

LIFE-STORY OF
EVAN ROBERTS,
and Stirring Experiences in the
WELSH REVIVAL

GRAPHICALLY RELATED BY
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(Author of "Life of Dr. Talmage," "Wesley in Oxfordshire,"
"The World's Saturday Night," etc.).

WITH SEVENTEEN PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

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A MESSAGE TO THE CHURCHES.

BY EVAN ROBERTS.

“Mi a dynaf bawb ataf fy hun” (“I will draw all men unto Myself”), is not only a message of Hope and Goodwill, but a definite promise, and the only magnet that will attract all is the Infinite Love of the Saviour and a realisation of the magnitude of the sacrifice which He made for us all.

This message of Love is that which has already attracted so many to Christ in Wales, and if this be sufficiently realised and emphasised, He will continue to “draw men”—to arouse the Churches and to save souls—so that the revival, of which we are merely opening the floodgates, will sweep over our own country, and thence from “the isles” to the uttermost parts of the earth.

To have this brought about soon must be our prayer, so that Jesus Christ may see the effects of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and God may be glorified.

“Ar Ei ben bo'r goron
Byth am gofio llwch y llawr.”

Evan Roberts.

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HOW A REVIVAL COMES.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

THE glory of the Lord has appeared in Wales, and “a fire from the Lord” has been burning. He who is both the great Sacrifice and the Altar has been magnified in the eyes of thousands, who have trusted Him for their soul’s salvation. The fire of the Lord and His glory in that little land have shone out upon the world. From many lands delegates have come from various churches and societies, as well as numbers of praying individuals, to see “the glory of God.”

The question is now being asked, What can we do to obtain a revival? Pray. It was while the hundred and twenty disciples were praying, with one accord, in one place, that the fire of God fell. It was while prayer, which had gone on for years, was being, little by little, more and more prevalent in Wales, that the fire fell on Mr. Evan Roberts and his friends. Dr. Torrey has stated over and over again that a revival is not the work of man, but of God, and given in answer to prayer. But he said, “Pray and work. Speak to others of what God has done in you, and is willing to do in them. We would add, cleanse the sanctuary. Let there be a putting right of all the wrong things in our own lives and in the Church. But O let us beware of strange fire, of work which is done, but not in Divine power !

There is a growing conviction on the part of many of God’s children that the coming of the Lord is near, and that His Word, “Be ye therefore ready,” is a special word for this time. How may we be made ready? How is a bride made ready? Not by occupation with herself, but with him to whom she is betrothed.



THE
LIFE-STORY OF EVAN ROBERTS
AND
*STIRRING EXPERIENCES IN
THE WELSH REVIVAL.*

CHAPTER I.
THE MORNING-DAWN.

“When the morning was now come.”—John xxi. 4.



WHILE taking tea in the hospitable home of an unusually intelligent Welsh collier along the Rhondda Valley, our host—Evan Roberts' and mine—assured me that for years past he had been concerned at the decadent religious life of the district, and said that, so far as his own church was concerned, it must either be “revival or judgment.” This view has been confirmed by enquiries in other parts of the Principality, and Welshmen confess that, generally speaking, the spiritual life of Wales prior to the Revival was at a low ebb—that the

churches, without respect to denomination, were much secularised, and that vital godliness and evangelistic fervour were the exception rather than the rule. Outside the churches, the *morale* of the people was in some districts deplorable—as may be expected, for real Christians are still the “salt of the earth,” and, as the salt loses its savour, moral and spiritual decay become general. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that through the long, dreary “night” of recent years, the ministers and preachers have, like Peter and his companions, “caught nothing.” “But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood upon the shore.”

“Weeping may endure for a night,
But joy cometh in the morning.”

Suddenly a breath from Heaven came upon the dry bones and they sprang into life; a whole nation was “bent” beneath the power of constraining love, and Pentecost has been repeated in our day. In seven weeks there were 30,000 converts, in seven months 100,000, and still the glorious flame is carried hither and thither, burning up the dross and kindling many a heart into fiery enthusiasm and noble devotion to Christ.

HOW THE MORNING DAWNED.

God always and everywhere has His witnesses. Amid the darkness of that period of almost fruitless “fishing,” there were scattered in the various churches elect souls whose hearts were sore troubled for the religion of their beloved Wales, and who prayed day after day, week after week, and month after month—never wavering, always believing—until, as “Awstin,” of the *Western Mail*, explained to me, there gradually evolved a consciousness of expectancy. It was fully believed that a revival

was coming—no one knew how or where, but the *feeling* became general that “the Lord is at hand.”

In the meantime God was preparing His Gideon to lead His people to victory. Near Swansea there is a



REV. JOSEPH JENKINS,

Minister of the Methodist Church, New Quay, where the revival first commenced. (*Photo by J. Kinsley, Carnarvon.*)

little mining town known as Loughor. A few minutes' walk from Loughor Station, in the direction of Gorseinon, may be seen a miner's cottage, on a side-road adjacent to a stretch of swamp-land. Across this

may be discerned a great black colliery on the one hand and a long range of hills on the other. It is a stone house, plastered over with cement. A leafy hedge and some bohemian bushes stand in front, but a path, entered by a little gate, leads to the front door of the home of Evan Roberts, the mystic evangelist who has led the spiritual transformation of Wales. Here he and his brother Dan have been trained by godly parents in the fear and admonition of the Lord. There were seven sons, but only three are now living. The family is held in much respect, and one Loughorite said to the Rev. Arthur Goodrich, B.A. : "Whatever else can be said about Evan Roberts, he was always good, always honest, straightforward and earnest." Evan began work in the Mountain Colliery at twelve years of age, his introduction to the pit being the result of his father seriously hurting his foot and thus requiring assistance. He generally came home very tired, but, unless there was a meeting at the chapel, he would settle down and read ; he was fond of books, and spent all his spare cash in purchasing more. His Bible was, however, his *one* great book and he has in his possession to-day a Bible which he values above anything else he has belonging to him. He used to take this Bible to the colliery with him and, while at work, he would put it away in some convenient hole or nook near his working-place, ready to his hand when he could snatch a moment or two to scan its beloved pages. A serious explosion occurred one day. The future revivalist escaped, practically unhurt, but the leaves of his Bible were scorched by the fiery blast.

"EVAN ROBERTS' SCORCHED BIBLE"

is a familiar phrase among his friends at Loughor. It is a significant fact that, three and a-half years before the

Revival came, Evan Roberts specially marked in his Bible 2 Chron. vii. 14: "If My people, which are called by My Name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land"—words which have been fulfilled in the great awakening. It was not long before Evan Roberts began taking part in meetings, and his minister soon detected in him the natural gifts of a born preacher. His own desires seemed at that time to point to the Foreign Mission field as his sphere of service. He did not talk about it, except to his parents and brother, but for years he had growing in his mind and heart the conviction that God was going to use him for a mighty work. One night he heard an address at the chapel he attended, in which the speaker emphasised the need of the indwelling Spirit, and declared that the Holy Ghost would be given to those who earnestly prayed for Him. The thoughtful young local preacher made up his mind that here was his need, and he began—and continued for years—praying and wrestling with God for "the power," until the answer came in abundant measure, accompanied with the fullness of joy.

AT THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

After he had been working several years in the mine, he went one January day in 1903 on a visit to his uncle, who kept a smithy at Pontardulais, and, with the object of having more time for preaching and study, he bound himself for six pounds to his uncle as an apprentice for two years. He soon became very useful to his uncle, for he did his best in everything; but he knew God intended him, not to spend his days in hammering hot iron, but in joining "the flaming forge of life" and in hammering

cold hearts until they were ignited with the fire of God. He used to spend hours in his own room alone with God, and once remarked that he could sit up all night to read or talk about revivals. Indeed, his mother believes that he frequently spent the whole night in prayer, which "was more important to him than food."

THE YOUNG BLACKSMITH GOES TO COLLEGE.

When he had been at the forge a year the way opened, by a unanimous vote of the Church meeting, for him to go to the Preparatory School at Newcastle Emlyn, with a view of entering the Methodist ministry. "You are a preacher already," said his pastor, "but a little more study will do you good." About this time he had one of those experiences of communion with God by which he has gained his unusual power and mysterious discernment. He himself has described this incident: "One night, while praying by my bedside, I was taken up to a great expanse without time or space. It was communion with God. Before this I had a far-off God. I was frightened that night, but never since. So great was my shivering that I rocked the bed, and my brother, being awakened, took hold of me, thinking I was ill. After that experience I was awakened every night a little after one o'clock. This was most strange, for through the years I slept like a rock, and no disturbance in my room would awaken me. From that hour I was taken up into the Divine Fellowship for about four hours. What it was I cannot tell you, except that it was Divine. About five o'clock I was again allowed to sleep on until about nine. At this time I was again taken up into the same experience as in the earlier hours of the morning, until about twelve or one o'clock."

It was during one of these Pauline experiences that

God definitely revealed to him that he was to take part in a great revival, but, like Mary, he treasured these things in his heart, while he continued his preparation of mind and spirit.

Early in 1904 he left home and entered the Preparatory School at Newcastle Emlyn. God soon began to show him, however, that the call was urgent and pressing, and that the Holy Spirit would equip him for the need. At first he spent half-an-hour each day in prayer, but the thirty minutes soon grew to sixty, the one hour to two, until more time was spent in spiritual exercises and meditation than in study. In the autumn of 1904 he caught cold and had to spend four days in bed. And those four days were spent literally "in God's presence." As he became convalescent, the burden of Wales came upon him. He saw thousands of his fellow-countrymen going to destruction, and the churches seemed more or less paralysed. Taking his beloved Bible in his hand, he walked in the garden, and, while standing looking with a far-away gaze towards a hedge, he saw the vision of a face, full of hatred, scorn and contempt, and heard a laugh of derision and defiance. Then there appeared another figure, arrayed in white robes, bearing a flaming sword. He saw the sword fall athwart the first figure, which instantly disappeared. The young student was naturally impressed by this occurrence. He told a minister about it, who suggested that it was a hallucination due to his despondency, and, possibly, he had been studying too hard. The future evangelist, however, knew it was a vision, and, in referring to the occurrence afterwards in one of his services, he declared it had been fulfilled to the letter. How long had Satan looked at the churches in Wales with contempt and derision, but now the "flaming

sword" of the Spirit had made him retire to a back seat, for Christ had taken the field.

ORIGIN OF THE REVIVAL.

It may seem strange to many, but after this vision Evan Roberts had one of the bitterest struggles of his



MISS FLORRIE EVANS,

whose simple but fervent testimony, that she loved the Lord Jesus Christ with all her heart, led to the first springs of the revival in the quaint little fishing village of New Quay.

(Photo by J. E. Hunt, Ladbroke Grove, W.)

life. The glad news came to Newcastle Emlyn that the longed-for revival had broken out in the quaint little fishing village of New Quay ("Ceinewydd"), not many miles away. At the Rev. Joseph Jenkins' church they

had long been praying for it and were on the tip-toe of expectation. It came at length in an unlooked-for way. Mr. Jenkins had organised a Christian Endeavour Society, and at one of the meetings in February, 1904, a young girl—Miss Florrie Evans (who has since joined the bands of devoted young Welsh folk now evangelising through the land)—stood up and, in rapturous tones, confessed that she loved the Lord Jesus Christ with all her heart. This simple testimony seemed to contain a whole battery of dynamic power, for immediately the revival flame gripped the hearts of all present and the church seemed electric with the Divine presence.

Mr. Jenkins and some of his Endeavourers at once began evangelising in neighbouring parishes, with very blessed results. But it was during a mission conducted in New Quay by the Rev. Seth Joshua, shortly afterwards, that the fire began burning in its intensity and led to large numbers of conversions. In September, Mr. Joshua went to Newcastle Emlyn for a mission and found the place "very hard." He wired for Miss Florrie Evans and a young soloist, Miss Maud Davies, to come over and help him. They responded, and several others with them—a whole brake-load. Stirring meetings followed, which Evan Roberts attended and he was deeply impressed. Mr. Joshua then arranged for an all-day meeting at Blaenannerch, and Mr. Evan Roberts accompanied him. In one of his fervent prayers that day Mr. Joshua used this petition: "O Lord, bend us" (Plyg in O Arglywdd").

"That is what you need," said the Spirit to Evan Roberts, and he then saw as never before that *self* must be crucified. It was a stern battle, but, he says, "Jehovah conquered, and a wave of peace came over

me. *Diolch Iddo!*" The salvation of souls now became the burden of his heart, and he began arranging, with a few others, for a great revival movement through the Principality. But God had other plans.

EVAN ROBERTS' SECOND VISION.

One Sunday night, as he sat in the chapel at Newcastle Emlyn, he had a second vision. Sitting before him in the old chapel at Loughor, he saw his old companions and other young people of his acquaintance, who seemed to appeal to him to come and teach them the way of life. He says :

"I shook my head impatiently, and strove to drive away this vision, but it always came back. And I heard a voice in my inward ear as plain as anything, saying : 'Go and speak to these people.' And for a long time I would not. But the pressure became greater and greater, and I could hear nothing of the sermon.

"Then at last I could resist no longer, and I said, 'Well, Lord, if it is Thy will I will go.' Then instantly the vision vanished, and the whole chapel became filled with a light so dazzling that I could faintly see the minister in the pulpit, and between him and me the glory as the light of the sun of Heaven."

He had no longer any doubt in his mind that God was calling him to go home immediately and commence a revival campaign in the old Methodist Chapel at Loughor. He obeyed the call, and went home in November, 1904.

THE FIRE BURNS AT LOUGHOR.

Getting permission from the minister at Loughor Methodist Church to hold week-night services, Evan Roberts began his mission. But at first little happened.

Those who attended the meetings came out of friendliness or curiosity. Was ever a prophet honoured in his own country? Yes! Soon the fire began to ignite, the dead bones to live, the cold hearts to glow.

“In a few days,” says the Rev. A. Goodrich, “Loughor shops were closed early for the meetings; workmen hurried in late in their working clothes; evening meetings lasted far into the night; the chapel was crowded, and the road outside was lined with disappointed but waiting people. They came from miles around to hear him, and went away with old faith revived or new faith kindled. The papers began to talk of him as ‘a wonderful preacher’; neighbouring churches heard of him, and asked him to come to them; ministers hurried to hear him, and came away mystified at the simple power of the young man, and with a new impulse in their hearts for harder effort.”

The “revival fever” soon became gloriously infectious, and prayer-meetings were held from 7 in the evening till 4.30 in the morning. Men who returned home would go back again. Hundreds were converted, among them the greatest sinners in the district. Whereas three hundred used to turn out on Saturday at closing time from a public-house in the neighbourhood, only six came out at the end of the first revival week.

Since then the Welsh valleys have been continuously resounding with “*Diolch Iddo*” and “Songs of Praises,” hundreds of conversions taking place daily. Prize-fighters are now soul-winners, thieves have got up to confess their sins, drunkards are now God-fearing men, husbands have returned to their deserted homes, enemies are made friends.

When the flame was fully developed at Loughor, Evan Roberts went to Aberdare and Trecynon, and,

after stirring up religious fervour in those places, he left for Pontycymmer. During his stay of four days there, the religious and social life of the place was revolutionised. His zeal knew no limit. For three nights he did not take any rest, and his physical condition was a source of anxiety to his friends.

But he was marvellously sustained, and he has since visited a multitude of Welsh towns and villages, tens of thousands of converts being added to the churches, which, in scores of cases, have had to be enlarged to accommodate the increased congregations.



CHAPTER II.

FROM GLORY TO GLORY.

“Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.”—Isaiah lx. 1.



WHEN, on December 15, 1904, in company with the Rev. Ernest Goode, of Dalston, I reached the Rhondda Valley, we made our headquarters at Pontypridd, and without delay travelled thence the same day to Aberfon, a large mining village in Merthyr Vale. As we traversed the muddy streets through the drizzling rain, we noticed the absence of advertising posters and window bills. The only advertisement we saw was a most significant one. It was a small sheet of paper in the shop windows, on which this notice was printed :—

“Merthyr Vale Chamber of Trade. Revival Meetings. This establishment will be closed Thursday, Dec. 15, owing to the visit of Mr. Evan Roberts.”

Five or six chapels were open throughout the day for prayer and worship, and people walked in and came out as they felt inclined during the continuous services. Four of those chapels were crowded, two of them being densely packed, and a crowd waited outside in the rain. No pen could adequately describe the meetings. As the old Scotch lady said, “It’s better felt than telt.” We went first into the Welsh Baptist Church, where a prayer-meeting was in progress, and I shall never forget those prayers, rising from a solemn chant to a great

sobbing wail of supplication. To see a whole congregation—grizzled old men, sturdy young colliers, gentle-faced women—all with buried faces and sobbing together, was a sight to move the most stoical heart. I did not understand a word that was uttered, but I experienced a spiritual uplift which has remained with me to this day.



REV. SETH JOSHUA,

whose mission at New Quay in the early autumn of 1904 was the means of fanning the revival into a mighty flame.

We next went into a Methodist church, which was full—nearly all men—and here was the same type of service which seemed universal, except that the minister took a more leading part—first a series of choruses then simultaneous prayers from different parts of the

building; it was like an old-time Methodist love-feast and prayer-meeting combined. The responses were fervent and sometimes almost continuous, a glad spiritual exultation seeming to possess all hearts. Presently a collier struck up—

“Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all,”

singing it to the old tune, “Diadem,” which, I am glad to find, is itself being revived throughout the land. But no congregation could sing it as we heard it that day. There were several hundreds of miners, all singers, most of them musical and taking their part in harmony, and the way they sang and re-sang that grand old chorus was thrilling. These Welshmen seem to sing as easily as they can breathe. Later in the meeting the minister put the test in Welsh, and, as my friend and I were novices at this mode of procedure, we innocently kept our seats while most of the congregation stood. Immediately scores of eyes were focussed upon us—some with evident perplexity, others with pity—and we began to feel uncomfortable, until a neighbour explained to us in English that it was the “test,” when we gladly sprang to our feet to join with those fiery Welshmen in testifying to our allegiance to Christ.

SIX HOURS OF ECSTASY.

Leaving this meeting, we started out to get some tea; but in approaching the Baptist Church we found a crowd outside, and learned that Evan Roberts was coming there at 7 o'clock to conduct a service. It was then five minutes to four, but, even as we spoke, the gates and doors were flung open, and in a bewilderingly short time the whole building was packed—and they

have learned the art of "packing" in Wales. In a seat supposed to hold four they squeezed in six, sometimes seven, persons. Then they stood a row in front of the occupants' knees, and, after that, began "stacking" the aisles, window-ledges, etc., wherever room could be got to plant a pair of boots, and still the people were striving to squeeze in by the hundred. And here we were settling down amid this multitude to wait three hours! In England, of course, we should probably sit stolidly looking toward the front, some more daring than the rest venturing on a whispered conversation others absently turning over the leaves of their hymn books. But not so in Wales. Before even the people were settled in their seats, a warm-hearted collier started a chorus, and thenceforward, without a break, for two solid hours, prayer and song filled the sanctuary. To say that the atmosphere was heated, gives but a poor description of what we were breathing; and being only Englishmen, and having gone several hours without food, we found the place at last "too hot." But how to get out! After performing unwonted feats of agility we found ourselves *trying to stand* in the aisle. Turning towards the door, many shook their heads at us, and we saw a thick mass of people eagerly pressing from the outside. We looked at the windows, but they could only be reached by walking on the heads and shoulders of the congregation. At length a pitying "local" advised us to try the schoolroom window. It took us quite a time, with a whole series of gymnastic feats, to reach the schoolroom door. But here we found a temporary haven of refuge, and we rested and weighed up our "chances." None of the windows were promising, and the outside door was locked. As we had to catch a train back to Pontypridd, we got desperate

and drew the bolts of the street door. Instantly we were brushed on one side by an eager throng, and before we had properly recovered our senses, the schoolroom was as crowded, as the church. And if few of them could see anything, at any rate they could hear, and were thus enabled to share the "hywl." We did a good thing for the congregation in the church, for the doors leading into the schoolroom were now propped open and there was some ventilation. We were afterwards told the meeting lasted until ten o'clock, so they had six hours of ecstasy.

That same night, after supper, my friend and I were about to retire, when we heard singing in the street, and, like "convinced" Welshmen, we promptly donned our boots and coats, and in five minutes were joining heartily in a midnight open-air meeting. Several hundreds of people were present, and we both gave testimonies. Next day we were recognised, time after time, in the streets, and had a real Welsh welcome and greeting.

EVAN ROBERTS' TEACHING.

The following day we attended the young revivalist's meetings at Hafod, and learnt something of the secret of his marvellous power. Dr. Cyndyllan Jones, a well-known Welsh minister, says that English people do their religion very much by mechanics, but the Welsh by dynamics. That is probably partly true, and we shall have to break away from much of the mechanical in our religious exercises to allow the Holy Spirit to work unfettered, before the revival can come in like a flood. No one will dispute the "dynamics" of Evan Roberts. His very personality arrests attention. The Rev. F. B. Meyer describes him thus :—"A tall young

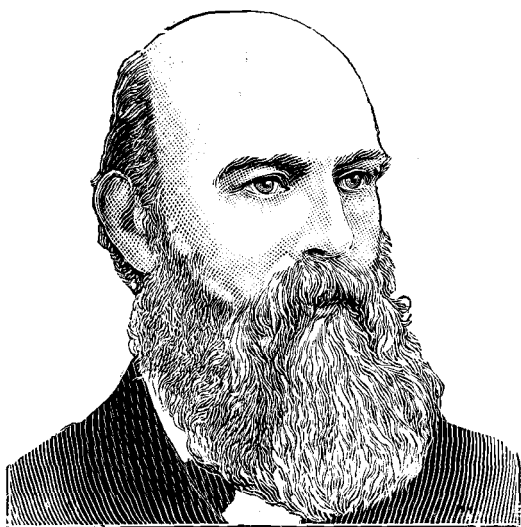
man of twenty-seven years, with a pleasing, open face, a winning smile, dark searching eyes, unobtrusive, simple, strong. No weakling this, but a man born to lead, and certain to be known as one of the great religious forces of the coming time! This is the man whom God has awakened to hold communion with Himself from one till five a.m. for three successive months, promising that a revival should break out, which like a tidal wave should sweep through the world. What wonder that he who has seen God is a master of assemblies, and that hearts bend before his words, though these may be the simplest!"

When we got to the chapel at Hafod we found it crowded, the aisles and vestibules being blocked, but as one and another left, we managed to get standing room inside. The revivalist was sitting back, looking very pale, in an attitude of expectancy, and his forehead now and then wrinkled as if in deep thought. Presently he stood up and began speaking in Welsh. By the help of a friendly interpreter, I was able to follow his fiery, sometimes rather disjointed, utterances, which nevertheless were arrestive and searching.

FOUR CONDITIONS TO RECEIVE POWER.

"Do you desire an outpouring of the Spirit?" he asked. "Very well, four conditions must be observed. They are essential: 1. Is there any sin in your past that you have not confessed unto God. On your knees at once. Your past must be at peace. 2. Is there anything in your life that is doubtful—anything you cannot decide whether it is good or evil? Away with it. There must not be a trace of a cloud between you and God. Have you forgiven everybody—everybody? If not, don't expect forgiveness for your own sins. You

will not get it. 3. Do what the Spirit prompts you: yield obedience—prompt, unquestioning obedience to the Spirit. 4. A public confession of Christ as your Saviour. There is a vast difference between profession and confession. You praise the Father, praise the Son—why don't you praise the Spirit? The Spirit has been



PRINCIPAL EDWARDS,

of the Baptist College at Cardiff, who has taken a leading part in the revival in that city.

smothered in hundreds of our churches. Quench not the Spirit."

He had scarcely finished before a young convert in the gallery began praying. In his prayer he told the story of a conversation he had had with a local licensed victualler, who had complained to him on the previous evening that his takings had dwindled down to nothing.

"Make a missionary of him," cried the young man, "and cause him to close his public-house. He has been taking the money which should have bought food and clothing for our wives and children."

FOOTBALL ABANDONED.

Immediately this prayer was finished, another young man, about eighteen, unable longer to contain himself, made a passionate appeal to a crowd of youths who sat around him: "I love Jesus. Boys of the Rhondda, won't you, too, confess Him? Oh, confess Him; do something for Him." For a moment the young men thus publicly addressed looked startled and abashed, but only for a moment. See, one of them is up, declaring: "And I, too, love my Saviour, and I will ever serve Him." In another second or two, the whole of them have followed the example. At the back is one taller than the rest—a fine strong athlete. "I have no longer any blas (taste) for football" (this is his story), "and, for my part, I'm not going to play it any more." "Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," and, looking round, quite half a dozen arms were held up in various parts of the building. And yet not a word had been uttered against football during the whole afternoon, except that one phrase in Evan Roberts' four points: "Anything doubtful in your present life—anything that you know not whether it be good or evil—away with it."

Why is the game of football thus pilloried? Because in Wales, more so than in England, I was told, the game has almost invariably associated with it the twin evils of drink and gambling, and these young converts have too much sanctified common-sense to play with fire. That is the reason so many football clubs have been passing through a crisis and some even disbanded,

while matches have had to be postponed or abandoned because several of the players had been converted.

THE FOUR TESTS.

After more testimonies and singing, Mr. Roberts stood again and put the following tests:

1. "All who read the Bible every day stand up." About one half the congregation stood.

2. "All who intend reading the Bible every day in future stand up." A much greater number stood up than before, but there were many who still remained seated.

Looking round the building, Mr. Roberts said there was no attempt at compulsion, and added that there would be a terrible judgment for those who were clothed in hypocrisy day and night.

3. The third test was: "All who pray to God every day stand up."

Again about one half the congregation stood, and, as far as one could judge, they were identically the same persons who stood to Test No. 1. Exactly, one would logically expect that the same men and women who read their Bible every day would also feel the need of communion with God every day. It is as necessary as bodily food and air.

4. "All who intend praying every day from this time forth."

Two-thirds of the congregation rose to this, and prayers were invited for those who retained their seats.

Standing erect and folding his arms, the revivalist joined in the singing, and the last note having died away, he asked the congregation, "Where are you going to?" A moment's silence and he asked again, "To Christ on His throne or to Christ on His cross?" The effect was

electrifying, and Evan Roberts himself was the first to come under its influence. He was speaking of the crucifixion, when suddenly the tears welled into his eyes, and his voice failing him he sank into his chair. The tension of feeling, almost at breaking point, was relieved by Miss Annie Davies, who sang with exquisite tenderness the hymn which has been called "the love song of the revival":—

"Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,
Tosturiaethau fel y lli:
T'wysog bywyd pur yn marw,
Marw i brynu'n bywyd ni;
Pwy all beidio cofio am dano?
Pwy all beidio canu Ei glod?
Dyma gariad nad a'n anghof,
Tra bo'r Nefoedd wen yn bod."

"Amen, amen," came from every part of the chapel, as the songstress, with ecstatic abandon, trilled the refrain again and again. An English version by the well-known writer, "Awstin," is becoming very popular. Although not perhaps ideal, the translation preserves the spirit of Gwilym Hiraethog's grand old hymn:—

"Here is love like mighty torrents,
Pity like the boundless sea,
The spotless Prince of Life is dying --
Died to purchase life for me.
Who can ever cease from praising,
Who can ever cease to sing,
Love that cannot be forgotten
While the harps of heaven shall ring?"

A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW.

After the meeting, as we had been invited to tea by Evan Roberts' hostess, we had an opportunity of a conversation with the charming young evangelist,

whose bewitching smile and happy, yet solemn, mien, deeply impressed us, and gripped our hearts with a real love for him. I told him I should probably be telling the story of the revival in some London churches and elsewhere on our return, and I asked him for a message to such churches where they were longing for revival. Closing his eyes for a few moments—as is his custom—he prayed for guidance, and then said :—

“They have the Word, and they know the promise. Let them keep God to His promise, ‘Ask, and ye SHALL receive.’”

I shall never forget the emphatic way in which he gave me this message, and especially his stress upon the word “shall.” Meeting a London pressman afterwards I told him of the message, and next morning it was in the newspapers, and has been quoted extensively since.

The evening service seemed more suffocatingly crowded than ever. Before Mr. Roberts came, we heard an eloquent address by Dr. Cyndyllan Jones on the revival of '59, and he concluded by reciting the popular hymn of that movement, “Y Gwr a fu gynt o dan hoelion,” and gave it in English, of which the following is the last verse :—

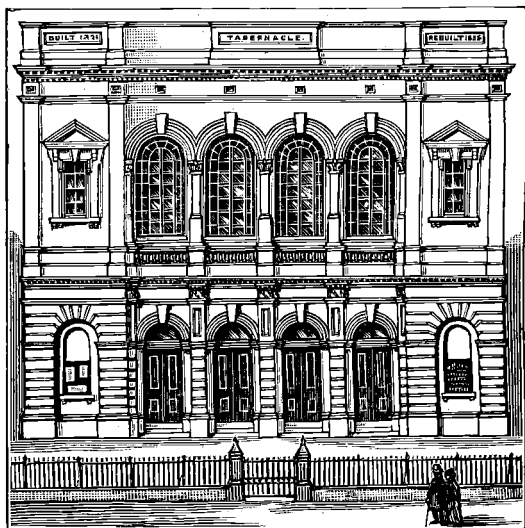
“The Man who was nailed for sinners,
Who suffered for sinners like me,
Himself drank the cup of our sorrow
Alone on Mount Calvary ;
Thou Fount of love everlasting,
Thou Home of the counsel of peace,
Bring one to the bonds of the Covenant
The Covenant that never will cease.”

The young revivalist had now arrived with the young lady singers, and the meeting proceeded in the usual way, many converts being announced, and each time

the chorus "Diolch Iddo" and "Songs of Praises" was sung with rapture.

HOW THE "BOOTS" FOUND LIGHT.

The following day we were invited by "Awstin"—a well-known Welsh journalist, who is doing his best with fine enthusiasm to spread the revival flame—to



TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH,
THE HAYES, CARDIFF.

The scene of memorable meetings lasting beyond midnight.

assist in a meeting at Treforest conducted by Miss Annie Rees and Miss May John, R.A.M. I managed to persuade Mr. W. H. Jude, the well-known musician-evangelist, and colleague of Gipsy Smith, to give a testimony also. He had been on the sick list for some

months, but his words greatly impressed the 2,000 people present. On returning to Pontypridd that night, Mr. Jude, Mr. Goode and I had supper, and just upon the hour of midnight the three of us knelt for a short season of waiting upon God before retiring for the night.

It will never be forgotten—the power and blessing of God that came upon us as we poured out our souls on behalf of Pontypridd generally and the hotel residents in particular. It was a time never to be forgotten by another of whose presence we were not conscious. A day or two later a striking testimony was given in a crowded revival meeting by the "boots" of the hotel, to the effect that after the hotel had closed and he was about to enter the coffee-room to put out the lights, he heard voices speaking, and he soon found they were the voices of men talking to God. Tired as he was, and anxious as he was to get to bed at such a late hour, he was rivetted to the spot, and could do no other than play the eavesdropper, as his soul was gripped by the pleadings behind that closed door. Little did we think that while we prayed God heard and answered. For that listening man was convicted and converted as he stood at the door, and it was noticed, when the little praying band broke up, how gentle were his words and bright his countenance, though he said nothing at the time of the blessed crisis through which he had passed. There was great joy and loud thanksgiving as the young man told forth his happy and unique experience.

SCENES IN CARDIFF.

On the Sunday morning we had the privilege of sharing the pulpit with Mr. Evan Roberts at Sardis Congregational Church, and I gave a testimony of the scenes I had witnessed, concluding by asking the 2,000

people present to pray for London. Immediately the congregation struck up singing "For you I am praying," as only Welsh people can sing. In the afternoon 2,000 people were crowded in Peniel Chapel, and another 2,000 were outside; Mr. Roberts came out and spoke to these. In the evening Mr. Goode and I addressed two large meetings in Cardiff—speaking altogether during the day to about 11,000 people. We were introduced to a crowded meeting at the Tabernacle Church by Principal Edwards, of the Baptist College.

Memorable scenes were being witnessed at the Tabernacle until late at night. A band of young men and women went into the streets to rescue the perishing. Strangers were often seen to enter the building, among them being a stalwart young American. He prayed, and afterwards told the congregation with a sad countenance that as he was passing the chapel quite a boy went up to him and said something which pierced his heart. He could not resist the plea and so entered the building. He was a seafaring man, he said, and had led the vilest of lives, but now he had brought home to him what he had never realised before. Later, when two young dissolute women, who were considerably under the influence of drink, were taken into the building by a worker, the congregation broke out into "Jesu, lover of my soul." One of the rescued burst out into tears, and calling the young man to her side took from her pocket a bottle of whisky, which was at once carried into the street and poured into the nearest gutter. Other scenes followed, and when the clock showed the hour of twelve, an open-air meeting was held in front of the chapel, when a number of the new converts sang and prayed and appealed to others to join them.

The following evening Miss Rees had resumed her seat in the pulpit after singing, with thrilling effect, "Oh, tell my darling mother I'll be there," when she again rose and, with tears running down her cheeks, said, "Oh, my dear friends, listen to this letter which I have just received." She then in a trembling voice read, "Dear Miss Rees, I left my home in Cornwall eighteen months ago for London to occupy a situation. I was not there long before I met some friend as I thought. I soon started to attend music-halls, and I took to drink, and at last took up card-playing. I was taught the three-card trick, with which I have lowered many a young man. I began to neglect my business, and at last I had notice. After I had left I found I was in London—a cardsharper. I remained at it for some time, not even writing to my home. I began to think that the best thing I could do was to finish my life. I wrote a letter to my mother and placed it in my coat, which I took off, and was about to plunge into the Thames, when I suddenly thought of my poor mother, and then of her wandering boy. I put my coat on, and then made up my mind to return. After a week or so, I arrived home. I was going to ask my poor mother for forgiveness, but I could not do so; I was bound to the Devil. I am only 24 years of age, and I have been so much trouble to my mother, and perhaps broken her heart. I want you to pray for me, as I am hardened to sin. I will do my best to accept Christ, as I need Him. If ever a sinner appealed to you for prayers to be offered, I do. I shall attend your service again to-night.

"Yours truly,

"A GAMBLER, etc."

A minute later a respectably-dressed superior-looking

young man stood up in the gallery, and in a faint voice said, "I am the writer of the letter, and I am going to give myself to Jesus." He then went to the pulpit, where he was greeted with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand by Miss Rees. He then produced from his pocket a pack of cards, after which he completely broke down, and falling prostrate at Miss Rees' feet prayed aloud. The congregation sang heartily "Diolch Iddo" and "Songs of Praises," while Miss Rees, who was holding up some of the cards, said, "Will these bring anyone to Jesus? No. They have ruined many a young man, and may have broken his mother's heart. Oh, friends, let us rejoice that this young man is saved. "Yes, thank God," and "Amen" uttered many.

THE OTHER LADY EVANGELISTS.

Meanwhile, Mr. Evan Roberts was continuing his round of visits through Glamorganshire, fanning the flame to white heat wherever he went. No one can judge to what extent the meetings were influenced by the little band of young ladies who were a conspicuous feature at most of his meetings in South Wales.

Miss Maggie Davies is the elder of the two Maesteg sisters whose singing in connection with the great meetings of Mr. Evan Roberts at the start formed such an important feature of the revival. Miss Maggie Davies' position in the meetings of Mr. Dan Roberts has been almost as important, even from the vocal point of view, as that of Miss Annie Davies at Mr. Evan Roberts' meetings. Miss Maggie Davies, however, does not confine herself to singing, for she is a useful all-round evangelist.

Another factor in the meetings was Miss S. A. Jones of Nantymoel, who only a few months ago was "a

frivolous girl—very frivolous,” as she recently told us in London ; but she has become not only one of the most earnest, but actually the most fervent, powerful, and



MISS ANNIE M. REES,

who was associated with Mr. Evan Roberts in the early revival meetings and who led the revival wave in Cardiff during December, 1904.

striking lady speaker of the band. This girl's description of her "conversion," and of the surprise of

the people of the chapel at which she had been a member since she was fourteen years of age—"a useless, giddy member," she said—is itself a word picture. The prayer-meeting to which she was afterwards invited at her own chapel was not at the outset an encouraging one, but the sequel to it was that she was immediately invited to conduct services in the neighbourhood of Nantymoel. That she went there and to the surrounding districts with Miss Maggie Davies, and that these two girls could at their own homes carry on the great work, was a testimony to their courage and devotion as well as to their abilities.

Miss Annie Rees, whom I have already mentioned, has been used of God in a marvellous way at Cardiff, Newcastle, and other places. Miss May John, R.A.M., was a professional singer, but on her conversion a few months ago consecrated her talent to the service of Christ, and her lovely singing has thrilled multitudes.



CHAPTER III.

THE SHINING OF HIS FACE.

“With open face beholding.”—2 Cor. iii. 18.

MY readers will, ere this, be fully prepared to admit that Evan Roberts is a very exceptional man. At 27 years of age he seems to combine in himself the sanctified wisdom of a patriarch with the unquenchable enthusiasm of youth. But it is his absolute reliance on the will of God, his perfect obedience to the dictates of the Holy Spirit, and his practical faith in the promises of God, which are among his chief characteristics. He has frequently startled a congregation by the agony of his wrestling with God in prayer. A *Methodist Times* correspondent describes a scene which occurred in Ramoth Chapel, Hirwain, in January, 1905. It was an ordeal as dreadful as that through which the young revivalist passed at Blaenannerch, when he got the Spirit's baptism which sent him on his great mission. “I talked to two of the leading ministers of the Calvinistic Methodist Church in Wales, who were on either side of the revivalist in the pulpit when it occurred. No words can depict the awfulness of Evan Roberts' agony, they say. He clutched the Bible nervously, turned over its pages hurriedly, and then suddenly his face became distorted with pain. He most stubbornly fought against the emotion that convulsed every fibre of his being, and exclaimed despairingly in an undertone which those standing near him distinctly heard, ‘O Lord, do stay

Thy hand. I can endure this no longer.' The next moment he was on the pulpit floor, and there he lay prostrate for nearly a quarter of an hour. He was concealed from the view of the congregation by those standing round him, but his sobs rang through the building, and the 'Oh! oh! oh!' repeated over and over again in varied tones, were heart-piercing in the extreme. When he recovered himself and emerged from the ordeal and sat down, these two ministers (whom I saw in different places, one on Friday and the other on Saturday) told me his countenance was well-nigh transfigured, and was quite angelic in its calmness and repose, and they both heard him exclaim peacefully, 'O for the strength of body to bear this weight of glory!' He subsequently told them that he was sure God had for some days previously been building up his body to stand the intense strain of the ordeal in which he had, in a most realistic sense, been partaker of Christ's sufferings. He himself believes that it is by such an ordeal that God enables him to agonise for souls. Attempts of course are made to account for this on physical grounds, such as hysteria, overwork, intense nervous exhaustion, and the like. But others who are familiar with the experiences of David Brainerd and other saintly revivalists of former days, and who know how day by day this young man, in private as well as in public, lives in fellowship with God that is intimate and deep, interpret such an incident in the light of those words, 'Ye shall indeed drink of My cup and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with.'"

A WEEK OF SILENCE.

On the 24th of February, 1905, Mr. Evan Roberts' entered upon the most remarkable experience of his life.

So extraordinary was it that when it was announced many immediately concluded his brain had been affected by the constant strain of daily meetings, with little time for rest or recreation. When I went to one London church to lecture on the revival, I was told that after the minister had announced my subject on the Sunday, a little girl informed her mother that "a gentleman was coming to talk about the man in Wales who had gone mad." What a glorious "madness" it was!

During the seven days of absolute silence which Evan Roberts believed the Holy Spirit imposed upon him, he was to see no one and speak to no one. He took up his abode in a room at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, at Godre Coed, Neath, and for seven days and nights spoke not a word.

Whenever he wished to communicate with those in the house, or friends outside, he expressed himself by pen and ink. In a written statement which he made, he said: "I must remain silent for seven days. As for the 'reasons,' I am not yet led to state them. But one issue of this silence is: If I am to prosper at Liverpool, I must leave Wales without money—not even a penny in my purse. We read of Ezekiel the prophet that his tongue was made to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and that the command was: 'Go, shut thyself within thy house.' My case is different. I can speak, I have the power; but I am forbidden to use it. It is not for me to question 'why,' but to give obedience."

Then followed a postscript, in which he expressed his sorrow for the disappointment his enforced silence would entail. "I am sorry," he wrote, "to cancel my engagements. But it is the Divine command. I am quite happy, and a Divine peace fills my soul. May God bless all the efforts of His people!"

"It has been a difficult—a hard—week," were Mr. Roberts' first words on emerging from his seven days' seclusion. "Not one word with anyone for a whole week ; but I felt it had to be gone through."

During this memorable week the only person whom



MISS MAY JOHN, R.A.M.,

a successful professional singer, who soon after the beginning of the Welsh revival consecrated her voice to the service of Christ, and has since given valuable help in revival meetings in Bristol, London, and other places.

he saw was Miss Annie Davies. In a memorandum-book which he kept for giving and receiving messages, he wrote on the first day of his seclusion : "There is

no person except yourself, Miss Davies, to see me for the next seven days, not even my father and mother. I am not ill." In his diary, which he afterwards allowed "Awstin," of the *Western Mail*, to make extracts from, he kept brief records of his daily experience.

Of the first day of silence the note says: "On the Tuesday, at 4.22 p.m., I asked the Lord for a message, and received the answer: 'Isaiah liv. 10.' A voice spoke plainly in English and Welsh. It was not an impression, but a Voice. There was at this time a struggle going on in my mind as to what the people would say."

On the second day he wrote, "I cannot read my Bible properly, for while I read I may see some wonder, and just then give a word of acclamation, and thus rob the silence of its power, for silence is a mighty weapon. I would prefer being like Ezekiel, unable to speak. If I were unable to speak there would be no need for this watching. Yet, possibly the lesson intended to be taught is to be watchful. I must teach myself to say with my beloved Jesus, 'Thy will be done.'"

"11.30 third day—Saturday," ran the next entry in this remarkable diary. "A wave of joy came into my heart to-day about 11.30. The sound of the name of 'Jesus—Jesus!' uttered into my ear came to me, and I was ready to jump for joy, and I thought, He is enough for me—enough for all men—enough for all to all eternity. On this third day I was commanded not to read my Bible. The day would have been easier for me otherwise."

The next day was Sunday, and the note was written at 6.30 in the morning. "Wait not," it said, "until thou goest into heaven before beginning to praise the Blood. To praise the Blood in heaven cannot bring

any one soul to accept it. To praise is worthy ; if thou canst, by singing the praise of Jesus on earth, bring but one soul to accept Him, it will be a greater thing than all the praise beyond the grave to eternity."

"I must take great care," he wrote on the fifth day, "first, to do all that God commands, and that only. Moses lost himself here—struck the rock. Second, to take every matter, however insignificant, to God in prayer. Joshua lost himself here ; he made a covenant with the Gibeonites, who pretended they lived in a far-off country, while they were living close at hand. Third, to give obedience to the Holy Spirit. Fourth, to give all the glory to Him."

The sixth day's entries were very remarkable, perhaps the most striking being the following :—“ 5.21.—Voice : Take thy pen and write :—Lo, I am the Lord, Who hath lifted thee up from the depth. I have sustained thee thus far. Lift up thine eyes and look on the fields, and, behold, they are white. Shall I suffer thee to spread a table before Mine enemies? As I live, saith the Lord, the windows of heaven shall be opened and the rain shall come down on the parched earth. With flowers the wilderness shall yet be decked, and the meadowland shall be the habitation of kings. The ground shall sprout and blossom in its fulness, and the heaven shall look down with laughter upon the hidden riches of the earth, yielding glory unto God. Open thine hand, and I will fill it with power. Open thy mouth, and I will fill it with wisdom. Open thy heart, and I will fill it with love. Look towards the west, and call thousands ; towards the south, and say ‘Come’ ; towards the north, and say ‘Draw nigh.’ Look towards the east, towards the east, towards the east, and say, ‘Let the sun arise and shed forth its warmth. Let

life spring up. Let the nations which have rejected My name live.'”

“Seventh day.” — Under this heading Mr. Roberts wrote :—“ 5.17.—At my table, tears in my eyes. Why? I have just been opening my heart to my Master, and said that I am only a worker in His fields, doing my best, while others working for the same Master leave His work to come to hinder me. [This refers, so he explained to “Awstin,” to some of the critical and sarcastic letters which he had received.] I asked my dear Master to protect me. I want to work for my Saviour. Why cannot we have the millions for Him? He died to save millions. How many can I bring to Him? I feel much stronger now God has answered my prayer.”

PENTECOSTAL SCENES IN LIVERPOOL.

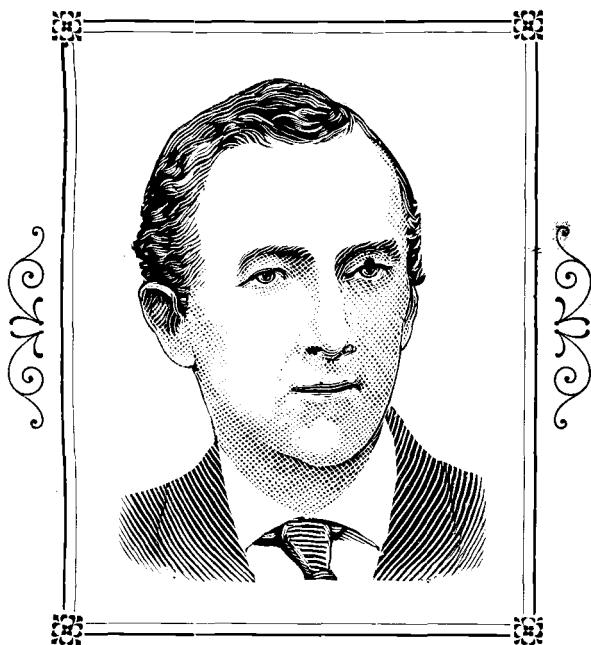
After the seven days of silence which Mr. Roberts believed were ordered to test his faith, he seemed for several days to lack definite guidance as to his movements. He first went home to Loughor to see his parents, and then proceeded to Newcastle Emlyn for a few days, staying with the Rev. Evan Phillips. Crowds of people came daily in the hope of seeing or hearing the young preacher. He conducted services in the town and at Blaenannerch. He also went to New Quay, where the revival first broke out, and here he began to develop that remarkable power of prophetic discernment which some have called “thought reading,” and others “hypnotism,” by which he detected an obstructive or hindering mind or element in the meeting. It was at Liverpool, however, where he arrived on March 28th, that this power was fully developed, and it was the cause of a mild sensation throughout the land. In one service he declared the hindrance was the lack of forgiveness

between certain relatives, and he implored them to be reconciled. Sure enough, as soon as the meeting concluded, a brother and sister who had been at enmity for many years, simply rushed to each other and affectionately embraced, with the tears of sorrow and repentance upon their faces.

At another meeting a scoffer was detected, while in one church a minister was charged with complaining against having to hold up his hand so frequently when the test was applied. These are a few examples of the extraordinary power shown by the young revivalist to discern even the thoughts and intents of the hearts of his hearers. In the same way, he prophesied scores of conversions. "The meeting cannot close yet," he would exclaim, "there is still someone desirous of coming to Christ, but hesitating." And sure enough there was, and he eventually testified. "There is a young man in the gallery," said Mr. Roberts, at another place, "battling fiercely with the temptation to resist the Spirit. Pray for him." They did pray, and presently a young man rose and said he was the person referred to, and he now had deliverance and salvation. In none of these cases had Mr. Roberts received any information beforehand, and there was no possible explanation apart from the prompting of the Holy Spirit.

Perhaps the most striking case of all was the hypnotist incident. At one of the meetings in the Town Hall, Liverpool, Mr. Roberts suddenly stopped the singing and prayers, and, evidently labouring under great emotion, said, in English: "There is an English friend in this meeting who is trying to hypnotise me this very moment. Will you leave the building at once, or ask the Lord to forgive you? God will not be mocked; we do not come here to play."

There was no response to this appeal, and Mr. Roberts was visibly agitated for some time, the meeting being almost paralyzed with wonder and dismay. But eventually some persons left the building, and among them was, evidently, the hypnotist, for Mr. Roberts became more calm and the meeting proceeded. Next day the



MR. DAN ROBERTS,

brother of Mr. Evan Roberts, whose meetings have been only second to Evan's, both in interest and faithfulness.

incident was being discussed throughout the land, and many people sceptically shook their heads until, a night or two later, one of the best-known professional hypnotists living announced that he was responsible

for the incident, he having sent one of his assistants, an Englishman, to the meeting, with the express purpose of hypnotising Mr. Roberts.

On another occasion a local minister spoke rather strongly against the revivalist and his methods, but, at the close of the mission, he wrote to Mr. Roberts, withdrawing everything and stating his firm confidence in his sincerity.

While at Liverpool, Evan Roberts was invited by the Lord Mayor to tea at the Mansion House, and was treated as a popular hero wherever he went ; and it says much for the young man's grace and humility of heart—or rather let us say, it glorifies the Christ that is in him—when we observe how unspoiled he is ; how far he lives above the tinsel honours of fame. His one motive seems to be to exalt Christ, and consequently his mission in Liverpool was crowned with success, seven hundred converts being registered and the Welsh Churches being aroused to spiritual enthusiasm.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The strain upon the devoted young “Welsh Wesley” had become so great that at length his friends and medical advisers suggested his having a prolonged rest. He was also severely shaken by an accident in which he had a miraculous escape. He was out riding with Captain Lewis Jones. His host, Rev. John Williams, and Dr. McAfee followed in another trap. The Captain's horse shied and bolted straight for a dangerous cliff. To save an awful fatality, the Captain swerved the horse so as to bring it against the side of an empty coal-cart. In the collision the trap was smashed, and Evan Roberts thrown out on his side. Then the horse attached to the coal-cart got restive and seemed to be trampling on

Evan Roberts, and the wheel of the cart went over his left leg. He was promptly raised and placed on some planks close by, where he was examined by Dr. McAfee, who was relieved to find no fatal injuries. When he opened his eyes, he smiled and said: "Ah, it is only another of his (Satan's) old tricks, but he has failed again." The revivalist actually went to the evening meeting as if nothing had happened and continued his mission for several more days. How wonderfully has God shown His power in this young ambassador!

In consequence of unfounded and uncalled-for rumours and widespread debate as to the mental condition of our young friend, he was examined on April 16th by four eminent doctors, who pronounced him "mentally and physically sound, but he is suffering from over-work," and, with the usual medical sagacity, they recommended a period of rest. Mr. Evan Roberts accordingly went, with his sister and Miss Annie Davies, to the lovely district of Bettws-y-Coed, and rested for several weeks before commencing his mission in the Isle of Anglesey on June 6th, which is dealt with in the next chapter.



CHAPTER IV.

MERIDIAN IN ANGLESEY.

“At mid-day I saw in the way a light.”—Acts xxvi. 13.

MR. EVAN ROBERTS' six weeks in the mountains and by the sea, in company with his sister and Miss Annie Davies, did him untold physical good, and at the beginning of June he came to the Isle of Anglesey, more “fit” for strenuous work than he had been for months. He seemed more buoyant and gay than ever; yet at times, when he discerned stubborn unyielding hearts before him, an infectious solemnity possessed him. One of his earliest meetings in Anglesey will be remembered as “the rejection meeting,” owing to the number who declined to submit to Christ. “If you reject Christ,” said the preacher, “why come to His house? Go out, go out, and enjoy the world.”

Says one who was present:—“Looked at from the pulpit end, the congregation is one seething mass—weeping, smiling, singing, praying, all at one and the same time. It was as if endowed with gifts of tongues, for however conflicting the emotions may be, each man seems understood of his neighbour, and there is some indefinable charm and harmony in this ecstatic outburst of a thousand hearts. Horny-handed farm labourers, who have long been strangers to places of worship, pray with the eloquence of a Demosthenes. Strong men are literally convulsed with weeping for joy. I try, but fail, to detect a single dry eye. There are bashful

maidens, scores of them, standing reciting verses or offering prayers—all smiling through their tears. A rough-looking fellow in the aisle, who is described to me as one of the most notorious characters of Anglesey, is giving praise to God.”

MONSTER OPEN-AIR MEETINGS.

Cemaes Bay, the quiet and charming seaside resort in Anglesey, with the most picturesque coast-line in North Wales, was stirred as never before in its history by the visit of Evan Roberts. It was soon decided to abandon indoor meetings. Wires were sent to the surrounding districts inviting everybody to come. Thirty or forty men quickly erected a temporary platform in a field, every hall or chapel was denuded of portable seats, and chairs were brought out of houses. When the revivalist entered the field the scene was a memorable one. The platform was against the gable of a house, and a great crowd reached far out into the meadow around. Mr. Evan Roberts said they were in the fields; so were the shepherds. At the time of the Nativity they were doing their duty, and if we did ours not only would we have the presence of angels, but of the Holy Ghost Himself. The revivalist could get no further. Sobbing aloud, he cried, “Oh, God, come to this meetin’g,” and continued in silent prayer before resuming his seat. Sunburnt fishermen, farm labourers, old men and children, were shedding tears as the thrilling voice of Miss Annie Davies sang the revival Love Song.

From Cemaes, Evan Roberts went to Llanerchymedd, a few miles inland. Visitors poured in from all parts of Great Britain and the Continent, and were amazed to see the people parading the streets, singing and holding open-air meetings till midnight had passed. There was



THREE OF MR. EVAN ROBERTS' LADY SINGERS.

MISS S. A. JONES
(Nantymoel)

MISS MAGGIE DAVIES
(Maesteg)

MISS MARY DAVIES
(Gorseinon)

a large crowd waiting outside Capel Maur at half-past seven on Whit-Sunday morning, many of the people having walked miles. The revivalist was in a happy mood, and in a powerful address on Pentecost pointed out the necessity of their being at peace with one another. When they received the Spirit, then would there be peace, harmony, and unity. Miss Davies excelled herself in "I hear Thy welcome Voice." A remarkable service, lasting nearly five hours, concluded amidst great enthusiasm. Two overflow meetings were held, and people stayed in the streets singing till a late hour.

On Bank Holiday, crowds flock in from all parts of the island, and from the mainland. Morning and afternoon meetings were held, and 15s. was offered for tickets by visitors, although they had been issued free. A deputation succeeded in inducing the revivalist to hold an open-air meeting. Waggonettes and traps were drawn up in a circle in a field, and thousands of people assembled. The scene was an extraordinary one. Many were on their knees, surrounded by small knots of people. Prayers were uttered from vehicles, and the great throng continued in prayer for nearly an hour without singing—a unique experience in the revival.

THE FARM-YARD CAMP MEETING.

At Llanfachreth, the local committee wisely judged that the chapels would not accommodate the crowds, and they arranged what proved to be a memorable meeting at Brynafon Farm. The Special correspondent of the *South Wales Daily News*, to whom I am indebted for much of the information in this chapter, said in the course of a picturesque description: "Evan Roberts with all his varied experience, never spoke in

a more curious place than this. Can I describe the scene? Imagine a large cobbled square, enclosed on three sides by farm buildings, and on the fourth by a tall farmhouse. Pack it tightly with human beings. Some of the farm buildings are open in the front from floor to roof, and inside on the ground and loft are from 500 to 600 people. All the windows of the farmhouse are open and occupied with spectators. Dozens of others are perched on dizzy heights overlooking the square. At the far end of the square stands a lorry fitted up as a platform, roofed over with sailcloth, with the pulpit in front. At the other end are large iron gates, and through the wicket gate people have been admitted all the afternoon in single file, careful record being taken of the number. It is an ideal site for an open-air gathering, for there is nothing here to distract attention, and in the shade of the surrounding buildings the congregation is protected from the hot rays of the sun. To all intents and purposes it is a roofless chapel, and every word uttered on the platform is distinctly heard in all parts of the enclosure."

The farm was formerly a brewery, and "Beer Stores No. 2," "Malt-house No. 1," and other inscriptions still remain on the doors. The pulpit was once used by the Rev. John Elias. It had been unearthed at an auction sale and bought for a mere song. Miss Annie Davies' singing dimmed nearly every eye. It echoed from malt-house and stable wall, and could be distinctly heard a quarter of a mile away. The congregation numbered over 2,000, and there was a large number of converts.

The next mission was in the heart of Anglesey, at a place called Gwalchmai. During Mr. Roberts' drive thither, the villagers turned out in unexpected numbers

to greet him and bid him "God-speed" as he passed. Gwalchmai is noted for its Sassiwn, or camp meetings, held in a sloping field adjoining the chapel. Historical scenes in the religious history of Wales have been witnessed on this ground, when famous Welsh divines preached to bygone generations. Here some 3,500 people assembled. At the back of a waggon, which served as a pulpit, a low platform had been erected, and this, under the weight of the crowd which stood upon it, collapsed before the revivalist arrived. The occupants were thrown to the ground, but no one was hurt, and although the excitement was great, there was no panic. The police had to interfere at one time, the pressure of the thousands gathered being dangerous. During the evening a sobbing ring of people encircled a praying labourer, while a man prayed standing on a hedge. There were many converts, including a family of a father and his eight children. When this unique instance of conversion was made known, "Diolch iddo!" ("Thanks be to Him") was sung amidst a great demonstration of praise.

Mr. Roberts stood up to speak, when a man in front fell on his knees, and then, bending on all fours, uttered in broken voice a prayer of great power. "Shall we remember," remarked the revivalist, "that heaven has no need to wait before giving the blessing? Heaven is ready, the blessing is ready, and we shall have the blessing when earth is ready. Ah, that we were all like this friend, ready to go on our knees! A huge crowd like this on its knees, filled with the spirit of prayer, would draw the heavens down on our heads. There are some here who have never bent the knee to Jesus. That is our only fit place—on our knees, with praise on our lips. The

Spirit is present in full power, and we must take care not to disobey Him." Here, as elsewhere, the missionary's words had an electrical effect. Presently "Amens" and sobs multiplied, and scores could be detected uttering prayers in a tone scarcely above a whisper. A woman in a voice clear as a bell cried out, "Neshawn at Dduw ac efe a nesha atom ni" ("Draw ye unto God, and He will draw unto us"). Then the floodgates were opened. Every vestige of reserve was cast off, and every individual in the gathering made his voice heard in prayer, praise, or testimony. When the test was made, converts were announced singly and in batches.

A MAMMOTH PRAYER MEETING.

At Llangefni, the Sassiwn Mon, or annual open-air "cymanfa" of the Anglesey Calvinistic Methodists, was being arranged for—an event which never fails to bring together from six to eight thousand people. Wherever the Sassiwn is held, a covered stage is erected on a convenient field, the pulpit in the centre, and, springing from it to right and left, in the form of a horseshoe, a couple of platforms affording sitting accommodation for close upon a thousand people. On the grass in the space between, from four to five thousand people find standing room. What the Llangefni people did was to push forward the erection of this staging in time to be utilised for Evan Roberts' visit.

Mr. Sidney Evans, the revivalist's student friend, and Mr. Sam Jenkins, "the Welsh Sankey," had now joined the beloved leader, and entered heartily into every phase of the service, which mainly comprised prayer, those engaged being of all ages—men and women, girls and boys. "Oh, here is a harvest," ex-



EVAN ROBERTS' GREAT OPEN-AIR MEETING IN LLANFACHRETH FARM YARD, ANGLESEY.

claimed one brother. "We have had some marvellous sheaves, but there are valuable gleanings still left. O Lord, help us to glean." Here was a ventriloquist at prayer, a conjurer, a society entertainer, and an ex-atheist. Ap Harry is the name given him, and he is a hunchback. "But," so ran his prayer, "I see a day when even I shall be in a body that is glorified; for Satan and all his hosts can no longer turn me from Jesus. Lord, save the young people whom I have helped to send on the way to hell. I have been a ring-leader for the devil; why grudge my now being a ring-leader for the Saviour?"

A CONCERT SINGER'S TESTIMONY.

Soon afterwards a Birmingham lady ascended the rostrum with a remarkable declaration: "For twenty years I have been a singer on concert platforms, but henceforth I take my stand on this platform, devoting all my days to the services of my Lord and Saviour." Strangely moved, the Rev. J. H. Williams sprang to the front of the rostrum. "I instinctively feel," he declared, "that there is a terrible contest now proceeding in this gathering between the forces of heaven and the forces of hell. Is Christ to be vanquished at this meeting? We who bear His name, shall we not range ourselves on His side? I feel that the meeting is a hard one. All who are ready to pray now and at once, will you put up your hands?" Instantly thousands of arms pointed skyward, and thousands of voices were simultaneously raised in a great outburst of prayer. For ten or fifteen minutes the extraordinary scenes continued. Scores prayed themselves hoarse, and the din was deafening. Hundreds wept. Strong men shook as if with ague. Women frantically waved pocket-handker-

chiefs, and many exclaimed through their tears, "Iesu Grist am byth" ("Jesus Christ for ever").

THRILLING SERVICES AT HOLYHEAD.

No building was large enough for even a small proportion of the people who came to hear Evan Roberts at Holyhead, and a field was engaged.

Long before the hour for commencing the opening service, every road and lane leading towards the field was thronged with people drawn from the whole country-side on foot and horseback and in vehicles of primitive fashion. The key of the meeting was struck by a working man in the audience, a member of the English Baptist congregation in the town, getting up and breaking into an impassioned prayer, thanking God for having saved him, who had been notorious in the town as a drunkard and blasphemer, and urging those who had been his companions to enlist under the banner of the Cross. Hardly had he finished when a woman, well advanced in years, broke out into an earnest supplication, bristling with seafaring terms, which appealed to the hearts of the men folk now crowding the field around, and drew volleys of "Amens" from all parts.

Among the crowd were the Pierrot Company, who had put up public notices that they abandoned their evening performances during the mission.

Presently, from every corner of the field, now densely crowded, there ascended prayer upon prayer, young vying with old, and the clear melodious tones of Welsh girls mingling with the trembling accents of octogenarians. The meeting had been going on for nearly two hours before the revivalist arrived on the scene, and the crowd by this time reached probably 8,000.

A character well known in the town offered an original prayer, saying, "Lord, help Evan Roberts to kill the devil to-night, and make us each so many hammers that we may assist in the killing." This roused the revivalist, who threw off his coat, and, turning to the crowd, said, "The railway company has arranged for a late special train to-night for those who want to travel late. God has a number of special trains in heaven laden with blessings ready to be dispatched to this meeting to endow all who supplicate Him in truth. But you must supplicate each one for himself and herself, and for his or her own special blessing. Won't you pray, people?" And thereupon there broke forth another stream of prayer, the piercing, high-pitched tones of women commingling with the bass of strong men under the influence of great emotion. "Oh," cried one woman, "that every blade of grass in this field could praise Thee as Thou deservest." As the prayers seemed to show a tendency to cease, Evan Roberts exhorted the people to renewed and continued prayer. "Let us have less singing and more praying," said he. "Down with the umbrellas, and up with the sinking souls," and at the word the umbrellas raised against the drizzle, fast turning into rain, were taken down, and the silent crowd, baptized from the clouds, were tested by the revivalist.

"Lord," cried a woman, "turn the public-houses into houses of prayer." Suddenly a hush fell upon the crowd as a young man, with clean-cut features and under strong emotion, came to the front of the platform, saying in English, "My friends, a month ago I was the vilest of sinners. I have never before professed Christ in public, but I am on the point of sailing for Canada, and before I go 6,000 miles away from home I

want to make this public profession of Christ and to ask you, to beg of you, also, to make public confession." It transpired that the speaker was a young man of good social position from Dolwyddelen. His appeal had immediate effect, the name of convert after convert being called out as making submission. "Let us now," said the revivalist, "close the meeting with the Lord's Prayer," and the effect of the immense crowd simultaneously praying was most impressive.

A SERIES OF DRAMATIC INCIDENTS.

At the next day's meeting the feeling was intensified by an announcement from the platform that a woman present at the previous night's meeting had died during the morning. "She went," said the Rev. John Williams, "from the revival meeting to heaven," and upon that he based an impressive appeal to the audience to consider the nature of the service in which they were engaged. "Are you right with God?" he cried. "This is no mere entertainment, as many of you seem to think, but possibly the last opportunity you may have of making your peace with God."

A little later a note was handed up to the Rev. John Williams, announcing that a platelayer present at the previous night's meeting had just been killed on the railway. This second instance of the uncertainty of human life deeply impressed the crowd, many of whom broke out into weeping and wailing, others into impassioned supplications that God might have mercy on the multitudes and bring them to consider their end while yet God's grace lasted. Some thoughtless youths on the outskirts of the crowd being seen smoking, the Rev. John Williams sternly commanded them to put their pipes out or quit the field, which, he said, was as much a house of God as any cathedral in the land.

This was followed by a couple of sensational incidents. William Hughes, Bethesda, came to the front of the platform and recited his experience as a godless



MISS ANNIE DAVIES,

whose thrilling singing of "Dyma Gariad" and other hymns has been a notable feature of Evan Roberts' meetings.

man who knew nothing of the Bible, and was only now beginning to delve into its treasures of Divine knowledge. "And now," said he, lifting his arms to heaven,

“while I live I shall not cease to bear testimony to God’s mercy and grace and do what in me lies to bring others to the light granted unto me.” And ere he ceased, up jumped a woman in the crowd and with glowing face cried out, “O ye people who know my past, ye know that, though nurtured on the breast of the Sabbath-school, I became a backslider and have been a victim of drink. The prayers of my grandfather and of my grandmother, who prayed for us children by name, these prayers have been ringing in my ears, and are ringing now. They have brought me on my knees at the throne of grace, and have brought me to my feet here to proclaim God’s mercy. The mercy He has shown to me He is prepared to show to you in like fashion. O ye respectable chapel-goers, how can you be silent?” And at this Miss Annie Davies broke out into an earnest touching prayer, and tears fell from many eyes.

10,000 PEOPLE SINGING IN UNISON.

A new and rather startling development came to another of the Holyhead meetings. A local choir leader, Mr. J. Arthur Williams, of Bangor, standing in front of the platform, began to conduct the section nearest him in singing, “The praise, the glory, aye be given to Jesus Christ, our Lord in heaven,” with wonderful effect, and when the refrain had been sung two or three times it swallowed up every other section of the meeting. There arose an enormous volume of sound, over 10,000 singing in unison, and being heard in the most distant streets, and in places taken up by the people congregated on their doorsteps. It was an experience of a lifetime.

Then a blind man in the crowd got up, and, pathetically referring to his blindness, said, “Lord, though blind, I can see Thy glory, and alas ! I can see also that

Thy servant who is among us to-night feels that this meeting is hard and many hearts hardened." And Evan Roberts himself straightway confirmed this view, getting up and saying, "There are hundreds here who refuse to bend or yield themselves to the Divine influence. While this feeling prevails we may as well go home. I at least can do nothing while you remain disobedient to the Voice of the Spirit." Then came a fresh outburst of prayer. "Thy kingdom come—aye, Thy kingdom come to-night," cried one woman. "Lord," cried another, "make me so brilliant a light that the devil himself may flee from me." "Aye," cried a preacher from the platform, "the devil is at his best here to-night. Let us carry on the fight and overcome him."

GRAND ASSAULT OF PRAYER.

Following this, the Rev. Elias B. Jones broke out into a fervent prayer from the platform, the chorus of "Amens" dissolving into a chorus of individual prayers all over the field. Miss Roberts, the revivalist's sister, herself took part in this grand assault of prayer, her fervent appeals rousing others to prayer until there was a perfect Babel of supplicating voices, those who were not audibly praying showing by their tear-bedewed faces how deeply they were affected. There was a large party of bluejackets present in the crowd, some of them being evidently touched. Converts were recorded in singles, in pairs, and in triplets, and from the vast crowd rose a great cry of "Diolch Iddo" ("Thanks be to Him") repeated and repeated as further souls were garnered. Scarcely had the final "Amen" been uttered than voices were heard from several parts of the crowd announcing fresh converts.

The fourth and last day of the Holyhead Mission was

perhaps the most impressive of all. Realising the lack of deep power and supplication in the meeting, Mr. Roberts prayed in a perfect agony of passion, the tears coursing down his cheeks and his whole frame writhing as he said, "O Lord, bend them; O Lord, bend them."

As a result of this a storm of Divine power, such as has surely never before been witnessed, swept over and through the whole of that immense crowd. Strong men broke down and cried like children. The sound of weeping and wailing filled the whole air. Evan Roberts, the while, continued to cry, "Bend them, O Lord; bend them," and in the intensity of his agony he fell in the pulpit, while many in the crowd fainted.

Then the spirit of prayer descended, and probably 4,000 voices were raised in prayer, a perfect forest of uplifted supplicating hands being visible. At this Evan Roberts got up, and sat with smiling eyes watching this great torrent of prayer flowing through the park from end to end. Hundreds of men stood entranced with upturned faces, gazing heavenwards, faces upon which others looked in awed silence. Then up again sprang Evan Roberts, crying joyfully, "Glory be to God! We can now sing and laugh and make merry and rejoice, for unto us the victory hath been given. The Christ is triumphant, the devil hath been conquered. See how he fleeth! Pursue him, O ye hosts of the Lord; pursue and spare not." And the crowd, carried away by his infectious enthusiasm, leaped to its feet, cheering vociferously, frantically waving hats, sticks, umbrellas, anything to hand, and shouting joyfully, "Hosanna!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory!" "Victory!" "Thank God!" Hundreds knelt on the grass praising God for the wondrous work He had performed.

EVAN ROBERTS AT A PARISH CHURCH.

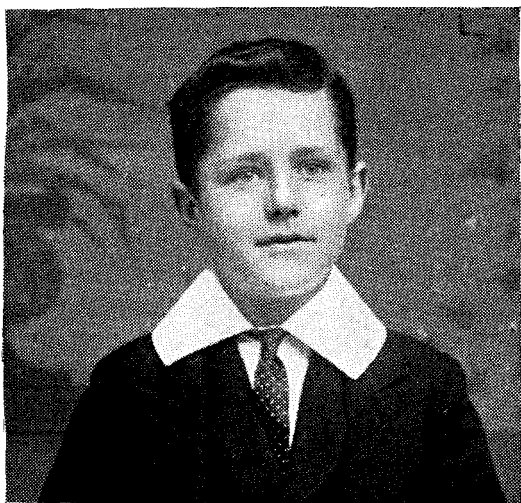
Llanddona is situated on the north-eastern coast of Anglesey. It is seven miles from anywhere. In all the surrounding towns Llanddona is proverbially likened to heaven, inasmuch as it is difficult to reach, but very beautiful and pleasant when you get there. In the course of a ten miles' drive (says the *South Wales Daily News* correspondent) we had to climb and descend nearly as many hills, and in the whole ten miles we did not see a single public-house. The church of Llanddona is on the seashore at the foot of a steep declivity, the road practically impassable to wheeled vehicles. In front of the church is a wide expanse of sands. Mr. Evan Roberts' meeting was announced for half-past one, but long before that time the church doors were besieged by a crowd which must have been drawn from a radius of many miles. The Rev. John Williams, Princes-road, Liverpool, assisted the rector in reading the lessons. The rector delivered a very fine address, welcoming "our young brother Evan Roberts to this church." "A timid friend asked me, What will the Bishop say? Well, my friends, the Bishop of Bangor has said nothing calculated to prevent to-day's meeting being held. The hearts of the Bishop of Bangor and of each of the other Welsh bishops beat in fullest sympathy with this movement, and are animated by the spirit of this blessed revival." Evan Roberts spoke on "The Kingdom of God must conquer," and at the close there were a number of conversions.

A MEETING OF 8,000 PEOPLE.

The historic town of Bala was the scene of extraordinary religious enthusiasm on the occasion of Mr. Roberts' visit. Nearly two hours before the time advertised to commence the meeting, there were 5,000 people

present, and full trains were still arriving at the railway station. Four hours and a-half the meeting lasted, there being 8,000 present most of the time.

During his visit to Bala, the revivalist visited the Theological College, and addressed the students for two hours, showing from the Scriptures and his own



MASTER TOMMY ROBERTS,

a famous eleven-year-old Welsh singer, who has sung before thousands of people in Mr. Evan Roberts' and other revival meetings in Wales, in Welsh meetings in London, and in the Torrey-Alexander Mission.

personal experience what was meant by the baptism of the Spirit, and how it was obtained. From Bala, Mr. Roberts went home to Loughor for a brief rest before re-starting work in South Wales.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUN'S HEALING.

“The Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.”
—Malachi iv. 2.

HAVING traced the miraculous origin and growth of the revival wave, with the romantic life and work of the leading human agent, the question naturally arises, What has come of it all? And it will now be my purpose to show how the revival has actually transformed, in great measure, the social, moral and religious life of the community in a large section of the Principality. For some years, when certain religious leaders wished to excuse the unsatisfactory condition of the churches in Britain generally and to explain the dearth of conversions, they have insisted that the need of the time was an ethical revival, and that this would doubtless be the character of the next spiritual wave. But this prophecy has not been fulfilled. Instead, one of the most outstanding features of the Welsh revival has been what Mr. Elvet Lewis calls, “the unveiling of the Cross.” The singing, the prayers, the testimonies, are most coloured with the blood-red song of redemption. And Evan Roberts himself, in his addresses, frequently pictures the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, until he and his audience are overcome with emotion. No! it is not so much ethical preaching that is needed, but the return to the Cross and the living Christ. When the Saviour is “lifted up” in the good old-fashioned way, He

draws men unto Himself by His Spirit ; and a new heart, a new character, is the result. *Then* the ethical revival begins. Numbers of tradesmen confirm this, for it is estimated that a thousand or more “bad debts ” have been paid by converts. Public bodies, too, have had their consciences awakened. At Carnarvon, the Harbour Trust, whose income is entirely derived from dues, resolved to sacrifice a portion of its income by prohibiting the landing of passengers at Carnarvon from the Liverpool and other excursion steamers on Sundays.

Theatres have been closed for lack of patronage. A whole gambling club at Cardiff has been converted. Men, whose sole ambition it has been to amass money, have resolved to hand their savings over to God’s work, all miserly instinct having vanished.

TICKETLESS TRAVELLER’S CONSCIENCE.

The Cardiff stationmaster received a letter from one gentleman, who in his letter (in which he enclosed 1s. 7d. “conscience money,” to cover a journey that he made between Cardiff and Llanbradach without paying his fare) said that now that he is an “heir to eternal life ” he had no wish to keep the money, and begged the Company’s acceptance of his remittance. Other converts have sent various sums under similar circumstances.

The Rev. Ferrier Hulme, of Bristol, tells of a prominent solicitor in Glamorganshire who has, for conscience sake, sacrificed £2,000 a year. He was paid annually a very heavy retaining fee by the licensed victuallers of the district, and he quietly sacrificed it. Of course, it soon became known, and he is now retained by the other side, but that probably only represents about one-twentieth of the value of the other fee. He has also

thrown himself heartily into the advocacy of Homes of Shelter for the fallen, and in other ways is proving his faith by his works.

OLD DEBTS PAID OFF.

Here is a violinist who gets converted, and throws up an engagement which he has long held at a theatre at 25s. a week. Here, too, is a woman who for twenty years has emphatically disowned a debt of £20. Jesus Christ gets hold of her in the revival, and she immediately withdraws £10 from the Post Office to pay her creditor, and in a fortnight pays the other half. A hard-working grocer, with a big family to maintain, finds in these happy days much more ready-money than formerly passing into his till, and feels it to be his first duty to pay his creditors in full, for he became a bankrupt during the big strike in 1898. Two members of Mr. Hulme's congregation received unexpected cheques from this grocer, and are now firmly convinced that the revival is the work of the Holy Spirit. "It brings it home to you, doesn't it?" said one of them.

DRAPER VERSUS PUBLICAN.

A well-to-do draper, with a big connection in the mining towns and villages of the Rhondda, says he had many publicans' wives and daughters among his customers, and that their payments and spendings at his shop had been considerably lessened since the revival started. He was asked, "But what about the former customers of the publicans; are they not coming to you in larger numbers, and spending money on clothes instead of on drink? And do they not more than make up for the deficiencies of these ladies in the trade?" "Far more," he replied. "On pay Saturday I have on an average

500 working people in my shop, and those who would formerly spend three or four shillings now spend from six to ten shillings." His windows overlook a big drinking saloon just opposite, and now, on Saturday, when his establishment is full the drink-shop over the way is all but empty.

A JUSTICE'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. David Davies, J.P., provision dealer and chairman of the Maesteg Council, says: "As regards sobriety, there is a remarkable improvement throughout the district. A brewer's traveller admitted to a friend of mine that his returns had fallen seventy-five per cent. The 'tone' of the district has undergone a great change, the street language being much improved. The stillness of the early morning is broken by the hymn-singing of the colliers going to and returning from work, and late at night the air is full of the singing of revivalists going home. There is practically no police work now, as quarrelling and drunkenness seem to be almost at an end. I know dozens of men who had previously simply squandered their money, but who are now spending it on food and clothing for their families. Children who before could not attend Sunday-school, for the want of decent clothing and cleanly attention, are now flocking to the schools, well shod, neatly clothed, and with clean hands and faces. I have lived here all my life, but have never seen the houses and the children so well cared for."

A CHANGED CHRISTMAS.

Wales at Christmastide has generally been a land of somewhat excessive revelry on account of the numerous drunken orgies among certain classes of the people.

Rev. W. P. Hicks. Mr. R. C. Morgan. Miss Maggie Davies. Rev. M. Baxter. Rev. W. Roberts. Rev. D. Oliver.



Miss S. A. Jones.

Miss Mary Davies.

WELSH REVIVALISTS IN LONDON.

But at the festive season of 1904 it was a land of universal prayer. Many public dances and lectures were cancelled in favour of prayer-meetings. The theatres generally were like deserted villages. At one important theatre there was no performance, so meagre was the attendance, and upon the chief actress appearing at the door of the hall, the leader of a great open-air service outside walked up the steps and spoke to her on the question of her soul's salvation. The actress became much affected and retreated into the building, while prayers were offered on her behalf outside.

It had long been customary in some districts to go from house to house singing :—

"I wish you a Merry Christmas,
A Happy New Year,
A pocketful of money,
And a cellarful of beer."

But during the "revival Christmas," little of this was heard. Instead, the people were singing :—

"Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more."

"Mad!" says the cynic. Ah well! There is sense in the remark of Dr. Fraser, who has a large practice at Fforestfach, near Swansea, and who has carefully studied the revival. "It is better," he says, "that one should go mad on religion than that a hundred should go mad through drink."

THE TRANSFORMED CHURCHES.

The revival has brought the Churches into closer spiritual union. The great majority of Church members have learned to respect each other as being branches of the same Vine, members of the same Kingdom and

subjects of the same King. As the walls of Jericho fell down, so have the straw partitions that for too long have divided the different denominations in Wales been razed to the ground. And now Baptist and Quaker, Methodist and Anglican, Salvationist and Congregationalist, forgetting their credal distinctions, are working harmoniously for the one common cause. I heard one speaker at a midnight open-air service in Pontypridd say, "We are the grand Salvation Army of Wales, marching abreast for the salvation of the land." And therefore each denomination, without exception, is being benefited by the revival. Spiritual life has been quickened; characters have been brightened: there is now a general yearning for souls. Doubtful habits and recreations are laid aside, ill-feeling is banished by brotherliness, prayer is now the powerful lever of the people.

At Ystradgynlais, before a meeting of 1,500 people, three ministers who had publicly quarrelled about local politics and the administration of the Education Act became publicly reconciled, and ended their animosities by cordially uniting in the soul-saving work of the revival. Similar results have been of daily occurrence in commerce, in Society, and in the Church.

In the middle of a service, a deacon rose up and said, "I cannot worship here any longer unless I have a better understanding with my brother, with whom I had a quarrel some time ago, and to whom I have not spoken since. I must leave unless he is willing for a public reconciliation." This was no sooner said than his brother walked up the aisle: they met, clasped each other, wept, and each one blamed himself. Then, strange to say, three or four parties rose up from the pews, went and met each other in the aisles, wept on

each other's necks, and again each one blamed himself. Seeing this sight and hearing these confessions was too much for the people; the whole congregation wept like children; yet unlike children, for they wept *for joy*.

The hard heart of the formalist has melted in this furnace of the Spirit. I saw venerable ministers whose eyes glistened with delight, and whose mouths opened wider in singing than they have ever done in the pulpit. When at one service a little girl asked for prayer for her father, the supplications rose from all parts of the building like the boiling of a great spiritual cauldron. "Oh, thou clean Spirit!" said a rough, uncultured miner, in musical Welsh, "lift up the blinds of his heart that he may see the Crucified One."

Happily the revival has had an astonishing effect upon church officials, and created an entirely new feeling of warm sympathy with the masses who hitherto have been outside the Churches. Again and again I was told of Church members of twenty and thirty and forty years' standing, of old and crusted deacons, who have been completely broken down by this revival, and have confessed that until now they had never realised what religion was. Others who have never before prayed or testified in the meetings are now among the most ready and fervent in their testimonies. Their mouths have been unstopped. The Churches in Wales, there is every reason to believe, will come out of the revival prepared to make large concessions to liberty in the character of the services, in order to hold the thousands of converts that have been brought into them by the revival.

A pathetic incident occurred at a chapel in a Glamorganshire town. The pastor delivered a most impressive sermon, and made an eloquent appeal to

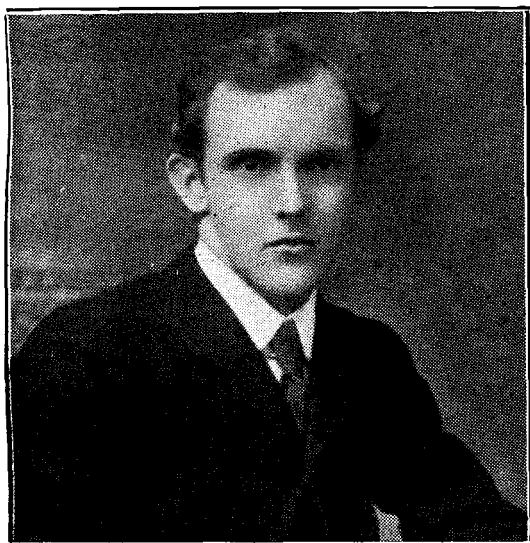
backsliders to return to the fold. Ultimately a young man sitting in the gallery got up, and with tears streaming down his face asked the Church to re-admit him into membership. Every eye in the crowded congregation was turned on him, and the effect was startling when it transpired that he was the minister's own son, who had left the Church. His father essayed to speak, but his feelings overpowered him and he broke down. The organist promptly struck the opening notes of a well-known hymn tune, and during the singing the rev. gentleman was enabled to control his emotion, and with tears of joy welcomed his son's return.

PRAYERS ANSWERED IN TEN MINUTES.

How these revived Welshmen believe in prayer! It is truly their "vital breath." Mr. Davis ("Awstin"), of Pontypridd, gave me a striking testimony. He has attended the majority of Evan Roberts' meetings and therefore knows what he is talking about. He is also a Christian worker at a large Baptist Church at Treforest. He said to me, "You know, I have always believed in prayer, like *ordinary* Christians, but I tell you I have seen things the last few weeks which have simply staggered me." And then he related case after case of prayer being answered in ten minutes, or less. One woman offered a most touching petition: "Oh, Lord, save my husband. Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that when I go home to-day, the children will come and cling round me and say, 'Mother, is father converted yet? Why isn't our father converted? everybody else is being converted, why isn't our father converted?'" So she continued her prayer. Presently a man came into the service rather blunderingly, as though unused to such a place. He knelt down just inside and most pitifully asked

God's forgiveness for his sins. It was the woman's husband, and ere long they went home together rejoicing in their Saviour. Diolch Iddo !

They are very practical in their petitions, too. At Siloh Congregational Chapel, Aberdare, a young



MR. PHILIP JONES,

of Aberdare, a student of the Collegiate School at Pontypridd, who has conducted revival meetings in Wales and in London.

(Photo by F. W. Clarke, Forest Gate.)

woman, after earnestly praying for grace to help her to forgive all her enemies, got up from her seat and walked up the aisle to another young woman, took hold of her hand and imprinted an affectionate kiss on her face. The

two wept freely, and the scene moved the whole congregation to tears. Another young woman prayed fervently for the conversion of her prodigal brother. When she had finished, the brother walked up the aisle, and before the end of the meeting he confessed Christ.

At one of the meetings held at Maesteg, a mother prayed that she might have good news of her son, whom she had not heard of for twelve months. The next day she received a letter from her son, from the Western Valleys, asking for her forgiveness, and saying that he had been deeply influenced by the revival.

A MISSIONARY MEETING SURPRISED.

A great Missionary Society had two strangely contrasting reminders of what was going on. One was a telegram intimating that the Society's Meeting could not be held because the revival had reached the town. The other was a letter from a remote Welsh village intimating that the Meeting had been crowded to the doors, the collection astonishingly large, and that it was all due to the revival having reached the village.

The Rev. W. Glasnant Jones, Siloh (Welsh) Congregational Church, Maesteg, Glamorgan, wrote:—“Our Church has been revived in all its branches. The Sunday-school has gained 100 more scholars. The Church roll has added about 50 new members. Almost all the backsliders have been reclaimed. Notorious drunkards have signed the pledge. Most of the public-houses have been absolutely deserted for the last few weeks. Open-air services and prayer meetings are held daily. We simply meet in the chapel at an appointed hour, and no one is asked to pray or sing, but each one takes part as the Spirit of God directs. The minister

usually presides. The whole life of the town (20,000 population) has been changed."

The complete transformation of the Rhondda on a Saturday night is wonderful. Instead of the characteristic conduct of a large mass of the population on an evening which was usually devoted to a great deal of unlicensed pleasure, large crowds of people, singing, praying, and praising could be met with at all points, and at all places of public resort the theme of conversation was the revival, even football having to take a secondary place.

THEOLOGY OF THE REVIVAL.

With regard to the theology of the revival as a whole, Principal Edwards, of Cardiff, says, "The main feature of the teaching and preaching has been the Gospel of Love. It is true that the character of God as holy and just and the demands of His law have not been lost sight of, but, amidst all, the light of God's love, especially as reflected by the Cross, has been the all-pervading influence. Hence it has been a joyous revival, resulting in the case of hundreds in immediate peace of mind and conscience. There has been no preaching of the usual kind. Ministers have abandoned their carefully-prepared sermons, and instead of a stereotyped service the whole Church seems for the time being to have become ministers."

These are but typical instances of what has been taking place in scores of towns and villages. Indeed, it has been pointed out that one of the greatest miracles of the revival is the large number of outlying districts unvisited by any of the evangelists, where, nevertheless, the revival has wrought as great wonders as have been reported. To God be the glory!

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AWAKENED.

As a life-long worker among children, it made my heart glad to see boys and girls standing up bravely in the meetings and testifying to the love of Jesus. While conversing with some residents in Aberfon, we were told that the revival in one of the largest centres of Wales, where the most wonderful results have been seen, began as the result of an act of forgetfulness on the part of the Sunday-school secretary. He and several other members of the Church had been to hear Mr. Evan Roberts, and had received great blessing, and when they found the following Sunday that the key of the cupboard where the Bibles and other books were kept had been accidentally left at home, they decided to turn the School into a prayer-meeting. The power of God came down in a very wonderful manner upon teachers and scholars alike, and a large number of young people decided for God. In the evening service, while the minister officiated in the ordinary way, a flame of revival fire spread amongst the congregation, who instantly began to sing and pray and testify, while the minister and other workers went round amongst the unsaved, and very soon the big "praying pew" in front was filled with men and women gesticulating and calling loudly upon God for pardon. The fire spread to four other Churches in the village, and within three weeks 447 converts had given in their names.

An instance illustrating the work of children in the revival is related by Rev. J. Elvet Lewis: "Among the men converted in one of the Glamorganshire valleys was one who had been the victim of drink, and when he was brought in he came and with infinite misery confessed to his minister that he did not know how to pass the public-house; how to pass it in coming

to the meeting night after night, or in going home again. However, the genius of the Spirit of God taught him to do a beautiful little thing. He had a little child six years old. Every evening he took her with him, grasping her hand with a firmer grip as he passed the public-house. She went in the sleeping time of the others—one is sorry for that—she spent her hours at the meeting in order to be there again to help her father to go home safely. This went on night after night, week after week. Surely if there is

“‘A GUARDIAN ANGEL’

you can find one in that little child of six helping her father to overcome temptation.”

Mr. Sidney Evans, one of the young Welsh student-evangelists, says he attended a children’s service, when he was completely overpowered by the influence of the Spirit. The prayers of some of the children for their parents had already been answered. A member of the congregation asked that some of the juveniles should pray again, but a woman appealed that they should not ask for this. She was at a previous meeting and realised that the children were exhausted by their efforts. A few lads, however, engaged in prayer with touching eloquence. During the service a large number of converts were added, including some who had previously ridiculed the revival.

But of all the stirring scenes which have occurred during the revival services in Wales, few have been more remarkable than that at Capel Mawr, near Ruabon. A little girl sprang to her feet, and with startling fervour prayed for the conversion of her parents. A pathetic scene followed. The parents, touched by the appeal, surrendered themselves as penitents, and were soon rejoicing in Christ.

At one of Mr. Evan Roberts' meetings he was portraying with skill the idea of infinity, when a little boy in the gallery began singing "Iesu, Iesu, gwranddo lais fy nghri" ("Saviour, Saviour, hear my cry") and some of those present cried, "Hush," but the Evangelist said, "No, no; I can wait," and the hymn went on for



THE WELSH STUDENTS AT MR. SPURGEON'S
PASTORS' COLLEGE.

The four standing comprise the Welsh quartette who have conducted successful revival missions in London and other places.

some time, the little boy being heard through all others from beginning to end. Two young ladies from Birchgrove then rose in the body of the chapel and prayed passionately, so that once more prayer actually overwhelmed praise.

One of the most immediate and striking results of the revival has been its effect upon the drinking customs of the people. One can give but a small conception of the marvellous change that has taken place. Licensed victuallers in several towns within the zone of fire of the revival publicly confess to substantial diminution in their takings. At Pontycymmer the receipts at one public-house on a single night fell from £40 to £4. A number of publicans became teetotalers, and allowed the revivalists to enter the bar to discuss religious questions with the customers.

At one place where Mr. Evan Roberts had held meetings a public-house was to be sold. The value was based upon the takings, and before the revival it was valued at £850. After the revival meetings it was valued again, but the sum which it was worth was now put at £580.

One brewery in Mid-Glamorgan, it is said, has only been brewing once in two weeks, whereas it used to brew three and four times every week. Most of the men at this brewery were only working two or three days a week, and some even less than that. There has also been a reduction in the number employed.

I was told also of a big brewery that had all its haulage done by contract. The owner of the contract had hitherto found it necessary to keep twenty-two horses to do the work for the brewery alone, but now he can do it all with six !

In town after town the number of police-court cases began to diminish as soon as the revival came, until in a few weeks the chairman of the magistrates was presented with the customary pair of white gloves because there were no cases for him to adjudicate upon. Policemen and magistrates have had a very easy time, and

those precious white gloves have been quite in demand. What a glorious thing it would be if there was a boom for the white glove trade because of a diminution of drunkenness and crime throughout the land! It may be, and will be, if Christians everywhere are ready for the day of God's visitation and will pay the price.

One of the Welsh bishops declares that the revival has done more for the temperance cause in six months than all the temperance societies combined have done in twenty-five years; and it is significantly announced that most of the Churches now use only unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper. Welshmen evidently possess a good degree of sanctified common-sense.

TRANSFORMATION IN GARW VALLEY.

A visitor to Garw Valley relates: "I had keen recollections of the Bank Holiday loafers I had seen there many times before. The crowds of aimless wanderers, wandering from public-house to public-house, bandying fearful language with one another on the road! But what a change I found as I walked from Blaengarw to Pant-y-gog, without hearing or seeing one drunken man! There was hardly a sound to be heard in the public-houses. None of the roar and bustle of a holiday, notwithstanding the day was fine. As I passed down Oxford Street, Pontycymmer, I met groups of men who sang quietly as they walked such hymns as 'Dim ond Calvary,' their voices rising and falling in harmony as they strolled along. They were rough fellows enough, but there was a new light in their eyes and a new song in their mouths. Further on I met a long procession of men, women, and children singing in English, "Oh, where is my wandering boy?" They passed on down the road, the haunting melody of

the simple hymn growing fainter till it died away. Wales is the land of song, but two days in the Garw Valley makes me think it will be before long what it was in the long ago, 'The land of saints.'"

A working man declared that he was a living illustration of the power of God to save drunkards. He frankly confessed that he had been one of the worst drunkards in his town, and in eloquently giving the story of his conversion he stated that for three days before his conversion on the Sunday Mr. Evan Roberts visited Pontypridd he used to go to the side of the mountain and cry like a child. He could not explain why, but it must have been the Spirit of God taking possession of him. When Mr. Roberts was in Sardis Chapel on the Sunday morning before Christmas he twice walked from his home at Hopkinstown to the chapel door and walked back again without entering. About noon his wife told him his dinner was ready, but there was to be no dinner for him that day, and he again walked back to the chapel. He could not go further than the door, and when he heard Mr. Roberts say that it was only by saying *Diolch Iddo* he could gain the mastery, and heard the congregation using that word of thanksgiving, he turned round and, kneeling upon the tramroad, gave himself to Christ.

A PUBLICAN'S LAMENT.

At Maesteg, a few miles higher up the valley, another visitor found the publicans bewailing a very substantial decrease in their takings. "This is the worst Saturday I have ever had," said one publican, whose business had been suddenly reduced from a flourishing to a profitless state. "In this town, again, I heard of singular cases of conversion. Notorious gamblers and drunkards have

been reclaimed. The police declare themselves rid of a great deal of their customary work. On Saturday morning a remarkable meeting was held in a local colliery. For nearly an hour work was suspended, and over 200 colliers assembled at the bottom of the shaft and held a prayer-meeting. Later in the day a similar service was held, this time with the officials taking part. To signify their conversion, the men were asked to lift their lamps aloft, and the scores of lights that flickered in the air indicated the desire of the coal-begrimed toilers to lead a better life. Needless to say, the mine resounded with exultant song."

A woman was asked casually by one of the missionaries whether she believed in the revival. "Believe in it?" she exclaimed. "Until a fortnight ago my son was a blaspheming drunkard; to-day he is a sober, loving, and well-behaved son. That is my answer."

A convert at Jerusalem Chapel, Nantfyllon, told the minister that he had saved 13s. 9d. and his "butty" 26s., so that they might have a "spree" at Christmas-time. Now that he was converted, what could be done with the money? He eventually decided to send his savings to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and upon coming to the decision he straightway procured a postal order for 13s. 9d. and posted it to Dr. Barnardo.

A prayer-meeting was held outside a club, and while a minister was delivering a short address a young man opened the club window and, with pint in hand, sneered at the revivalists. Not many days later he attended a service, and to the surprise of the audience he marched up to the big seat and offered up a pathetic prayer. His father and sister were present, and their joy knew no bounds, the sister singing "Diolch Iddo" with great fervour.

Of the general results of the revival, one might write volumes. A trade paper, the *Iron and Coal Trades' Review*, says that an old collier, near Pontypridd, remarked in regard to the feuds between the Unionists and non-Unionists at the collieries: "I have seen neighbours refuse to speak to each other, I have known some refuse to descend in the same cage as the men who did not belong to the Federation, or speak to them when below ground, except with an oath. This revival has stopped all that, and colliers look upon each other as friends and companions. Some of the non-Unionists were among the best of men, and at one meeting a non-Unionist was leading the prayers and Unionists were joining in them. Rest assured what has been done by the Federation will never be done again. The characters of the people have now changed. The brutal sport of rabbit coursing is stopped. Men have sold their dogs, in which not long ago they took the greatest pride. They go home at night sober—many do not touch a drop of beer or spirits—and before commencing work in the morning many join together in prayer."

The men get down into the pit for a five o'clock prayer-meeting in the morning before commencing their day's arduous toil, and instead of the unpleasant and profane language once so common—in the street, in the cages, in the mine—now it is the exception rather than the rule, and the men use their voices to sing praises to the Saviour and Divine King; and they do better work, as the mine managers themselves testify. That is reasonable enough, for, other things being equal, a Christian man can always do the best work in the quickest time.

Tradesmen are benefiting from this change. Instead of the miners' wages being worse than wasted in the

brewers' poisonous compounds sold at public-houses, it is spent in the drapers', bootmakers', clothiers' and provision shops. One man was coming out of a furnishing warehouse with a huge roll of linoleum on his shoulders, and, being jokingly accosted by an old companion, said, "Yes, old man, I shouldn't have had this but for the revival."

A NATION OF BIBLE STUDENTS.

The Welsh are supposed to be a Bible-reading people, and judging by the numerous and apt quotations in their prayers they know a great deal more about the contents of the Book than the average man to whom we are accustomed to listen in our English prayer-meetings. And yet again and again, when Evan Roberts tested the congregations, it was found that even among Christian people and Church members regular daily Bible-readers were in a minority. Those who confessed their neglect promised to amend their ways, and they promptly began purchasing Bibles in large quantities. The increase in the sales was very great. A bookseller at Ton, in the heart of the Rhondda, who has been eighteen years in the trade, told an interviewer that the increase had been most marked—"tremendous" was her word for it—and there has been a corresponding decrease in the sale of low-class literature. So said two booksellers in the neighbouring town of Pentre, who added that the most remarkable increase had been in the purchase of pocket Testaments by young men. At Neath a bookseller stated that before the revival he regarded Bibles as dead stock, but in a few weeks he cleared out all his old stock and had to get further supplies. To some of his customers the Bible was quite unknown, and they carried it off as hoarded treasure. As a consequence there was a slump

in "penny dreadfuls," and other objectionable literature. At Aberdare an agent stated he had to order a box of Bibles and Testaments each week for a long time, and he has also done a good trade in commentaries. All booksellers, too, say there was at the same time a "big run" on hymn books.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, bookseller, of Morriston Square, said he sold more Bibles in a month than in any previous six months. He received a parcel of 100 Bibles on a Saturday, and all were sold by the Tuesday. The demand for religious books was doubled. One man gave an order for a commentary, and paid down for it, remarking that but for the revival the money would have gone for intoxicating drink.

The Bible Society also report that its orders for Scriptures for Wales were trebled during the height of the revival movement.

TRECYNON SCEPTIC BURNS INFIDEL BOOKS.

The most noted of agnostics in a club at Trecynon was Tom Hughes, a man of forty, vivacious and witty, and a good singer. He could hear the singing in the chapel from his own house on the Sunday Evan Roberts came, and it was his own love of good music, along with the magnificent rendering by the entire congregation of those glorious Welsh songs, that was used by the Spirit to draw him. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday he came and stood in the lobby, but on Thursday he ventured inside, longing to "touch the hem of His garment." Hughes was drawn by the singing to go to the chapel at eleven p.m. He left the chapel and went home in great distress. He went to his little parlour and took down from his shelves one by one the books he had so prized as a member of the

local Ethical (Agnostic) Society, and flung them on the table. Then, with great deliberation and with intense emotion, he took up one at a time, tore it in pieces, and made a bonfire of the whole lot in his own grate. As the flames shot up the chimney and the blaze increased, his wife said, "Tom! Tom! what's the matter? You've lost your balance. You'll set the place on fire!" "Nothing of the kind," he said. "The Master who has kept us safe through all these years while these cursed books were under my roof will certainly take care of us to-night while I am destroying them." Altogether they were worth a few pounds, and he afterwards said: "As I was watching them I was under the impression that the angels of God were there blowing the bellows and fanning the flames for me. By this time the house was all astir, and the six children, of ages from sixteen to six, had all turned out of bed to see what it was all about. "Tom," said his wife, "let us sing like we used to do in former days, before you got those books." So he and his wife and children sat singing till three in the morning. Since then his friends have all seen that he is a converted man.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SCEPTICS.

The Rev. T. Ferrier Hulme evidently agrees with Dr. Torrey in his attitude toward sceptics. Mr. Hulme says: "I have seen a good deal lately, both in Wales and Bristol, of the futility of attempting to bring about conversion by mere argument. I have myself had the privilege of personal dealing with many who have been sorely tried by intellectual difficulties, and without at all disparaging the place and power of prayerful reasoning I have never found this appeal to fail: 'Will you let Jesus Christ prove to you His own Divinity?

Fulfil His conditions and He will fulfil His promise.'
And I often feel the force of Dr. Walter Smith's lines—

“ ‘ Oh ! times of weak and dying faith
That labour pleas in His defence,
Ye do but dim Him with your breath ;
He is His own best evidence.’ ”

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

One of the distinct miracles of the Welsh revival has been commented on by Professor I. Morris Jones, Professor of Welsh at the University College of North Wales, who describes a singular result which came under his notice at meetings in Anglesey. He heard, he says, ordinary farm servants, common plough boys, practically unlettered youths, burst out into spontaneous prayer and a flow of the most chaste and classic Welsh. “ Their diction is frequently more chaste and beautiful than anything I can hope to attain to. It is really marvellous, and the more and the better Welsh you know the greater is your admiration and the more do you marvel when you hear them.” “ There can be but one possible explanation for this phenomenon,” the professor thinks. “ You cannot possibly explain it by ordinary human standards. It must be inspiration.”

“ TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.”

Following upon the glorious wave of revival which continued throughout the winter of 1894—5 and the early summer of 1895, there was a lull so far as Wales was concerned, so that many began asking, “ Will the results of the movement be permanent ? ” It was feared by some that they would be ephemeral. “ Well,” replied an observer, “ apple blossoms are ephemeral ; they fall, but apples are born from them.” So it has

been with these Welsh converts. A few have gone back, but the majority stand. They have lost some of the ecstasy and the exuberance of feeling, but the change in their lives continues. It is "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

And what happened when the apple blossoms began to fall? From France, Norway, India, Africa, America, and sundry other countries, has come the glad news of revival and spiritual manifestations equalling those of the Welsh valleys. And still the wave is spreading across continents, irrespective of colour or race. May it gain in power and glory until it ushers in the dawn of millennial days which prophets have foreseen and of which poets have sung their most inspiring refrains.

Meanwhile, are we sharing in the revival? If not, why not? Are we willing to pay the price? In all true revivals there have been three characteristics predominant, standing above local peculiarities—prayer, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the presentation of the Gospel. Every true revival is preceded by a personal Pentecost. "It is possible to have revivals without preaching, without churches, and without ministers; but without prayer a genuine revival is impossible. The great revival at the Kirk of Shotts, in Scotland, when five hundred were converted under a single sermon by John Livingstone on the 1st of June, 1630, was preceded by a night of prayer. In some portions of America the awakening of 1800 was prepared for by days of fasting and prayer. The revival of 1857 commenced with the prayers of a humble layman, while the secret of success in the lives of Finney and Moody is attributable to prevailing prayer."* Of his own experience Finney said, "Unless I had the

* From the History of American Revivals.

spirit of prayer I could do nothing. If even for a day or an hour I lost the spirit of grace and supplication, I found myself unable to preach with power and efficiency, or to win souls by personal conversation."

Evan Roberts himself insists continually on the need of constant believing prayer, and the general experience in Wales has been that revival is born in the atmosphere of intercession.

The outpouring of the Holy Spirit qualifies the worker, gives force and unction to his utterance, strangely softens the hearts of men and prepares their minds for the reception of the truths of the Gospel.

"These three elements—prayer, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the presentation of Gospel truth—constitute the invariable characteristics of all true revivals from Pentecost to the present time. It is safe to presume, therefore, that there never will be revivals of any great value to the Church of Christ without relying upon these conditions, which seem to be indispensable."

But I can imagine some good earnest people, miles away from the "sphere of influence" of the revival movement, doubting whether in their locality a revival can be expected. Oh, they say, if we had the wings of a dove, we would hasten thither and share in the blessedness, and bring some of it here. Yet, is God's arm shortened? Is he a respecter of places? Permit an illustration. I can understand a country visitor to London gazing at the achievements of electricity—the omnibuses, the motor-cars, the trams, the electric light, etc.—and bemoaning the absence of such advantages at home. But the potentialities of electric power are as great "at home" as in London, only for obvious reasons they are not used. Exactly in the same way

can we say that God is as near to the villages as the cities. It was in the villages of New Quay and Loughor where the Welsh revival had its beginnings. And why may not God's power be displayed in other villages and towns? It remains with us as individuals to say whether we are willing to pay the price. Let us consecrate ourselves afresh to the Lord, and cease not praying day and night that He may send the "showers of blessing." And "according to our faith" so shall it be unto us. Lord, baptise us with prayer! Lord, give us mighty faith!

Will you make this your

→⇒ **DAILY PRAYER** ⇒←

Until the answer comes?

O LORD, send a Revival and begin in
me, for Jesus' sake.—Amen.

Promises to plead.—Is. lvii. 15; Ps. cxxxviii. 7.

Results to follow.—Ps. li. 10-15; Hos. xiv. 4-8.