

# TALES AND TALKS

OWD MO

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“OWD MO” : THE DEVIL’S SERVANT.



THE SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST.

*From Photographs by Messrs. Greenhalgh & Sons, Farnworth.*

# TALES AND TALKS.

BY

“ O W D M O . ”

(MOSES WELSBY.)



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JOYFUL NEWS DEPOT:  
70, Drake Street, Rochdale.

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(MOSES WELSBY.)

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It was on January 26th, 1845, that I first saw the light at a village that went by the name of Halshawmoor, but since it sprang up into a town it has got the name of Farnworth. The street was called Nan Lane; is now called Gladstone Road. In about one hundred yards there were three “jerry” shops, or alehouses, as they are called. The first was “The Cat and Fiddle;” the next, the one where I came to light, was “The White Hart;” and the other, “The King’s Arms.” My grandfather was the village wheelwright, and at that time did a large business both in making waggons and carts and repairing old ones. Our alehouse did a fair share of business, because when the people came for waggons or carts there was always a bolt or another screw to see to; and many a time the man that brought the horse would put it in the stable, and he would turn into the pub called “The White Hart,” drink and gossip all day, and the horse had to take him home at night. In that way a lot of money was made, and the business grew.

At that time Welsbys were timber merchants in a large way, built property all round the place, and to-day it goes by the name of "Welsby's Square." But all the property was sold and divided, the money all spent in drink. It went the same way it was made, and to-day many—yes, nearly all—are filling drunkard's graves. I don't ever remember my father or any of my relations ever going inside a church, only at funerals. One night I was playing on the flags inside the kitchen; in comes an uncle, drunk. His sister said something to him about his conduct; he ran at her with a running kick, and his clog caught me on the forehead. I lay between life and death, they told me, for several days, and I have the mark to-day, plain to be seen. This uncle left a wife and large family early, through the cursed drink. He was overman at a great many large collieries as pit carpenter, and was clever at his work. But drink killed him.

I was sent to a school at this stage, in King Street. It was a cottage school, called the Irish school. But the training I got at home and this did not blend together, so I was turned out. Then I was sent to the Church School. The master liked his drops. I was often up at the desk, and got more stick than lesson, and before I was seven years of age was turned out. Grandfather, father, mother, uncles, and aunts all lived together at the "White

Hart ;" so they got together in the bar parlour, and had me there, and had there some talk what to do with me. Grandfather said, "Let him learn waggon-making ;" so did some of the others. But father said, "I'm master, and he shall go to sea or the colliery." So next morning I was taken ; but the manager would not let me go down in the mine, as I was too little, so was sent away.

I worked a few weeks in the shop, but I was like a young colt—was bad to break. They took me off to the coal-pit three days before I was seven years old, and there I remained, and worked at the colliery over thirty years.

In the winter-time I never saw daylight, only on the Sunday, except there was an accident. Saturday was as long as any other day at this time. My father was not very kind to me, and I suppose he tried to kick the devil out of me. But I am sorry to say he did not succeed. I well remember, when I was about fourteen, getting into the cage to go down the pit. Somehow the engine started when I was half-way in, and I was crushed, and hanging down the shaft between the stage and the cage ; and the banksman had hold of my hand, and drew me back on to the bank, and when I could speak I said I was very sorry that I was not killed.

Father at this time was like many more are at the present day—he would drink and spree three

days a week, and then try and do two days' work in one. Then when it could not be done, I was kicked and bruised with a big clog. After a while there was much quarrelling, and it was drink and gambling that caused it all. We had left the ale-house now, but grandfather stayed in until he died. I had gotten two sisters and another brother; the brother died, and it seemed to touch me very much. I wished many times after, it had been me instead.

I had many near escapes from death early in life. One night just after the death of brother, father and mother were out, and we were told to go to bed. At that time I had learned to read, and was fond of it. I covered the sisters up, put a candle on the old wooden bedstead, got off to sleep with the book in my hand. Very soon the bedpost was on fire. Someone broke into the house, put out the flames, and three of us were rescued from death. I was saved from the fire, but not from a drunken father's clog. Of course, I was the oldest, and I was punished because the old post was burned. He was the best of fathers when he took no drink, but that was not often, only when he was forced to keep from it, when training for a bowling match. In summer-time he lived on the bowling green, and, although I was not sixteen, I had to do his work as well as my own. He would come to the pit, see the manager, ask off, and leave me to do the work.

And how delighted I was when he told me that I might spend a day with him sometimes, and carry his bowls, and how, when he won, the hot rum was poured out! I can see the face now I used to pull when I used to drink. But I got to like it before I knew it.

Gambling and drink bring poverty. One day father had not been to the colliery. When I got home from the pit mother was weeping. All the furniture was gone! The two sisters were with her, so I said, "What's to do?" "Father sold up, and we are going away."

That night it was settled that the youngest sister was going with them to Leadgate, Durham, and I and the oldest sister were to stay and live with an uncle. And so we did, and to this day I cannot forget the separation as they left the station. How the little sister wept because we two were left behind!

My aunt, mother's sister, was very kind, but I can feel the uncle's belt to-day, and the large buckle that used to come across my bare body down the pit. I stood it for a few months, for the sake of my sister, who was only getting 1s. 6d. per week—short time in the factory. They wrote to my mother to say I had gone away, and the girl would have to go. After a while mother and sister came back, and left father behind. We got a small cottage at the back

of everywhere, and was doing nicely, when in two years father came back, and I am shamed to say I got very wicked. In a few months after father returned he got work at the colliery where he had always worked at, and where I started to work.

One day father and another workmate were killed close by my side. Before father was killed our little home was never empty; weekday and Sunday was one, drinking, card-playing, and fighting; the devil had his seat in our house. It was a fearful shock to me, as I only just again escaped death. I was only two feet from the stone when it fell. I had another young brother now, short of two years old, so four of us were left.

So I said to mother, "Now I mean to be a good lad," which I was. But mother was like more young widows, foolish; and "The White Hart" and property were now sold. Mother got some money, married a man with not much sense, a gambler and race-runner. I will not say what else.

I left home, got from bad to worse, rambled about in Staffordshire, Yorkshire, and the North; started running myself, and dog-racing, drinking—in fact, I was tired of living.

I heard that mother had taken another public-house, the "Lord Nelson," at Farnworth; so after a while I landed back, stayed at home for a bit. But the new father and me never could agree, so I

left home again. They made a collection for me in the tap-room—I think mother was the largest subscriber—to get me away. I landed next at Rookery, Staffordshire, got work and lodgings with a prize-fighter, and I must say he liked the job. I never saw him beaten, and when off the fighting he had the heart of a child—soft and tender. At this place lived a publican. He was kind as long as you spent plenty of money with him; but when the money was spent he was like the dogs he kept, snatching at you; and he, too, loved a fight. So my landlord got the publican and me at it in the field close by, and I had never no more trouble after with the same man. But my mate that day got a knife in him!

My friends, the old Book is true: "The way of transgressors is hard." This place and the police got too hot for me, so I removed, and landed at a village near Wakefield. There was no public-house here, but the death-cart, you know, the brewer's dray, came every week; and at that time there was plenty of money made in the pit, so in nearly every house you could find a cask of beer. I must say, it was the darkest place and the worst place I ever lived in. If Sodom was worse, it was dark! The man I lived with had a wife living, and he was living with this woman unmarried, and she had children by another man; and this hypocrite went to church to keep in with the manager at the colliery, to keep

in a good shop. He was killed in the pit, poor fellow; his sins found him out. The young man I worked with here died at the age, or inside, of thirty years, another at forty years, another committed suicide. I could see nothing for me here only prison or death, so left, and went a few miles further afield. I trudged, or tramped, as we call it, then to another village near Pontefract. At this place, like the last, drink and the sin it leads to was bad. Here the publicans and gamblers got hold of me. First, they made a race for me to run a man round the course at Pontefract, which I won very easily. I soon made plenty of friends; but when I had taken drink, and speed was gone, friends went also. The sins I committed at this place I wish that I could forget. Sorry I cannot, but rejoice they are forgiven!

But what about those that have gone to an early grave who were partners in the same? Young people, learn to love God early in life; you will not have the remorse after that some of us have to endure. I know that God has for Christ's sake forgiven me, but it's forgetting that troubles me!

Again I had to leave, and made my way into Lancashire. I had not been at home many hours before I was in the hands of the police. After this was settled, and the money paid, I reformed for a few more races, and did well. Dogs and pigeons

were my gods, and nothing else. Of course, drink is the sole companion of the other. Once more I had to leave. A policeman knocked me about shamefully one night, so I could not stand it, and rebelled against the ill usage. However, this time I landed at Spennymoor, and nearly lost my life on the riverside at Bishop Auckland, with a lot of my own sort, after winning their money. Here I was turned out of my lodgings, and the next night I could see the stars through the roof when in bed. The agony and remorse I went through at this place no one knows. Leaving this place, on my way, many times on the way, oh, how I wished to be found dead! How true, the wicked don't live half their days! My friends, if you are not converted, take notice and warning what the wise man said: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them, because they refuse to do judgment." My friends, come out from amongst them. "For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." Don't try to be better in your own strength; if you do, you are sure to fail. Christ will be your Helper.

One week I had been on the "rant," using a Lancashire phrase, and at the end, with murder in my heart, I was waiting for a policeman to come on

his beat that had taken my name several times. However, it had not to be, and once more the devil was defeated. When I think of the past, I weep for the sorrow and trouble that others had to share through my wrongdoing.

In the morning I was off again for another day ; but hearing that my place of work would be filled by someone else if I did not turn up, by going for a few hours I saved it, but was warned not to stay away any more. Calling in the public-house on my way home, a travelling Jew came in offering watches and guards for sale. "Let's see," said I, "thou art one of those that killed Jesus!" Bags and Brummagem gems were flying about in all directions, and so did the Jew, leaving all that he had! Inspector-detectives were up. When they came I had been and washed the pit dirt off, and sat on the doorstep outside the public-house. The Jew was brought to me to identify me ; but he turned to the inspector. "No," said he, "that's not him, he was a dark man." It never was found out, for which one or two of us were thankful.

Out of the five in the tap-room that day, three are filling drunkard's graves ; one I pointed to Christ, and here I am, very sorry for what I did.

The crisis came ; I thanked God for it. Being tired of living in lodgings at the place where I was, two of us left for the far country, and we found it.

We had neither money nor friends. Having nothing and nowhere to go, I signed the pledge, and, to my surprise, kept it, until work was got and wages received.

Oh, thou deadly serpent, how many thou hast destroyed in the prime of youth that would gladly have got out of thy cruel grip, if possible! Up to this time no man seemed to care for my soul. *I never had an invitation to a place of worship up to thirty years of age*, and churches and chapels all round us. I spent my last penny one day in buying one of John Ashworth's tracts, "Nipp and His Dogs," reading it over several times. One day I had been fighting, both of us badly bruised; but the other man, who was always a coward, got out a warrant for me. It cost me over six pounds to settle the affair. The same night an old man lent me "Tom o' Jack's Lad." In the morning, getting behind the hedge into a field, and being a quick reader, I soon read it through, and many times the tears flowed down my drunken cheeks. Putting the book in my pigeon-coat pocket, and going in search of the man that had got the six pounds, to have another turn, I met that dear man Peter Greenhalgh. "Now," he said, "Moses, come! This won't do! Come, now! Put your name down in this pledge, and next Sunday, and all being well, I'll come for thee and take thee to chapel."

That was my first invitation, but I did not accept it, many time regretting for the way he was treated, after all his kindness. Peter Greenhalgh was a man—straight, doing all things above-board. He was loved by the lowest of us, and, although a staunch teetotaller, the publicans could not help but admire him; and at his funeral, which filled the chapel, they pulled down their blinds as the procession went along the streets.

Well, another time, after fourteen weeks from the drink, the old devil was too strong for me, and, being a drink-shop every few yards, in I went again, got from bad to worse, gambling, and at every trick in the devil's service. I was locked up all night, paid the fine. Two days after I left Farnworth, started on a tramp to Normanton. Stayed a few days, came back, and soon after got married. Then again troubles began. The wife had to go to the mill, when she ought to have been at home, and the great amount of wages I was earning then went off into the publican's till, in the short period of three years. Leaving home, I landed near Wigan. My eyes fill with tears when thinking of the money made at this colliery, and how the wife was neglected; and yet she never said a wrong word! There are many wives and mothers killed with brutal husbands and sons without a knife—with silent heart-breaking and sorrow upon sorrow.

Soon the home was broken up, removing the family to this place. It proved a Sodom! Oh, the wretchedness and degradation that I brought myself to at this place! Would to God it could be driven from my memory! It cannot. Oh, the tears that have scalded my cheeks many times since, when I have thought how low the devil and sin can bring a man!

Friends, give over sowing wild oats, for you may be sure, as how long it may be put off, the reaping-time will come, and bring crops of sorrow and remorse!

The place I worked in here was finished. Not getting another to suit, we got back to Farnworth, out of work. A short time again landed in Yorkshire; not feeling comfortable away, wife and children returned; getting work, drink again. Everybody round about me had to suffer for my wrongdoing. I got on the Market Place one night. I was in a fearful state, wishing I was dead and out of the way. In a while three or four people came, then a crowd. "Now, what's up?" "Oh, Tom Daniels, from the Working Men's Mission, and his converted mate, is going to speak here!" Listening to the singing made me weep; the devil said, "It's only the drink coming out." They prayed, and Daniels started to speak. I listened again for a few minutes, then left the Market Place, cursing all the

Methodist people and their preaching, then trying to pacify myself with going to the publican and telling him there were more preachers on t' market. "After money, no doubt," said he. Well, no doubt the publican was measuring a peck out of his own sack, as he was always on that job. Of course, he had forgotten how easily he got his—from the sweat and blood of the British workman and the bread of the children. And still we went merrily on singing, "Britons never shall be slaves." Would to God that the white slaves would cry out for freedom to the Lion of Judah, for we have found it out—He can snap the three links that are binding thousands to-day: drink, gambling, and tobacco. Oh, that every member of Christ's Church would rouse up and fight for God and righteousness! When the Church goes in for "a closer walk with God," sinners will tremble at the ale-bench, in the clubs, and gambling dens of our cities and towns.

You will say, How do I know? Well, thank God, the great love of Christ brought me out of this pit of misery and mire; for about this time, in the year 1881, there was a move among the Christians' dry bones—the Holy Spirit touched them, and they began to live. The Methodists had had a name to live, but I am afraid they were dead. But a wave of the Holy Spirit came over Farnworth; one or two rough characters were stirred through mothers' and

sisters' prayers, and the news came to the drink-shop that one of the worst had been converted, and had started going to the chapel. Well, the filthy talk afterwards among us is too bad to put in print. One or two more the following Sunday went to chapel, and they were caught; our ranks were getting thinner. Satan and his helpers, and me amongst them, began to rage. And what about the publican, when his gains were going? It was the old cry, "It would look better on him," said he, "if he had paid his ale-score, and then gotten converted." Well, I seemed to have got wild against these canting hypocrites, and I said strong words about them, and all the while God's Spirit was working to bring me to repentance; and when someone told me that the Methodists had started to preach in the market, and they were coming shortly among their mates, some of us were ready with scoffs and sneers, and still we could see the change. But if the heart's black, so is the tongue. But the first Sunday night they gave the first hymn out close by my back door! The arrow went home. I got drunk, to quench the Spirit night after night. But no, the truth had gone between the joints; the stony heart, when sober, began to melt. I got by myself in the fields behind the hoarding of the race-course; then again I fought against the striving of the Spirit, right to the very end. At Whitsuntide of

this year I won a lot of money at Manchester Races. I was never sober until it was spent. On the Friday the schools in Farnworth—the scholars—turn out to walk. Well, I made all the sport that was possible of these new converts. Still, I knew they were right, and me wrong. September of this year I got to fear neither God nor man; and still, when alone, my heart ached with weeping, and at times I tried hard to be better. But the old enemy was too many for me.

At last Satan overshot his mark! I was fined heavily at the Court, and bound over to keep the peace. I had been a friend to many; but when one was sought to be surety for me, none could be found! These "mad Methodists" came at the back of my house. Like all, or many, of the drunkards, one Sunday afternoon I had got to bed. They started to sing, so I woke up, came down, gave myself a bit of a wash, as I had told my mates going out of the pub about two o'clock, if the Methodists came I should go with them to chapel. As well as one could expect, I helped them to sing, went down with them to chapel, went out to the Communion-rail, not knowing what to say or do when I got there! Soon after ten o'clock, getting home and going to bed, but, praise God, not to sleep, getting on my knees, "Now Lord," I said, and cried out for two hours, "Save me!" The

answer came, "Go in peace, thy sins which were many are all forgiven!" *Where the burden went I don't know, and, praise God, have never been to seek it!* And up to now, thank God, for twenty years God's grace has been sufficient to keep. My dear friends, ask God to help you to leave the haunts of sin, and come to Jesus, Who can do helpless sinners good, and make all things new. "Who-soever will come, may come." He will not cast you out.

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Oh, how I trembled on the following morning as it came time for me to go to the colliery, knowing what I had to face. I can hear my mates shouting, "Now, chaps, 'Owd Mo's' coming; he went to the Methodist Chapel last neight!" "Aye," said another, "and they converted him!" Another said, "I'll bet half-a-crown he will not keep it a week." So I put a word in then, and said, "What art thou talking about—betting? Thou hast not paid thy rent for the last three months." So, of course, he said no more. How much money was bet, and won and lost, I cannot tell, but every day my mates were looking for me to be back among them. For weeks they met me at every turn; others came and asked me to train their dogs, saying how foolish I was, going out ranting and singing like somebody

mad, and guessing how long I should be before I should be in my grave! Another got me insured in an Insurance Club for one hundred pounds; and after paying three years he gave up paying and sent me the policy, saying he would pay no more! I expect he could see, without telling, that I had gotten a new lease of life.

Yes, we have proved the Old Book: "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour." A few weeks after my conversion the desire of drink seemed to be taken away altogether. I saw such a man as I was, passing one of my old haunts—I had spent many pounds in the same vaults—drop and die! Yes, and rum did it; and I am sorry to say many have gone since out of the same place to their grave.

I was going to preach one Sunday. I had seven miles to walk. Meeting the Inspector of Police, he put his hand to his helmet and said, "Good morning, Mr. Welsby! I am glad to see you look so well, and trust you will keep on in the good path you are on, for you look quite another man!" "Aye," said I, "Christ makes all things new, and it's a lot cheaper on this path, and going at my own leisure, than to be told by you and the other policemen to 'Move on, or I'll shift you!'" So we parted with "Good morning!" both of us on duty. My errand was to save souls and *try and get him out of work,*

and lessen the rates, and make the world more like Heaven. He went on duty to find those a home that could not find their own because of a muddled brain. Which is best, my friend, ten shillings and costs, or salvation without money and without price? Of course, you don't know. But you will, if you will go in for it, and try it! You will find it worth the trial by getting a new heart. It will make you a new home, and what you will lose you will not regret. Bad companions, and head and heart-ache, dirt and debt, rags and hungry children, are not much to crave for. We must give up spending one hundred and fifty millions as a nation on drink in one year, if we would have happy homes. I have had more joy in one hour serving God than I had all the thirty-six years I lived in sin. And I was then very popular; I could either win a race or lose, it just depended whether I got most on, which way it came off.

My friends, there are *no honest gamblers*, as what name or title they go by. I know that to be a fact. I saw one the other day—one of the swiftest runners that ever went on a course. He had a name of this sort. If they paid him to go straight and be honest, he couldn't. What is he now? Well, a few days since he was just about as ragged and as slouching as any man in Manchester, and he is bent nearly double. Sin makes its own mark! All the

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thousands of pounds he has won has been no benefit, but a curse; and he hasn't a friend in the city, nor won't have until he comes to Jesus. He comes to some of the meetings at the Central Hall for men on the Sunday afternoon.

These are the companions I lost; and when we see how their sons are following on, and living by wrong-doing, our hearts bleed and our cheeks are wet with tears. I thank God that men from the ranks of these are getting saved. On a recent Sunday, in the Grand Theatre, a young man came up to me after I had done preaching. "Will you allow me to have a word with you?" "Yes. What is it?" "Well," said he, "I don't know how I have got here, for these sort of meetings are nothing in my line, and how I have got from Beswick into this meeting it's out of my power to explain. But now, before I leave, *will God save me?* Your words have gone to my heart! It's like enough my mother would have been at home, and not in her grave, but for my conduct in the past. I am twenty-four next birthday. For the last five years I have done nothing but drink; and trade's gone, and have spent twelve hours in jail, and that was the greatest remorse of my life!" So I said, "How is it you are as well dressed as a merchant?" "Yes, my two brothers and father have seen to that!" "What do you work at?" "Saddler; but, you see, when

your character is gone — But *to-night, Sir, I must be saved!*" Oh, the tears and the sighs from this broken heart will never be forgot by those that saw them. "Let me go home," said he, "and tell my father. This is the first religious meeting I have been in for ten years. Thank God," he said, "it's not too late; the Lord has saved me! Oh, pray for me, that I may stand up for Jesus, and work for Him!" And the dear lad prayed, "Lord, keep me from bad company and gambling!" And we said, "Amen!"

Here is another. "Two months ago," said he, "I was in a good way, getting plenty of money, had on a new suit of clothes. Now look at me! Wife and children have to do best they can for bread, and it's all through the cursed drink. Lord, help me!" cried he, and, thank God, he did not cry in vain, for the tears were wiped away. He said, "Now, if I can only get back to wife and children!" which he will.

If we had more new fathers we should have better children. Here is a well-dressed girl about nineteen. "God has no mercy left for me Sir." "How's that?" "Oh, I am too bad." "My dear girl, you are the very one the Good Shepherd is seeking to save!" "Oh," she said, "if I could forget the past, and the trouble and sorrow that has been caused!" "Now, listen! What does it mean, 'Come unto Me,

all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'?"

For seventeen years going on I have been on the staff of the Joyful News Mission. Several years I worked with the caravans. My first lesson in book-selling was not very encouraging. One woman shut the door in my face; the next did not want anything—she could not buy. "All right, then, here goes! I will *give* you something!" So when I gave her a nice text-card she bought two Testaments and a nice Bible, and from that day have done as well as others with the same training. Many times I have been discouraged, but have prayed and gone on again. When in Leeds, going from door to door, doing well, but better when I got to Garforth; one day Mr. J. Woolley sent for me to have tea with him. I had only seen him once before. That good man of God, Joshua Dawson, was with him. It was worth going a mile to hear Mr. Dawson pray. "Now," said he, "what do you sell in that waggon?" "Oh, all kinds of good books!" "Well, now, bring me one of each. Let's see!" So I did, and we counted them up; the price was nineteen pounds and one shilling. So he got down, and we prayed. His prayer I shall not forget.

"Lord," he said, "bless Thomas and Mrs. Champness, and the work of their hands. May they

live long, and be made a blessing to the towns and villages of England; and may the good seed scattered from the Joyful News cars bring fruit an hundredfold. Bless all the agents with them, and may their bow abide in strength, and the branches grow over the wall. Bless 'Owd Mo;' make him valiant for the truth, and may all his family grow in grace and live for God. Now, Lord, we are going to part. May we have Thy smile, and make us as cheerful as this canary, that sings on dark and wet days as well as when the sun shines. We want to live, and bring some fruit into the granary of God. Bless us all; forgive our sins and shortcomings, and make us more like Jesus, for His sake."

I was greatly encouraged, and went on my way shouting "Glory!" How can we praise God enough, when He has been so kind? The next visit was in the village of Sammy Hick. A dear old saint there could not buy, so making her a present of the Old People's Bible and Hymn-Book, she prayed: "Lord, bless these two wandering preachers, and mak' 'em a blessing to the colliers, and to the people that are living in darkness all around. May souls be saved, and drink and gambling get its death-blow. Subdue lust, save the children of ungodly parents, and may the songs of Zion win its way. Break the neck of sin, and grant that all our neighbours may live in the fear

of Owd Sammy's God, who has gone to praise Thee for evermore." This dear old Christian's prayer helped me on my way. What else could it do? Another dear old saint could not see to read; she had to lay in bed. But, pulling a small bag out, she gave me sixpence for the Mission, with God's blessing, and bought two pennyworth of tracts to give to those that came to see her.

" We give Thee but Thine own,  
 Whate'er the gift may be ;  
 All that we have is Thine alone,  
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.  
 May we Thy bounties thus,  
 As stewards true receive ;  
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
 To Thee our firstfruits give."

You would like to read now of some of the folks I have met in my travels. Well, here goes! Somehow, me and the publicans never get well on together. When in the Rhondda Valley, someone was kind enough to take our bridle belonging to the small van-horse, Tommy, and left one in the stable worth about sixpence. I went a few times to see the ostler at the hotel, but he knew nothing of it. So I went to see the publican, but he was never at home; the barmaid said he had gone away for a few weeks. So I went to see the sergeant; but he "had not time to leave his office." So I said it

would be best for me to go to headquarters and see the chief. I said I should have thought all the policemen in Wales were kept for ornament, only they have moved me on so often when the crowd, as they said, was "obstructing." "Oh, well, to show you we are not waxworks I will go down with you." So he did. We had not got into the bar before the man that had "gone away for a few weeks," as they said, met us. "Good morning, gentlemen. You have come after the bridle, I suppose? The man took it in mistake. It will be back to-day." He had been a week finding it out it was not his.

At night, by permission of the shopkeeper, we got a good stand by his window, and a great crowd of people from the "jerry" shop across the way. The man in blue put in an appearance, pushed through the people, and got hold of your humble servant. "Now, boss," said he, "you must move on. Your congregation is obstructing." We did not need the horse to shift us. I was just in the middle of a story; so the colliers said, "We will shift the waggon, if you'll finish the story." So they did. We could do with more converted police.

We left many friends in the Rhondda, and many homes and families made brighter. I learned to rough it a bit in Wales.

I thank God with all my heart that the Lord has helped and permitted me to be of some use in trying

to make the world better, and I trust to go on while strength will allow.

Here are a few of my dear sick friends. Up the stairs in a neat little room in a Yorkshire village I saw a dear saint, one of God's jewels, who has been in bed for years. "Well, how are you to-day? Well, only just outside; near the border?" "Nay, lad, am inside, but am noan near enough to Jesus; but, praise Him, I'll soon be there. But who art tha?" "Well you will not know me; but I was told you was sick, and had been a friend of 'Joyful News,' so thought I should like to see you." "Why, is it 'Owd Mo?'" Eh, lad, tha's done reight, God bless thee! Aye, I'm one that has taken 'Joyful News' from first. Now, knowing you was in the district, having read so much about you, I prayed that God would send you this way."

After reading a short Psalm, and prayer, she said, "Now, let me have three pennyworth of tracts," and, giving me sixpence, saying, "Keep the change for the Mission." She would not have the money returned, so, making the dear woman a present of the Old Peoples' Bible and Hymn-Book, we parted, never to meet again on earth; but we shall talk about the old waggon in Heaven.

What blessings are lost with ministers and preachers who do not visit those that cannot get out! On we go through the village. The old horse

seemed to laugh at my trumpet voice shouting, "Bibles and all kinds of good books!" The old sleepy village looked to have got a new lease, for all the people that could get to the doors came. One lass shouted, "Is it 'Owd Mo?'" "Yes, what is it?" "Eh, mother, God's heard your prayers. *It's him!*" "Tell him to come in." So, doing as I was told, got inside the house. "Now, mother, what is it?" "Why, our neighbour bought a fine Bible off you on t' market at Leeds. Eh, mon, have wanted one o' that mak for long enough. Can a' get one like it?"

"Well, what kind was it?" "Oh, very large print; have said to Sarah I s'ou'd never get one till 'Owd Mo' came round." "Well, here I am!" "But I expected seeing an owd mon, abat seventy." Getting her the large-type Bible sold at two shillings out of the van, she clapped her old withered hands for joy. "Eh, lass, thy mother'll never strain her eyes any more!" I prayed, and as we left the door the dear old woman prayed God's blessing to go with us. These prayers were better than silver and gold.

I sold one of these Bibles to a dear old fisherman in Hull Market. "Now," said he, "this will be a pillow for me on the boat in time of storm." I heard many say if ever there was a Christian fisherman, he was one. I was told his boat was his

church, and many heard the old Gospel from the Bible he thought so much of. We met many times after: he always told me the night and date he bought it on the Drypool, and the blessing it had been to him; how he was encouraged with the words of Jesus to the fishermen of old. Another time when in Hull, I inquired about my friend, so was told we should not meet in Hull again, for he had gone down in the depths, but without doubt has claimed his crown! I was told the old Book was a picture, with thumb-marks and ink-marks. Well, my friends, we will live to meet these dear ones in Heaven. What a meeting it will be! We travelled round from door to door in town and village until we got into the Midlands. I had heard a great deal about the Onion Fair held at Birmingham, so I went to see for myself. I did not see many onions! When I got there the fair-ground was all alive. So looking round, I found the man that let off the ground, opened out, and got to work. The yells and screaming and the stage drums was fearful; however, we seemed to get our share of the people, for some of them growled, and said they would pay no toll, as I was taking all the money. After a while I heard a crash—not an onion, but a large stone came through the window, then another. So we shouted "Glory!" because it was not our head, as *glass was cheaper than doctors' bills*, and

we had nothing to pay, for our friend Rev. Fred Luke Wiseman paid for all repairs.

Soon after this we got help. You shall see and read what they have to say: "The Onion Fair has just closed, but not without the Central Mission taking its stand, and planting its banners in the centre of the devil's camp, and witnessing for three days to the saving power of the Gospel of Christ. Notwithstanding the babble and noise, and the various attractions, crowds were charmed by the sacred songs, and attentively listened to the men who preached the Gospel from a showman's waggon, kindly lent for the occasion, while the Rev. F. L. Wiseman spoke on the Saturday evening in the open air. A large crowd listened, and some signed the pledge. It was a great joy to myself and others upon the first day to meet with Mr. Welsby and the Joyful News Van. We at once set up as a kind of Joint Stock Company. We pitched by the side of 'Owd Mo's' Bible Car, and for the four days, including Sunday, he ceased not to address the people from the waggon, under the Central Mission banners, two and three times each day, besides selling his books, and I must say in this direction he lost no opportunity. Mr. Robertson, 'Mo's' helper, did splendid service in many ways on the Sunday. We had again placed at our disposal Parker's Show, and as the day was bright we prepared to remain

outside, using the platform of the above show as an elevation for the choir and speakers. At the evening service Mr. Parker lighted up the front, which made the darkness almost as the light; and at the service there were present from ten to twelve hundred people, and I think every grade of society was well represented. It had been well announced that 'Owd Mo' would preach, and for more than an hour that great crowd listened to this converted collier with the strictest attention. I never saw a crowd in the open air subdued as on this occasion. There were but few who did not weep, and that aloud. At the close many came forward and signed the pledge. We had as much difficulty to get the people to leave this modern sanctuary as many Methodists have to get them inside their chapel. Since Sunday evening I have spoken to men who have not been inside chapel or church for many years, but were at the service, and have promised to come to the Hall services. They say there is no milk-and-water about 'Owd Mo's' religion, but think it's the real thing first-hand. The deep impressions made will, I trust, result in eternal life to many. God only knows where the good done at a service of that stamp will end. On the Monday night 'Owd Mo' took the Car and his stand in the Bull Ring, where a very great crowd gathered round him, and stood for nearly three hours. Among

this great crowd of poor people we sold over three hundred penny books, and that night I did not handle one silver piece. In the morning we had one pound, six shillings, in copper! Can anyone say where this seed sown will end? On Tuesday morning, by 9 o'clock, he left for a market at Walsall, and services; and our earnest prayer is that the blessing of God may rest upon him.—J. ASHMOLE."

This is a sample of the kind of letters that encouraged us on our way, and gave us fresh hope, and helped us to bring a bit of light in dark and desolate homes, cheer those that were restless and discouraged in the race for life.

I have found out there is nothing brings as much joy as wiping a tear from those that have been handicapped all through life. I saw an old woman struggling one day under a great heavy basket. I took it from her, and carried it up the hill; and the dear old woman wrote to her son to tell him that a preacher had carried her load called "Owd Mo." This son is in Bolton, the mother in Salop.

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Now, my friends, don't be discouraged. These saints of God are heavenly guideposts on our way to the better land we sing about.

I heard of a poor old man who, when sheltering from the rain inside a barn, was accosted by the

Lord of the Manor, who was also driven by the stress of the weather to take refuge. "Have you lived long about here?" said he to the old man. "Yes, Sir, before any of these mills and chimneys was built. A great deal of money has been made." Said the gentleman, "But you don't seem to have made much of it?" "No," said the aged Christian, "these things will all pass away, and I have been laying up my treasures in heaven, so that I shall have something when all earthly things are left behind." Friends, let you and myself follow the old man's example.

We found many in our travels who have made money and land their god, and to-day the gold fever has got hold of many Christians; but we trust they will not forget there will be no pockets in the last suit they will have to wear. God grant that greed and selfishness may receive its death-blow, and let us look more at the sacrifice on the Cross; and may we, as disciples of Him Who went about doing good, see Jesus only, Who gave Himself to be our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

"There is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing."

## A STORY OF SAVING GRACE.

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“WELL, my friend, what is that you are nursing?”

This was said to an old companion of mine by a Wesleyan minister who was visiting his afflicted mother. Of course, like many more colliers of his type, he was nursing the god he loved. It was a small dog, and it was a champion of its day.

“Can you spell dog?” said the minister. “Aye, I can spell it well.” “Let me hear you.” So he went on. As he succeeded, he was asked to put the letters the other way about, and by doing so it was made out as his god; and without a blush he said, “Aye, it is!” And he was told it would not help him much in trouble, or if he was brought on to a death-bed; the god he worshipped would be no help to him then.

Like many more, he put it off with a laugh; but his dying mother, and at this time his two sisters, who were both Christians, still prayed and believed that God would answer their prayers and save the only brother. They prayed that every time he gambled he might lose his money. But it seemed that, whatever he started, he often won. Fighting, wrestling, pigeon-flying, dog-running, he was oftener than not “in at the money,” using a Lancashire phrase. But they still prayed, and the

minister persisted in visiting. On one occasion he had been fighting with two men, and had gotten badly kicked and bruised all over his body. The Rev. Great Heart was praying with the dear mother downstairs. My friend had to be put in bed after this fight. But somehow he dragged himself out of bed, and crawled the best he could as near to the room door he could get, to hear the prayers of the good man, who was praying for both mother and son. God's Spirit was striving with him; he crept back into bed to think what a fool he was.

However, when he was able, he got to the place where prayers are soon forgotten—the drink-shop and gambling-den, seeking out the men that had badly bruised and kicked him, to pay them back as he caught them, which he did, with interest. There is nothing more brutal than a stand-up Lancashire fight; kicking with iron-rimmed clogs, the head and face is all they aim at. This champion of the devil had a great many "do-s" of this sort; he feared nothing. The police was no terror to him; he was a terror to the police. I have seen him in the street with four of them scrambling down at one time. He was well-made; he was like the root of an oak tree—tough and strong. When he made a grip at anything, he held on like some of the dogs he kept. I myself saw him one day go out of the drink-shop into the street, where a full-grown Russian bear was

performing, and throw it right over. He was under the risk of being crushed to death. But he feared nothing; his courage was equal to anything. Of course, he was taught nothing else from a child. He was an only son, and the father of the lad would have had a fight every day, if anyone gave him a word that did not suit him. He got little schooling; he was soon taken off to the colliery, and all his father taught him was to drink and fight. And he loved it, for as he grew up he soon passed his examinations in all that was bad. Yet in all these rows, when out of drink he was kind and unselfish. If he saw anyone in want, he was the first to give a helping hand to the poor and needy neighbour. A great many folks used to say there was no doubt about it, he would surely find his way to the gallows some of these days, "Aye, and serve him *reight* too! He's a bad 'un!" his neighbours said. "Well, he's like a lot more—he's worst to himself," said they. Yet his mother always said, "Our —— will be saved! God will answer my prayers." The poor mother would follow him to all the public-houses, and stand for hours together just inside the door, begging and praying for him to go home; and in that way she has prevailed on him to be quiet, and often "linked" him home with her heart breaking. There was nothing she thought too good for him; if anyone said a harsh word against him

in her presence they got the full length of her tongue ; and she would have said, " He's as good as thee, and a bit better."

Well, that was how his mother and two sisters thought about him ; they said he was " all right if folk would let him alone." But I think they did not know him as some of us did, and especially when drink was in, for he was full of mischief ; and it often brought on trouble, and was almost sure to end in a fight. But his dying mother still prayed, and the minister prayed and visited. One Sunday morning he set out to gamble, and had made, as the gambler says, " a nice win." He was very unsettled all the day. God's Spirit was mightily striving with him, and he thought he would go to chapel to satisfy his sisters and mother. He came home, and for the whole week, I believe, got very little rest either for soul or body. He made up his mind to go to chapel again.

The next news was, this champion in sin, and a terror to both good and bad people, had gotten converted ! It was everybody's talk, for he was known all over the country ; the men that had backed him in his matches, and his trainers, could not take it in, or believe it. But, praise God, he told them straight out from the heart in the open air that, God helping him, he had done with sin, that

Satan had been a bad master, and paid poor wages while living as well as in death.

But the dear old mother, who died no doubt before her time through having so much trouble with father and son, saw her prayers answered, and the minister that worked and prayed and wept over this man saw the fruit of his labours.

Thank God, praying breath from the heart is never spent in vain ; and through these prayers and faith, the lion was turned into the lamb.

He was a very poor reader, but he made up his mind to learn. And learn he did ; the Bible and the Methodist Hymn-Book are the two books he sticks to. He knows nearly all the tunes, and can start them.

I believe it was the simple prayers of this man and just two or three others that brought about the great revival in the circuit, when the writer and hundreds more were brought to God. He wept and prayed, and in his simple way, out of a full heart, told of the great love of Jesus that had lifted him up, and placed his feet on a Rock, and put a new song in his mouth.

There was little grammar about his dialect, but tears ran down his manly cheeks ; and very many—yes, scores—were pricked in their hearts and turned to God.

I remember one Sunday the Salvation Army

lasses had been badly used, and their flag taken and destroyed, in the part of the town where all the houses were occupied by Irish; and they were threatened, if they ever came in the street again, what would be the consequence. This champion for God heard about it during the week, so he told the captain: "Now," said he, "you are my sisters, and next Sunday I will not go to our own open-air meeting, but will come and lead you up that street and carry your banner."

If the priest himself had led them up they could have been no quieter. They stopped a few times, and in his humble way he prayed, and gave short addresses, and they were allowed to pass through in peace, and have been ever since. Of course, they knew their man, and he knew them all; and likely some of their wounds were not healed from the last fight they had with him! And "beholding the man" standing in the street preaching, instead of fighting, the Irish knew there was something in the religion he talked about, or this lion of Satan could never have been changed as he was. But, thank God, the fetters that bound him were snapped by the Lion of Judah, Who gave him the victory over sin.

One wonders how it would have fared with the father if this son had not turned to God, for he taught one of the Christian daughters, who had

prayed with tears for her brother's conversion, to drink. Yes, and drink she did, doing evil with both hands earnestly. Her class was given up, and chapel was never thought about. She and her husband got from bad to worse. The father cared nothing as long as she could find money for drink, as the old man was living with them. He saw the wrong he had done, and many times mourned over it. Many parents to-day are reaping with broken hearts what they have sown, in giving their sons and daughters drink. This son still prayed for this backsliding daughter who had so long prayed for him, and the husband and father.

We must thank God prayers have been answered in all the cases. The sister was worse for drink one night in the City of —, and the Mission Band was out, and coming down the same street she was in, and the Band was singing one of her favourite hymns. She followed on to the Mission Hall; a kind word was spoken to her, it brought tears of repentance; and, praise God, our prayers were answered (for she was on my praying list). She has a talent for teaching and leading, and when I stayed with them a few weeks since I believe she had over fifty in her class. The husband is converted, and helps her in her work. The old father was converted, and came to live with the son. He had the best corner in his house, and whatever he

could get for him he had it. The past was never talked about, only with sorrow that he had been the means of his daughter's downfall in teaching her to drink the deadly liquor. The old man died very happy, but he could not forget the past.

Parents, before you put the poison to your children's lips, say, "Shall I have to reap this seed now sown with tears? If I give them drink, what will the harvest be—suicide, murder, or the asylum?" Fathers and mothers, down on your knees! Dash the deadly cup down, and say, "God helping me, my children shall be trained for God and Heaven."

I am glad to say, this dear man was on the stage with me the last time I preached at the theatre, and the dear sister and husband were in the congregation helping to turn sinners to the Saviour, Who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

I want to say to those of you who read these words: never despair of the worst, and say, as many say, "Oh, that man is past all hope." Thank God, as long as you have a body out of the grave, and a soul out of hell, there is a chance for the worst. But let us not forget, we can have heaven on the way to heaven. Please go in for it before it is too late.

I must now conclude this story by saying, Let us go in for helping to save the cultured and the

rich ; but let our ministers and all of us that love Christ never forget or give up the gambler, the drunkard, and outcast. They may know the number of a great many cells in prison ; but the old prophet says, " They shall be brought out, and their blind eyes opened ; and they shall be led in paths they have not known, and darkness shall be made light, and crooked things shall be made straight."

Well, that prophecy has come to pass in my friend in this story ; and, praise God, he has helped to turn many from darkness to light, and now he can say with the composer of this hymn :

" He by Himself hath sworn,  
 I on His oath depend :  
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
 To heaven ascend :  
 I shall behold His face,  
 I shall His power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of His grace  
 For evermore."



## THE PRAYER FOR EASE.

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### SERMON I.

*"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me"*

(Isaiah xxxviii. 14).

IN whatever position a man is, he cannot get beyond the reach of trouble. Here was King Hezekiah, on what seemed to be his death-bed. His earthly crown now had no attraction for him. The prophet had brought sentence of death to the palace. "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

(1) *Prayer made in bed.*

This is a personal prayer. Sinners need to see it is their own sins that need pardon. "God be merciful to *me*," said the publican. That prayer was answered, and he went down to his house justified, converted.

(2) *He did not pray to the priest.*

He knew that, like himself, he was helpless. He cried to the Lord. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." God said to Hezekiah: "I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, behold I will add unto thy days fifteen years."

(3) *No one can get too far down, where prayer cannot help him.*

Man's extremity is God's opportunity. David was oppressed, his guilt was crushing him lower into the pit; but he had confidence in God, and said he, "I waited patiently, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry." No proxy! "*My cry.*" He brought *me* up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set *my feet* upon a rock, and established my goings. Put him back on the old paths again; the new song, can you hear him? Join in! "God is our Refuge and Strength, a very Present Help in trouble." "I am oppressed, *ease me,*" said the King, we find in the margin.

Brother, you cannot ease yourself from the world, the flesh, and the devil. Many have tried, and failed. In the first place, one has said, "I will sign the pledge." That is one way of easing the conscience; in a short time they find out they are oppressed with failure. Another will do without swearing; but the polluted heart, with an evil tongue, cannot be bridled, and out comes the oath before they are aware; and they have to own up and say with Job, "My breath is corrupt."

I used to have a companion; for a few weeks he would give up gambling and drinking, and would listen to the singing and preaching in the open air. He wept like a child, as we often say, and groaned and cried times out of number, and wished he could snap the fetters that bound him. He knew that the

devil's husks were a bad diet, and alas! alas! he died by his own hand! Another I used to work with, since the Lord saved me I have had many kind quiet talks with, but the old oppressor, "Drink, Drink," he used to say, "it will ruin me body and soul!" His own son said to me a few weeks since, "Moses, have you heard about my father?" "No; has he got converted?" Tears ran down the young lad's cheeks. "No," he said, "he has hanged himself, after drinking for weeks!"

Sinner, if you are oppressed with the weight of condemnation, cry out to the Lord, as this King did, "Undertake for me." Tell Him you are at the far end; say to Him, "Lord, I can do no more. *Ease me!*" If, like the young man that got into the far country, that came to himself, you say, "I perish with hunger;" or, like the poor woman, "Lord, help me," you will not go away from this house of prayer disappointed.

Oh, the thousands that have perished, and all because they were afraid to let their companions hear them cry, "O Lord, ease me! Lord, save me!" Don't be a coward, man! Cry out! Many of you here are on your way to the bottomless pit. Stop, poor sinner! Stop and think before you further go!

I will not say that God will do in your case as

He did with Hezekiah—give you a new lease of life for fifteen years. But, thank God, He will take away the stony heart, and give you a heart of flesh. Turn your feet from the ways of death to life, and you shall hear the words of Paul, in his letter to the Romans: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit."

This King's mournful prayer and song was heard in Heaven. It matters not with God where the prayer is made, if it comes from a troubled heart: if it comes from the throne of King or Queen, or from the poor man, woman, or child in the garret. It may come from the young man in prison, that has broken his mother's heart and brought her grey hairs down to the grave. Whosoever thou art, cry out! Tell God you are oppressed with failure, and you will find He will undertake for you.

The Psalmist said, "He delivered me because He delighted in me." God's undertaking is like that of a father. What won't a father do for his son? Down in the colliery where I was working a large fall of coal and stone came burying some. Many standing a few yards off, seeing more danger, were afraid to go to rescue those that were under and still alive. However, a father, seeing his own son being buried with more falling stones, risked his

life and saved his son. That father has been killed since in the same mine.

God did for Hezekiah what He has done for thousands. If we read the story of Manasseh, we find he did evil in the sight of the Lord, and caused Judah and the people of Jerusalem to err. We are told, the Lord spake to Manasseh and to his people, but they would not hearken. What pains God has taken with some of us! but we would not. We were going to have more of the world and its pleasures; and alas! we have found to our sorrow the chains we have been bound with have been too heavy for us to bear, and we have been carried by evil habits and led captive by the devil at his will. Then, like this cruel King, who had forgotten and forsaken his father's God, we got to the end of self. We are told, when Manasseh was in supplication, he "besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto Him." How was it he did not pray to the idols in his oppression? Why, because he had no faith in them. When he could not help himself, he cried to God. What is our idol? It may be a dog, or bird, or gold; whatever it is—drink or amusement—if we don't cry out to the God of our fathers it will crush us, and lead us on to hell at last. But, thank God, we have a Deliverer. We read that "God was entreated of him, and heard his supplications, and saved Manasseh."

We believe it pays to be afflicted, for many, no doubt, are in Heaven that never would have been had it not been for affliction. The Psalmist says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept Thy Word." It seems to me to be God's mellowing garden, where He may make us more ripe for Heaven. Is there anyone in this congregation that has courage enough to ask the Lord to undertake for them? Or will you take home the burdens you cannot loose yourself from? Jesus is still saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." As your Saviour, if you will come, He will "undertake for you, ease you"—praise God, pardon and save you. Manasseh was brought back to Jerusalem and to his kingdom. So will Christ bring you to Heaven—at last, may it be so, for Christ's sake.



## SYMPATHY, HELP, SALVATION.

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### SERMON II.

“*What aileth the people that they weep?*”

(1 Samuel xi. 5.)

THIS was the inquiry of a kingly man. He was not careless of the sorrows of others. If you read the narrative, you will find that a few people were disturbed by the King of Ammon. He was cruel in the way he besieged the people; of course, he wanted to have his revenge on the whole tribes of Israel and Judah. These people were tired and worn out with persecution, so they offered to make a covenant with Nahash, and serve him; and this cruel tyrant sent them his conditions—that, if they came over to him, every one must have his right eye thrust out! My friend, *never make a covenant with sin*, as it not only puts one eye out, but you are in danger of losing the soul. We find they asked for seven days' respite; and if they could find no one to save them, they would go out to him. However, messengers were sent out to all Israel to see if there was any saviour, and they came to Gibeah of Saul; and when the people heard the conditions of Nahash, they lifted up their voices and wept! We find that Saul came out of the field, and he asked, “What aileth the people?” and they told him the

tidings; and "the Spirit of God came upon Saul." Now, when the Spirit of God comes upon a man, power comes, and sympathy follows. He sent word by messengers all over the coasts, and invited them to come up to Saul and Samuel to the help of those that were oppressed, and with one consent three hundred thousand came of the children of Israel, and thirty thousand of Judah. That is what the Church needs to-day—a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Then we should seek out the halt and blind, as the Master did.

### **Sympathy with Others in Distress.**

This was a case of rude tyranny and helplessness—a city in tears, a hero aroused. The people rally at the call of a brave leader. Why weep, man? Rouse up! This is a call for work, not tears! The people are in distress, and must be released. Listen to Nahash, and his chiefs and officers! They imagine they will have a bit of extra work to-morrow, in putting out the eyes of these people. I can hear him saying, "It will not only be a reproach on all the coasts of Israel, but if we put out all their right eyes they will fight against us no more." We are told in the old Book, "Evil shall slay the wicked, and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate;" and no doubt, while the committee meeting was sitting, King Nahash

and his officers were surprised as Saul brought his men up in three companies early in the morning, and drove out the enemy until two could not stand together. Sufferers set free, tyranny punished. Reformers wanted! Friend, will you be one?

There are a great many of our brothers and sisters in captivity, waiting to be set free, and weeping in city, town, and village, and the labourers are few. Saul did not leave it to others, but went himself to the rescue. His brethren were in danger; the people had a great oppressor. So has England to-day. Drink and gambling, and all kinds of vice, seem to carry all before them. But Satan's power, like King Nahash, is limited. The workers of iniquity shall be brought low, for the Captain of our salvation is almighty. "What aileth the people that they weep?" There must be sorrow! Yes, but Nahash is dead, and trouble is at an end. Oh, no! Bacchus is living; and he not only threatens, but does put out the eyes of the people—blinds them against God and His laws. Here is one: a young man just come into the Working Man's Home, the Central Mission, Darlington. He shall tell his own story. He says: "I am three hundred miles from home. I have been brought up in and under the influence of Christian parents. Like other young men I know of the same stamp, I served my apprenticeship, got out of my

time, would not listen to a godly father and mother, broke the reins, left home, and at this time as an engineer earning two pounds per week. Drink ruined me." Without a home or friends, he was crushed; but the tears and sighs of a mother that never gave him up, and the power of the Holy Spirit, prevailed, and, praise God, for five months God's grace has been able to keep him from falling, and he says it took some courage and grace to pray before all the other lodgers, but he thanks God for help. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him."

Brother, there are more tears than you know about! Prison tears? Oh yes, we say, when we see the prison van going. I have heard people say, "There goes 'Black Maria.'" Are we doing our duty as a Church to lessen the crime, and wipe away a few tears of the children that have to make their bed under some sheltered spot out in the open, in the cold and frost? Workhouse tears? Here is an old friend. He once ran well. For years he delighted his classmates with his experience and his song. All that knew him before and after his conversion used to say, "What a change God's grace has made!" And I knew it, for I had helped God to bring it to pass. But you say, "God can save without you!" So He can. But, you know, Andrew went and found Peter; and, praise God,

Pete found many more. So to-day we can help God to save a lost world. I have just been to visit this old friend of mine that drink took from the Class and Church, and no doubt arsenic has had something to do with it, for his speech is gone, and the use of one side. But the tears flowed when he saw me! I don't want to say more about this to hurt any relations, but many people are paid back with their own coin, and sins come home to roost, it may be after many years.

The widows and orphan children weep. I have seen many these last few months that have made me weep too. The Apostle Paul knew something about it: "Weep with them that weep." Christ knew about it: "When He beheld the city, He wept." Deliverers wanted! Will you make one of them? and you shall not lose your reward. Men are wanted—bold, strong and wise! We have had some, but they are leaving us, and we want young men to fill up the gaps, or to try. Charles Garrett and others we could name, but they would not like us to put them on the programme. God grant we may all do our part, if the Spirit of God comes upon us as it came upon Saul; and it will, if we ask in the Name of Jesus. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you."

"Go work in My vineyard, there's plenty to do;  
The harvest is great, and the labourers are few."

## A MESSAGE TO BE PROUD OF.

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### SERMON III.

*"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ"*  
(Romans i. 16).

WHY was the writer not ashamed?

You will find out by reading the story of his conversion. We are told he was born in Tarsus, the chief city of the province of Cilicia, born of Jewish parents, and we find they brought him up in all the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic law. His father removed him to Jerusalem as a pupil to one of the most learned teachers; he became acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures, and was held in reputation amongst the Jews. A new religion had sprung up, and this young man, united with the bigoted priests and rulers of the Jews, had made up their minds to put it down. It was spreading into every part.

This new doctrine from the lips of the Divine Jesus touched many hearts. Great crowds followed Him, but the upper class in a short time looked on this new Teacher and Healer with suspicion. He was tried, condemned, and put to death. After this the disciples seemed to be disheartened, but they got to prayer. Peter preached in the power of the

Holy Ghost, and we read that thousands were converted. Saul's anger overcame him. With many more, he was going to put a stop to this preaching, either by gentle means or roughly. So they argued with Stephen; but they had no chance, so they dragged him before the council. He pleaded his own cause; he was condemned like his Master. He was thrown down and stoned to death. His last words were a prayer for his persecutors. Saul, standing by, taking care of the clothes of his companions, must have seen the courage of this first martyr. Not content with the death of Stephen, there was a great outbreak against the Christians; some were killed in the streets, others dragged off to prison; other got away, and preached Christ in every part. Philip, in Samaria, made a great stir, and many became the followers of Christ. Of course, Saul and his followers were enraged, and no doubt would be more so if they heard of the conversion of the Prime Minister of Ethiopia. Saul and some in authority rush about wherever there is a meeting going on, break up the meetings. Oh, the bigotry of this High Church party! Saul, not satisfied, goes off to the high priest, tells him he has heard there is teaching and preaching going on in Damascus: "Give me letters to the rulers of the synagogues, and we will crush out this sect." Breathing out threatenings and slaughter, he sets

out on his way. We find he came near to the city, and no doubt he was making out his plans, but, like many more, never finished them. We read that the heavenly light brought him to the ground, and the voice of Jesus smote on his ears: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

Here was a leader of men now had to be led himself by the hand. Friends, we cannot measure the loving kindness of God. Here is a rebel against God who was thirsting for the blood of all the Christians he could find in every city; but, praise God, threatenings are turned to prayer and preaching. Is it any wonder he cries out with voice and pen, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ"? The enemies of God in all ages have tried to put down the preaching of Jesus, the Cross, and the Resurrection. They have tried the knife, the sword, the rack, and the flames of the dry stakes. But, thank God, the martyrs with the last breath and looks cried out, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Young men and women in this house of prayer, that same Jesus that stayed Saul in his wild career is asking you the same question: "Why persecutest thou Me?" What answer? God help you to say:

"I will accept His offers now,  
From every sin depart;  
Perform my oft-repeated vow,  
And render Him my heart."

It was this same Gospel that stirred the hearts at Ephesus, when high and low, rich and poor, brought out their books and burned them before all men. Oh, for another Elijah, and a Paul, that would preach this same old Gospel, that would make our lords and peers to tremble, and the gambler and bookmakers to bring out their books of wrongdoing, and set them on fire, and pack on the top of the flames the brewer's order books and ledgers! They might be worth more than fifty thousand pieces of silver, but we could afford it; if the brewers did not take to work, we could keep them much easier than all the paupers they make, not reckoning the police and judges and magistrates, officers in jails, and thousands more that have to be employed through the drink and poison they turn out. How the rates would go down, if their trade was abolished! And if all ministers, evangelists, and preachers would preach the whole truth of this old Book and Gospel of God, it would soon be abolished.

How are we to do it? In the first place, ask God to take away the fear of man, and He will do for you what He did for the Prophet Jeremiah. Poor fellow! "I cannot speak," said he, "for I am a child." "Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak: be not afraid of

their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord."

This Gospel is to pull down and destroy the works of the devil. In the Simultaneous Mission I was conducting, I was rather startled to hear a man cry out, "Lord, I've a wet shirt, but it has helped me to get a clean heart." Another, a brewer's agent, got converted at the same place; he went and pulled down all the pictures, barrels, and sheets and papers belonging to the brewer, signed the pledge, and after spending over four hundred pounds his mother had left him, this Gospel that Paul was not ashamed of saved him and other drunkards that night. Praise God!

With Paul, we are not ashamed of it. It brought me out of darkness into light, and we can say with the poet :

" Jesus sought me when a stranger  
Wandering from the fold of God,  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood."

It was this Gospel Paul preached that helped David to cry out, "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the Strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Thank God, it no longer makes a man weak, but "strong in the strength which God supplies through His eternal Son."

Praise God, we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. There might be some in this congregation that would be ashamed if they knew their parents had got to know how and where and in what place last night was spent. Archimedes said: "Give me a lever, and ground to stand upon, and I will move the world." Glory be to God, through the atonement of Jesus Christ we have all we need—the Lever! "Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks." The Lever, the Gospel for the salvation of the world! I said one night in one of our fine chapels, "Who'll be on the Lord's side?" A rich man shouted, "I will!" What I mean by rich—the Lord has trusted him with a great deal of gold, and with some of it he had wrecked his body. He repented, and was converted. For three years he enjoyed and talked and sang of God's great love. One day he sent for me, and told me he had not many weeks to live. "Moses," said he, "the Lord has given me a new heart, but I have destroyed the machinery, I shall die praising God, but I am going before my time, through whiskey!" God save every member of this Church from the great curse of our country!

It was this Gospel that raised the Apostle Paul above the fear of martyrdom, and caused him to exclaim, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which

the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Oh, may we triumph so! God grant it!



## FRIENDLESS AND FORSAKEN.

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### SERMON IV.

“*And no man gave unto him*” (Luke xv. 16).

HOW is it this young man began to be in want? Many of you have read the story. He went to his father and asked for his portion; he neither said “Pray” nor “Please,” but “Give me.” However, he got what he asked for, what he called his own; and after a few days with some of his friends he packed all together, and set off on his journey, and in a short time found himself among strangers.

• Of course, he would not be very long before he had many friends. It is an old saying, “Money makes the mare to go.” And I say, Yes, in more ways than one. It goes from the stable, in many cases, to the auction mart, to pay the rent.

He would not be in the town or city long before the “sharps” would see they had got a young greenhorn from the country. They would stand treat. Mr. and Mrs. Draw-all would invite him into the bar parlour, to some of the respectable drunkards—those that only forget themselves sometimes; that is, when they go to the Club—those that get home *sometime* in the morning.

After being treated, he would not be a man if

he did not stand drinks round ; of course he would, and they would sing, " For he's a jolly good fellow." He would have plenty of friends while his money lasted. He would in these days have been a favourite, and invited by Mr. Publican to stay supper with a few friends ; and morning after, to revive his nerves, have a ride in the landau at the back of a fast young horse. And we have seen young men of this class, when they had spent all, no man gave unto them, and they have died in the Poorhouse, and been buried in a parish coffin. The friends they had wasted this substance with did not know them when they saw them in workhouse clothes !

(1) Gilded youth has to pay a great price for popularity. This young man paid all he had ; and we can picture him, one night, being told with the rest of the company it was time to go. There was nothing for it : his money all had gone, he had not the price of a bed, so there would be no room in the inn ! He would have found out by this time the way of the transgressors was hard, as " no man gave unto him."

It would have paid him to read Proverbs xix. 4 before he had started for the far country : " Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbour." " A foolish son is the calamity of his father." There are a great many tears bottled

up in Heaven through frowardness of a wasteful son. But are not some of the fathers to blame? Money they must have, if they oppress someone else; their children must be provided for after they are gone; and while living, they must keep up their popularity—get on the committee at the Club. Business and pleasure leave no time for home duties, God is not in all their thoughts; no time to read the Word of God, or have prayers with the family. On week-evenings in some of our Christian homes the cards come out, and children are putting down the marks for the parents until they have learned the game themselves, and in a short time they can outwit their father! Then early in life the son must be like his father; he must go to the Club, and in many cases there starts their ruin, and some, we are sorry to say, find their way to jail.

Here is a young man, through self-will and very likely cared nothing about work, was found worse off than the swine he fed. One man, a bricklayer, who had been on the spree, and had spent all that he had, and could get no more, said to his mate, "I wish I was a pig!" And many besides have said, when they have spent their all, and wife and children wanting bread, "Would to God I was dead and out of the way!" When the drink is dead in the man every nerve seems to be on fire, all moral sense has gone, and the devil leads him on; he is

bound hand and foot with fetters and chains. But cheer up, man! While there is life there is hope! The great loving Shepherd is on your track; you are the one for whom He has left the fold. The loving heart of your father and his prayers have followed you all the way; you have caused the old man many sleepless nights since you left the old home. Why not leave the swine, though, now? "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found: call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

When preaching in the Grand Theatre at the Manchester Mission, a broken-hearted girl came to me after the meeting and asked if I could do anything for her, as she had been in jail. Brought away from a good home by one not worth the name of a man; one of the Sisters took her in hand, pointed her to the Lamb of God, showed her the way to the old paths where she found the Saviour. That night she was taken to one of the Homes, and after a few days was sent home to her dear mother. Young man, young woman, your mother has gone down the old lane many times after dark to listen for the footstep she knew the sound of so well! Will you pray that God's Holy Spirit will help you

to come to yourself? Have you not been feeding on the devil's bran and husks long enough? There is no famine at your father's house; the servants have bread enough and to spare—made of the best wheat. Come home, man! If you tarry till you are better, you will never return.

"He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man." The prodigal found that out when he had spent all; "no man gave unto him," and he hired himself to a man. How the poor fellow must have blushed when he was told to go into the field to feed the swine! What a lowering from the father's drawing-room and the music, to the screaming and the low, degrading job of feeding swine! It is what comes to a great many self-willed and disobedient young men and women; they are to be found wherever you go—city, town, or village. The devil never had a famine of husks; still, there are always plenty of prodigals to desire them!

(2) He went out to taste the sweets of liberty, and after the sweets he got the bitter. He spent all! These are the men to bring about a famine—consumers and non-producers, publicans, book-makers. They are in every place; simple men are being deluded by thousands. Psalm x. 8: "He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor." Yes! murders and

suicides fill our newspapers, through drink and gambling. I knew a man that used to own ten fine horses and carts, and was always in full work. I know the public-houses where he spent all that he had. I can see the grave when I think about poor J—— W—— where his family was put, and then he found his way to the Poorhouse! Poor fellow! I saw him one day come to a public-house in his workhouse clothes, and ask for a pot of beer from the man that had helped on his ruin; and it was denied him because he was a copper short of paying! Where are your friends when your money is gone? I knew this publican when he had to work in the mine; he was put in the public-house by a relative. He was not long before he bought the house, and another in the same town. Oh, that men would be wise, and turn their back upon the far country, and upon the enemy of their body and soul! Better be born poor than in riches to be spent so!

(3) The prodigal came to himself. He found out that the god of the world did no longer satisfy his wants. The husks of the world were hollow, and I can imagine he could smell the wholesome bread and see the large loaf that had just left his father's oven. "Here I am," said he, "plenty of good food at my father's house, and I perish with hunger!" It's a good thing when some folk come to the end of

themselves. Baal is a poor friend when you want help; you can cry from morning till noon, and from noon till night, and then you will only be mocked. Man! be like the prodigal and say, "I will arise, and go to my Father." Cry to Him: "I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee: and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." If you return, my brother, and repent, you will soon feel the Father's kiss, and the feet that are sore will be washed, and the new shoes put on, and the ring of reconciliation shall be put on your hand. Come and claim the best robe! May the compassion of your Heavenly Father break your hearts! Be like this young man in the parable; he put his words into practice. "And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him."

Yes! the old man is still looking; the old road you went down to the far country has never gone from his view; it is yet open for your return. My friend, make a start to-day. Don't give the citizen any notice! "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

Repentance implies three things: *First*, a sense of evil done; *second*, broken of heart; *third*, a willingness to make confession and to do better in the future. So I invite you all to leave the far country behind. Count the cost, and then enlist for the war against all wrongdoing. Fight for God as

earnestly as our soldiers fought for their King and Country. God help every sinner here to reflect. Will you any longer slight the offers of Heaven, and sell your soul for the sake of pleasures of sin, which you can now roll under your tongue as a sweet morsel, though your latter end will be bitter. Be wise, man, in time! Go in for eternal life. Put your resolution in practice. You have promised God and your wife and children. And you, sons and daughters that have godly parents, break from sin, and come over the line to Jesus. He will receive you, and will say, "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."



## THE TEARS OF JESUS.

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### SERMON V.

*"And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it"* (Luke xix. 41).

WHEN we as a Church and followers of the Lord Jesus live so near to Him as to see, as He saw, the down grade of the people and the backsliding of their hearts towards Him, then our hearts will be melted, and our eyes, as His were, will be filled with tears, and we shall find out the secret, and how it was, "When He beheld the city, He wept."

The Jews that had returned from Babylon nearly broke the heart of Ezra. We find him weeping, and rending his garment and mantle, so grieved at the sins that his people committed. He says: "I plucked off the hair of my head and of my beard, and sat down astonished" at their transgressions. After being brought again from captivity, strange women and wealth were all they sought after. And I am afraid in the Church of God to-day we have a great many of these people's relations, for it seems to me the golden calf has a great many worshippers. They forget that life is only a shadow. I know a few that worked night and day, gave no

time for Bible, for food, or sleep or rest, neither to spend an hour with the family, no time to read a chapter morning or evening, no time for prayer. The ledger and newspaper were their Bible; all they could study was, "Where can I get the best percentage on my money?" They have found the place at last. Perhaps the grocer's license or some brewery shares have taken their fancy because they pay large dividends. *We know some Methodists that cannot weep*, because the gold the drink brings in makes their hearts like that of Nabal—dead and strong to poverty, crime, and tears.

*Some of our modern Statesmen don't weep.* They go day after day through our large cities; they have gotten used to the degrading sights some of us see. They have eyes, but see not. They are like the Pharisees which said to Jesus, "Are we blind also?" *Many merchants have no time to weep.* They are like the buyers and them that sold in the temple. Money must be made; it matters not how they get it. Inviting two aged Christians to come to service one day in Leeds, they showed me their fingers skinned to the bone with making men's trousers at eighteen pence per pair. *How can the sweater weep*, while robbing the poor widows and orphans? These were the sights that made the dear Charles and Mrs. Garrett to weep in the cotton famine at Preston, and Bishop Ryle and others. It

was seeing the little village chapels closed, and the people as sheep without a shepherd, that touched the hearts of Thomas and Mrs. Champness to start the Joyful News Mission, and Evangelists to open out these chapels in the Name of God. I have been talking to a man this morning; he was a card-sharper on the trains from one station to another. Day by day, week after week, he was on this thieving game. A young man, agent of the "Joyful News," was led of God's Spirit to give this man a paper every week. He often asked the lad who had sent him; the only reply was, "Oh, it's all right." And so it turned out to be, for this notorious gambler, through the lad's prayers and "Joyful News" given, was led to see the error of his ways, and is now an earnest Christian, and the young man is now a minister of the Gospel.

Young men, when you are willing to *take to heart the lost* state of your fellows, and you see the tears of the broken-hearted children, like Jesus, *you* will weep, and lay yourself out to rescue the lost and perishing. On Sunday morning I called with a friend on our way to the Mission Hall, at what should be called a home. There was the mother with nine children; the man, that don't deserve the name, if he would work can earn three pounds per week. He cannot find time for anything but drink, and the mother and children have to do the best

they can, and starve out the rest. And yet in the same city a minister said, "If the public-houses were closed there would not be one drunkard the less in hell at the end of the year!" So it is not at all likely that *he* weeps much for the fallen men and women around him, for he said: "They drink because they are bad, and they have no will for anything else." It's poor doctrine that, from a pulpit! But, praise God, we have a remedy; the Gospel and the grace of God can give the man a new will, and a desire to leave it alone, and touch not the unclean thing. Thank God, the drink devil can be cast out, and be like the two thousand choked in the sea. Lord, open our eyes, and the eyes of every member of the Church, that we may see that drink, and gambling, and greed, and lust, and the love of gold is going to be the downfall of the English nation, except we rouse up, one and all, and follow in the Master's footsteps.

Let us weep with those that weep, but God help us never to rest until we have destroyed the works of the devil. What is the Church going to do about the Children's Bill? On Sunday night, coming out of the Mission, I met a poor little girl coming out of the corner dram-shop with a jug of beer, and in her arms, wrapped up in some old rags, is a wee little child, looked to be a few months' old. I pray that every Christian, for the sake of these dear little

ones, will give up the cursed drink, and do all they can for the Children's Bill and Sunday closing.

Oh, the thieving, deceiving, drink curse! If Christ was here again in body it *would break His heart*; and the dear children He would take in His loving arms and bless them! Let you and me, as His followers, do likewise.

As I am writing I think of a brother that was in the same class as myself; made away with his dogs, was an earnest Christian for years, a splendid singer in the open air, and when he prayed people wept. But alas! through the inconsistency of others that ought to have been a mainstay and help, he is now wallowing again in the mire. Drink is his curse, and with the millions of backsliders he is going down; and the yawning, gaping hell is being crowded, while the Church is settling down on her lees! "When He beheld the city, He wept." Yes, and the Holy Spirit is grieved to-day. We have a share list in our possession of the Manchester brewers, and we find Bishops, Clergymen, Aldermen, Mayors of cities, officers of some of our Refuge Homes. Sent to those places are the dear lads, through this deadly poison, and these blood-leeches are living on the profits made from it! St. Paul says, "Let him that stole steal no more." Only to-day a dear friend of mine, a very earnest worker, with tears told me how his wife secretly had kept

on with the drink, started the only son to drink ; son had to leave a young wife, found his way to jail, and what will be the end no one knows. Perhaps his father will go to Heaven before his time with a broken heart, as his home, which was once happy, is now no longer so. And still he sang through his tears, "Count your many blessings, count them one by one."

When Christians weep and work as Jesus did, and pray, the gates of hell shall not prevail against us. The old drop-drinkers are dying off, so younger people must make up their minds to take a firm stand for God. And the truth and the tears of Jesus Christ will not be in vain ; they shall melt the hardest heart, and righteousness shall reign when brewers' and hotel shareholders' names shall be forgotten, for the name of the wicked shall rot.



## A TEMPERANCE SUNDAY SERMON.

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### SERMON VI.

*“Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth”* (Joel i. 5).

THAT is what Joel says, and these were not the words of a fanatic. The people in those days sold their girls for wine.

This prophet cried out to the people, “The land mourneth, for the corn is wasted.” It makes our hearts bleed in this Twentieth Century for the corn that is wasted, and for the thousands of little hungry children we see in our travels. It matters not where you go, city or village; I have seen it where drink-shops are there the poor are too. In one place where I held a Mission I found nine drink-shops in one street—one to every fourteen houses. Was it any wonder the windows were gone? Boards and old rags had taken the place of glass, and poverty, crime, and naked and hungry children abounded both right and left. Wild-looking youths gambling on the doorsteps both weekdays and Sundays! When will the Church awake, as well as the drunkards? When the Church awakes, it will go to these people and tell them of a Saviour’s love.

But will they listen? Yes, if a live man takes a living message. "These dry bones shall live."

Here's a sample of one or two visits in the homes of the people. I was told this man was a terror to all the folks in the neighbourhood; he was having a sun-bath outside, as it was a great deal sweeter than inside of the home. I talked to him about his work, and how he was getting on with his cabbage-plants that he was putting in. He tried to shake me off a few times—once by fetching his garden-line and staying a long time in an old outhouse. However, when he came I had gotten the tool or spade and was breaking up some fallow ground. When he saw that he said, "If thou wilt have a cup of tea with me, I'll go to chapel with thee." I sat on a chair with more string and rope than rushes, but, praise God, I got my man and his wife as well. If these people are worth saving we shall have to have more pastoral visitation. If the ministers have not time to do it—well, the members must awake, and see to it, and make up their minds to be as earnest in seeking the lost as they are in seeking for a vote at election times for their man. "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep." They *are* weeping in all places—palaces and hovels. Here is a case of a man who came to strike me while giving out a verse of a hymn. I stayed his hand, and gave it a grip with all the power I had. I followed him into

a dingy, dirty, filthy room, where a brewer would not allow his dog to stay to sleep; eight children starving; no food, no fire, nor bed; the man ragged and unkempt. This man had taken whiskey-and-water until it had made him lower than the brute beast. The Archbishop of Canterbury said a while ago, "If the great mass of well-to-do people were to become total abstainers for the sake of helping their fellows to get rid of such a fearful curse as that of drunkenness, they would do more to make the poorer classes happy, more to get rid of idleness, more to get rid of that which led so many people wrong, than if they spent all they possessed in works of so-called charity." God grant that all of us may take these words to ourselves, and the words of the prophet Joel. He says: "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm." And we must do this with no uncertain sound, or, as one of the Prime Ministers said, "If we don't rule the Drink Traffic, it will rule England," and the Church as well. We see it is doing that now. Old places that would soon moulder and fall are being pulled down, and others are rising in their stead, but greatly enlarged. "Sound the alarm!"

Where from? Pulpit and pew, from the market cross, in the corner of the streets, on the sands at the seaside, where thousands of our scholars are ruined every year. This is the place where a great

many of them take their first glass. "Ho, friend, have you got a pledge-card?" shouted a sailorman one night in the open air. "Yes; will you sign?" "I will, Sir!" "How's that? What's up?"

"Well, I was a second mate, but have lost my ship; and now I have gotten another berth as common sailor, and am off to South America. I never touch drink at sea, but when I get on English soil my trouble begins, and I am lost!" "Thank God, brother, Jesus came to seek and to save the lost." So we prayed and parted; I trust we shall meet again where sin and sorrow will be shut out.

We cannot sound the alarm in the wrong place or at the wrong time; you will always find a seasonable time. "Cry aloud, spare not!" Here's a few words from a letter from across the water: "Dear Sir,—Twelve months ago you were speaking in the town of Bolton. I was passing the crowd, a prodigal, a drunkard, homeless in poverty, and had brought myself to the brink of hell. But the Holy Spirit sent the Word home. I turned into the Mission Hall, was saved. When I stopped and heard you say you had tried every way to stop sinning, but could not until you came to Christ, thank God, *I* came to the same Fountain, and was made clean, and God has kept me; and now I sing, 'All the way 'long it is Jesus;' and my testimony now is 374 in Sankey, 'Jesus saves,' and the first

four verses Col. iii. Pray for me. We have some grand open-air meetings. Hallelujah! I'm a new man in Christ Jesus.—J. C." This man don't need whiskey-and-water for a stimulant.

"Sound the alarm!" Cry, "Awake, ye drunkards!" We can do it in more ways than one. You may do it with tracts as well as words. One day I left one and a bill with an invitation to my meetings at the house of a stevedore—a man who employs other men to work for him, or under him. He had been used to spending money freely on what he thought would quench their thirst, and make them eager to work. On the Saturday this man paid his ale-shot (three pounds) at the public-house, and on the Monday paid 15s. in ready money at the same place, after which he went home for a few hours' sleep. Awaking and feeling thirsty, he sent his little girl for a quart of beer. Presently she returned with an empty jug, and the message that there was no credit. Poor W——! This was a blow, to be sure! Looking ruefully around, he spied the hand-bill with "Mo" and the dogs. Said he, "Who's this chap?" "Oh," replied the wife, "he was on the market Saturday night, and preaches at Wesleyan Chapel to-night." "Give me my boots," said he; "I'll go and see if *he's* got any credit." So with feet hastily thrust into unlaced boots, his wife following, away he goes to chapel, and the

sword of the Spirit pierced his soul with a sense of sin. When the invitation was given he left his seat, came out, and knelt at the rail, crying out, "Lord, have mercy on me!" Thank God he sought and found, and next to God's mercy he sought the help of total abstinence from that which had emptied his purse and lost him his credit. "'Mo,' can tha find me a pledge-card?" "Aye, lad, and a bit o' blue ribbon too!" So he went home a new man, and up to now I trust he has wanted no credit at the iandlord's store. When I called to see him some time after, I said, "Mr. W——, you look better." "I feel a lot better," said he, "and there's no mistake about that. There's fourteen in the family, and, praise God, seven of them came out on the Lord's side. We will pray for others." Oh, for a trumpet-voice, that every Christian may "sound the alarm!"

That great-heart, Abraham Lincoln, was very fond of teaching to his children, "Don't drink, don't smoke, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat; love your fellow-man, love truth, love virtue, and be happy!" The Church would soon see a mighty revival if she followed out and practised the words and advice of this noble Statesman. And why not, for the sake of the lost? We shall have to work as well as blow and sound the alarm, as lads and girls to-day are being sold for drink. And are

we as Christians to stand quietly by, while we see thousands of our fellow-countrymen falling at our feet? We must do what the Government won't do—stop the tap—or it will empty the Church and fill the prisons.



## THE CHRISTIAN RUNNER.

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### SERMON VII.

*“Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus” (Hebrews xii. 1).*

RUNNING in a race means self-denial; old habits given up; anything that increases weight has to be left untouched. As the Apostle says, we must keep our body under, or we shall not go to the end. I well remember one race I ran. It was with an older man, and two stone heavier, so I had to carry two great weights or give five hundred yards start out of two thousand; so I gave the start. Coming out of the colliery the day before, my body was not very clean, so the old man said, “Oh, I did not know I was running a black man!” However, it was a very hot day, so we started for the race; my mates were all round the course with buckets of water, pouring it on my body. Passing the old man as we got near the goal, “Oh,” said he, “that’s not same man I started with. He was a black ‘un!” You see, with the cold water and the hot sun, the dirt had gone! I have come across a great many

folk in my travels that think they are right for heaven if they have been baptised and confirmed. Friends, it'll not do; it's a broken oar. "Ye must be born again," not of water only, but of the Spirit.

I have trained myself, and trained many, and it meant sacrifice, and hard work, and doing the things we were told, or the old flesh would not remove; and we know those that are in the flesh cannot please God (Romans iii.). The Lord says, "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." Daily doesn't mean just on the Sunday, going to church, and giving the devil the other six days to lead us where he likes. Wesley says in his Notes: "Let us lay aside every weight, as all who run a race take care to do; let us throw off whatever weighs us down or damps the vigour of our soul." The Apostle says, "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

We are compassed about with great *clouds of witnesses*. Some of the witnesses I am thinking of don't speak very kindly of the runners in the race. There is old Talkative; he is to be found at every street corner. You know him; he's sponging on all that pass, and you cannot get a word in edgeways. If one of his mates gets converted, he is never at rest until he tries all he knows to overthrow him in the race. Here is a bit of his slang. "Well, Tom,

I have heard thou got converted at Methodist Chapel. Is it true?" "Aye," says Tom, "a reckon it is!" "Well, I suppose thar going in for two things at least—that is, a suit of clothes and a crown." "Well," says Tom, "about clothes I have plenty, but they are like thine—they are lent out. But all being well, they come home now, and no more return to the pawnshop. And as for t' crown, thar reight, have got two halves in my pocket, and have set out for the crown that is laid up for me in heaven." Talkative tries then to beg three penny-worth of whiskey out of the half-crown. Tom says, "Nay, lad, I am in the race, and I must watch and be sober." Tom knows his besetting sin, and runs away from it, "looking unto Jesus."

Here's another "witness." "Well, Harry, has tha' to go to the Class to-night?" "Aye, am off very soon. Does tha' want to go with me?" "Oh, no, I was thinking there is three of us; tha' can just have a hand at cards with us before time." "That was my sin," said Harry, "and last week, when I got saved, I put a five-shilling pack of cards in the fire. No more whist; I have got a New Book, and it tells me I must do naught at 'll cause others to stumble. And beside, I have no time; Class meetings and prayer meetings and week-night preaching and Band meeting at Setuday neight taks aw' my time up!" Well done, Harry, look straight on; it's

to them that endure to the end that shall receive the crown!

Here's another. "I reckon tha's been to those revival meetings, and gotten converted." "I have." "Well, a suppose we shall not see much of thy company now?" "No; the old Book says we are to come out from amongst them." "Now, look here, don't be so narrow; there will be no harm an odd neight or two i' t' week going to the old Drill Hall for a dance." "Oh, won't it?" she said. "I know; I was in the race before, and father and mother would have me to go to the dance, and I saw other professing Christians there, and it took away my appetite for prayer and praise, and I stumbled, and caused others to fall out of the race, and some of them have gone to meet their Judge and God without repenting. No more for me, please. I must run with patience." "But you will want some exercise?" "Yes, I have found some, in going to the poor and needy, and visiting the sick, and feeding the hungry, and giving water to the thirsty, and in wiping the tear from the pale cheeks of those that see little sunshine either in the street or their so-called home."

My friend, we are taking on; if you have not entered in this race come with us, and help us to weep with them that weep, and you shall have your reward. You can enter without money and without

price. I said to an old man one day in the straw hat country, in his home (or pigstye, not worth the name of that, it was so filthy), "What age are you?" "Over eighty, Sir." Said I, "How's this come about, living in a place like this? An old man of eighty never gets wages like these from God. You are in the wrong course." "Aye," he said, "and the devil, after serving him faithfully all these years, is now crushing me to the grave and hell!" "That's fruits, father," said I, "in serving a bad master." He said, "You know, I have been a horse dealer, and horse dealing and drink took from me all honesty and shame; and here I am, only a few feet from the grave." "Let's pray, father; you lead off!" "I never knew ah to pray." "Well, say something." So he did, through his tears: "God forgive ma and help ma!" Young men, pray *now*, while your hearts are tender. I pray that God heard the old man's prayer, and saved him from his wretchedness, but my faith was weak. Poor old man!

We have another of the witnesses here; his name, they call him "Face-turn-both-ways." You don't know where he is or what side he takes; he will tell you there is no harm in a drop of wine, and that he can learn as much in going to see a play in the theatre as you can learn from the Bible or at the Class meeting; and he will go to school and

chapel with a pipe in his mouth right to the door, and the young people see all this, but they never see him at the prayer meeting before the service. We say nothing about this, my friend, if you can ask God's blessing upon it, and you don't cause the young and weak new convert to stumble through your example.

The Christians have the race easy now to what it was in the early days, when they wandered about in skins, and had to hide in caves, and waded to heaven through the blood of the saints. Oh, for the mighty faith the early Christians had, that suffered much and ran to the end! Brother, Satan will try to trip you up in the race, right to the gate of heaven. But look to Jesus, as the dying Israelites looked to the brazen serpent. The witnesses that are looking, many of them won't read the Bible, but they read *us*. May we so run that the worst of men, and our children and neighbours, may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, "the Author and Finisher of our faith."

"Ye did run well, who did hinder?" Pride, gold, selfishness, drink, gambling, bad books, evil companions, vice, lust, greed, bad temper, the neglected Bible and prayer have hindered thousands. But after all, when you see them and have a word with them, they say, "We hope to get to heaven." Hindered in the race by worldly allurements, Lot's

wife, looking back to her home, perished. Judas, like many more, has gone from the Table of the Lord with the wine on their lips, and have perished. Brethren, let you and me look to Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever.

We are exhorted to constant *faith, patience, and godliness* in this race, and as Christians we need it, for trials and persecutions seem to meet us at every turn. They met Jesus and the early Christians, and recently our own dear sisters and brethren in China: and they died on the course, looking to Jesus rather than give up their faith in God; they endured to the end, and the crown and the "Well done!" will be theirs. Abel was hurled out of the race by his brother, and being dead, yet speaketh to those of us that are left behind to go on to the end. Let us lay aside every weight, for an example that we may not cause others to stumble. I saw in one of my meetings a man that had not been for a number of years, only in jail, to any place of worship. I said to him in his home one day, "Now, friend, your wife has come out for God. Why not come as well. Then you can help her to train those two nice girls for Jesus and Heaven." "Why, man,"

he said, "look here! You know, I am a collier?" "Yes," I said. "Now, the man I work under is a Steward and Class Leader at the place where you are having the Mission. I don't go in a public-house; I have not had a pot of beer or cider for six years. Now, your Class Leader calls in the public-house as he comes from the colliery, and next Sunday, as he goes from chapel, he will either go himself or send his girl that has been to school." And he did, I saw it; and I prayed, "Lord, save the professor!" This man was one of the witnesses. He does not read his Bible, and we cannot stop him from looking at us that ought to give up all for the sake of Him that gave up all for us, and became poor that through Him we might become rich. In this town, where I am conducting a Mission, a Superintendent of a Sunday School took Sacrament on the Sunday morning, came home, and opened his grocer's shop to sell the cursed drink. What can this hypocrite say to the dear children under his charge? The older scholars say, "Physician, go and heal thyself;" and I say, "Lord, open his eyes, that he may see the wrong he is doing before it's too late!" "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain" (1 Cor. ix. 24).

Obtain what? The applause of men? No! What then? The flattery of the world and the

"Well done!" of the ungodly, or—what thousands are going in for to-day—a corruptible crown? No! The crown which is sought in the Christian race must be obtained by those who have undergone regular discipline for the race, and who have learnt to be temperate in all things. Here are a few good suits to run in: *sobriety, humility, modesty, contentedness, obedience, endurance*. With these graces we shall run and obtain.

But business men tell us to-day it's no use them starting in the Christian race, as trade is so cutting and competition so keen that it would be impossible to keep in the race. Man! one sight of Jesus, "the Author and Finisher of our faith," with the crown in His hand, will inspire us on from the dust and muck-rake to the prize in view. We know the race is not easy, but it is possible; and it is not my own strength or swiftness which will enable me to win it—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." You will want strength to look at God's Word; you will be sneered at, and called narrow and pious, if you intend to be out-and-out for God and honest in all your dealings, and if you preach the whole truths against our modern sins.

I have just been staying with a very good, godly man; he had been trained by godly parents that an honest crust of bread, and the grace of God in the heart, would pay well for both worlds, and help **him**

in the race of life. He has tried to live up to the teaching he received. He has had to pay for doing right. A very bad, ungodly, drunken fellow worked for the same Company as this young man, and I suppose he told many people he would have this godly, pious Methodist out of the office. He was the manager, and he could do it. And he did, although he had been at the place for ten years. He would not lower his Christian flag. He was told by this man to send a claim in for short measure of cloth. "No," said he, "the gain is on our side when all the bales are put together." The directors listened to this drunken manager's lies, and the young Methodist Christian was paid three months' money and sent off for doing right. Soon after, he applied through advertisements and got two shops in one day. Young people, lay aside every weight; never mind the glittering gold, it has stopped many in the race. Judas, Demas, Ananias and Sapphira, and many in our day have been tripped up by the god of this world, and now are singing the drunkard's song, and some have died without any hope of the crown.

The Apostle says, "I keep under my body;" or, as the Revised Version puts it, "Buffet my body." To bring under the body is to mortify it, to purge from it all corruptions. Jesus Christ commands us to deny ourselves, and He commands us to deny

our appetites. It's not only intemperance, but many in eating don't know when they have had enough. We must be careful that all our intentions are pure, and run in the race according to God's rules, and be not carried away by anxiety for applause of men. We need sobriety and patience, or we shall press forward too eagerly and over-exert our strength. I was once running in a long-distance race; my opponent went at a great speed for half-way, and left me a long way in the rear. All the cheers seemed to be for him, and all the people were shouting, "Go on, Jim; 'Owd Mo' will never run again after this, thou wilt break his heart." My friends, "Owd Mo" had to be reckoned with! My trainer had men all along the course; then he himself stood at a point, and he shouted and run with me. "Now," said he, "make the running!" Which I did, and every stride I got nearer to Jim, and then passed him. Poor Jim's heart was broken; he never ran again! Not to the swift, my friend, but to those that endure to the end; and when you are tired and outstripped, don't give up! My trainer could only be at one point, but *Jesus, your Strength, is with you in every step you take*; and as He overcame for thee, so He has obtained that by Him thou shalt obtain: "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

Great pains are taken to win the race, yet the

crown or prize will soon fade, and their name, with that of the judge, will soon be forgotten. But the triumph of the just is eternal, and their never-fading crown is God Himself! "Oh, but the trials and temptations!" some say. "It's hard work to get along, the course seems filled with lions; every stride we take towards the Holy City is a struggle." Yes, but when the struggle is for life itself, it is well worth the effort! *In a week's race the runner stops for rest and refreshment.* So the Christian must make time for prayer and Bible study; and we must keep a strict watch over our hearts, because from them proceed hypocrisy, malice, covetousness, and many other evils. Cheer up, my friends! He ever surrounds us with His everlasting arms, prevents our footsteps from slipping, sends down light from heaven to guide and support thee.

The Christian Churches to-day want more of the heavenly light that God is waiting to pour upon them. Some say, "How is it we don't get more to enter in the race for heaven? We need not go far to find out. Here is a programme of a Christian Church preparation for Sunday services: an entertainment, living pictures, shooting gallery, a dip in the bran-tub; this way, charge twopence for a half-hour with the humorist! At our Synods and Conference, boards are put up with a hand on, pointing, "This way to the smoke-room!"

Brethren, many young converts have fallen out of the race by looking at worldly wisemen instead of Jesus. "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which so easily besets us." For the sake of our weaker brother, it were better we had never been born than cause our brother to stumble in the race and lose his crown.



## A LYING ADVERTISEMENT.

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### SERMON VIII.

“*Woe unto them that call evil good*” (Isaiah v. 20).

NOW then, what is that they are advertising? Oh, wines. It says,

**“The strongest, the best, the purest, the oldest, and none like it; for it suits the eye and the pocket.”**

Well, now, we must grant it is the strongest, for in the great city where these words were blazing on the wall we saw thousands overpowered by it; and it is so in every city and village where this stuff called wine is sold. Go to the prison gates any morning, you will see the result of its strength. Look over the walls of the asylum, you will see the man that once was as bright as you or me; now the nerves are shattered, vigour gone, brain power gone, all because he was the weaker, and could not say “No” to this deadly poison.

We cannot say it is *best*, while so many of our own families every year are cursed by it. “Purest!” There is nothing pure about it, for it makes the fairest and the noblest characters impure, sending

them to the lowest depths of dishonour and degradation; it fills our streets with innocent starving children. There is nothing pure in that which defiles all that touch it. How can it be pure when it robs the Church of her ministers, hurls them from the pulpit, to take shelter in the lowest lodging-house in the city, brings them to their grave years before they ought to fill it? Pure? Why, it robs our schools, right from the superintendent, teachers, and scholars—yes, and the school cleaners. I know more than one that has gone down through this impure wine. "Old?" Yes, it's old. The Bible is full of warning about it. An old King tells us, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." How can a man that works hard six days a week be wise that spends three-parts of his wages in the public-house, and sees his children wanting bread? Old? Yes, by old age it has got long teeth, for "It biteth like a serpent."

My dear young people, keep as far from the old serpent as you can; always say "No" to the deadly old tempter, for his teeth are grown long with old age, and myself has been badly bitten by him.

Old? Yes, we read in the Old Book of a King drinking himself drunk, and Zimri, his captain, killed him. Alas! thousands every year have gone the same way since. How long will the brewer and

church minister go hand-in-hand for the sake of filthy gold? Hell will enlarge itself. Shall we stand still and allow it to be populated with sons and daughters of our own families? Let every one calling themselves followers of the Lord Jesus be up and doing; time is short. If Christian men and women don't take a firm stand against it, God will be asking, "Why cumber ye the ground?" God forbid that the brewer and the publican—yes, and the poor drunkard—should laugh at the untempered doctrine that comes now-a-days from our pulpits. These men are waiting to be saved, but they never will be except we preach repentance, a full surrender, and faith in Jesus Christ.

Don't tell me that whiskey-and-water will convert any man from the error of his ways. I am sorry to say that I know the old serpent too well! Old? Yes, would to God it would die of old age! If it did, what rejoicing there would be, if we saw the Church all uniting and calling together rich and poor for a large meeting to bury the deadly monster, that it might never lift its ugly head any more to bite anyone!

"None like it!" We are told in large letters on the hoardings, "None like it!" For what? Why, it takes the bed from under you; it takes the children's bread, boots, and clothes, and the colour from their cheeks; it makes young people into old

ones. "None like it" for causing shame and sorrow, for it makes mothers and girls impure. If you want to see the impure go in these streets in this same city where the wine and whiskey is advertised, when the flaming saloons have put out their lights at midnight, you will see the unblushing lost daughter, very likely of some pious, broken-hearted mother, and the prodigal son, many of them that have passed through our Sunday Schools. I saw it, and wept; and my heart went out towards these young and old that are going down lower and lower. For nights I seemed to see them; no sleep could stay my thoughts or stop my ears; sob after sob, tear after tear, I heard and saw, and when thinking of the old father and mother at night, when the girl ought to have been at home, I could hear them talking as the fire is dying down in the grate, then mother would push away a tear, and slowly they would turn the key in the lock, and once more put the lost one in the hands of their Heavenly Father, and their tears would drop in God's bottle.

Very likely they have read the precious words many times, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee;" and very likely some of these had learned to drink at their own parents' table. It's fearful to think about some that have met in Class, that I have known personally, have stayed at their home, have heard them say "Amen"

at prayer before going to bed. Bright prospects, both father and mother members of the Church; the son in his prime, gone to a drunkard's grave. All sorts of wines and spirits were kept in that home. Mother gone with sorrow to the grave; the father, with his grey or white hair, weeps when I see him, but he cannot give it up now! Lord, save the old man!

It says on the wall, "It suits the eye and the pocket." Whose pocket? Why, not the British workman's, or they would never be so foolish as to spend one hundred and fifty millions of good money in that which takes all the man out of them! Not the working man's pocket, for some of them don't see it long after they get from the pay office. They count so much for wife and children, and instead of taking it home, they get into the ale-house; the ale-score is paid, it amounts to rather more than he thought, he did not think it was so much, so he gets a bit put out, and gets an extra pot or two; then he will challenge any man round the table at cards or dominoes, just for one jug, for the good of the company. He is in then, he is clapped on the back, and they sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." The coin don't suit *his* pocket, for he has none to put in it, and all the poor wife and children are to have he can carry in the palm of his hand. "It suits the eye!" Whose eye? Why, the publican's, if there is a solid

ring about it. Of course, only for a short time; he does not keep it long, for the brewer puts in his claim, and I can see his charming face as his hand glides over the yellow, white, and brown of the £ s. d. that has cursed thousands. It suits *his* eye, and I can see the twinkle in it as he adds another pile of gold to his large banking account. Of course, he will give a few thousands towards a church, and make another a present of a Communion Service. This no doubt will soothe his conscience, but he will have to reckon with God for those he has slain! And every preacher will stand before God, and if we have not been faithful, and if our words have been as cold as soda and milk, instead of like fire from burning lips touched by the live coal, we, too, shall be called to account if we have not told this man of his sin. And our Church Committees that day will be on their trial; and the Trustees will be there that allow the wine at the Lord's Table—the wine that has given many a new convert an appetite for more, after the taste he has had. One or more of my Class companions are in their graves to-day; after signing the pledge, it was *broken in God's house!* But, thank God, the intoxicating wine has been swept away from some! Would to God it was swept from every Church! I praise God for His grace that kept me from falling.

We are told "it's the cheapest." I am not much

of a hand at figures, but it cannot be cheap, if we sum up all the judges' fees, magistrates', policemen's, and all the others that take part on Court-day, and put with those the murders, suicides, and broken hearts, and after the brewer has done with them we shall have to bring in the joiner to put up the scaffold, and then the hangman. No, Mr. Brewer, it's not so cheap, when the wife and children of both the men have to go to the workhouse and be kept out of the rates. Let's see what Judge Grantham thinks about its cheapness and doings. In passing sentence recently at the Old Bailey upon a man charged with causing the death of his wife, he said: "I hope everyone that hears or reads this case will take it as a serious warning. This event is only the natural consequence of drink. When in drink, a man does not know what he does; he quarrels with his friends, his wife, whom he loves; the result is either that he hangs, or suffers a long term of imprisonment." Addressing the prisoner, his lordship said: "You were a brute beast at the time, and, although I must pass sentence upon you, I hope this will be a lesson to you to lead an honest life afterwards. You must go to penal servitude for five years; afterwards get work, and lead an honest life. A decent, honourable man is one of the noblest creatures on God's earth." Where does the cheapness come in this man's case? Mr. Brewer ought to keep the

orphans. But will he? If all spoke out from the pulpit and the corners of the streets like this, we would see more conversions, and the wine-sellers and drop-drinkers would not sleep so well after going from the services. God help us to be faithful, and forgive us for our shortcomings in the past.

Some of our Christian people will say, "'Owd Mo' is too sensitive!" But you people that are still taking your drops, get down on your knees before, and ask the Lord in your solemn moments if your example is good for your own children and for the young and old in the Sunday School. I say, my friend, your influence would be all the stronger with those you come in contact with if you would ask God to give you power and grace to overcome, and the money that used to go for drink would be all the better spent if you bought some hungry child a cake, and the remainder you might give to God's cause to rescue the perishing; and when night comes, before you go to sleep, you would no doubt hear the words, "As ye have done it unto the least ye have done it unto Me. Even so, it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." This advertisement says, "The cheapest!" How can it be cheap, when it takes all out of the home but poverty, and the brightest out of the families. If you want the cheapest and the best, we must go in for *the cup*

*of salvation and the water of life*, which is offered to us free! "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." These words are the words of Jesus. What publican would give you the same invitation? I tried a lot, but never found many of that class. Now, my friend, let me persuade you, for the sake of Christ and the thousands that are perishing, get salvation. It will make you strong, will make you leap for joy, and you will be able to lift others from the miry clay, and sin, degradation, and crime. Your reward shall be sure, for by Him Who said, "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me," you shall not be overlooked. You and I, with all that are faithful, shall be among those that shall hear the "Well done, thou blessed of My Father." God help us, as Christians, to make as much sacrifice for God and lost ones and outcasts as De Wet and his followers have made for their country. We are told for two years he never slept twice in one place or inside a building. My friends, the harvest is great, and God is always taking on. Will you be one of His labourers? He offers good wages. "The gift of God is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ." Work, "for the night is coming, when no man can work."

## THE SAFE GUIDE.

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### SERMON IX.

*“Thou wilt show me the path of life.”*

(Psalm xvi. 11.)

IN this Psalm we have the beginning as well as the end. The path of *life*; it's not death. Let me say to young people, if you want to finish well, go in for a good start early in life. The fastest runner in the world up to date, practised for months how to start well. Yes, a good start is three-parts of the race. “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He *shall* direct thy paths.” Not “may;” the preacher is confident He will.

Who is more able to show us than He that made us, and has gone over it?

“The path may be lonely, and dangerous too,  
But Jesus is able to carry us through.”

You cannot choose your own path, if you mean to run well. Many have tried, and failed. David tried, and fell. Some of the greatest men we read about in the Word of God had a spill when they chose their own way. The broad way is very inviting to both old and young, but we know the guilt and bloodstains all along the line. We can shout to the God of David, as he cried: “Hold up

my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." If Lot had turned his eyes to God instead of to the plains of Jordan, he would have saved his uncle Abram a great deal of trouble; it would not have taken three hundred and eighteen trained servants to have rescued him and his goods from the enemies of God. Lot, like many more, was going for a good thing; he saw the plains of Jordan, well watered everywhere. Many young men make their choice at the first look. They don't pray about it; they don't even think; and before they find out where they are, they have wandered. The men of Sodom lead them further into sin, and it's only by the prayers of mothers and friends they escape the flames of destruction. Man, ask for the old paths, and leave the haunts of the wicked. "But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." Lot's selfishness blinded his eyes; he could see nothing only the richness of the plains! How many have been destroyed through the deceitfulness of riches is hard to tell, all because they have not sought "first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

"Thou wilt show me the path of life." There is only one way to life; many ways lead to death. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." "See," said Moses, "I have set before thee this day, life and

good and death and evil." Then he commanded them to love the Lord, and to walk in His ways, and to keep His commandments and His statutes and His judgments. Hear him shout the promise: "That thou mayest live and multiply, and the Lord thy God shall bless thee." But after all the exhortation and kind advice, many turned their back upon God and the preacher; chose the ways of evil, and died in their sins. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" No one can choose your path; and if they did, you would without doubt turn from it. Man, death is on your track. Leave the paths of the wicked, and learn to do well. I can almost see the tears running down the cheeks of the Prophet Isaiah while he is saying, "Their feet run to do evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood: their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity, wasting and destruction are in their paths. The way of peace they know not." "Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead." How many have been slain here in the house of the harlot we shall never know; but I know many that ought to have been in their prime to-day gone to an early grave, and many more are lingering and wasting. Take advice, my friends, from the words of the wise preacher: "Let not thine heart incline to her ways, go not astray in her paths, for she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been

slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

Which way are you on, and what sort of companions are you travelling with? There are many ways to death, only one to life. Here in the Word of God we have a map to guide us. John had travelled this way, so has given us a record of it; and "this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." Paul knew something of the security of life; he says, "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." These two old missionaries did Christ's bidding, and if you and me want to keep in the right path we must be ready to do His will, and follow in the path where Jesus leads. It may mean our reputation; we shall be slandered and talked about by those we thought our friends. But let us dare to do the right.

This is one of the paths we are asked to walk in: "And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." We shall find many here in this road that we read about in the chapters of James—men that's been trampled and drawn away of their own lust, and enticed by the gambler, by the moderate drinker—men old enough to be fathers of lads they entice and lure by their smile to the gambling-dens of our cities, and persuade them there is nothing wrong in a hand of

cards or one glass of beer. I say, young men, run from the men that will lead you on to death, or the path that leads to it.

And again, when you hear the class of men that Solomon tells us of, shouting, "Cast in thy lot with us, let us all have one purse," take the warning given in next verse: "My son, walk not thou in the way with them: refrain thy foot from their path." There is not many men at present that will invite you to share the purse they have gotten by wrongdoing; it's *your* purse these men want! The preacher evidently knew the kind of men he tells us of. In our modern days we can find you these men by thousands—the card-sharpers are some of those that cry out for one's purse, that step in the railway carriage and dupe a great many young men on their journey. We have stopped some of them, and been cursed for our pains. But our sleep has been the sweeter for it. These are the men that's on the way to death, and leading others. But listen: "They would none of My counsel, they despised all My reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way." But, thank God, there is a remedy for all wrong-doers: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him and to our God, for **He** will abundantly pardon." 170w, friend, take the

invitation the Prophet Jeremiah gives to all : " Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein : and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Now, we have seen where the broad way leads to ; let's look at the narrow path. " Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path." David was like Richard Baxter, who said he liked going to Heaven once a day, that he might not lose his way. Now, supposing we had met those three young men we read about in Daniel on the way to the furnace, who were ordered there for their faithfulness, and because they would not bow down to a gilded image, like many deluded Englishmen are doing today, and we asked them, Where for now? Shadrach would have said, " This is the path of life that our God has promised to show us ;" and Meshach would have said, no doubt, " Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life." And would these cruel men shut the mouth of Abednego? No ; the mighty king that cried out, " And who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" We don't read they trembled at his word. Read the answer : " O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter ; if it be so, our God Whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king."

"I will be with thee." Has that promise ever failed? "Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" "True, O king." He answered and said, "Lo, I see four men, loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." This is where the joy comes in! "In Thy presence is fulness of joy." My friends, God will not show us the path and leave us if trouble or affliction overtakes us. Oh, no! He says, "My presence shall go with thee." Daniel knew that the writing had been signed that no one should pray for thirty days, or ask a petition of any god save the king, yet he prayed as before, and his path led to the den of lions. The king sealed the stone; but the God of Daniel was looking on, so the angel was sent and closed the lions' mouths. God's testing comes in different ways to His people. Every link that is forged, every wire rope, is tested before it is used; so every Christian must be tried as by fire. John's path led to Patmos; some of the dear Christians fought with beasts, others were sawn asunder. Saul went to gaol, and was beaten many times; still he could say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." Paul knew something of the ruggedness of the path, but he could say with the Psalmist, "Thy right hand

upholdeth me." And so it did to the end. The scoffing, sneering world could not beat him from the path of the just, with all the rods they possessed. He had seen the faithfulness of Stephen, and when the blood was trickling down his mangled body he would hear the cry, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." All the stones they threw could not beat this saint of God from the path of life; he had seen Jesus at God's right hand, and with all his heart he could say, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Speaking in the open air at Manchester, when I had finished a man came up to me: "I say, old friend, you have given us the truth. It's all right what you say; the devil has been leading me, not only leading, but driving, me to gaol many times; but from now, God helping me, I will shun the paths of the wicked." Another said: "Thank God for a good wife. I have made her heart to bleed many times; both the children and herself have had to go short many times. Only a month ago I had spent all the money I could get. No one would give me any credit; so looking for a chance, I got the best clothes we had in the house, pawned them for a pound, and spent every penny in drink. But," said he, "what can you do? There is a pub in every corner of the streets! Well," said he, "the pound was gone. I became sober, because I had no

other way of getting drink. The tears of my good wife broke my heart. Through her prayers I went to the Mission; a month ago I got converted, signed the pledge. I take my children to service. I am paying two shillings per week at the pawnshop, and will soon have my clothes out again, and dress respectably once more. Thank God, He has shown me the path of life; may I have grace to walk in it to the end. Please," said he, "pray for me! Many snares are set for young men in this city, and it's so easy to go our own way." "Aye," said I, "our ways are crooked, and we are crooked. But Isaiah says crooked things can be made straight." So in bidding him good-night, I said, "Start and do something for God in the way of leading others from the paths of sin; you will find that a good way to help you. Take Bunyan's advice in times of temptation: keep close to the Word which forbids the sin."

In this world sorrow is our lot; but in Heaven there is joy. All our joys here are empty and defective; but in Heaven there is fulness of joy. Our pleasures here are transient and momentary, and such is the nature of them that it is not fit they should last long. But those at God's right hand are pleasures for evermore. Peter said in his first sermon, "Thou hast made known to me the ways of life. Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy

countenance." Praise God for the thousands since that can say, "Thou hast shown me the path of life." John had a view of them: "I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations." Every colour, no caste in Heaven; no "leading people" with the Lamb—all dressed alike, white robes, and palms in their hands. Listen to their voices: "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." No brewer in office here! "What are these? And He said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Brewers and drink-sellers would have a poor time of it if they got to Heaven. For there they are serving God day and night, and we are told they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more! How nice to know that no child will have to cry for bread! The feeding here will not be in the hand of drunken parents, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them—not drive them to their graves by thousands, as they are to-day, through selfishness and drink. No; He shall lead them "to living fountains of waters," and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Some of the old Methodist preachers used to kneel in their own tears that were shed on the study floor. When we get into that atmosphere we, too, shall

help to wipe some tears before they get to Heaven. "Thou wilt show me the path of life," and we shall find in His presence fulness of joy; and if we take pleasure in working and saving others here, we can say with Paul, "For I am now ready to be offered;" and then, like him, we shall know something of the pleasures for evermore:

"Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
 Soon shall every tear be dry;  
 Let not fear your course impede,  
 Great your strength if great your need."



## RESTING BEFORE THE WORK IS DONE.

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### SERMON X.

*"Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers" (1 Kings xix. 4).*

THERE is no one can read the story of Elijah without seeing in him one of the greatest prophets of the Old Testament. I have heard many striplings in the pulpit and out of it talk about this great failure of his in this chapter. I am afraid it would have taken many of these preachers to have had the strength and backbone of this noble prophet. Before we condemn him, let us examine a little of his earlier work. Elijah came in a time when sin was crushing the nation; the king and his wife, we are told, were Baal worshippers, and the people followed their example. Now, you preachers that have been laughing at his weakness and lack of faith, listen to what he has to say to the king: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before Whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." It's very easy to throw stones, but find a preacher in a thousand that would go to our own king, and tell him to his face that God would soon reckon with us as a nation if we did not repent. I shall always thank God for this

prophet ; he started at the spring, right to the foot of the throne ; he struck at the root. Then God told him to go and hide himself. God has a way of His own in supplying the preacher ; so he was sent to Cherith, and he had two good meals a day, and plenty of good water, when the king and his servant had to go about and seek to keep themselves and cattle alive. At this time Elijah allowed God to make His programme, and his faith was strong. Now we find the hillside gets dry, then the brook dry ; and God works out the plan. It was a time of famine, yet God sent him to a widow woman. If we acknowledge Him, He will direct our path. The journey may be long and lonely we are sent, but if God says the word we shall find the widow woman and the cake when we get to Zarephath.

We can all learn a lesson from this poor widow. "When he came to the gate of the city, behold the widow woman was there gathering sticks." Us preachers are well off now ; there is no waiting of the sticks to be gathered before we can have a cake. "Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink." No doubt, water was precious. She was going for the water, and he called again, and said, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." My friends, this takes some reckoning up. Let's bring it a little nearer home. Let's suppose

we had twopence in one pocket, and sixpence in another, and some poor woman came in tears, and children with her—one that had been left by some cruel husband—and she pleaded through her tears for help. I have wondered how many of us would have followed the widow's example. Elijah said, "Fear not," when she told him what she had in the house. "Fear not, go and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first." Which of us that has had a thousand better chances than this poor widow would have pulled out of our pocket the whole silver and copper to give to a stranger? We cannot go to a better school or a better teacher than this poor widow for a lesson on faith—yes, and works. "I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith!" How kind of God to keep a record of them! This poor woman will be on the list when the rewards are given out. It was hard times for preachers in those days. Jezebel had killed all the prophets that she knew of; but Obadiah had a few hid, and he fed them with bread and water. Elijah did not cry out to die when God told him to go and show himself unto Ahab; and Elijah said, "As the Lord of Hosts liveth, before Whom I stand, I will surely show myself unto Him to-day." There was no shirking in duty when the prophet leaned on God, and was strong in faith towards God.

Let us look at him when he seems to be in a great minority, bringing the king and his prophets and people to prayer on Carmel. Instead of looking too much on the side of his weakness, let us admire his courage, and ask that God will pour some of the same spirit upon us. Can you hear him shout? Let them kill a bullock, and put it upon an altar, and I will kill a bullock, and put it on an altar, and "*the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God.*" And all the people answered and said, "It is well spoken." See and hear these deluded people with the bullock on the altar, crying and cutting themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them. We know many to-day that are crushed, and with bleeding hearts serving the gods of Baal, that cannot help them—the drink god and the gambling god, and many more gods, that are hastening them on to the Brook of Kichon to be slain. Now, these milk-and-water, backsliding people had spent their strength in crying from morning till evening. Now listen to this dauntless prophet: "And Elijah said, Come near unto me: and all the people came near unto him, and he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down."

Let me say to some of you that used to have family prayer at your home, and because the children have grown up you think it no longer

needful, *Repair the altar*. My friends, get back to the God of Elijah before you are slain. Baal cannot help you in distress. These people round about the altar found that out, for they cried out, "The Lord, He is the God." Let us look a little more at the prophet's courage. You remember the story. When, after this, Ahab cast his covetous eyes on a vineyard belonging to Naboth, which lay near his country palace at Jezreel, Naboth refused to sell or exchange the inheritance of his father; so it was a bitter disappointment to Ahab, and it told upon his health. Then he began to sulk and look gloomy, and he turned his face to the wall, and would eat no bread. Then his cruel wife helped him in this dark deed of crime and murder. How the devil can use a bad woman to do his dirty work! We have it on record (1 Kings xxi.) how she wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal. It would have paid her to have lost her hand before that day had come. Job knew something of the prosperous wicked: "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power?" The wise man said, "The wicked shall fall by his own wickedness." Listen! "But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."

This man might have been a better man if he

had been more careful. As I have heard Mr. Champness say, it was an evil day for the Kingdom of Israel when Ahab married Jezebel. Good, honest Hugh Latimer says: "If a judge were to ask me the way to hell, I would show him this way: First, let him be a covetous man; let his heart be poisoned with covetousness; then let him go a little further and take bribes." This was the man, the preacher, that denounced the sin committed in high places, and as he walked down the Strand to Whitehall the Londoners cheered him, and struggled for a touch of his gown. He had a great deal of Elijah's spirit. We want more preachers of this type to-day. God forgive our mealy-mouthed talk from pulpit and platform. It's true, "The fear of man bringeth a snare." Let us be more careful when we are criticising a good man in an underhanded way.

The queen has had Naboth killed. She ordered that men of the worst should be brought, men of Belial, to swear against him, which they did, and he was stoned to death. She then told her husband, and he took her advice; he arose, and went down to take possession of the vineyard. He had not been in long—I don't think he had eaten a bunch of grapes—before this fearless prophet was at him. I can see the fire rise and the remorse in this conscience-stricken king as Elijah and he met face to face, and Ahab said to Elijah, "Hast thou found

me, O mine enemy?" His heart and conscience said, "Thou art the man;" and Elijah answered, "I have found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord."

I invite you all to read the narrative for yourselves. King or peasant that fights against God must be on the losing side. The stern, straightforward, short sermon preached to the king when they met seemed to make a deep impression. When he was told that the dogs, where they had licked the blood of Naboth, should in the same place lick his blood, he began to show some signs of repentance. Like much repentance we see now, the terror of the Lord caused him to humble himself. Most of us have seen something like this humility when there has been an accident and on beds of affliction. You see, after this half-hearted repentance he could not stand the truth of the Prophet Micaiah. This man did not go in for the praise of men, and the applause of the court and princes. Preachers of this type may not get what we call a first-class circuit, and it is evident in these days not one in a hundred will be struck on the cheek or put in prison for the truth; but whatever we get or not get, let us remember the words of Micaiah, "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."

Let us turn now to the text: "But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came

and sat down under a juniper tree." The unhappy priests of Baal were all put to death as impostors. Ahab proceeded to Jezreel, set to and told the queen how the prophets were slain, so she swore by her gods and threatened Elijah with speedy vengeance. The prophet did not brave her resentment, and he fled to Beersheba. We have some pity for him. He had, it seems to me, been working and praying almost night and day. He had gotten the victory at Carmel, but no doubt he had seen many of them again induced by the king and queen to turn once more to their idols. In the utmost despondency, he said, "It is enough, now. Lord, take away my life." Do we know anyone to-day that has been under this spell of depression? St. James tells us that Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are. Has there not been times in our own short experience that we could sit down and weep at the world's vanities, and its sinfulness, and its opposition to all that's good? Do we know anything of the weariness that this prophet knew? Some of the old writers say, on this occasion Elijah's firmness and confidence in the Divine protection seem to have forsaken him, and justify the observation of St. James. It may be so. If he had forgotten the Divine protection, God had not forgotten him, for while he lay sleeping God had an angel at work. One good thing, brother, we may be tired in

the work, so that we cannot keep from sleeping : there is not much virtue in a preacher if he does not give out until he is weary and tired. Elijah was only like his Master: "Jesus, therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well." The difference was, the Divine Christ kept Himself waken by preaching to a lost woman. Yes, God had sent the angel to bake Elijah a cake ; and when it was baked, the angel touched him and said unto him, " Arise and eat." He arose, and looked round, and behold there was a cake baked on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head, and he did eat and drink, and laid him down again. Poor fellow! I should think he would say, " My nerves are all shattered, and there seems to be a bit more meal in the old widow's barrel, and God's storehouse is not exhausted yet ;" and very like the mother would have told the lad the story how, through the prayers of this prophet, he had been given back to her. I think I can hear the lad, as well as the angel, say, " Mother, if ever Elijah comes our way, as long as we have aught he shall share it." I know many homes to-day where I could share the last bit of crust—homes where we have helped the man to be a new husband and new father to the children, and where the mother has been helped to live a life of righteousness. Friends, we may be tired, but let us not be weary in well doing.

"And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee." We are told he did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights. Next, Elijah was found in the cave, and the word of the Lord came unto him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" One good thing about this prophet, he was not like some we know—some that used to be on the plan, some that used to teach in the Sunday School, some that used to meet in class—yes, and some that used to lead the class. God is calling to them at the ale-bench, at the gambling-table, "What doest thou here?" Elijah listened and obeyed; but you backsliding children that used to sing, "My all is on the altar," your ears are dull of hearing; you have ears, but hear not.

We have no need to go through the whole story. Elijah told how zealous he had been for the Lord God of Hosts, and how he had been moved with indignation against the idolatry that he had seen, and how the Children of Israel had thrown down the altars and forsaken Thy covenant. So God told him He had "seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal."

Now about these seven thousand, where were these people? When Elijah seemed to be alone at Carmel, we don't read that he had a labourer of any

kind when he built up the altar. Of course, it was a prayer meeting ; it was not a " pie-and-coffee " do. Well, we must not judge ; they were very like on the outskirts, praying for this valiant man of God. Oh, for more of his holiness in the Church ! We know where some of God's seven thousand are ; there are some in small rooms, and are much afflicted, and their only joy is the Bible and a few plants, and in their praying for you and me ; others are in the Poorhouse, and their last suit will be a pauper's box. But they are precious in the sight of the Lord. Saints are lovely in His sight, whether on the battlefield or in the garret. Some of our seven thousand, with their names on the Class-book, we have seen in doubtful places. We don't think their prayers would have much power with God. Some of the seven thousand are still in the old ruts ; they have a name to live, but not much life. They are still singing—

" Come on my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness.  
Who still your bodies feel."

Some of us would get a medal for singing about " the home over there," while thousands here in our towns and cities are perishing without homes here, and no hope of a future home. Let us rouse ourselves, and sing and do ; put our words in practice, and then sinners will have to cry out, " The Lord,

He is the God." Oh, for the fire to consume our lust and slothfulness. Let us all join and sing—

"Lo! I come with joy to do  
 The Master's blessed will ;  
 Him in outward works pursue,  
 And serve His pleasure still ;  
 Faithful to my Lord's commands,  
 I still would choose the better part,  
 Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
 And loving Mary's heart."

"Thou God that answerest by fire,  
 On Thee in Jesu's name we call ;  
 Fulfil our faithful heart's desire,  
 And let on us Thy Spirit fall."

Let us pray that we may have a double portion of this Holy Spirit which rested on Elijah.



## HOW TO WIN.

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### SERMON XI.

*“And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine”* (1 Samuel xvii. 48).

THIS story of David is worth storing up in our hearts; and to all young men let me say, Never show the white feather. We are told in the text the giant came to meet David; and it says, “David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.” Making haste is a good cure for indolence; never say “No” if there are difficulties in the way. In Jehovah’s Name, go in and conquer!

From this youth we may all learn a lesson in courage. He had won two battles before he came to this blasphemer: the lion suffered defeat, and the bear would never eat another child or lamb after David had done with it. Mind, David was no hireling, he was the shepherd. David could not stand the filthy talk of this champion of Gath. Spurgeon calls him “a hillock of proud flesh.” Not seeing anyone willing in the camp to put this son of Anak to silence, the son of Jesse did not call any committee meeting, but set to work for war. When war

starts, men are wanted. We have seen that of late among us; and the devil can always find plenty of men, his soldiers are like Goliath—the mouth is all you know them by. They can boast enough for two men, and defy the armies of the living God. We are told in verse 24: "All the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid."

Not so David. He was like a man I once knew;—a bullying sort of man, large enough for two men nearly—challenged a little man; the challenge was accepted, the little fellow's mates tried hard to persuade him not to fight, as it did not look equal. "Oh," said the little man, "he is more to hit at!" When a man is wanted to fight God's battles, God can find him. You remember when Samuel was told to go and anoint one of Jesse's sons, Eliab was brought first. Samuel looked, and thought he was the man. We are given, like the prophet, to look at the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart. Eliab could have won a medal for grumbling, but he would never have won the Victoria Cross for fighting, and I am afraid there are in our Churches to-day many of his relations. "Choose you a man," said this great Philistine giant. For forty days he had been opposing Saul and his men. It was a good thing for Israel that Jesse had sent the youngest lad with the other brother's dinner. Eliab was angry with him: "I know thy pride, and the

naughtiness of thine heart." What sarcasm! "With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?" My friends, if you go in for doing a bit of good work for God in the Church, don't be alarmed if the elder brother is standing by with the wet, cold-looking sheet.

David was fond of the sheep and lambs, but the cause of God had been challenged; the youth did not argue with his brother, but very humbly said, "Is there not a cause?" He is now sent for to see the king, and he gave the king good advice, for we read, "David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him! Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

### **God had found the man!**

now Saul wanted to find the weapons.

How proud some of us would have been to have put on the king's armour! "Oh," said David, "I cannot go in these!" And he put them off him; and with the staff, no doubt that had served him well with the lion and the bear, he went to the brook, where God had been moulding these smooth stones for years. When you want a good weapon, get off to God's moulding-shop, and you shall have them, and allow God to be in the contract.

I can see in the story David picking out these five stones and putting them in the shepherd's bag,

and with sling in hand he drew near this infidel champion and his shield-bearer. I can see David's brethren looking on at a distance, some of those that had fled before at the sight of this giant and his sword. How their hearts beat as they see them getting nearer and nearer to each other! I can hear both sides cheering,

**But the Israelites faintly,**

although David had said to the king, "Let no man's heart fail him." Some of us would get a medal for lacking faith in God. I should think the other Philistines looking on could not help but have some sympathy for the young shepherd as they saw him approach their man, when they saw how unequal they were in stature. Now then, David seems to have the sling in order; he knows when he is within striking distance. One is cursing by his gods, the other is calm, and saying, "This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand."

Back goes the arm, out goes the stone from the sling, and finds that soft place that the devil had made in the forehead of this champion of wrong-doers.

My friends, if you want to win, don't fight against God; if you do, you will fall on your face, and have the same chance as Goliath to lose your head. One has said, "How is it David took five

stones, if he thought one would do?" "Oh," said a lad, "David perhaps thought there were more giants about!"

We are told, "When the Philistines saw their champion was dead they fled," and the men of Israel and of Judah arose and shouted. Yes, and I can see now Eliab, David's elder brother, patting his young brother on the back, and saying to the lookers-on, "This is our David! Is he not of the right stamp? You know, he's of a good stock; he's his father's son! You know, he killed a lion one day; and a bear came for one of his lambs, but he saved the lamb and killed the bear!"

This was the man that was angry with his brother when he brought them down food to the camp. These brothers and soldiers are like some men I have known in our Churches. When some of the leaders have proposed a Special Mission, "Oh," says some of those that never go to a weeknight prayer meeting, "what's the use? God can save without making all that noise, and He will in His own time."

Spurgeon calls this class of members "Lazy bones;" and I call them "Hinderers."

They will neither work nor let others, and the first week you never see them at the Church, only on the Sunday, when it is respectful to come. As the time goes on the lion of apathy is slain, souls

are being saved, and at the end God has blessed the Church. Then these faint-hearted ones come, and they give a shout, and to everyone they come across, they say, "Have you heard what a good time we have had at our place? Why, one of the worst men in the village has been converted; but I don't think he'll stand long, you know, it's drink!"

These are those that pay their Class-money and for their quarterly ticket, but have no experience for Class, or desire.

Others said, "No doubt, we will soon sweep out those cruel Philistines." Yes, our own nation said it two years and a half since that they would end the war in a few months. But they had not counted the cost; England had more to fight against than they had reckoned up, and sneered, and said, "Oh, they were only a few farmers!"

Yes, David was the son of a farmer; but he knew how to fight, and he did not run from the enemy. But with God in the march he faced the foe; and the king, in talking to his bodyguard Abner, said, "Whose son is this youth?" And Abner said, "As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell." And the king said, "Enquire thou whose son the stripling is." From this the king took him to his own house.

Now, my friends, if you want promotion do some work for the King of Kings. Do something towards

slaying the King's enemy. Very likely you will have to start first and slay the lion in your own heart; it may be the love of selfishness, or pride, money, conceit, sloth. "Oh," said some, "there's a lion in the way!" Well, man, in the Name of God get upon your feet and slay it, before it devours you and your children! Rise, man, the battle is the Lord's! There is always ammunition in the armour-room. He will find you all you desire. God's granary is not like British or Boers'—empty. If you fight for God there will be no half-rations.

And let me say again, *Use the weapon you have.* If David had not used the sling he would never have gotten the sword of this giant. Some will say, "Oh, if I had plenty of money I would make someone else happy." Don't wait. Give what you have! If he had gone in Saul's armour, someone would have had the trouble of making a grave for him. Our friend Peter Mackenzie used his own weapon; it was not as polished as some, we know, but many of God's soldiers often came to his meetings to watch him wield it. He saw many of God's enemies brought to their knees, and heard the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" Many have tried to be "Peter," but, like Gehazi with the dead stick, they have been a failure. Be yourself! Brother John Ashworth had one weapon, and he used it night and day for God—the sword of the Spirit. He was

always plain John Ashworth ; his book on his travels in the Holy Land will stand for many years, and the thousands of his tracts, "Strange Tales," have been a blessing to thousands of people. Thomas Champness, when he was a stripling, something about the same age of David, perhaps, was not cared for in the pulpit ; so he took his stand outside in the open air, and used *the sling he had*, got the crowds outside, and in his old age thousands of Christians are praying that he will be able, before he goes to Heaven, to cut right off the head of the old giant Drink. Eternity will only reveal what has been done with voice and pen from the Joyful News Mission. The millions of pictorial tracts and books that have been sold will bring their own blessing in years to come, and Thomas and his dear wife will live in the hearts of thousands, when a great many like this stalking, boasting giant are forgotten. I shall not say more, as I know it would not get in print ; but Village Methodism, and Town as well, have no greater friends. Brethren, pray for them !

Off with his head, David ! There shall be no more branches spring from that dead carcass. "For the name of the wicked shall rot." "The righteousness of the upright shall deliver them." "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life."

That is what is wanted in many of our Churches—life and vigour. With young men of David's

stamp, the Goliath of gambling, lust, impurity, and greed would lose its head, and rise no more, if all God's people would put on the whole armour of God, and go in for the whole truth, and no half-measure.

I suppose at our house, if they pay for a pound of sugar, they want full weight ; and if people pay for the Gospel, why should they have it adulterated ?

Bravo, Samuel, finish Agag ! Don't allow him to make any more mothers childless. Hew him to pieces ! Now, young men, " Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Come and help the few youths and striplings to fight God's battles. Our nation has been roused to a man for their King and Country. God help us to be as valiant for King Jesus ! Listen to Jonathan's armour-bearer : " Do all that is in thine heart, turn thee. Behold, I am with thee according to thy heart." David was in the minority, but the God of Hosts was with him. Joshua and Caleb were only two out of thousands, but they said, " Let us go up at once and possess it."

" And the men of Israel and Judah pursued the Philistines." This is not said to their honour ; any half-hearted soldier can pursue a beaten foe, and come back and spoil their tents. If all the King's soldiers had stayed at Durban when they landed, and kept on singing, " Soldiers of the King," Lord

Kitchener would soon have been down and made short work among them.

And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone and slung it. Now, of what use would the stone have been if it had never been taken out of the bag? And yet to-day hundreds of young men and women are in our Churches; they come on the Sundays, some have their names down as members; they cannot tell the day, not even the year, when they did a bit of honest work for God. They have "a name to live," but they are as dead and as cold as the four dead stones that lay unused at the bottom of the bag; and if you want to see them alive, get up a "Social," or what they call now, more modern, an "At Home," and you will see those there that you never see at a prayer meeting from January to December; and as long as the songs last and refreshments hold out they will promenade amongst the flowers, muslins, and carpets as long as you like. I never saw any of this new religion when I got converted. For three or four years at Farnworth I saw hundreds brought to God, and from darkness to light, night after night, seven days to the week. We sought out the worst of homes where we could have a cottage prayer meeting. Wives, husbands, and children were soundly converted to God, and many of those people are now in Heaven that could not have been

won for God any other way. The world will never be won for Christ without going into the enemy's camp. We shall have to fight to win.

Saul did not give the young man much encouragement: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." The king, like many more, was not reckoning the part God was going to take in the battle. He had forgotten the words of the old man Joshua to his people just before he died, how he told them: "One man of you shall chase a thousand, for the Lord your God, He it is that fighteth for you, as He hath promised you."

But this could not be done without following out the next verse: "Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God." The old man could give this advice, because he had been in many battles for God; and if you and me keep in step with God, and let nothing turn us to the right or left, like these two generals, we too shall win. Yes, come off more than conquerors.

In many towns we see the board up, and the words standing out in large letters, "*Recruits wanted,*" for different regiments; but you have to be so many feet in height, and so many inches round the chest. Well, my young friends,

**You can list on the Lord's side**

long before this, and ye shall receive full pay from the day you start; and you can make the world brighter as you go along, in trying to get more to join in the battle, and fight for God like Joshua, Samuel, and others of the old prophets. Then, when you finish, Heaven will be more real for having so many uphill battles to fight here. You can lay up your weapons, and receive your crown with both hands, and sit down with Jesus and the Apostles, that never got a mark on the back with running away.

Like enough, David will tell you that when he faced the great giant he had no fear, for he knew the God of his fathers would direct the stone from the sling, then give him strength to wield the great sword of the enemy to cut off his head with his own weapon.

Trust God, brethren, and He will always find you something to use. "Oh, ye of fearful hearts, be strong!" Then you can sing with Wesley—

"Who is this gigantic foe  
 That proudly stalks along,  
 Overlooks the crowd below,  
 In brazen armour strong?  
 Loudly of his strength he boasts,  
 On his sword and spear relies;  
 Meets the God of Israel's hosts,  
 And all their force defies.

In the strength of God I rise,  
I run to meet my foe ;  
Faith the word of power applies,  
And lays the giant low ;  
Faith in Jesu's conquering name  
Slings the sin-destroying stone ;  
Points the word's unerring aim,  
And brings the monster down."

“ O that all the earth might know  
The power of Jesu's name.”



## A DEAD ARMY MADE ALIVE.

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### SERMON XII.

*"But there was no breath in them"*

(Ezekiel xxxvii. 8).

WE are told "the hand of the Lord" was upon the prophet, and by the Spirit he was carried out into the valley, and the kind of congregation he was told to prophesy to we gather from the Scriptures.

Whichever way he looked, there was not a living soul, nothing but dry bones; and the prophet says, "They were very dry." The question was asked, "Can these bones live?" and he answered, "O Lord God, Thou knowest." He prophesied to these that were bleached and dry, and there was a great noise, and the bones came together; the shaking seemed to put them in their right place—bone to bone. Then said he, "As I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came upon them, and the skin covered them above, but there was no breath in them."

Nothing but the Holy Spirit would encourage a preacher to keep to an appointment like this: a great army of dead bones at their feet, an open-air meeting without singing or music; deaf and dumb, breathless! What courage and patience the preacher must have had! If any of us poor locals

are planned at a place like this, let us see to it we don't stay away, for there is still hope. Don't make this worse. "For they shall yet praise Him." Ezekiel was commanded to prophesy to the four winds; he followed out his instructions, and the winds came, and breath came upon the slain, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, "an exceeding great army."

We want a modern prophet to-day, to wake and rouse the dry bones in many of our Churches. Thank God, we have many that's on their feet; but many more are dead and dry, and we have to say many times with tears, "O Lord God, Thou knowest!" To-day we have Christians *and* Christians. We have those that say, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together;" and some with a little breath, saying, "Come on, my partners in distress." A name to live, but dead! We don't often see them at their class or prayer meeting, and the week-night service. "Well, you know," they will tell you, "it's not anything in my line;" and on the Sunday night, before the preacher has closed the Book and pronounced the Benediction, the gloves are being arranged, hat and fur straightened; and before the first verse of the hymn is given out for the prayer meeting, they are off. Let the faithful few

**cry out for the four winds!**

O breath of God, breathe upon these slain, that they may live!

Here is one of the breathless ones: he will make one day a week for God's service to fit, but six is not enough for business and worldly pursuits. He will close his shop at eight, then spend three or four hours at the club and billiard-table; get a glass too much perhaps, and under the new Licensing Act he will not be seen staggering home, so they wheel him home in a cab. Wife and children don't know the love of husband and father; they never see or hear him read the Bible. You are told by worldly people, if you trade with him you will be the loser. Well, what about the next shop down there? Oh, well, he professes nothing. He is a good moral man, but he deals square. What you spend with him you get your money's worth. Now, dealing square and morality will not bribe God or save a man's soul; but he is to be preferred before the breathless, neither-cold-nor-hot professor. "I would thou wert cold or hot, so then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Man, get on to your knees! your sentence is written out. There will be no disagreeing of the jury when your trial comes on. O thou breathless one, thou art condemned already! But thou canst live! We have heard of a Methodist Mayor leaving the council chamber to go to his

Class meeting. We intend to visit his Class some night. If there were more living Class Leaders like this Chief Magistrate, we should have less in our Connexion of what they call ceased-to-meet-members. There would be less leakage in our Church. Only recently I was told of the leading man at a chapel, a Class Leader, and professed to be very good. But the man said, "We don't get him to Class very often. What few we are we have to lead ourselves, or go home again without a morsel. However, the Master is with us, and we get a few crumbs." Bad men will say of the Mayor, "Well, there must be something in religion, after all." But they will say of the absent Class Leader, "He's a dry-boned one, he is." I knew a Methodist Mayor that could weep with those that wept; and we have seen him wipe the tear from the hungry child's cheek, and comfort it with nourishment. We hope to see a Mission Hall some day erected to his memory, for he would rather mission the streets when he was well, than sit in the cushioned pew. We have known another Class Leader that has gone by train thirty miles to get to his Class, and come back the day after.

Ungodly men will tell you what a Christian ought to be. When out visiting one day, I tried hard to see one man. I was told, if I saw him he would surely insult me. So I said that would be

nothing new to me, for his soul was too precious to be lost, if I could help him at all; and my Master fared far worse than I should, for all His kindness to the lame, and blind, and halt, they spit on and then killed Him. So I visited this man as he came from work, but I shall not see another like him. Until he had had his tea, however, we got on very well together, after he had got all his steam off about the chapel-goers. Everybody was bad, only him; he used to meet in Class with them, but they "were a bad lot, and he had left the hypocrites, for they were all alike." "Nay," said I, "what about Mr. ——?" "Oh, well," he said, "if they were all like him, he *is* a tidy chap!" This brother was a member, and used to get to Class sometimes; and while there he got so hot that when he came from Class it took a pint of beer to slack it. On some occasions, when the beer was free, he took more than one pint; same pot, but filled often, and it drowned the spark of grace he had, and now he is another as dry as the bones we have been reading about, and he is now a chronic grumbler. Everybody are shams, only him! So I bid him to look at Christ, and I said, "Tell me if you can see anything wrong in His life and character." So it was getting meeting-time, and I left him with the prayer, "Lord, breathe on this slain backslider!" Oh, the cursed drink, what dry bones it makes in the Church! Of

course, we want men to-day in our Church that practise what they preach—living realities. Satan's detectives are on our track, and they read *us*, and not the Bible; and those that have once tasted of the grace, but only got enough to make them miserable, and always looking on the dark side, and finding faults with others, are a great army of dry bones. Then we have others in the Church that say they see no harm in going to theatre or to a social dance. Well, I trust those people read in the Manchester papers the trial about the scandal, and then look and examine their own relations. I think they would say, without a pause, "Better had they been buried from their cradle." I have not seen many of the theatre-going, professing, or dancing Christians praying at the bedside of the dying. They are first-rate hands at getting up a social or an "At Home." They can decorate the school and their body, sing a song, and skip about and be as sunny as anyone. When they come to Class, their experience, if they have one, is what they gave when there last—nothing fresh;

**As dry as the bleached bones in the valley.**

They have a bit of breath in them—one corner of the four winds just caught them; and it must have been the east wind, for in the service of Jesus Christ they are as cold as an iceberg. At a bazaar they

are first in and last out. You can persuade people to stay for hours at this kind of meeting, but to spend ten minutes in visiting the sick is quite out of their line. They will tell you they were not cut out for that, as they are rather shy. They have no oil and wine to pour into the poor man's wound; they have no two pence to give to the host; and they cannot say, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

But, praise God, we have faith that these dry bones can live. We are not without hope, and we pray that all of us that name the Name of Jesus may be whole-hearted, and put on the whole armour of God, and clear out the Canaanites from our hearts. When we allow Christ to take full possession, we shall know something about "sitting with Him in heavenly places." To linger on the plains of Sodom, as many called Christians do about the theatre door, is to bring a reproach on Christ and the Church. To be earthly-minded means the carnal mind; that is, enmity against God. James tells us that the friendship of the world is also enmity with God; and that whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God. O breath of God, breathe upon us as a Church, that we may live!

We hear many asking the question, "What is the Church coming to?" for it seems that many are applying at the magistrates' bench for music, dancing, and dramatic licenses. What would some of the old Methodist preachers say if they saw some of the programmes and farces that are performed—some in Sunday Schools? It's no wonder we have a decrease of scholars; it's a wonder we have not larger—for instead of teaching them about the Saviour, we teach them the way to the stage. Myself, I knew two that found their way to the stage from the school stage. They were both ruined, and in disgrace came back to the town they left, and found a refuge in the Girl's Shelter. In some of our schools we know of shooting galleries; a nice, easy way this to learn young people to gamble. These are the idols we have to-day—some of them, but not all. We call it catering for the young people; that's what we modern Christians say. But the prophet Jeremiah gives these things their right names, and he tells what will become of them. He says, "The molten image is falsehood," and there is no breath in them. "They are vanity and the work of errors: in the time of their visitation they shall perish." And every lover of Christ to-day that yearns for the souls of their fellows will say "Amen," and will sing with the poet:

“ From our own inventions vain,  
Of fancied happiness ;  
Draw us to Thyself again,  
And bid our wanderings cease.”

According to what I read in some newspapers, I am afraid that some preachers are in danger of keeping many dry bones in the valley. Oh, for more of the spirit of Jesus, Who “for our sakes became poor, that we might be made rich.” I should like to hear some men preach from that text. “Will a man rob God?” and sing that old hymn, “No foot of land do I possess.” Whatever we “net,” as it said in the paper, of gold here, I say it won’t be for long, and there will not be any pockets in the last suit we wear! We must remember that there are men with families in our congregations that give of their mite, and have hard task to make ends meet and keep their children in decent clothes. If we want these dry bones to live, we must practise what we preach. If preachers get as much gold in a Mission as some men get in six months, after working hard, it’s not likely that we shall draw these men to church, or persuade them we are in the steps of the Carpenter of Nazareth. All the dry bones are not in the slums of the city. It seems they are in the pulpit and pew. If the Prophet Elisha had received the tempting bait that Naaman offered, he would never have had the same joy. The servant

got some of it. Yes, and he got something else that could not be cured with money, and his seed after him. Yes, and some of Jesus Christ's servants to-day, we fear, are causing many bones to bleach and die in their sins through covetousness. The Word of God doesn't say, "Beware of consecration," but "Beware of covetousness." Let us all that preach Christ, pray that we may be delivered from the sin that has slain many since the family of Achan. Paul said, "I have coveted no man's silver or gold." Paul preached this doctrine to his followers. How he must have been hurt when he had to say, "For Demas hath forsaken me"! I suppose Paul would mean that the preacher, as well as the bishop, must be blameless as the steward of God. Said he, "Not given to wine, not given to filthy lucre." I pray that all of us will be able to ask the same question at the end of our days as the old Prophet Samuel asked at the end of his ministering: "Whose ox have I taken, or whose ass have I taken?" Let us all pray for the same spirit, then we shall have the same answer: "Thou hast not defrauded us nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand." Let us go in for Jesus only, and these dry bones of our own days shall live and bring glory to God.

The people cried out as they do now, "Our hope is lost!" But by the resurrection of the dry

bones, we are told their hopes were revived ; and God said, " I will make a new covenant with them : I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be My people."

Now, friends, this is God's promise to you and unto your children ! Why despair ? Thank God, you are in time, and not in eternity ! I believe it is Spurgeon that says : " Despair killed Judas, while some that helped to crucify Jesus were converted by the preaching of Peter." Thank God, sinner, wheresoever thou art, there is another chance. Listen ! " Incline your ear and come unto Me ; hear, and your soul shall live ; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." If God forgave David with all his guilt, why say you have no hope ? The bird-catcher does not always get the bird he snares ; many struggle themselves out, and will give the parting chirp. Man, shake yourself loose, and hope on !

" There is life for a look at the crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee."

The Psalmist said, " Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up. They are more than the hairs of mine head, therefore my heart faileth me." Like the dry bones in the valley, the Psalmist was helpless of himself.

The valley of dry bones in Ezekiel's vision represents a state of utter helplessness, apart from Divine interposition and help. But if every sinner will cry out as David did, "Have mercy upon me, O God," he shall not cry in vain. The bones which were dry and broken shall rejoice.

Don't despair! Cry out, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." What does the Word of God say? "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Now, my friends, the "whosoever" puts all on the programme. It's left with every man here, whether he is going to rise and come to Jesus, or droop in the valley and die without God. Come out, man, from the dry bones of the gambling-ring, from greed and lust, drink, and all the vices of the evil one! Choose life, and live! God's Word says, "Why will ye die?"

"But while through pride I held my tongue,  
Nor owned my helpless unbelief,  
My bones were wasted all day long,  
My strength consumed with pining grief.

Resolved at least, 'To God,' I cried,  
'My sins I will at large confess;  
My shame I will no longer hide,  
My depth of desperate wickedness.

' All will I own unto my Lord,  
 Without reserve, or cloaking art :'  
 I said ; and felt the pardoning word,  
 Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.

For this shall every child of God  
 Thy power and faithful love declare,  
 And claim the grace on all bestowed  
 Who make to Thee their timely prayer."

Follow this out, brother—you will have victory ;  
 for the Breath of God is all about you, and as you  
 struggle and shake to be freed from the death of  
 sin, you shall be no longer dead and dry, but live,  
 to be part of the exceeding great army of King  
 Jesus.



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