were present, it was announced that another prayer-meeting would be held next morning at eight o'clock. Such a prayer-meeting I never attended. The most ungodly persons present were overwhelmed. We prayed and wept, wept and prayed, until nature was exhausted. Instead of the Sunday-school, as usual, in the afternoon, we met to pray again; but in the interval, at noon, all the congregations, church and chapel, met on the brow of a hill above the village *to pray*. It was

indeed a glorious meeting while it lasted, which was about one hour and a half, when the rain came down in torrents and dispersed us."

The following letter is from the Rev. R. Killin, incumbent of St David's, Festiniog, dated February 14, 1860 :—

"In order to give you a correct idea of the work, I must lead you back to the beginning of the year 1859. Hearing at that time of what was taking place in America, South Wales, and Ireland, weekly prayer-meetings were held for the outpouring of the Spirit upon us in this neighbourhood. These have continued to the present time. They have been well attended from the beginning, and a blessing seems to rest upon them. Indeed, a deep feeling seemed to pervade the whole neighbourhood during last winter and the following spring, until the general elections took place in May, which dried up our spirits for a time, though we continued our meetings. On the 7th of September the annual services took place at my church. The effect produced upon the overcrowded congregations assembled together was very solemn and affecting; many were in tears, being unable to restrain their feelings, and I believe that indelible impressions were made on many a careless soul. Between the 7th of September and the 10th of October, when the revival broke out like a torrent which carried everything before it, the deepest feeling was manifested in my congregations; many were bathed in tears every Sunday, and as many as fifteen persons joined the church as communicants. I ought to have mentioned that prayer-meetings were held in some of the quarries twice a week, during the dinner-hour, last summer and autumn, at one of which, held on the 4th of October, I had the pleasure to assist, accompanied by the rector of Festiniog. The following Sunday was a memorable day here, in many respects. A large open-air prayer-meeting was held in one of the quarries, which deeply affected many. Some young people

broke out rejoicing, in a prayer-meeting held among themselves in one of the chapels. There was an unusual solemnity of feeling in church, and some of my people assembled in a cottage afterward, and held a prayer-meeting, which continued until midnight. The week following will be remembered as long as we live; three prayer-meetings were held on a mountain, on successive days, at which the quarrymen attended; and prayer-meetings were held in every place of worship every night in the week, when scores of people joined the different denominations of Christians. I never heard such prayers before, although I have been accustomed to prayer-meetings from my early days, under Archdeacon Hughes of Aberystwyth. The earnestness, humility, sense of their own weakness, the clear perception of Christ as their only refuge, and of the Spirit's influence as their support, guide, and consolation, is beyond anything I ever witnessed before."

The Rev. Mr Griffiths of Bethel, in Carnarvonshire, writes as follows:—

"The first place in which this wonderful religious movement developed itself in this part of the country is a populous neighbourhood, about three or four miles eastward of Carnarvon, generally called *Waunfawr*. The people of God among the Independents and Calvinistic Methodists were eminently blessed with the 'spirit of grace and supplication.' Deep seriousness regarding Divine things seemed to pervade all minds. As a consequence, many were turned to the Lord. Cases of most marvellous conversions continually took place. In the course of a few weeks, about one hundred and twenty new members were added to the Calvinistic Methodists' Church in the neighbourhood, and upwards of fifty to that of our own. A few weeks ago the revival fire broke forth with marvellous power in the picturesque village of Cwmyglo, a place not far distant from the Dinorwic slate-quarries. Soon after this the whole sur-

rounding country was in a blaze. Scenes resembling those which occurred on the day of Pentecost were to be witnessed on every hand. Hundreds were pricked in their heart, and cried out in deep agony, as of old, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' The Lord pours forth His Spirit with an abundance of grace far exceeding our highest expectations. A spirit of prayer has possessed the Lord's people which is really wonderful to behold. Our prayer-meetings have become exceedingly popular, and often there is an influence at work which cannot be gainsaid or withstood. The most contrite feelings are made manifest, while some of the most unlikely characters are melted down, and feel constrained to cry aloud for mercy. Our religious meetings now often continue till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and scores of people retire from them to weep and to pray till the sun of another day dawns upon them. During the silent watches of the night the rocks of our country are to be heard resounding to the voice of prayer and praise, and our majestic mountains testify to the greatness of the work that is being carried on among us."

A correspondent in the *Welsh Standard*, or *Baner Cymru*, thus refers to the movement in this district:—

"I rejoice in being able to inform your numerous readers that a most powerful revival has just broken out in Bethesda and the various chapels adjacent thereto. On Saturday, September 3, prayer-meetings were held at two and six o'clock in the evening, and most remarkable meetings they were. God was truly among us. We have felt the Spirit of God at such meetings before, but nothing to what we experienced in these wonderful gatherings. After the meetings had passed away, loud praises were heard in the surrounding fields till midnight—one of the most wonderful things we ever witnessed. Besides the lateness of the hour, it rained heavily; still, hundreds of people ran to the place whence issued this unwonted sound.

It was found that several of those recently converted had retired to a field in the vicinity of Bethesda, and that, being overpowered by the Spirit of God, they poured out their hearts joyfully before the throne of divine grace. Some wept; others shouted, 'Blessed be the name of God for thus remembering us in mercy.' Others cried, 'O Lord, save! appear among us as a Saviour to-morrow; an infinite ransom has been found!' Others expressed thanks because God had saved them from the second death. Others, again, repeated some of the most exciting passages of Holy Writ, such as, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people;' 'O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.' Before long hundreds had assembled there, and the Spirit of God descended upon them in a wondrous manner, till all testified that God really was in that place. In the present movement we have been greatly struck by the fact that so much of the spirit of prayer has possessed the Lord's people. They draw the heaven of heavens, as it were, into every prayer-meeting; hence such congregations as were never before seen are brought together on these occasions."

A Welsh paper has the following account of a very remarkable prayer-meeting on a mountain:—

"A prayer-meeting was held on the 12th of July 1859, on a mountain called Frongoch, near the mine works of Frongoch, about two miles north of Ysbytty Ystwyth, in the county of Cardigan, about eight miles from Aberystwyth. It was held in the open air on a high mountain. The masters of the mine works gave orders that, on account of the meeting, no work should be done on that day, and they themselves attended. It was the most wonderful prayer-meeting that I ever witnessed. There were some of every denomination present, and two languages were used. The number of those assembled was more

than three thousand. At the meeting at ten o'clock nine prayed, and short addresses were given at intervals. Three prayed in succession, two Welshmen and an Englishman between them, and then a verse of a hymn was sung. The vast assembly all knelt at prayer, and I saw two or three on their knees who, I feel assured, had never been seen before on their knees in prayer; but they knelt down on that day. Heaven poured down its blessings in a powerful and irresistible manner, so that scores were praying, and hundreds were weeping and crying out, 'Praised be God.' The chief subjects in the prayers were a thanksgiving for that great and unparalleled visitation granted us by God, manifested in the conversion of so many thousands in our country, together with a prayer that He would go on to save the world, a supplication for natural rain for the earth, and for the restoration of peace in Italy. At two o'clock thirteen prayed, and short addresses were delivered between the prayers; the whole was finished in two hours, and all returned home. At seven all went to their separate chapels in the neighbourhood, and the holy fire was carried home in their bosoms by many."

The Rev. Griffith Davies of Aberystwyth communicates the following facts:—"At a prayer-meeting held in the Sunday-school room, Skinner Street, in this town, a man engaged in prayer who had been, previous to his conversion, one of the most notoriously wicked characters in the town. The entire congregation was moved by this prayer, and the feelings of all were greatly excited. Suddenly a man was heard exclaiming, 'What is the matter with me?' and in an instant he fell to the ground. It seemed as if he had been prostrated by a sunstroke. The fall of the persecutor of Tarsus could scarcely have been more sudden. This man was a most abandoned, openly profane sinner, a drunkard, swearer, and cruel husband. He was also an infidel in opinion as well as in practice. He was, neverthe-

less, an intelligent man, beyond most of his own class. It is to be remarked that he had been for years the chief companion of the man who had engaged in prayer at this meeting. Behold, then, the blasphemer, the sceptic, the drunkard, convinced of his sins while listening to the prayer of his former companion in wickedness! He has been ever since *another* man, and I believe I may say a *new* man. He is the reverse of everything he was before. For some weeks he appeared as if he would lose his reason in consequence of the strength of his convictions, but at length he found salvation in Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

“I have known several examples of conversion in answer to prayer. In the neighbourhood of B. there lived a young man who had been very ungodly, but who, after his own conversion, was very anxious for the salvation of his sister. At the close of the Sunday-school he prayed specially for his own beloved sister. She seemed indifferent and hardened, and instead of going to the chapel or to the school, she cast herself on her bed, and was fast asleep at the time when her brother prayed for her. She said afterward that in her sleep she dreamed that her brother was praying for her at the time. This dream made an impression upon her. She became serious, and at the service of that evening she was further impressed, and to such a degree that, like her brother, she is now a humble but zealous follower of the Lord Jesus.”

The following facts are from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Rees, of Beaufort :—“At a prayer-meeting in the Independent Chapel, on Monday evening, the 12th instant, the attendance being unusually large, a person, who had been a member of the Church for nearly twenty years, was requested to engage in prayer. Having uttered a few sentences, he began to pray for the conversion of his aged father in a most pathetic manner. His feelings soon overpowered him, and in an instant the whole

congregation were so affected that many sobbed aloud. When the excitement had in some measure subsided, the minister requested those of the hearers who had a desire to join the church to remain behind. Thirteen did so, and among them was the father of this man. The gray-headed sinner came weeping to the communion-table to be spoken to.

“Some time ago, in the neighbourhood of Swansea, a dissolute young man, the eldest son of a widow, was one Sabbath evening on the roadside, waiting for his wicked companions. A good man on his way to chapel invited him to go with him to the house of God, which he very reluctantly did, and it pleased the Lord by His Spirit to touch his heart. His mother was surprised to see him returning home so early, but in a few minutes a younger brother remarked, ‘We have had a strange meeting to-night. Every one was weeping there, and my brother Daniel wept also.’ We will not attempt to describe the feelings of the mother on hearing of so marvellous and unexpected a change in her wild and undutiful son. The young man has since that period led a new life.

“Two men lately were returning home from a beer-shop at a very late hour. One of them said to the other, ‘When I get into the house to-night my wife will scold me dreadfully.’ ‘Oh,’ said his companion, ‘I shall have something ten times more intolerable than scolding. My wife is always quiet, but she weeps and speaks to me about my soul; and her words are burning like fire in my conscience.’ Having reached his house, his wife, as he expected, met him at the door, weeping. He retired to his bed immediately and slept, but his pious wife could not sleep. She wrestled with her God for hours on his behalf. About three o’clock in the morning he awoke, and saw her standing at the bedside, and wetting his face and pillow with her warm tears. ‘Margaret,’ said he, ‘what is the matter with you?’ She replied, ‘The thought that my dear husband is

an enemy to my beloved Saviour, and that he is likely to have his eternal portion with damned spirits, almost breaks my heart.' This was too much for him; he rose and knelt by his wife, and prayed for mercy. They are now a happy couple, rejoicing in the hope of dwelling together for ever in heaven.

"At a village in North Wales there was a young man, who, though young, had become so hardened as to laugh at the tears and prayers of his pious mother. One evening in the first week of last month, he stood outside the windows of the village chapel to mock the good people who were holding a prayer-meeting there. An elderly woman, seeing him, rebuked him, but his insolent reply was, 'Go you and serve your Master, and let me alone to serve mine.' A few minutes after he was found lying in the road, with his face to the ground. A person, happening to pass, raised him up, and, having recognised him, inquired what ailed him. 'I do not know,' said he, 'unless God is about to kill me; I am very ill.' His sickness, however, was 'not unto death,' but for the glory of God. He was taken home and laid on the bed. For some days he suffered the most mental agony, but at length found peace in believing; and this mocker is now one of the most earnest men of prayer in the village."

We make the following further quotation from the history of the revival in Wales, by Rev. John Venn, as having an important bearing upon the special object of the present volume, to encourage the people of God to persevere in prayer:—

"Without disparaging the pulpit, or in any way degrading the offices instituted by Christ in His Church, it must strike all that *prayer*, oral, united prayer, has been greatly honoured of God as a means of commencing and extending the present movement. The exact *place* of prayer in the great machinery of moral means has been better understood, and the belief in its efficacy has been more fully acted upon now than at any former time."

A correspondent says :—" We expected that the great outpouring of the Spirit would come by means of preaching. It was so in former days—it may be so again—and is so now, to some extent. Thank God, the ministry has not lost its power ; but still, it is quite clear that the Holy Spirit's influence, at the present time, is communicated by means of prayer. Having heard from the pulpit of the ' unsearchable riches of Christ,' we desire to receive them, and this has led us to our knees, to seek and to enjoy. What a traffic there is between heaven and earth ; prayers ascend, and the blessings descend in great abundance !"

Another correspondent, near Bangor, says :—" In several of the chapels prayer-meetings are held at five o'clock in the morning, and again in the quarries during the dinner hour, besides the meeting for prayer held every night. It is as if the whole day and the whole week were one uninterrupted Sabbath. It would be almost impossible for men in the present state to enjoy more communion with God. The house of clay can hardly stand more. I know many young persons and others who have spent whole nights in prayer, in the out-houses, barns, and woods, even when the cold weather has set in. They seem to forget that they are in the flesh."

" I am persuaded that the means blessed of God to create and carry on the revival in *most* places, if not in ALL, is PRAYER. You can trace its origin and progress, in every locality, to prayer, especially the prayers of the new converts, after they have commenced their career. The broken sentences coming from the hearts of those under conviction, and the simple, child-like prayers of young believers, tell most powerfully on all present. Be they converted or unconverted, they cannot help being moved to tears ; to the former they are tears of joy, to the latter they are tears produced by a sense of danger."—*Rev. D. Edwards.*

" I cannot say that any indications of a revival could be

observed *here* previous to the very day on which it took place. Our denomination throughout South Wales devoted, however, the first Sabbath of last August to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. *There was no preaching.* PRAYER ONLY. I believe there has been more praying for this great blessing ever since. At all events, the Lord is now doing great things by means of prayer-meetings."—*Rev. E. Jones, Crug-y-bar.*

"Prayer-meetings have been the principal means with us of awakening the churches. In many places union prayer-meetings have been very useful in drawing the public mind toward the great question of salvation. I have been endeavouring for some time to induce all the congregation, the irreligious as well as the religious portion, to attend the prayer-meetings. In order to this, we have held a prayer-meeting for many weeks past, immediately before the Sabbath evening service, commencing at half-past five o'clock. By this arrangement we have succeeded in having all the congregation some time to attend the prayer-meetings, and great good has been the result. Prayer-meetings have been held on the Sabbath, sometimes without preaching, and have been highly useful, when the people were in some measure prepared for them. In most places prayer-meetings have been held for weeks together; and in no instance have such means been persevered in, in the right spirit, without a signal proof of the Divine approbation. But, to keep up the interest of the people in such protracted meetings, much depends on their conductors—they must be full of the spirit of prayer themselves. Prayer, faith in God's word, singleness of purpose, earnestness, and perseverance, never fail of their object at a throne of grace; God may be nearer to us than we sometimes dare believe."—*Rev. W. Evans, Aberayron.*

CHAPTER XX.

REVIVALS IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE year 1859, so memorable in the history of the Churches of Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales, was also signalised by the commencement of a work of grace in France in the fall of that year. The *Archives du Christianisme*, the oldest religious paper in France, edited by Rev. Dr Frederick Monod, contained the following intelligence:—

“It is with deep emotion that, under the head ‘DOMESTIC,’ we for the first time write the words ‘*Religious Revival.*’ We know that there have been some manifestations of an awakening in several places, but we had hitherto received no direct intelligence on the subject, and in such matters we are unwilling to speak from hearsay. Here, at last, is an abstract from a letter written by a Christian entitled to all confidence, who was himself a witness of and a partaker in the scenes that he relates. His testimony is entirely trustworthy. We suppress the names of places and persons. We pray God that this blessed experience of the power of prayer may not be lost among us, but that it may prove the first fruits of an abundant harvest. The Lord, in order to grant it, is only waiting for the prayers of faith. There is neither in the Word nor in the providence of God anything that can stand in the way of our obtaining for our France an outpouring of the Spirit like unto that which for the last two years has been reviving the churches of God in the United States. The obstacles are only in ourselves. It is need-

less to add, that our columns are open to all authentic communications of the same nature that may be transmitted to us. It is by the publication of the great things that the Lord is doing that hearts will be warmed to wish for, and faith stirred up to pray for a share of the same blessings. Here is our abstract:—

“The Lord is now beginning a reviving work of grace among my people. On our communion Sabbath in September, a few friends, to whom I had been reading the American work on the “Power of Prayer,” asked me whether I would open my house every evening for a prayer-meeting. I heartily consented. We began that very night. There were six of us—all men. The first week our number did not increase. Nothing occurred worthy of special notice, only we were greatly refreshed and strengthened in our souls. The second week a schoolmistress and three young ladies expressed a wish to join with us. We prayed for them, and during one of our meetings their hearts were melted under the power of the Holy Spirit; they shed many tears, confessed their sins, and a few days afterward found peace. It was a moment of such solemnity as I had never known before.

“From that time the impulse was given; our faith in the power of prayer was strengthened, and we lived a new life. Backsliding souls came among us and were restored to their first love and their first joy. All the persons for whom we prayed received a blessing. What we have asked the Lord to give He has given. Wednesday last, especially, has been a day of rich blessing; three persons asked an interest in our prayers. Among them was a woman, a very devil, a plague to her family, the chief promoter of all worldliness in our village, turning her house into a dancing saloon. That woman asked for our prayers. We must confess that, at the first moment, our faith failed. I, most of all, was staggered. However, I took courage. I told the persons that were met together for prayer—about twenty

in number—that upon the issue of the struggle upon which we were about to enter depended the whole course of the revival which was just beginning in the midst of us; that, if we were conquered, our faith would be broken, and it would be all over with us. I reminded them of the Saviour's promise:—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, that will I do." We cried to the Lord in great anguish. After two hours of wrestling, we were all broken down; but we had conquered. The poor sinner opened her mouth to cry for mercy. The next day, the first thing she did was to run to her husband to tell him of the great things the Lord had done for her. To one of our friends she said, yesterday, while holding her hand, Yes, I am the Lord's; I am entirely His; I am His for ever."

"It is not necessary," writes a friend, "to go to America or to Ireland to behold the wonderful effects of the grace of God; all that is necessary is to pray with faith in the name of Jesus."

Subsequently the *Archives du Christianisme* contained the following information respecting a remarkable religious awakening in Paris in connexion with the visit and labours of Mr Reginald Radcliffe, an English layman:—

"On Wednesday evening, 17th April, Mr Radcliffe arrived, accompanied by a brother in the faith, ten years younger than himself, a barrister, who was converted about eighteen months ago—Mr T. Shulldham Henry—who is associated with his friend in his spontaneous mission. On Thursday morning, at the Cirque Napoleon, Mr Radcliffe was one of the speakers who addressed good words to three thousand children, who, with their relations, crowded that vast enclosure. Neither Mr Radcliffe nor Mr Henry speaks our language, and all that they said in public had to be interpreted. The first assemblies have been almost exclusively English, but the number of French auditors has augmented so rapidly that they have become almost exclusively French by means of interpreters.

“Here is the general mode of conducting these reunions:— They sing three or four verses of a sacred hymn, followed by several prayers, very short, offered up spontaneously by those of the brethren who feel disposed, and who present to God requests for prayer put in in writing or made verbally. Then Mr Radcliffe gives an address on some portion of Holy Scripture, which supplies the foundation and the starting-point of what he proceeds to say. He commences habitually by addressing himself briefly to converted souls, and his ordinary theme is, ‘God loved you first; He has given you salvation in Jesus Christ; love God; be holy; love each other.’ Then, after further prayers and a hymn, he addresses himself, always briefly, to the unconverted, and with remarkable directness and force, above all, with a great power of faith and love. He declares to them all the hatred of God toward their sins, and all the love of God for themselves, shewing them, in the bloody cross of Christ, the reconciliation of that wrath and that love, and urging them to believe *now*, without delay, in Jesus Christ, declaring to them, with the Scripture, that whosoever believes in Him *has* eternal life, and that in the instant in which they believe they are saved, as the Israelites, dying in the desert, were cured when they looked on the brazen serpent.

“The audiences have been gradually and regularly increasing. They are measured now only by the capacity of the places of meeting. At the last meetings in the Salle Herz, which is very large, the crowd pressed on the doors before they were opened. Elsewhere, except at the Gymnase Triat, a good number of persons have been obliged to retire without having been able to get in. One of the signal blessings of God is, that these reunions have hitherto been as calm as they have been profoundly impressive. There has been no trace of the nervous excitement produced elsewhere. We have seen much silent melting, many tears, but we have not heard a single cry nor seen

a single swoon. Mr Radcliffe addressed himself to the heart and to the conscience, not to the nerves and to the imagination. He speaks, without doubt, of the bottomless pit, and of the wages of sin, which is death, but he speaks of it as Scripture does—no more or otherwise. The fatherly and infinite love of God is his habitual theme—the beginning, the middle, and the end, the substance and life of all his discourse. We will never forget the general emotion that he produced one evening by the simple repetition, from the depths of his soul, of these three words that he had learned to say in our language—'Dieu vous aime ! Dieu vous aime ! Dieu vous aime !'”

Rev. Dr Sawtelle, of the American Chapel at Havre, being one day in the Fulton Street meeting, stated that as he was stepping on board the steamer to come to this country he had an earnest request given him to be presented to this meeting, and that request he had come here to urge. He also wished prayer for his own field of labour. He said the influence of this meeting was felt in France. He knew the spirit of prayer was waking up the world. We see the dawning of a day of prayer. He spoke of loving to trace the providences of God in this great revival spirit of the age. One place in France had enjoyed a revival under the preaching of one who had become a Christian years ago in connexion with the services of the American Chapel in Havre. He had noticed a youth who came regularly to his service. At first he would come and sit down near the door. He came for the sole and only purpose of learning the English language. After a time he found that this young man came further into the room, and evinced unusual interest. Then soon he found him in tears under the preaching of the Word. Time flew by. The young man was converted. He was the child of Roman Catholic parents, who cast him off. His employment also failed. Friends forsook him. All his means were exhausted. In these circumstances he came to him. He found

he had uncommon talent and piety, and he urged him to prepare for the holy ministry. He wrote to his friends in New York, who furnished the young man funds to sustain him in study. He is now settled over a congregation in the south of France, in which he has had a most glorious revival of religion all the past winter.

At the commencement of the year 1861 a remarkable religious awakening occurred at the Orphan Asylum in Elberfeld, Germany, which attracted great attention throughout the vicinity, and excited violent opposition, not only among the people, but from the civil authorities. This opposition was doubtless caused in part by certain peculiarities attending the movement, and the effort was made to produce the impression that it was all fanatical excitement. A number of the pastors of churches in the vicinity of the House gave the whole subject a thorough investigation, for the express purpose of putting the facts in the case faithfully before the public, and they came to the conclusion that a genuine work of the Spirit had been going on, although attended with some imperfections. This work was of such a striking character, and its commencement was so manifestly connected with prayer, that a somewhat extended account is deemed appropriate to the object of the present volume. To form an idea of the importance and genuineness of this awakening, we must remember that a revival, in the American, Scotch, or Irish sense of the word, was at that time unknown in Germany. The account is taken from the *Saemann*, a paper published at Elberfeld :—

“The work began with the ‘Week of Prayer’ at the opening of the year 1860. This Week of Prayer was observed extensively at Elberfeld, and earnest prayer-meetings were held at Arrenberg. Petitions were offered for the Orphan House, where many of the children at the time caused much anxiety by their perverseness. And lo! the spirit of prayer entered mightily

into the House, and especially after this refractoriness and opposite disposition shewed itself in some of them. On the afternoon of the 13th of January, one of the largest girls was noticed to sit quietly among the others, taking no share in their play, but evidently in anxious thought. In the evening she came to the superintendent of the House, complained of great anxiety for her soul, and desired to open her heart to him. He pointed her to the Saviour, who, having begun His good work by a revelation of her sinfulness, would still further help her. The child was quiet in her work, meditative, and continually in prayer. On the following Sunday the same unrest was renewed, but the Lord had mercy on her childish prayers, and sent her a joyful faith and blessed peace. Soon after the 13th of January, a second girl came to the superintendent, complaining of her sins, and expressed the wish to pray each evening alone. She begged for the key to an empty chamber for this purpose, which was given her; beyond this, the thing remained a secret. Soon, however, there were several other girls who wished to talk with the superintendent concerning the welfare of their souls. All were recommended to the Lord in prayer; with some he prayed alone, and not only bore them, as also the other children, daily on his heart to the Lord, but engaged those already under conviction in prayer with him for the others. After this little number had earnestly prayed for their thoughtless companions, the superintendent disclosed the affair to a dear friend, and heard, to his great joy, that he also had remembered in particular the Orphan House, and rejoiced heartily at the good news.

“On the 28th of January the superintendent was called from supper in the evening by a boy, who begged him to go to one of his companions who lay upon the cellar stairs, and cried with a loud voice, ‘Dear Saviour, forgive all my sins.’ He was struggling under a deep consciousness of sin. To the boys who

had assembled about him he expressed the earnest wish, 'Would to God you all were compelled to prostrate yourselves before the Lord!' Later in the evening the superintendent allowed the anxious boy, and two others who wept because of their sins, to come and pray with him. While engaged in this manner, four other boys, likewise in deep anxiety, came into the kitchen and cried to God for mercy. There were now seven boys so deeply affected by their consciousness of sin, that after they had retired to rest they could not sleep. They rose, dressed themselves, and went into the boys' sitting-room, and in the presence of one of the inspectors, who had also risen, they spent the night in prayer and supplication. The next morning they felt themselves so united with the Lord that they could bear quietly the scorn, ridicule, and even persecution of the others. During each recess of the day they united again for prayer; read portions of Scripture, which they explained one to another; sang hymns, and prayed freely from the heart. Soon others, also in great anxiety, were joined to these seven boys, and on the following evening, in an empty room that had been opened for this little prayer-meeting, sixteen boys were found upon their knees, or more often lying on their faces, and a loud united call was heard for grace and mercy, for the forgiveness of their sins, and a pouring out of the Holy Spirit not only for themselves, but for the other children and the whole House."

"On the 31st of January, the fourth day after this first awakening among the boys had taken place, after the tasks of the children had been performed, this little chamber was entirely filled with boys who wished to pray together. One of them rose and said to the others, 'You know that hypocrisy is a great sin. It is written that the hypocrite shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whoever, therefore, among us, is not in earnest, had better go away.' But no one left. A boy fourteen years of age then offered a touching, passionate

prayer, which every one, in astonishment, could but feel the Spirit alone had called forth. Afterward the twenty-first chapter of Revelations was read, upon which a boy ten years of age discoursed in such a manner that we could but ask, 'From whence hath this one these things?' The superintendent, who had been present the whole time, now knelt down and prayed with them. At first they all listened, but at last became so moved that each prayed aloud what was in his heart. In the evening, at nine o'clock, a united prayer-meeting was held, which those children were allowed to attend who felt constrained to unite with the adults in prayer. More than thirty boys, and the same number of girls, were present.

"After the meeting, the anxious children entered the kitchen, where they threw themselves upon their knees and prayed for a pure heart, for obedience and a gentle disposition, that from this time forth their behaviour might be only a source of rejoicing to their teachers. One boy, fourteen years old, who until this time had ridiculed the whole affair, and had said, 'If they all are converted, I will not be;' and had declared openly he had no longer any conscience, had gone to bed before the prayer-meeting, and remarked to those who slept with him, 'While the others are making such a noise with their prayers, we will take a quiet nap!' But he could not sleep. The awakened children were praying for him continually. When he heard that his dearest friend, an apprentice, who, on account of sickness, was for a time in the Orphan House, had also united himself with the praying circle, he said, 'Now my strength is half broken.' At last he got up and went to the kitchen. There he saw his friend in the midst of the other boys upon his knees, and heard that they prayed for him. In a moment he was upon his knees, cried aloud, and fell into violent convulsions, so that it became necessary to carry him back to bed. A great anxiety for his soul had taken possession

of him, and he believed himself to have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. The convulsions continued more than three hours. He was speechless during this time, but had full consciousness. On the next morning all power of resistance was gone, but as yet no true faith was apparent. Toward eleven o'clock the convulsions were renewed, and continued until one. At four o'clock he said, 'Now I can believe.' He had during this time a hungering after spiritual food. The children and teachers must sing with him, and also pray or read passages from the Bible continually. He pointed out with his own cramped, trembling hands, portions of Scripture to be read to him. Among these was the twenty-third Psalm. As he heard the last words, 'goodness and mercy,' he seemed transported with delight. When a slate was brought to him upon which a favourite hymn was written, he became joyfully excited, wished the verse to be read to him, and then, taking the slate in his own cramped, trembling hands, cast his eyes over the words, and seemed to devour the contents. At ten o'clock the superintendent must pray with him. After a time he became more quiet, and prayed himself—'Lord, thou hast helped so many, help also me.' With the word 'me' came the convulsions. At eleven o'clock he fell asleep, and awaked the next morning with perfect peace in his heart, that has continued to the present time.

"This wonderful work of the Lord made the deepest impression upon all the children; and many others, with those already awakened, prayed in such a manner that we were continually reminded of the words, 'And there were daily added unto the Church such as should be saved.' Afternoons we saw a circle of thirty-seven boys who all prayed. There were among them children of all the confessions which were represented in the House, for the Spirit worketh free.

"Since the Lord had so richly blessed this work, a prayer-

meeting was appointed at eight o'clock in the evening, where we might thank the Lord for the wonders of His grace. Besides grown persons, sixty boys and an equal number of girls took part in it. After the opening hymn, the person in charge of the meeting prayed, and was immediately followed by one of the teachers. A portion of the Bible was then read by one of the inspectors, which he wished to follow up with prayer; but this he was unable to do, for, as soon as the assembly rose, a boy twelve years of age began to pray. He prayed so fervently that the souls of all present were moved. It was, indeed, the first time that a child in the Orphan House had prayed openly and from the heart. After him, three or four other boys prayed, and at last the one who had been in convulsions the preceding evening. He thanked the Lord for his wonderful deliverance, but became so inwardly moved that the convulsions returned again, and he was carried from the room. This time they were not of long continuance, and it was soon known that he, with other boys in the sick-room, were singing hymns. This event, together with the childlike but fervent prayer he had just offered, excited much emotion, and many of the girls sobbed aloud. Also many grown-up persons, as well as boys, could not restrain their feelings, but let their tears have full course. Afterward, when a person present had spoken a few words to the children, and then addressing himself to the adults, said that perhaps some among them also must do the works of repentance, and declared it to be a light thing to the Lord to make an old branch live that it might bring forth fruit, and prayed fervently, two adults and several children were so overpowered by their sense of sin that they were carried from the room. Prayer was afterward offered by several boys, and the emotion of all present increased. We were no longer masters of the time; the Lord had taken the reins in His own hand; and it was half-past ten before the meeting

could be closed. After that all, wonderfully refreshed and strengthened, had separated from one another, from all sides of the house resounded songs of praise and thanksgiving; yet here and there lay one moaning over his sins. Many of the teachers were obliged to go hither and thither to pray or to encourage, and it was one o'clock before they could retire to rest, but even then it was impossible to sleep. In this night many children were born unto the Lord. So memorable a close of the week was never experienced in the Orphan House.

“On the following evening—Sunday, the 3d of February—another prayer-meeting was held. The interest was greater than before. Several children, and among them one girl, prayed in such a feeling manner, and with such childlike simplicity, that all were moved. During the prayer-meeting a great deal of feeling was manifested among the little girls, who had gone to bed, attended by one of the teachers. Children from seven to eight years cried for mercy and the help of the Holy Spirit.

“Toward eleven o'clock three girls came to the superintendent, with whom he must pray alone. Before he had closed, he was told that the girls in the sleeping-room desired to see him, that he might pray with them. As soon as he was able to go there, how great was his astonishment! Nearly all the girls from the neighbouring chambers had come together weeping loudly, on their knees in bed, by the sides of the bed, and all about in the corners. Everywhere was heard a cry for grace and mercy. In great emotion, the superintendent now besought the Lord that He would have mercy on all the children, and make them living stones in His spiritual temple. The longer he prayed, so much the louder was the lamentation of the children; and as he ended, the girls on all sides prayed aloud for themselves most fervently.

“In the neighbouring entry the same scene occurred, especially among those girls heretofore the most frivolous. Oh, that every

Christian could have seen this sight! This scene was the most touching and exciting of all. After midnight the girls became more quiet, and gathered in large numbers upon the stairs and in the entry, and sang,—

“ ‘See, here am I, O gracious King,
I lay myself before Thy throne.’

“The next morning many of the girls had found peace, but some were still struggling. On the 4th of February, during the morning devotions in school, three or four girls were obliged to leave the room, so great was their distress of mind.

“The children desired another prayer-meeting in the evening, which was appointed. A converted boy, seventeen years of age, whose conduct heretofore had been far from upright, made the closing prayer. Also in this meeting it was necessary to take several children from the room. Among them was a young apprentice, who did not belong to the Orphan House, but whom an unseen Power had guided hither. He afterward related that on his way to the meeting he felt all the time impelled to run. This boy was in great distress for some days, but received at last living faith and full peace. On the following day, the 5th of February, one child after another became filled with that godly sorrow which worketh unto repentance, which became at last too powerful for their tender strength to sustain, and they were carried to their beds. Many of these children had attacks of convulsions, and lost their speech, but at the same time made known their desire that they should be prayed with. When the teachers could not attend to all, those children already converted prayed with them, and often so fervently that the angels in heaven must have rejoiced. This deep anxiety continued with some children without interruption; with others it occurred only at intervals. On the 6th and 7th of February the girls were more composed and quiet than the boys. On the evening of the 6th of February especially, the excitement through

the cries of the children was very great. One boy was filled with great distress while at the supper-table, but in the course of half an hour found peace in believing, and now loudly rejoices over a merciful Redeemer. This boy, who had been so powerfully called unto the Lord, was the brother of one who had declared that he would not be converted if all the others were. The father of these boys had died four years before, and as he lay upon his dying bed earnestly commended his children to the Lord. Here we see anew how the prayers of pious parents are a blessing to their children. Still another very remarkable case occurred during the evening. A boy, seventeen years old, who belonged to the shoemaking establishment connected with the Orphan House, and until then had not ceased to laugh at what the Lord had done under his eyes, exclaimed, as he saw a boy weeping over his sins, 'I wish I too for once might fall into such distress.' Immediately he fell down, cried and groaned, and declared that Satan had seized him and held his mouth to keep him from praying. Later, he desired to see one of the boys, a friend of his, who up to this time remained hard and indifferent. When he came, he wished to embrace him. But as in truth he looked fearfully, his friend would not step any nearer, nor give him his hand, for fear, said he, 'that he will scratch me.' The other reached out his hand with his fingers all drawn together by his convulsions, and cried, 'Thomas, pray, or he will get you.' The boy trembled all over at this, and left him. On the 7th of February twenty boys lay in bed, a great part of whom were unable to speak, but were obliged to express their wishes in writing. It was remarkable that they all had full consciousness, and retained it even under the most violent convulsions. Indeed, the greater the necessity, the greater was the desire for prayer. When they were quiet, and could pray for themselves, the burden of their petitions was that the devil might not be permitted to fight them any longer. They had

then great joy, and felt themselves drawn mightily unto the Lord. From the 7th to the 10th of February, the number of boys so struggling was thirty-three.

“Still little prayer-meetings are continued among the boys and girls, and if any find opportunity to hear unperceived the childlike, fervent, powerful prayers, worked by the living, mighty power of the Spirit, they can but give thanks to the Lord, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has prepared for Himself praise.

“One evening, without being noticed, we heard from a boy, ten years of age, the following prayer:—‘Blessed Lord! Thou hast seen that many boys have become cold in prayer. I have also become cold. I confess it to Thee; but I will not become cold again. I pray Thee for forgiveness. I thank Thee that Thou hast led me into this house. I used to think it would be unpleasant here. We all thought we should not like it, but now we see how good it is. Lord, bless the whole house. Lord, we have not thought for a long time on the Syrian Christians. Help them, Lord; but help also their persecutors, the Moham-medans. They have indeed a false religion. They honour a prophet who is a false prophet. But they are true in their religion. They go about with their Koran as many Christians do with the Bible. Lord, help also the poor people in Holland, who are come to great want through the inundation. Lord, have mercy upon us all. Lord, have mercy upon all Christendom. Have mercy upon the poor heathen,’ &c

“Without giving at this time a settled opinion with regard to the effects of this awakening, we must yet appeal to the fact that the greatest portion of the children (there are at present two hundred and ninety-five in the house) are under conviction; that all remain under the impression of the wonderful works of God; that many pray, and also many have received the ‘mighty, ardent faith’ for which they so often supplicated.

While we reserve to ourselves later communications, we call earnestly upon all believers to whom this portion of the history comes, to remember the Orphan House and its inhabitants before the Lord, that He may make His fire which He has sent upon the earth, and in this time so powerfully revived, to burn brighter and clearer to the praise of His holy name."

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE MULLER AND PASTOR HARMS.

THE city of Bristol, in the south-west of England, is the seat of one of the most remarkable enterprises of modern times. Facing upon one of the public squares are two large, plain, substantial buildings, which might well attract the attention of a stranger. They are not storehouses or factories, public libraries or museums—they are the homes of *seven hundred orphans*, who have neither father nor mother, and who, otherwise destitute and friendless, are here fed, clothed, instructed, and in other respects cared for. Besides these two buildings a third and still larger one, capable of accommodating four hundred and fifty more children, and costing 112,000 dols., has been more recently built.

The statement of these facts at once suggests an inquiry as to the manner in which this large, and expensive, and noble charity has been established and supported. Is it a Government enterprise? What nobleman, with a heart as large as his purse, has inaugurated and carried forward, and is still sustaining the work? or what association of individuals, or churches, or societies is managing the work and furnishing the necessary supplies? The institution rests on no such basis as this. At its head is simply Rev. George Müller, who says the work is *the Lord's*, and that he himself is only His servant and steward in the premises. The funds are, and ever have been, the voluntary contributions of individuals at home and abroad, given, as

Mr Müller heartily believes, *in answer to prayer*. This, as he says, is the secret of the whole matter : scriptural living and believing prayer.

The whole current of Mr Müller's views and practice for the last thirty years, in connexion with which we have this remarkable out-growth of Christian charity, has been tending in this direction. While he was yet only the pastor of a small church in Teignmouth, in 1831, with a very limited salary, he was constrained, from conscientious motives, to relinquish even that, trusting for his support to the free-will offerings of those to whom he ministered ; and at the end of the year, upon ascertaining the total amount of his receipts, he finds occasion to rejoice in the step, as his salary would not have amounted to nearly as much. Thus blessed in this measure, he was led to devote to the work of the Lord all his own little property, and to cast himself entirely on the arm of Him who careth for those who trust in Him. So well pleased was he with this mode of life, that he began to feel a strong desire to be able to convince others, by some *visible* demonstration, that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer, and that the command of Christ to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, with the promise that in so doing all temporal things shall be provided, and similar passages, are to be taken in a liberal sense, and most implicitly trusted. This desire led, in the first instance, after much prayer and meditation, to the establishment of an Orphan House, the care of which, not less than of himself and his family, he proposed, God willing, to cast upon Him. Having announced his purpose, articles of furniture, &c., were at once contributed, and in a few weeks he was ready to make a beginning. But there were no applications for the reception of orphans ! This was an unexpected feature in the enterprise, and it led Mr Müller again to inquire of the Lord whether it were in accordance with His will, and

to pray, if it were, that He would now send children. The *very next day* there was an application, and in a few days as many as forty-three. A house was accordingly rented and a beginning made.

From that day to this the course of the enterprise has been onward, until it has reached the position indicated above. Sometimes, indeed, they have been brought into straits, (for Mr Müller will purchase nothing unless he has the means in hand,) but God has always appeared in their behalf and honoured the confidence of His servants ere they have been in distress. Contributions are never asked for, nor is there any agency for securing funds; but gifts, varying in amount from a few pence to fifteen thousand dollars, are constantly flowing in. Mr Müller, though needing for current expenses about 100,000 dollars per year, says he is at rest, for God's promises will not fail.

Besides providing for the orphans, Mr Müller has the care of two churches, and expends large sums of money for foreign missionary work under his own supervision, and for the circulation of the Scriptures, &c. His receipts for this department were one year *fifty thousand dollars*, a large part of which was actually expended. The total receipts were, for current expenses, building fund, and foreign missionary work, &c., £72,182, equal to more than 350,000 dollars. The Rev. Dr Sawtelle, chaplain to British and American seamen at Havre, France, who was in this country and addressed several audiences upon this subject, having recently visited Mr Müller's establishment, fully confirmed the reports which have otherwise reached us with respect to this wonderful work. He said the half had not been told him.

The life of Mr Müller, and a history of what he has accomplished in his work of faith, having been published and extensively circulated, we shall not go further into details, but would commend the volume to the prayerful consideration of all who are interested in the records of faith and prayer.

Among those who have lived and wrought wonders by the power of faith in these latter days, there are none more worthy of record, to the honour of God's grace and faithfulness, and to the encouragement of God's people, than Pastor Harms. His history proves that they that wait upon the Lord shall not want any good thing. Hermannsburg is a small town in the kingdom of Hanover, Northern Germany, situated in the midst of a wide sandy plain, sparsely inhabited by a plain but enterprising people. The village is composed of small cottages with gardens lying between, and all having an aspect of the most perfect neatness. The remarkable change which within a few years has come over this parish, the means by which it was accomplished, and the fruits of that renovated life, are all portrayed in the following sketch of Pastor Harms :—

About twelve years ago a new clergyman came to the parish, and it is since then that people have begun to talk of the Luneberger Heath. He was a Hermannsburger himself, and the son of its former pastor. Bred upon the Heath, it seems to have exerted the same influence over him as over the rest, and his character has all the freedom, sturdiness, and power of self-containment of the district, as well as other traits as marked. When a boy, his great pleasure was to roam over the downs, and through the deep woods, Tacitus in hand, and to read his vivid description of the old German tribes, and their ways, recalling about him on the spot every feature of the past. Many stories are told of his independence when a student, and even as a *candidat*, and the difficulty he sometimes got into with professors and ecclesiastical boards by his bold, and, to him, necessary self-assertion. He was a hard reader, and an honest and steady thinker—a man to succeed and be held in esteem, and to whom university life must have been dear; but, as he says, "I am a Luneburger, body and soul, and there is not a country in the world that I would put before the Lune-

burger Heath ; and next to being a Luneburger, I am a Hermannsburger, and I hold that Hermannsburg is the best and prettiest village in the Heath." And so, before his father died, he came to assist him in his cure. It was only a year or two when, in 1848, he was left alone. From this time he entered with all his heart on the singular labours which have occupied him incessantly ever since. A scholar, and a man of courtesy and refinement, he also considers himself one of the people, never raises himself above their capacity, speaks with them, and even preaches in their own dialect, and lives among them as a brother or a father. He is an original thinker and an eloquent speaker ; eloquent by saying the true thing in the right phrases, and with the proper feeling, not by words, but by simplicity and truth. And he has a healthy and overflowing humour that is quite irrepressible, delightfully quaint, *naïve*, and shrewd. I mention these traits because they help one to a better understanding of his work—of the self-sacrifice and qualifications that it required. But that which alone qualified him for it in any fit sense was his exceeding faith in God ; the nearness and perfect confidence of his relation to God ; the character of his spiritual intercourse, which is a perpetual and most deep communion with Jesus ; the profoundness and humility of his spiritual knowledge ; the utter earnestness and consecration of the man, and the real strength and beauty of his life. Like any other child of God, he has become a power in the world by giving himself up to the power of God ; for in proportion as Christ is in the believer, so is He the power of God in him. He found the village and the neighbourhood very different from what they are now. There was always considerable orthodoxy in Hanover, but it was orthodoxy of the Church and not of the Spirit ; it was quite as powerless for good, and quite as hurtful to the people as Rationalism, which was dominant elsewhere. It was only one phase of the common death that had overspread Germany.

Pastor Harms commenced his labours in 1848, and at once aimed at the spiritual renovation of his whole flock, devoting himself to this great work in prayer, in preaching, in going from house to house, and in living before them as a man of faith and a man of God. The result is, that Hermannsburg is now a Christian parish, the like of which is probably not to be found the world over. There is not a house in the village where there is not regular family worship morning and evening; there is no one absent from church unless by sickness. Nearly the whole population are communicants. The services in the week are as well attended as on the Lord's-day. The labourers have prayer in the fields; instead of country ballads, the plough-boy or the weeding-girl is singing one of the grand old hymns; the people are like one Christian family, and their influence and conversation have already acted on the surrounding districts. Their houses are neater; drunkenness is unknown; so is poverty. They are kind-hearted, with few quarrels, good farmers and good peasants. Such are some of the fruits which have, through the presence and blessing of the Divine Spirit, followed the labours of this man of prayer, and what we have yet to relate will shew how much more extended have been the fruits of those labours.

While they were enjoying such rich spiritual blessings at their own firesides, while God was working among them such wonders in the renovation of the community, their thoughts were turned by the same Divine Agent to those afar off who were sitting in the region and shadow of death. A mission to the heathen was suggested to their minds. The matter was talked over and prayed over, and twelve of their number at once offered themselves to go wherever they might be sent, to carry, in the name of the rest, the Gospel of Christ to the destitute. This was in 1849. These twelve who offered themselves entered immediately on a course of training, under the instruction of a brother of Pastor Harms, designed to continue four years,

and to consist chiefly of Biblical studies, of Church History, and Systematic Theology. The spirit of Harms was impressed upon them in the words of one of his addresses:—

“Be diligent; but also remember Luther’s saying,—*Well prayed is more than half learned.* Therefore pray diligently. I do not mean your common prayer alone, but pray diligently in your own room, daily, daily, for the Holy Spirit.”

The field of labour which they **fixed** upon was the east coast of Africa, and then the tribes of ~~the~~ Gallas, lying north-west of the Zanzibar. These Gallas were only known as the terror of the whole east coast: a strong, hardy, savage race, of whom one of themselves said,—“We Gallas are men, it is true, but we are not human.” They were robbers and murderers by profession.

Before the candidates had completed their studies, some young German sailors became fired with the same zeal, and, learning the project that was on foot, offered to join the expedition, and soon after the missionary enterprise took another form: a number of peasants, with their families, who had no missionary gifts, pleaded to be taken out as settlers. Out of sixty who offered, eight were chosen; the sailors settled down to their work, and the scheme at once assumed a magnitude that had not been contemplated.

And now came a new trouble. How were all these persons to be sent out? Where would the money come from? An extract from the account given by Pastor Harms will serve to shew not only the spirit of the man, but the Spirit from which the whole movement came, and the secret of its success. In reference to the means by which this expedition was to be sent forth, he says:—

“Then I knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer; and since the praying man dare not sit with his hands in his lap, I sought among the shipping agents, but came no speed; and I turned to Bishop Gobat in Jerusalem, but had no answer;

and then I wrote to the missionary Krapf in Mombaz, but the letter was lost. Then one of the sailors who remained said, 'Why not build a ship, and you can send out as many and as often as you will?' The proposal was good; but the money! That was a time of great conflict, and I wrestled with God; for no one encouraged me, but the reverse; and even the truest friends and brethren hinted that I was not quite in my senses. When Duke George of Saxony lay on his death-bed, and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul, whether to the Lord Christ and His dear merits, or to the Pope and his good works, there spoke a trusty courtier to him:—'Your Grace, *straightforward makes the best runner.*' That word has lain fast in my soul. I had knocked at men's doors and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good, and for the glory of God. What was to be done? *Straightforward makes the best runner.* I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in His hand, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room:—*Forward now, in God's name!* From that moment there never came a thought of doubt into my mind."

Arrangements were at once made for the building of a brig at Harburg; it was well and quickly done, and there was only one mishap, which, in the end, proved harmless—it cost more than two thousand crowns above the estimate. With a landsman's ignorance, Harms had not recognised the difference between copper-fastened and copper-sheathed until the little item in the bill brought it prominently before him. But all passed off well; and one bright autumn day a special train carried the clergyman and some hundreds of his parishioners to Harburg, where they found that the shipping was dressed with flags in honour of the new vessel; and having held a simple service on board, they dedicated the *Candace* to its work of carrying the Gospel to the Ethiopians. At Hermannsburg

there was a ceaseless industry. Smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, coopers, were preparing for *their* ship. A water-butt or a suit of clothes were not to be had at any price. The women and girls knitted with a rapidity that was awful to look upon. The farmers came in with loads of buckwheat and rye. The orchards were stripped. Pigs and hens accumulated to the proportions of an agricultural show. The very heath was stripped for besoms. Nor did a Christmas-tree fail, but one was carefully planted in a huge tub, to be in readiness against crossing the line. Then the mission pupils had to pass their examination before being ordained by the Consistory. There were only eight now, for two had died, and two had proved unworthy—a scandal which has never been reproduced; those that were left passed with credit and compliments from the dignified Board of Examiners. The colonists had to be got ready. They all knew something of agriculture, but by more definite profession they were two smiths, a tailor, a butcher, a dyer, and three labourers. The captain was chosen, and the crew. The cargo was on board; and at last the leaving-time came. A service was held in the church; people poured in from the neighbourhood, and thronged outside; the young Harms preached a farewell sermon, and then the sixteen stood up together and sang, as their parting hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*. The next day they went to Hamburg, and on the 28th of October 1853 the anchor was lifted, and the *Candace* floated down the Cuxhaven.

Twelve missionaries and about eighty settlers soon after followed, and in 1861 twenty-one missionaries more. Within seven years from the time that the first missionaries sailed there were one hundred settlers spread over the eastern provinces at eight stations; dwelling-houses and workshops at every station; about forty thousand acres of land; fifty heathen had been baptized; their influence reached from the Zulus on the coast to the Bechuanas in the centre, and from the Orange River to

Lake Ngami. At home they had the mission-house and farm, with forty-five persons living in them; the Refuge Farm, with twenty persons; they had their own ship, and printed their own books; and they continued with one accord, in breaking of bread and in prayer. The *Hermannsburg Missionary Magazine*, edited by Parson Harms, and printed by the parish, had a monthly circulation of fourteen thousand copies, and was a source of income to the mission. The Hermannsburg Missionary Festival, held during two days in the month of June, in each year, is attended by six thousand persons, every house in the village being filled to its utmost capacity.

This is no common success. It is wonderful. And what to some would explain the wonders, to most would seem more wonderful than all. For the question must have arisen, Where did they get the money? A ship is costly, and a farm is not bought for nothing, and the daily maintenance of two hundred people is no trifle, nor can buildings be put up at eight different settlements without expense, although it be among the Kaffirs. And yet this parish is a plain peasant parish, and Mr Harms is only a clergyman's son, and his income is scanty enough. Beyond a doubt the mission costs something. The ship cost 15,000 crowns, and 4000 more to outfit it; and the passengers landed in Africa with 3000 crowns. The printing press and house cost 3600 crowns; the Refuge Farm was bought for 4000; Africa needed in one year 7000, in another 21,000; the annual home expenses are about 6000. Or, let it be put in another form. The expenditure for

1854 was	14,950 crowns.
1855 „	9,642 „
1856 „	14,878 „
1857 „	14,781 „
1858 „	30,993 „
1859 „	30,432 „
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Total	115,676 „

The income for the same period was,

1854	15,000	crowns
1855	9,722	„
1856	14,978	„
1857	14,796	„
1858	31,133	„
1859	33,065	„
Total	118,694	„

Where did he get these 118,000 crowns? Did he send begging letters? Did he go to Holland, or cross to England, or ask a subsidy from the state? He is a foe to beggars; he will not tolerate them in his parish; his doctrine is that no Christian dare be a beggar, nor ask from any but God. No one acts so rigorously on these principles as himself. His scruples are almost prohibitory. Beyond the barest outline of accounts, he excludes money matters and money difficulties from his paper; he will neither mention the sums that have been given, (unless incidentally, as an illustration of some truth,) nor the names of any who give; though the people are prepared with alms at the annual festival, he never speaks of his wants, nor asks a donation; when he is in urgent difficulty about money, he persists in silence. This may look singular and absurd; but is it not more singular that he has never found this course of conduct to mislead or disappoint him? that he has found his straightforward asking of God abundantly sufficient? When a man makes that discovery, who can blame him for using it?

He has one or two pretty certain sources of income. Each of the 11,000 annual communicants lays a gift on the communion-table, as the custom is. This is called the *Beichtpfennig*, and in most churches is so small a coin that it would be puzzling to reckon it in our money. Suppose that it were a groschen in Hermannsburg, that would raise 370 crowns; the Consistory grants him a share of the regular missionary collection; that

amounts to another 200. Among uncertain sources are the mission collections, which average from 2000 to 3000 crowns. But these, added together, do not make one-tenth part of the amount. The congregation is liberal. There are plain yeomen who have handed him 500 crowns. There are persons who have stripped themselves of all to give. But he has no control over these people. No one will be so bold as to assert that, because a clergyman is full of missionary zeal, and has a happy way of inspiring the interest of others, his people will give up all they have to his schemes. The reverse happens every day. If there are persons who give so largely in that particular community, it is but reasonable to say that it is God who moves their hearts to this liberality. If it is found that their giving is in accurate proportion to a need of which they can have no precise information, it is not only more reverent and scriptural, but more rational, to say that they have been guided invisibly by God, than that they did it by chance, which is equivalent to confessing our inability to know how it was done; and if there has been a child of God praying all the while for this very blessing to his Father who seeth in secret, is it not rational to go back a step further, and connect the giving with the prayer?

Before his own paper was established, Harms put a brief report of his proceedings in two of the country newspapers. The unlikelihood of that report reaching far is self-evident, but almost simultaneously contributions came from New Orleans, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Odessa, and Narva. Harms has no doubt how they came. God put it into men's hearts. This is a cardinal point of his faith. "It is wonderful when one has nothing, and 10,000 crowns are laid in his hand by the dear Lord. I know from whom it all comes. When I remarked to my brother that he was such a master in the art of taking, I thought within myself, let him take, thou wilt receive; and I

went to my God, and prayed diligently to Him, and received what I needed." When the printing-shop was debated, there was no money to bear the expense. "I can assure you," says Harms, "that to the question, Shall we print? we did not answer, Certainly we can; but we cried unto the Lord, Grant it to us. And He granted it, for we immediately received 2000 crowns, although the thought had not been made known to any one; we had only to take and be thankful." A short time ago I had to pay a merchant, in behalf of the missions, 550 crowns, and when the day was near I had only 400. Then I prayed to the Lord Jesus that He would provide me with the deficiency. On the day before three letters were brought, one from Schwerin with 20, one from Bücksburg with 25, and one from Berlin with 100 crowns. The donors were anonymous. On the evening of the same day a labourer brought me 10 crowns, so that I had not only enough, but 5 over." "I must tell you what brought the tears into my eyes, and confirmed me anew in that word, *Before they call I will answer*. A medicine-chest was urgently wanted for the mission. I reckoned up to see if there was enough left to supply it. Before I had finished, and when I had not yet well begun to commend this matter to the Lord, a letter was brought, in which the anonymous writer stated that for some time he had been collecting for the mission, and had determined to purchase a medicine-chest. The chest accompanied the letter; he only begged it might soon be sent out for the heathen." When the Refuge was projected, the great obstacle was want of money. After prayer, a pious farmer met him and asked him to mention any way in which he could assist the work. "I took it as a sign from the Lord, and mentioned to him what was in my heart. He sent me, through his wife, who was of one mind with him, 500 crowns. Immediately after a merchant sent me 10, a pastor 100, and then came anonymously 100 crowns.

Meanwhile I had not made my intention known." "The year before," he wrote in 1858, "I needed for the mission 15,000 crowns, and the Lord gave me that and sixty over. This year I needed double, and the Lord has given me double and 140 over."

We have placed these extracts loosely together, because they shew with great clearness what Mr Harms believes about his mission, and to what he attributed its success. There is nothing he insists upon with greater earnestness than that, be the expenses what they may, let them increase ever so suddenly, he has never begged. There is nothing he has more delight in telling than that he has prayed for every want, or that without special prayer he has received in reply to his life of faith alone. The difficulties that lay in the way are conceivable enough. He has displayed remarkable firmness and wisdom in removing them. Are firmness and wisdom sufficient to account for it? have they helped others who possessed and used them to anything like the same results? His mission agency has flourished beyond all precedent. Does it account for that to say that he has the power of attracting people to his views, of drawing them in to work out his plans—that he has a congregation filled with the primitive zeal? Does not every one feel that these are no more than auxiliaries—that of themselves they are not explanatory? Is not Mr Harms right in believing that God has guided him throughout—that it has been a continuous answer to prayer?

THE END.



