

"ALWAYS ABOUNDING"

GEORGE BREALEY.

EVANGELIST

OF THE

BLACKDOWN HILLS





INTRODUCTION.

THEY glorified God in me." Such, says the Apostle Paul, was the result of his conversion, life, and ministry on those that heard of him; and such ever should be the result of the record of every Christian biography, as it leaves a witness behind it of God's dealings with the subject of a Memoir, and of the result of those dealings which marked the individual. A Biography is a two-fold witness, first for God, and, secondly, its profit to others depends, not so much on its intrinsic interest, as on the faithfulness of the portrait given. Our biographies are recorded in heaven. Mr. R. C. Chapman once said, in reply to a remark made by our departed brother, Mr. J. Denham Smith, wishing him to write his biography; "It is all written, and will be published in the morning," referring to the morning of the Resurrection. It is a solemn truth. "It is all written," and will be read in the light of Eternity.

It is a responsible thing to write the biography of the departed. This, absolutely, God only can write; but we are told to call to remembrance those who have been guides of the flock, and preachers of the Word (Heb. xiii. 7.) that those who remain may follow their faith, considering what the end of their conversation was: and although they have gone away, Jesus Christ remains with us "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

It was markedly true in regard to the subject of this Memoir, that God gives to every one his special work. He knew it, he acted on it, and God accomplished much through his instrumentality. From the time when he was brought from darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel of Christ, he realized, as few do, that he was not his own—that he now belonged to One who had redeemed him to Himself; and whether in the humbler lines of his early beginnings, or in the higher lines of his after service, he sought to be ready at the Master's call, for every service, however insignificant. We remember our long-known friend, Colonel Stafford, saying of him when we first met George Brealey in Exeter, about the year 1864, that he was one who was ready for anything wherein he could serve the Lord or his neighbour, however small, or however great; and all he undertook was done heartily and well. Many fail to do anything, because they will

he doing something great. It was not so with our brother Brealey. God has left the lowly, yet honourable designation of Elisha, the mighty successor of Elijah, that he was "the man who poured water on the hands of Elijah;" *i.e.*, he was his servant, and by this he was known. He who has not learned to serve is unfit to rule, and he who despises little things will never be entrusted with great.

To this readiness in action and thoroughness in detail, was added an intense directness of appeal to those he came across, that did not fail to arouse the conscience, and excite acceptance or opposition to the truth, as the case might be. It was thus he became to so many a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death, and in either case a sweet savour of Christ to God.

Incidents given in his memoir will illustrate this remarkable feature in his Gospel ministry, which brought many a stout heart as a penitent to the Saviour's cross.

His work on the Blackdown Hills has left an epistle known and read of all, and many who at different times visited that locality after he had got there, can bear witness to the earnest and healthy tone of the Christianity that had been planted among the people, many of whom were almost as ignorant of Christ as if they had been born and bred in the centre of Africa. He brought his earnest and deep

realization of the things of God to bear on those around him, and year by year numbers went away from the place of their spiritual birth to carry elsewhere what they had learned under the ministry of this laborious and faithful servant of God. His characteristic was living faith in a living God, and this is bound to give success—success in the way God sees best, but not always in ours; but success there will ever be to the faithful soul that is content to follow the leadings of God.

We little know what we are fitted for, or what the Lord will make out of us, till we gird up our loins, and do that little thing that the hands find to do. Let us make much of our littles, and we shall soon find how great they become; but we must follow the leadings of God and imitate no one but as they in principle imitate Christ. We are created of God for what He has designed our work, our life, and our service to be, and we can never ensure what God calls success on any other line. To Him that hath, and uses it, shall more be given, but how often have gifts possessed in early Christian life dwindled down, till at last the Christian dies poorer than when he began his course, and while he is saved as by fire, all his buried gifts rise up in judgment as unused and mispent.

The biographies, of which the Bible is full, when wisely studied, will unfold many a cause of failure in our lives and histories, and many a biography of the present day, when wisely and faithfully written, will prove helpful to others, and we trust that this will prove the same, stimulating others to go and do likewise, and warning many a half-and-half Christian lest they suffer loss in the crowning day.

His Gospel ministry was remarkably clear. He preached the soul-saving power of the atoning blood of Christ, and he dealt with the realities of sin and Satan, of heaven and hell, as one whose library was his Bible, one who had learned his teaching at the feet of the Master, and in the deeper experiences of his own soul, and not in the colleges of the learned, where all is now drifting down to the apostacy of the latter days, when in the "form of godliness," its mystery and its truth will have vanished away.

We commend this book to all who would seek to be winners of souls, and specially to those who in our dark villages, with faith in word and deed, seek to prove themselves toilers in the great harvest field, who shall receive their "Well done, good and faithful servant," from the Master's lips.

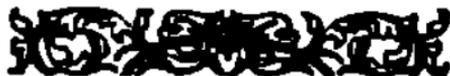
In conclusion we also commend the work as carried on by his son and his fellow-labourers on the Blackdown Hills to the interest of the Church of God

for needed help and sympathy, and may that which has been in the past carried on in faith and with so much blessing, be long continued with the same faith, and yet with increased blessing.

H. GROVES.

HANKFIELD, KENDAL.

April, 1889.





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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY TRAINING.

“ Man's life's a book of history ;
The leaves thereof are days ;
The letters, mercies closely joined ;
The title is ‘ God's Praise.’ ”

J. MASSON.

NORTH TAWTON.

ABOUT twenty miles to the North-West of the ancient city of Exeter, and on the eastern verge of the bleak and barren Dartmoor Hills, lies a quiet, unpretentious town, bearing the name of North Tawton, from the fact of its being the most northerly of two abodes of humanity on the banks of the river Tawe—its sister town, the smaller of the two, being honoured by the distinctive title of South Tawton. Even sixty years ago it could boast of streets which were duly named Fore Street and High Street, in true orthodox fashion ; and from these branched out in as many different directions, Exeter Street, Barton Street, and Lake Way ; while a continua-

tion of Fore Street to the river Tawe—which from its source in the Dartmoors, diligently seeks its final destination in Bideford Bay—bore the name of Mill Lane. This led to the serge and blanket factory, the pillar and prop of the trade of the town.

North Tawton could boast of a Market House and a weekly Market, to which the farmers of the neighbourhood brought their stock, and the country folk their eggs, butter, and other pannier goods. A deal of business was transacted there on Market days, and this was evident to the most ordinary observer; for then many a "lowing herd moved slowly" down the street, from their pastures in the Lea; and the "Square" in front of the Market-house was alive with buyers and sellers at stalls of poultry and butter, and the open space quite bestrewn and bedecked with garden produce, crockery, earthenware pots and pans, placed for better exhibition in sweet confusion on the "pitching." Occasionally additional excitement was thrown into the busy scene by the over-inquisitive tendencies of some frolicsome hog, who, tired of being carried to market in a bag, or trotted thither by a leading string, had effected its escape; and determining to do business on its own account, made strange work among crockeryware, eggs, and baskets of excited fowls, while being hotly chased

by his perplexed and perspiring owner. This, however, but gave zest to the day's proceedings, was always expected, and consequently taken accordingly.

The quaint old church was of very primitive pretensions. It boasted of a good peal of bells, but these were ensconced within a tower, severely square, plastered and rough cast, and surmounted by a slated spire, which looked like a great extinguisher over the whole. It was doubtless meant in "point to brighter worlds," leaving the preacher underneath to "lead the way." The Churchyard was entered by means of a large and covered gateway, erected, so it is said, for the convenience of bearers at funerals, where they might, under shelter, rest their heavy burden ere it was laid in its last resting place, and where also any preliminary formalities might be carried out prior to the party being escorted by the officiating clergyman. This gateway was a favoured spot by many Tawntonians, and to their shame, be it said, it was held in greater esteem than even the sacred edifice to which it was but the porch, for here they lounged and smoked and quarrelled until service was over, when they returned to their homes from church religiously with the rest.

Looking down Mill Lane could be seen, some eight or ten miles off, Old Cawsand Beacon, one

of the most imposing of the Dartmoor Hills, with South Tawton, South Zeal and Oakhampton slumbering under its shadow; while to its right rose the Tors of Delston and Sourton.

The inhabitants were, for the most part, shopkeepers, artisans, mill hands and husbandmen, and of this last-named class the subject of this memoir sprang.

On the certificate of his birth, we read:—

“George Brealey, son of John and Susan Brealey, born at North Tawton, September 4th, 1823.”

His father was quite an original character, bred from a hardy long-lived family, one of the most muscular men of the neighbourhood, and withal clear-headed, stout-hearted, and “flat-footed,” which being interpreted is, one who said what he meant, and meant what he said. He was possessed of a strong will, a dogged determination, and great force of character, and these were more largely developed in the son. At the time of George Brealey’s birth, and for some years after, the circumstances of the family were very straitened; but John getting employment at the Mill, and filling a responsible post, they were kept in a measure of comfort. Soon, however, on account of the depression of trade in consequence of the long war, the mill was not kept constantly at work,

and for a considerable time the hands were only partially employed—two days one week, and three days the next. This was a sore trial for the little family; but the father, from his conversion, was a man of faith and prayer. He therefore, on slack days, sought help of God for employment elsewhere and in any capacity. On one occasion, when cast on God for bread for his family, the Mill having stopped, a neighbour better off than most around came, and said, "John, I want my potatoes got up, and as I have rheumatic so badly, I am afraid to go on the damp ground. Could you take them up for me, and I'll pay you for your labour?" Only too glad was he to have the opportunity of a little remunerative employment, and forthwith set to work. By the close of the day the astonished and gratified employer found all his potatoes harvested. The crop was exceptionally good, and with a kindly feeling for his poorer neighbour, and perhaps a measure of gratitude to God, he said, "Here's a bag, John; fill it with potatoes as many as you can get in, and take them home for your family, though I'm afraid it won't hold more than fourscore pounds." "I'm not so sure of that," replied the grateful John, "I believe I can get eight score into it if I tried." "Nonsense," said the other, "it is impossible. If you do, I'll give 'em to you, and five shillings

to boot, but I know I'm safe on that score." The potatoes were packed endways, like eggs, in layers, and the bag filled and tied. "Now for the weighing," said the good-natured man, "'tis well packed, to be sure." If he was astonished at its appearance, he was more so at its weight, for it brought down the scales at 9 scores or 180 lbs. "Well done, John," said he, in down-right glee, "you deserve 'em for your trouble, and here's five shillings and your day's wages, to get something to eat with 'em." Prayer was answered, and he went home with a light heart to tell his wife and children, and to thank God for His goodness. The lesson was not lost on his little son George.

On another occasion, about this time, the cupboards were bare, and there was no prospect of work, the parents had given their children the remaining food in the house, and had retired to rest supperless themselves. During the night the father dreamt that the Mill-leaf, of which he had the sole charge, had been limed by poachers to obtain the fish, and so did it impress him that he arose in the night and went to the stream. To his amazement he found it *absolutely true*. He let out the water and caught two large baskets of eels and trout. Dishes of the finest trout were taken to the clergyman, the doctor, and his employer, who paid handsomely for the treat, and

the remainder supplied the needs of the family for many days. These times of hardship were often spoken of by both the father, in better days afterwards, and by his son George, even within a few months of his death, as precious evidences of the faithfulness and care of God. John was a preacher too of no small success, and many scores have been "turned from darkness to light," through his instrumentality. He was ready-tongued and quick-witted, and was, soon after his conversion, an accepted "Local" in the neighbourhood. On one occasion he had prepared a specially well-studied sermon, and as he was anxious that no salient point should be omitted, he carefully committed it to paper. He was to preach at Oakhampton, and was on fire to deliver it. The Sunday came; the sun was shining brilliantly, and the birds were singing blithely, and taking a last look at his sermon, he started, ruminating on it all the way along his eight miles walk. Wishing, as he drew near the end of his journey, to take a final glance at his papers, he put his hand in his pocket for the treasure, but, to his dismay, it was nowhere to be found. He was fairly bewildered, the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, for, in his excitement, the whole subject had evaporated, and he could not even remember the text.

On he must go, and on he went, as he afterwards said, "like a fool to the correction of the stocks." He cried out in agony as he entered the well-filled building, "Lord, help!" As an arrow the words shot into his heart, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." He entered the pulpit, and after reading and prayer, he told the people of his lost sermon, but of his new found text. Never had he felt so helpless, but the people were bowed, and one soul at least was saved. Many years after he was met by an old woman on the roadside, who said, "Bless'ee, maister, I be glad to see'ee once more, sure." "Why, where have you seen me before?" he asked, "Why, at Okyton (Oakhampton), to be sure, when you lost your sarmint, and God gied'ee a better one. I was there, and God brought salvation to me that day. I had been for years working and fretting and puzzling to be saved, but there I see'd God did it all, and I had only to stand still and see the work done, and go on trusting, as the Israelites did, through the Red Sea. I be glad to see'ee, sure."

George Brealey's life, however, may be said to have been more powerfully influenced by his mother than by his father; for while his father was of a kind heart, and very fond of his boy, yet his sense of righteousness rendered him stern and sometimes severe. His mother, on the other hand, though of

equally decided principles and character, was nevertheless more tender and sympathetic, and sought to lead her boy by love, rather than drive him by sternness.

She was of Scotch origin; shrewd, conscientious, of sound common sense and judgment, and thoroughly practical. In addition to these qualities which entered largely into her religion, she was, after her conversion, exceptionally spiritually-minded, and a woman of faith and prayer in no small degree. Her father was quite a local celebrity in his day, for, with the exception of the clergyman, he was the only person in the parish who could read, and this he sought to make the best use of by gathering the parishioners together on Sundays when there was no Service, and reading to them out of the old chained Bible in the Church. Many learned the way to God through these Sabbath readings.

From the day of his birth, it may be said that his mother's heart's desire was the eternal welfare of her child, though at this time she herself was not a truly converted woman. Yet she had this one chief wish to bring up her children in a right way, and with this object before her, it was no marvel if she was often found praying to God that her son might be brought up in the ways of the Lord. And He who "heareth the cry of the humble, and

despiseth not their prayer," was pleased, after some six years of married life, to bring her to Himself, and from this time, it may be said, that she began to live in reality. About the same time the child, George, received his first early impressions through his mother's teachings and prayers, though only at the age of five years. In a short autobiography he wrote in after life, he says, "I distinctly remember, even now, the deep sense of the Lord's presence, and of sin which I felt, and that I would be often found on my knees praying for a new heart." These impressions, however, after some years, wore off, probably from the fact that Christians did not then see that little children could be saved, the majority not expecting it, and consequently much labour and time were lost. For though the Scriptures were taught, and the constant reading of the Word of God inculcated, and the need of a new heart often strongly insisted on, yet such a thing was scarcely known as a teacher or a Christian parent leading the child at once to Jesus; and thus, when little George grew up amid other boys, there was no power to withstand the evil example and temptations of youth. However, about this time, the Sunday School connected with the Independent Chapel where his parents worshipped was to hold its Anniversary Services, and as a stimulus to the scholars, and an additional

attraction to the people generally, a Bible had been offered to the scholar who should, on that day, repeat verbatim, the whole of the Gospel of John. The day arrived, the chapel was crowded, and excitement ran high. Ten competitors entered the lists, but the only one who accomplished the extraordinary feat was a little boy, not ten years of age, the youngest by far of the whole, who received a perfect ovation from the delighted congregation, but what was to him of infinitely more value than all, the Book—the treasure which in after years, was to be to him so precious, and through him, so powerful to hundreds of his fellow-men. That little boy was George Brealey. "The child is father to the man," it is sometimes said, and, in his case, so it proved. God had a special and unique work for little George to do, and was even now preparing the "diamond in the rough," to sparkle to His praise in days to come. The Word of God was to be to him his broadsword, shield and girdle, and the impetus that day's success gave him, was of untold value. He would go away alone with his precious prize, and read and learn the wondrous words, and as he read the tears would flow and his heart would burn, and he longed, even then, to be able to preach to others. His early life, however, was one of hardship, and there seemed but little prospect for the

future, for soon the influence of a godly mother would cease to shine directly on his pathway. She had from his birth—to use her own words—“dedicated him and his children’s children to the service of the Lord;” but, strange to say, though her husband was a Christian, he was induced, by some unaccountable means, to place his only boy apprentice to his brother, an infidel, who, in addition to his trade as country shoemaker, kept a public-house. Into this atmosphere, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, that boy was placed. The influence of the man, and the elements around, soon told on the tender susceptibilities of the lad, and here the uncle, who was his “godfather,” who had promised to see that his godson “should renounce all the sinful lusts of the flesh” (?), taught the nephew to drink, to swear, and to fight. Yet a Divine hand was overruling all this; for, as a child, he was kind and most meek-hearted. It was needful for his future work that he should develop a courage and dauntlessness that should fit him for the pioneering work it was his to undertake in later years. And so the wisdom of God caused the very circumstances in which he was placed to be a means of moulding the character and framing the man, and the qualities which were developed in the service of sin, afterwards became consecrated to the service of Christ.

About this time, however, the purpose of God was still further to be developed. Circumstances arose which led to his parents removing from North Tawton to the neighbourhood of Exeter. An illness overtook him, and he went to his mother to be nursed. While there she tenderly watched and prayed for her son.

And now it was that the anxious parents, especially the mother, saw with sorrow what evil company had done for their boy, and this led to more fervent prayer to God, and more frequent converse with the son, which resulted in fresh conviction of sin. All his past life was again arrayed before him with terrible distinctness. The conscience was lashed as with scorpions, and to escape this sore wounding by the Spirit of God, on his recovery he rushed into evil company, and betook himself to drinking, card-playing, and all the accompaniments of a life of sin. Such a hold had the enemy on him, that not all a mother's love and entreaties, or a father's stern commands to leave a path of sin, and choose the way of life, could stem the torrent of evil that was rapidly dragging him down to ruin. But what stern commands, and gentle loving entreaties failed to do, the Lord, in His abundant grace, accomplished. And now God is to be glorified, Satan defeated, the wanderer brought home, and angels with saints

rejoice over a sinner rescued from the grasp and kingdom of the wicked one.

Sir Alexander Campbell was to preach in the city, and the mother's heart yearned for the salvation of her son. She therefore greatly desired that George should go to hear him, and she fervently hoped and prayed he might be saved.





CHAPTER II.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying,
This is the way, walk ye in it." Isaiah xxx. 21.

"He called them, and they left.

Forsook for Him their all ;

They heard His voice, and followed Him,

Submissive to His call.

They followed to the Cross,

They followed to the Crown,

Planting their footsteps upon His,

Making His path their own."

DR. H. BONAR.

IT is Whit Sunday, 1841. The morning is glorious. The birds are singing joyously ; the flowers are spreading a lovely carpet of varied colours on the earth ; the hedges are spangled with yellow primroses ; and all nature is gay in the beautiful adorning of its Creator : while, from the city near, the numberless bells sound the hour of prayer. Strong were the appeals of the loving parents to their son to accompany

them to the Gospel preaching. But no; he flatly refused to be seen in a meeting house again. His mother urged and pleaded, but in vain: he would not go. Already, however, the arrow had penetrated to his soul, yet he dared not divulge the secrets of his heart: he feared the consequences. There was sad war waging within. His conscience had been aroused, and was like the angry billows lashed by the tempest. A perfect tornado of sin was raging in his soul; and forth rushed the half-maddened youth, followed closely by Satan, over hedges, through fields, lanes, anywhere, and almost everywhere, except in the right way, fiercely driven by the devil. With his Sunday garments torn, the poor, unhappy young man wandered, he knew not whither, until his steps were arrested by meeting some evil companions, who taunted him with being a "Methodist," a word of reproach hurled at him because they had sometimes seen him with his parents on their way to the meetings. These reproaches were too much for the already excited brain of this poor youth filled with Satan's power. He therefore gave two of them a severe thrashing, (in doing which he injured his arm,) and then took them to a public-house, to make friends, and to show he was no "Methodist." Here they remained, and at three o'clock on Whit Sunday afternoon, they were playing cards, when the

Lord, who had been permitting Satan to do his worst, came to the rescue. George Brealey's mother had gone off to the Meeting-room that morning, with a heavy heart, made sad by the wicked ways of her ungodly son. Living in the country, at a good distance from the Meeting-house, their custom was to remain in the City during the day, so as not to miss any of the Services. But on this occasion she could not remain as she usually did, but returned about the middle of the day in quest of her son, and after many inquiries and diligent search, was not a little saddened when she discovered him in such a place, and at such employment. But what could not a mother do? What has she not done? With a breaking heart she exclaimed, "Oh! my dear son, it pains me more than I can tell to find you here, I never expected to see you in such a place as this!" A deep sob, and a burst of tears, choked her further utterance; but, falling on her knees, she pleaded with God for her unhappy boy. That was too much for the young man, so turning to his associates, he said, "Good bye, mates, I shall never enter this place again as I have done!" "What!" they replied, "you going to turn 'Methody?' He's afraid of his mother!" This taunt roused the whole of the young man's soul, and suppressing the uprising indignation, he calmly

said, "No," I am not afraid of my mother, and you know that; I love her too well; but I am afraid of God and of my sins. Will either of you go to hell for me?" "No!" they replied, "we don't want to go for ourselves, much less for you." "Then," said he, "don't laugh at me for turning round and wishing to escape."

"OLD THINGS PASSED AWAY."

With this he left them for ever, never more to make such a place his resort for pastime or pleasure. He followed his heart-sick mother to her home, where he fell at the feet of Jesus, and sought for mercy. And though he did not at once obtain full peace and joy in the Lord, it was not from any unwillingness on the Lord's part, but entirely from blindness and unbelief, and from being taken up more with sin than the Saviour. And oh! what conflicts with Satan he had! What resolutions were made, and as often broken for want of power to keep them. One especial temptation that harassed him, while he was at home with his injured arm, was that he would not be able to meet with his old companions, to resist their enticements, or to bear their sneers, fearing his religion would be laughed away. Yet at this time he had no religion, for he had not received Christ. But when it pleased the Lord to reveal His Son in him, and to fill his soul with joy and the Holy Ghost, all Satan's

suggestions were driven to the winds. His heart was brimming over with gladness, and it would have been almost impossible to have restrained him from speaking of the wondrous love of God.

HIS FIRST BRUNT WITH THE ENEMY.

One Sunday morning, shortly after, five of his companions determined to waylay him as he went to the meeting, and endeavour, if possible, once more to get him back among them as before. They stood sentinel against a wall, intending, on his first appearance, to swoop down on him, and either to assume the flatterer and entice him, or failing that, to oppose and abuse him. But they had "reckoned without their host," for they had not counted on *their* being first attacked; so that when their supposed quarry pounced on *them*, laying hold of the two central figures, one with one hand, and the other with the other, and then and there preached to them, the wind was completely taken out of their sails, so that, crestfallen and utterly cowed, three of them ran away; and as he often afterwards said, when alluding to the circumstance, "the other two would have, if they could." From that time he never had any trouble in shaking off old companions. Many a young convert has feared he would not be able to "give up" his former associates. With George Brealey "the mountain became a plain," for they were only too

eager to "give up" him. His company was now distasteful, for his Lord and Master was hateful to them, and, as he said, "the difficulty was to get at them at all." The whole of these five have since been converted, we believe; and the atheist uncle, at the age of eighty-two, was savingly brought to the knowledge of the truth some ten years ago, by the preaching and visits of his godson and nephew, George Brealey, one of the greatest joys that nephew ever knew.

"COALS OF FIRE."

But though his companions evaded his presence, they exalted not his piety, and whenever an opportunity occurred they hurled their hatred in his teeth. Foremost in malice and evil-speaking was a woman who lived near him, and whose drunken, evil habits called forth many a warning and counsel from the young "Methody," as he was called—words and wishes which were only resented, and recompensed with greater abuse than before. An event, however, occurred soon after this, which, under God, was used to "overcome evil with good."

An unusually hot summer was drawing to its close, when a terrific thunderstorm burst over the town and neighbourhood. The reverberating thunder and the blinding lightning were appalling, when, to add to the alarming nature of the scene,

a thunderbolt fell in the main street of the town, ploughing up the roadway to a great depth, while the rain, falling in torrents, deluged the whole district. The river, rising in the Dartmoor hills a few miles off, and fed by numerous streams, soon overflowed its banks, and, rising higher and higher, overleaped the bridge, and rushed a rolling torrent down the valley, sweeping everything movable before it. Hundreds were watching its rise and roll with anxious hearts, when, to add to the intensity of the excitement already at its tension, a woman was seen floating down the roadway—itsself converted into a torrent—towards the river, just below. She was drunk, but was kept afloat by the inflation of her garments, and was frantically appealing for help. None dared venture. Her husband, a witness of the scene, said, "Let her go! she ba'n't worth saving!" One at least thought otherwise, and, as George Brealey plunged into the rushing stream, the crowd was stilled to breathless silence, while he urged his way forward. Reaching the drowning woman, and grasping her in his arm, he bravely bore his course against the current, and landed her safe and *sobered* on the bank. On gazing on her deliverer, she was overwhelmed with gratitude and shame, while the crowd vociferously cheered the gallant fellow who so nobly risked his life for one who was his bitterest

enemy. Need it be said she afterwards became one of his most ardent admirers? and eventually a converted woman!

On another occasion, some years after this, he was subjected to continuous abuse and persecution from a neighbour, who, not content with using her *own* tongue and its gall against him, had assiduously trained her girl "Lizzie" to do the same whenever she passed his door. "*I'll kill them yet,*" he was heard to say, and most effectually did he carry out his purpose. This girl was one day leaning on some rotten railings, looking at the mill-stream as it glided under the great water-wheel of the mill; the fence gave way, and with a piercing scream she fell into the water. The alarmed neighbours rushed from their doors to the spot, but before she could rise to the surface she was swept under the wheel, and soon was seen on the other side floating on the turbulent foaming waters, apparently lifeless. The mother on the bank was terror-stricken and almost frantic, and as she tore her hair in her impotent grief she was about to rush into the deep and troubled stream, when a man who had just arrived on the spot, laid his hand on her shoulder and said, "You must not go in; you will be drowned!" and at once plunging into the stream himself, he caught the child as she was sinking, and handed her alive and safe, though

unconscious, to her mother's arms, and, strange to say, uninjured, without even a bruise. She had passed between the broad floats of the wheel, and so escaped unhurt. The people shouted, "She's saved ! she's saved !" but her mother, falling on her knees in gratitude to the rescuer, said, "Oh ! Mr. Brealey, God forgive my unkindness to you— "I'll never, no never, say a word against you any more !" (See "Blackdown Tracts," No. 29, published by Messrs. Morgan & Scott)—and, what was better, both were brought to the Lord.





CHAPTER III.
STANDING ALONE.

"I am the Almighty God; walk before me." Gen. xviii., 1
"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."
Josh. xxiv. 15.

"Calm 'mid the tempest around us that rages,
'Mid the lone weariness ever at rest;
Silent amid the rude uproar of voices,
Sometimes disquieted, never oppress.
Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought us,
Rich in the life which he gives to His own,
Filled with the peace passing all understanding,
Never less lonely than just when alone."

H. BONAR, D.D.

A CHANGE IN LIFE.

IN 1844 he was married to a godly young woman named Miss Susan Gibbings, a farmer's daughter, from the neighbourhood, and with her he set up housekeeping in Exeter, carrying on his business as boot and shoe maker. But, as is often the case, the chilling influence of the world, the claims and calls of family life, damped the fervour of the young disciple, and for several years he

sank to what we may term the level of an "ordinary Christian;" which, though doubtless an extraordinary term, is sufficiently understood as to need no explanation. He could attend the usual "means of grace," and engage in occasional service for the Lord, but it lacked fervency of spirit, and was of a formal nature. Perchance, the arch-enemy hoped the energetic, strong-willed, dauntless young Christian would soon be carried down the stream of professors, and be lost in the vortex of worldliness, but God had another purpose, and was not wanting in means to accomplish it.

In the meantime, Satan came upon the scene to thwart, as it would seem, the designs of God, from a quarter, and by means little suspected. Some young men who had been converted about this time, had with him desired to hold a Young Men's Prayer Meeting on Lord's Day mornings, at the Meeting Room; but on making application, were pertinaciously refused by some from whom wiser and better things might have been expected. Thus the ardent fire of his soul was for a time somewhat quenched, and the pride that had manifested itself in his elder brethren was met by a resisting spirit of pride in him in return. And who can tell what might have been the result of this power of the enemy on his soul, had not God in His wisdom, brought him into other circum-

stances and other experiences till now unknown, even into *The Battleground of Faith*. Here it was he began to understand the reality of the conflict through which the child of God is called to pass. He had been saved from the wrath to come by the precious blood of Christ, but had not known much of the meaning of being saved from the power of Satan, who "as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour." He had known what it was to be a child of God, but had not known what it was to "put on the whole armour of God" as a soldier. He had known what it was to be brought into the standing and condition of a son, but had not yet understood what it was to maintain that place at the point of the sword against Satan and all his hosts. He had learnt from the Word of Truth, and had believed it as the unchanging Word of God, that sin laid on Jesus can never be reckoned to him that believeth on Him; but as yet he had not entered the lists against Satan. It was so far a *theory*—a blessed theory, true to faith, because it rests on God; but he had not proved it in the battle with Satan. And now the time had come for the conflict to begin.

Souls by thousands had been "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God" in all parts of the land; Christians of

all ranks, as in days of old, drawn together by the one magnetic influence of Jesus risen, bound together in one common bond of love by the Holy Ghost, waiting for the Lord's coming, met together as brethren in the Lord Jesus. This was a mighty voice that awoke the dead in trespasses and sins, and brought out the world's scorn and contempt. It also set Satan and all his hosts at work, so that it would require no great stretch of imagination to hear him say, as he said of old through some of his followers. "What do we? If we let Him thus alone, all men will believe on Him." (John xi. 47, 48,) and it would not be difficult to understand that if the lowly Son of Man in the days of His *rejection*, caused such to be said on account of His mighty power, how much more would it be said, if the entire Church of God were walking in the power of her risen life and filled with the Holy Spirit. Would it not make hell tremble? What opposing force could possibly hinder the conquering march of such a mighty testimony for God?

In vain does Satan look along the myriad ranks of all his bellish hosts to find one competent for such an undertaking. No! He finds more successful servants within the professing Church. Heads and hearts and hands that once appeared devoted to the Lord, when filled with self, pride and worldly wisdom, become Satan's best work-

men. And so it has proved. Man's authority and will have been substituted for God and His written word. Christ has in great measure been lost sight of, and the Church has been gloried in instead. Thus the *true* Mission of the Church to be a "light" in the darkness around; to be "the salt of the earth;" to be a "voice" to sound out the praises of the Lord, and to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God," has been lost sight of. Darkness takes the place of light, and instead of unity in the Spirit, we find division. The Church of God, that should have been a living witness of the power of the ascended Christ, and the indwelling Holy Spirit has become a byword and a reproach by its divisions; and its voice, instead of sounding the alarm to sinners, and the trumpet in Israel has, on account of its bitterness to those within its circle who differed in their views of principle or prophecy, become a byword and a reproach to those without. It was in the midst of this chaos that many years of the early days of the Christian career of the subject of this memoir were spent. Confusion was on all sides. Other believers, who had not joined in the effort to establish a visible oneness, now seemed to rejoice at the ruinous disorder, while many who seemed to stand high in the Assemblies went very far wrong, causing others, who perhaps never had thoroughly seen God's principle of unity, to follow

in their steps, some into errors of life and practice, and others into open infidelity. And here again was the mercy of God manifested. "Well do I remember," says George Brealey (in his journal referring to this time,) "one day being set upon by some professing Christians who were holding up the unhappy divisions of certain believers as a proof that the principles were not good, and sought to turn away my soul from God. But I remembered that my faith did not "stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;" and though all else should fail, yet God or His Word could not. I was thus cast upon God, away from men; and I was preserved, when both these who had sought to entangle me went on, and one became an open drunkard, while the other became an infidel, openly avowing that though he once believed, he now had cast it all away as utterly unworthy his credit. Thus, by their fall, was I made to cling fast to the Word of Him that cannot lie, and so by His grace, "escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler."

Another stratagem of Satan was manifest about this time in his experience, into which he was like to have been betrayed, but from which he was happily delivered. Certain professing Christians gave some lectures on Mesmerism and Electro-Biology, and by means of their mesmeric powers some

marvellous cures from various diseases were accomplished. As these lectures were of a professedly christian character, and, it was said, calculated to effect much blessing on suffering mankind, the subject of this memoir attended them, and witnessed some of the marvellous feats performed, and the apparent cures wrought. These things appeared strange, and he could scarce believe it true in any sense until he experimented at home on his wife. Then followed some two years of deep study of the human body. In writing of this, he says in his autobiography: "Alas! it was not studying the human heart in all its wanderings from God, nor learning it out in the Cross of Jesus. And need I say all this time that I was truly sincere, though misled as to the origin of this dread evil, which has spread with such giant strides since that day. Many remarkable cures were performed by his own hand, and "a fair prospect of worldly gain opened to me," he says, "from my acknowledged power as an electro-biologist." But the Lord had other work for him; and this device of Satan was to be made plain in a way he little thought of. He was present at another lecture, when the lecturer said, "All the miracles performed by Jesus Christ and His apostles were done by this means," and that it was a well understood mode of cure in Elisha's time from the fact that the Syrian chief said he thought

that the prophet would have come out and "passed his hand up and down," (suiting the action to the word.) From this very circumstance he saw at once that it was of the devil. Going to the lecturer, he dealt him faithful homethrusts in the name of the Lord; and on thus seeking to uphold the honour of his Master and discharging his conscience, he concluded by saying, "By the help of the Lord I will never touch it more," a resolution he kept to the day of his death. "In looking back upon this time," he writes, "and looking over the records of spiritualism to this day, and as I read of millions of enslaved souls, I cannot sufficiently praise the delivering grace and mercy of God. Had it not been for His grace, I might have been in the foremost ranks of this awful delusion."

All this time he had kept up what is known by the name of Christian life and conduct, attending regularly to the "means of grace," reading the Scriptures and prayer as often as possible. But there was no real *power* in his life and testimony. "There was a name to live," but as to anything like living power in the soul as known *only* to those who abide in Him, who is the life, there was none. And yet, strange to say, he was listening constantly to precious truths, which, alas! had no power in the soul. Two circumstances, however, were used of God at this time to arouse him from his spiritual

dormancy. In the same street as he, lived an old man—a drunkard and an infidel—whose life and habits were known to all his neighbours, and formed the subject of frequent comment among them. Early one morning a loud knock at the door, and the startling announcement that "Old Evans has hanged himself," brought George Brealey face to face with the solemnity of life, and the responsibility of living for God and the souls of others. As he cut down the body from the stairway, where the ghastly deed was done, and gazed into the distorted features of the man, who had lived and died within a stone's throw of his own door—lived a life of evil and he had not warned him, and died in his sin and he had not offered him the Gospel—the terrible thought of his accountability to God, and the responsibility to his fellow-men, pressed so crushingly upon him that there and then he resolved to give himself afresh to God and His service, with a determination never relinquished or relaxed.

Following closely on this occurrence, he was destined to receive another evidence of the direct call of God to more faithful service. He was going to a Believers' Meeting some few miles from Exeter, accompanied in the railway carriage by an honoured servant of Christ. It is written, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Prov. xxv. 2), and "A word spoken in due season, how good is it" (Prov. xv. 23). Such a word was

spoken that day in the railway carriage, having a powerful effect on his soul, so that he says, "For a whole month I was like Isaiah who saw the glory of God, and cried, 'Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.'" What was the wondrous word that had such an effect, that wrought such marvellous depths of humbling in the soul? It was this: "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." (Heb. iv. 13.) This came like an electric shock to his soul, all "manifest," all "naked," all "opened" to *His* sight. "I am manifest," he groaned in spirit, "I am seen, I am naked, I am opened to His eyes. He sees me through and through. He has seen me in all my ways; has seen all my sins as His child." The horrid vision made him tremble from head to foot. Above, beneath, before, behind, everywhere, it was the same dreadful picture—sin, sin, sin; nothing but sin; no redeeming quality; not a spot could he discover to relieve the awful gloom. "Then," he writes, "sins that had long lain hidden; unconfessed sins from tiny childhood to manhood, all like so many spectres stared me in the face, and what could I do? Literally nothing; nor had I need, for Jesus had done all. All

I needed was to come as I was. But this was necessary, as I afterwards learned, to show me what a desperately evil heart I had, which I had not realized in such a way before. I do not think Satan left one sin, as far as I knew, that he did not array against me on purpose that my hold on Jesus should let go." But all the while he was in the hand of his God and Saviour, though he did not apprehend it at the time. What was it that caused all his deep trouble and anguish of soul? We will allow him to explain it himself. He says, "It was *unconfessed sin as a child of God*. Sin unconfessed keeps the soul out of fellowship with God; and nothing can restore fellowship but confession, and nothing but confession gives the soul to enjoy the precious word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Therefore, precious as the word is, it does not apply, save as we 'walk in the light;' and walking in the light makes manifest the darkness, and brings us into His presence, whose blood 'cleanseth from all sin.' Not that I had lived without confessing sin as a believer; but I did with my sins as many a child of God does still. *I lumped them*, that is, I cast them as a lump with all others, and said to God, 'We,' instead of 'I have sinned and done this evil in Thy sight.' But the Lord is a holy jealous God, as our Father, and He would have

His children keep short accounts that they may be kept holy, kept abiding, kept in fellowship with Him; and it was not until this had been revealed to me, and I had taken this place of confession, laying my mouth in the dust before Him, that I was permitted to gain a triumphant victory over Satan. I had, it seemed to me, passed through a *second conversion*." His, however, was no strange experience. The purpose of God ever is to empty ere He can fill, to weaken ere He can confer that abundant honour—"the power of Christ"—to rest upon His servants; to teach us ourselves ere we can know Him. Jacob's sinew must be shrunk; Gideon's host must be reduced; Isaiah must cry "woe is me!"; and Daniel's comeliness must be "turned into corruption;" ere the fuller and further purposes of God could be entrusted to them or wrought out by them. And so will it be with us as we seek to walk in the Royal Road our Lord and Master trod while here below. Perfect is the plan He pursues, and precious indeed is the process to those who are willing to take His yoke and learn of Him, for if He do the one He will as surely perform the other. And now he had seen so much of the grace and love of God to him, he could henceforth say, "Here am I, send me." He was willing to *be* anything, to *do* anything, and to *go* anywhere whithersoever the Lord should send him.

“ His love had killed my earthly desires,” he writes, “ and I was ready to be His slave, because he had made me His freeman.” He was on fire to tell his fellow-men about Jesus and His love. His precious blood could cleanse his many sins, and he could say :

“ The arms of Love that compass me,
Can all the world embrace.”

He prayed day and night for work to do for Jesus, and he gave himself to Him without reserve. His heart much desired to go to the West Indies, and preach to the negroes, but his wife was unwilling to cross the sea. He therefore said to her, “ If it be the *Lord's* will we shall go there, He will make you willing, if not I am content to remain.” So no more was said on the subject for some years. Still he longed for some special work for Christ, and ere long he received his commission.





CHAPTER IV.

SCENES IN EXETER. — OPEN-AIR WORK.

"Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city." Acts xviii. 9, 10.

"Shall I to soothe the unholy throng,
Softens Thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my God, by Thee?
The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
Give me Thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through Thee."

WESLEY.

THE OPENED DOOR.

"**I** WILL go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron." (Isa. xlv. 2.) "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it. (Rev. iii. 8).

About this time, in 1851, the Lord had raised up a dear servant of His, so well known throughout Christendom since, Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, of Liverpool, to work for Him, in preaching and helping others to preach at fairs, races, executions, &c. A poor fellow being about to be executed at Exeter, for murder, Mr. Radcliffe wrote to a gentleman, a dear brother in Christ, asking if some one could be found who would give tracts at the execution, and by him was put in communication with George Brealey, which resulted in his sending him a large supply of tracts, bearing a rather startling illustration of a gallows, with a man hanging thereon, and entitled, "Who is the culprit?" From this time a long course of correspondence ensued between him and Mr. Radcliffe, by which he was supplied with tens of thousands of tracts for distribution at such public concourses. As some very remarkable circumstances transpired in connection with this work, we think it well to mention a few striking incidents. A noteworthy coincidence in relation to this work must not be overlooked, as it singularly points to the guiding hand of God, connecting the links of his early efforts with the chain of his after life-work on the Blackdown Hills. A terrible murder had been committed in a village in the hill district of East Devon, and the murderer was to expiate his crime

on the gallows at the County Gaol in Exeter. Crowds had gathered to witness the revolting spectacle—a depraved taste happily no longer tolerated—and taking advantage of the opportunities for spreading the Gospel, armed with the Word of God and the large quantity of tracts, sent by Mr. Radcliffe (above referred to,) he went among the multitude scattering the seed and preaching the word. Little did he dream that he would, in a comparatively short time live in the *very parish* from whence that murderer had come, reside in the *very house* that had been the home of the murdered man, and eventually be led by God, unwittingly, to the death-bedside of the murderer's mother, and, in response to the dying woman's wish to make the Gospel "plainer," should use that gallows scene as an illustration, which, by the power of God, was blessed to her conversion. Yet so it was; for truth is often stranger far than fiction. But more of this anon. The future was wrapped in obscurity; in the present alone he had to live, and realizing that "to-day was but his own," he sought, by every means, to redeem the long-lost time.

AT ST. THOMAS'S FAIR.

Shortly after this he received another supply of tracts from Liverpool, for a large pleasure fair held in St. Thomas's, Exeter, and, thus equipped,

after much prayer and some hesitation, he set out for the work. Why the hesitation? Simply because it was a new thing; such a movement had not been known there before, and Satan was again ready with his suggestions that he would be laughed at for his pains, that it would bring contempt upon the cause he wished to favour; that he would be sure to be ill-used by the roughs; and last, though not the least of his temptations, was that he would certainly meet with some of his fellow-workmen, who would never give him any peace afterwards. "But," he writes, "when he found I would not listen, but met all his suggestions by the Word of God, he left me, promising to meet me again; and well did he keep his word, for I had scarce entered the street in which the fair was held, before I was surrounded by a set of roughs who tore the tracts out of my hand, bit them to pieces with their teeth, and trampled them under their feet, cursing, and swearing they would tar and feather me. But I stood firm, and hundreds gathered round to know what was the matter." The Lord helped him to tell them by preaching the Gospel, and warning sinners to "see from the wrath to come." He soon had a congregation of some thousands of persons to "hear what the madman had to say." As he "stood on an elevated spot," he writes, "I could see rage, hate, hell,—as it were, boiling up in

the crowds that were before me. How easy it seemed, it would have been for this mob to have trampled me to death. But, no! the Lord had much people to be brought out, so He restrained the wrath of the people. I soon distributed my 4,000 tracts, then returned, leaving the Word with the Lord to care for it." Many from that crowd went home convicted of sin, who were shortly afterwards brought out fully on the Lord's side.

A HAND TO HAND ENCOUNTER.

Having broken through the trammels of fear, shame, and worldly policy, he devoted all his spare time to work in earnest. He gave some hours daily to visiting from house to house, preaching the Gospel in the open-air, and from place to place, allowing only five hours for sleep. About this time the great wave of spiritual blessing had reached from America to Ireland, and some places in England had felt its mighty power. A united prayer-meeting was established in Exeter as a little fruit of this work, and at one of its earliest meetings a remarkable petition for prayer was read as follows:—"Will the Lord's people please pray that; the Circus (a place of great evil that has come into our city) may not be allowed to stay; and also that Sunday School teachers, and the children of christians may not visit such a place of sin." The petition was well sustained in prayer, and

many a hearty 'Amen!' resounded through the building as one after another pleaded with God for its removal, and also for a spirit of godly resistance on the part of professing christians during its stay. Yet, at the close of the meeting, nothing in the shape of organised effort was arranged to meet the crying evil. Just at this time Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, had sent George Brealey 10,000 tracts, and he thought if nothing else could be done, he could at least go to the doors of this place of sin, and give tracts and preach the Gospel; and this, by the help of God, he did. We must leave him to describe the scene at this place in his own words:—"I must, certainly, have looked a very tame and weak opponent of such a great company, who had come with the intention of making it their winter quarters, as they had done for years previously. And, doubtless, I must have appeared to great disadvantage when, amidst some hundreds of spectators, the tracts were held up in derision, while the manager sneeringly asked whether I thought these 'bits of paper' would turn away the people from the Circus. My reply was that my God was able to use such things, weak as they were, to confound the mighty. And without saying anything further to him, I went on giving tracts to the crowds, and sounding forth solemn words of Scripture. This resulted, even on the

first night of the opening, in warning some of their evil way, who were thus saved at least from entering this den of sin. Thus six evenings were spent, and thousands of tracts were scattered among the crowds who came to witness the conflict between flesh and spirit, between my weakness and the strength of those who scorned the words of life; and it became evident that the Lord was beginning to work. The crowds did not lessen; but they did not go inside, and this was very vexing to the proprietors, who called to their aid the police to have me removed. However, I did not commit myself by standing still, and thus causing an obstruction, but kept moving about among the people, giving tracts, and preaching as I went. Failing in this way to prevent or remove me, the City Council was next appealed to, but this also failed. Then violence was resorted to, and I was stoned. I was not, however, much injured, but still remained at my post. Night after night witnessed this strange conflict, and thousands heard the Gospel. Then, as if to make a last effort to save themselves from defeat, the 'Queen's Jester' was sent for from the Alhambra Palace, whose wondrous powers were paraded, and full-sized portraits of him placarded over the city. A great rush of people found their way to the place on the first night of his appearance; and,

I must confess I was not a little startled when I saw about twenty of the performers coming towards me with this Goliath in their midst. So looking up to the Lord for help, I felt strengthened to bear what might come; and presently I was encircled by this band of men, who, with their champion, looked upon me with dignified disdain. Holding out his hand for a tract, the Jester said on receiving a leaflet, 'And pray Sir, what is this?' I replied, 'It is just the very thing you want.' 'Indeed,' he replied, 'and what may that be?' 'Pardon through the blood of Christ,' I replied. He seemed taken a little by surprise; but presently turned it into a coarse jest, saying he wanted a cure for a very bad disorder. 'Yes,' I replied, 'your disorder is so wretchedly bad, that nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse you. Listen to what God, who reads you through and through, says about you. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores." (Isaiah i. 5, 6.) This,' I replied, 'is what God says about you, and nothing can save or cure you but the precious blood of Christ.' They all left; not a word more was spoken. They went inside to their work. I remained outside at mine, talking to the many who still lingered to hear more. But

this was the last night: it was doomed to be the final and closing scene. The poor Jester, when it came to his turn to take part in the performance, broke down; and though he again and again made fresh attempts, yet was compelled to abandon his part, amidst the hisses of the crowd, and the Circus closed its doors, not again to be opened after this manner there." It was reported that the poor Jester, and one of the other actors, whose brother was a Christian, were converted, but of this we cannot speak with certainty. Thus the Lord answered the prayers of His children by a very simple, and, to some, a foolish instrumentality. Many were impressed with the words they heard, and were saved from entering; while some who came, perhaps for no other reason than to witness the effect of the preaching, afterwards became helpers in the work of the Lord at other places.

From this time abundant work was cut out for any who had a heart to labour for the Lord, and George Brealey found plenty to occupy him. Many thousands of tracts were distributed by him at railway stations, to guards, porters, and letter-sorters of the mail trains. Words of Life from the Book of God were spoken to the passengers, and many have gone on their way rejoicing in the Lord, grateful for the words spoken to them.

VILLAGE WORK.

About this time he met with a kindred spirit, in a christian brother named C. Jefford, a ganger on the South Devon Railway, who "was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." This brother's heart had been stirred up to work for the Lord, and he was on fire with zeal for the cause of Christ, and the blessing of souls. With him he united to preach the Gospel in the villages around Exeter. In one village much blessing was given as the result of their united testimony, and for some weeks they held open-air services, and large numbers came to listen.

Time was when the law made it a crime for any one to preach who was not ordained by the Established Church, and almost as great a crime for any to dare allow their ears to be defiled by listening to such. Happily this state of things no longer exists; since Test Acts and Acts of Uniformity are to-day unknown. But while under greater tolerance we mourn the growth of lawlessness and infidelity, and though barriers of prejudice, pride and priestly assumption still largely exist, yet in the midst of all we rejoice to see Christians of the State Church working happily by the side of their Non-conformist brethren, fighting as common soldiers in the Lord's battles, each loved and respected by the other.

Unfortunately the old fires of intolerance which raged so furiously in the days long gone by, still smouldered in some country districts at the time of which we write, and only wanted some special circumstance to fan them to a flame. This was the case in the village above referred to, where the clergyman, instead of being "stirred up" of the Lord, to further the work of the Gospel, was "moved" by Satan to resist it; for passing by and seeing a large number of his parishioners listening to these two strangers, who were preaching from a primitive pulpit in the shape of a huge stone by the roadside, his indignation knew no bounds. Holding up his fist, while his rage o'ermastered his self control, he said, "I'll stop you hedge-trough preachers! Mark my words!" Being a magistrate, it was thought he intended bringing them before the Bench, but they were not permitted to have the honour, for the poor man had scarcely gone a hundred yards towards his house before he fell down in his carriage in a fit of paralysis, and never preached again, but very shortly died. On the preaching by the roadside that day the Lord set His seal, for a man and his wife were both truly converted to God.

WHAT I GAINED AND WHAT I LOST.

It was Haldon races, when George Brealey and others were found distributing tracts and

preaching the Gospel to the assembled crowd. "Ah! you here again?" said a young man, as the evangelist handed him a tract, "It would not be the races if you were not here. But I think you might spend your time better than by coming and spoiling people's pleasure." He asked in what way he spoilt his pleasure. "Why, by bringing such things as this, and holding up texts that bring God into such a place as this." "Then you really believe in God, and think God is here?" "Well, yes, I believe there is a God, but it's not pleasant to think about Him when one wants to have a spree. In fact, I've cast off all thoughts about Him for years. I once believed in Him, and was happy *then*." There was a deep silence for a moment, and as he gazed into his face, deep feeling was evident at the remembrance of former times. He pressed him to return to the Lord, but he shook his head, saying, "No, 'tis too late for me. I've taken the step, and there is no going back. I was a Sunday scholar, and afterwards a teacher, and then I became a local preacher. I was happy *then*. I had a good name, a good character, a good home, three good suits of clothing, a good shop of work, and a good prospect for the future. And then came a change. I had a shopmate who often wanted me to spend an evening with him at the public-house. I was a good singer, and many liked to hear me sing a song. So I said, 'If you

will go with me to the chapel, I will go with you one evening to the public-house.' He promised he would. One Sunday evening he came with me, and to keep my word I went with him. Well, I don't know what they did, but in an hour I was drunk. I was led home; some of the people from chapel saw me, and I was cast out. I took to drinking, and then all sorts of sin followed. I had lost my religion; I soon lost my good shop of work; then I lost my clothes. My good prospects were gone; my character was gone; and I had no home. And now—I am what you see me."

"And what," he asked, "have you gained by your exchange?"

"Gained? gained?" and an almost demoniac expression passed over his face. "I've gained a drunkard's home; a drunkard's character, that none will trust. I've gained all that such a life can give."

"And where are you going?"

"Well, I suppose to hell, if there be such a place."

"If there be such a place! You know there is such a place. But why go there when heaven is open before you? when mercy is within reach of you? Why not turn again unto the Lord? He will have mercy on you. Your very character is portrayed in the fifteenth of Luke." Then he read to him

part of the story of the prodigal son. He listened and seemed softened, and he begged him at once to leave the racecourse.

He replied, "I must see the first heat and will then return home." About half an hour after he left the course, and went a little way towards his home, when he was suddenly knocked down and run over by a carriage madly driven by drunken men, and death put an end to the scene here.

What an exchange! What a life to live! What a death to die! What a heaven to lose! What a hell to gain!

Great was George Brealey's surprise to find a *clergyman* among the number, evidently under the influence of drink! If this astonished him, he was to receive a greater surprise when this misguided man rode up to him in a great rage and threatened to horsewhip him, holding up his hunting whip in a menacing manner. 'He told him he could do so if he pleased,' but, doubtless considering "discretion the better part of valour" in this case, he did not carry out his threat, but said, as a large crowd had gathered around, "I'll wager you a bottle of wine that I can prove from Scripture that there is no harm in such innocent recreations as the present; for Solomon, the wisest man, said, 'There is a time for all things; a time to laugh, and a time to dance.'" "Yes," he replied, "and a wiser than Solomon said

also that there is a time when 'for every idle word which men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of Judgment,' and what account will you give, sir, when you stand at that tribunal to render an account of how you have spent your time; when these poor lost souls shall confront you, what account will *you* give, sir? I say." He made no reply, but put spurs to his horse and rode off. "I saw nothing more of him until some months after, when I unexpectedly came across his path again, in a railway carriage on the North Devon Railway. At this time there were only four passengers in the compartment. After the train had started, I took out some tracts and gave one to my next passenger, —a farmer—then to the one opposite, and lastly to the clergyman, who received it with some little reluctance. Presently I began to talk to my fellow-passengers about the 'great salvation,' but soon was interrupted by my clerical friend saying, 'No one has a right to assume the functions of a minister who has not been properly ordained.'" This was evidently meant for me, though spoken to the farmer next to me. I waited a moment, but, as the farmer did not reply, I said I quite agreed with him, and thought that no man who had not received a *proper* ordination ought to take upon himself the functions of a minister. "Well, sir," he replied, "I received my ordination at Oxford" (this with great

dignity), " I thought so," I said, " and I have received mine from a much higher school." " A much higher school than Oxford?" " Yea, sir, I received mine from the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for me, saved me by His precious blood, filled my soul with love to Him, and sent me to ' preach the Gospel to every creature,' ' that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This Gospel I have myself believed, I can say, therefore, that I am born again born of God. Can you, sir?" " Of course I am born again," he replied. " When, may I ask?" " When I was baptised." " Then you have the forgiveness of sins through faith in His blood, you are an heir of God and a fellow-heir with Christ, and you are sure you have ' passed from death unto life,' and that now you are ready to meet Him." " Blasphemy!" he said. " Blasphemy!" " Well, sir," I replied, " if it be blasphemy you must charge it to Him who said all and much more than I have said, and it is to be found in the Book." Then opening my Bible I read, ' But as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.' (John i., 12, 13.) ' The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the

children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.' (Rom. viii., 16, 17.) 'And ye are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power, and you being dead in your sins . . . hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses,' &c. (Col. ii., 10, 13, 14.) He sat with dogged silence as I read these words, and then I asked him whether what I had read was blasphemy or not. But he did not reply, and as the train drew up at the station he got out. Let us hope that long ere this he has seen the error of his ways, and found the way of holiness and life. These Scriptures, which appeared powerless on the clergyman, had their effect upon one of my fellow passengers, who grasped me by the hand on the platform at the Exeter Station, saying, 'Those words have made a new man of me. Thank God I came by this train this morning. Up till now I was blind, stone blind, but now I can see. I have received Christ.'





CHAPTER V.

"STREETS AND LANES OF THE CITY."

"Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind"—Luke xiv. 21.

"Whom shall I send? Here am I, send me."—Isa vi. 8.

"Sow in the wild waste places, though none thy love may own:
God guides the down of the thistle the wandering wind hath
sown."

Will Jesus chide thy weakness, or call thy labour vain?
The word that for Him thou bearest shall return to Him again.
Sow with thine heart in heaven, thy strength thy Master's
might,
Till the wild waste places blossom in the warmth of a Saviour's
light."

ANNA SRIPTON

"**G**OD speaketh—in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man"—

"Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man." (Job xxxiii. 14, 15, 29.) "The words of wise men are heard in quiet." (Eccles. ix., 17.) And God, who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, is not without means to accomplish His purposes. He, who could call Abraham to

leave his native land, and guide his steps, and make of him a great nation; who could waken the ear of little Samuel, or, in the "still small voice," commission Elijah for his future work, or Gideon or Paul, is able still to speak, even "in a dream" if needs be, to His servants now. George Brealey had retired to rest one night, weary with his labours, yet longing to be of more service in his Master's cause, when he was visited by a remarkable dream, three times repeated. In referring to this, he says, "It seemed to me a voice from God calling me to more definite work. I had been praying much for guidance and blessing, and seeking to know His will, when I was awakened by the sound of what appeared to me a voice, saying, 'Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.' After a while I fell asleep again and heard the same words repeated with solemn emphasis, 'Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city,' while a third time the words were repeated. I could but think, like Samuel of old, the voice had some special call to me for work which, as yet, I had not entered upon. I said, 'Lord, I have been doing this, but speak, and let Thy servant hear, and help me to do what Thy will may be.' I slept again, and then I felt that a new line of things was open to me. I must *read the Scriptures*

through the streets of the city, and *begin at my own door.*" Like Paul of old, who said, "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," he resolved at all hazards to obey that, which he was fully convinced was a voice from heaven. The same day he went to a beloved and faithful servant of Christ—Col. Conway Stafford—and told him of his determination to read the Scriptures aloud through every street and lane and alley of the city. He said he thought it was a bold step, but that if he was convinced it was a call of God he should do it, and he earnestly commended him in prayer to God for His blessing. He got some brethren to accompany him, and, with his little boy Walter, he began at the street in which he lived, reading *aloud* the Scriptures as he walked slowly by the side of the pavement. His little boy, however, who was, in after life, so largely to share in his father's work and to be his father's fellow-helper, little understood the meaning of this strange procedure. Many thought he had *gone mad*, for such a thing had never been attempted before in the city in the memory of any then living. Soon, crowds gathered and heard the word of life, and many cases of blessing followed among some of the most abandoned and wicked in the city, snatched as "brands from the burning," through the power of the "old, old story of Jesus and His love."

IN "—— COURT."

This was a perfect nest for drunkards, wife beaters, and every species of evil doers, yet from this sink of moral degradation some trophies were brought for the honour of the Lord, as the following instances will show. which are culled from George Brealey's diary, written at the time :—

"J. H. and his wife, who lived a terrible life of drunkenness and sin, resided in —— Court. These were aroused from their quarrelling by the sound of a stentorian voice shouting up the Court some solemn message of the Bible. They had smashed all their little furniture in pitched battles between them. These, with all the inhabitants of the Court, came out and listened to the Gospel thus brought to them. Sunday after Sunday did they hear the message, until the place became as quiet as any in the City, and J. H. and his wife were truly converted, the house was refurnished, and they both were respectably clothed, and became members of a christian church." In the same court lived an old man, eighty years of age. For forty years he had been an habitual drunkard, often in jail, and more often without food or clothing; but an accident, while drunk, which nearly cost him his life brought him to sign the pledge, and now for twenty years he had been a sober man, but not converted. He too was one of

the fruits of this work, for as a text of Scripture was shouted up the court, a window was thrown open, and an old man putting out his head, cried, "What's that?" Again the text of Scripture, "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) was repeated, and as the words fell upon his ear, he cried out, "Thank God I'm saved! My dream is out; I'm saved!" In a few minutes he came down stairs, and before the people who had gathered round, said, as he held in his hand a slate on which he had written some words,—*"I dreamed last night that God was going to give me something, and the words you have read were the words I had in my dream."* And handing him the slate, he said, "I was afraid I should forget the words, so I wrote them down on the slate in the morning," and to the astonishment of all, the very words that had just been repeated had been written by him long before he heard them. He rubbed his hands for joy and delight again, saying, "Thank God, I am saved!"

"How do you know you are saved?" he was asked. "Why, Sir, don't you see? Christ died for me. He 'suffered the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.' I am the unjust one, Jesus was the Just. I must be saved." From that time, and for long after, when he was visited by

friends, even to his dying hours, his faith held firm, as he said, "I am looking up. Christ is there, and I shall be there soon."

THE "WEST QUARTER."

Still wishing to "push the battle to the gate," he had a strong desire to visit some of Satan's strongholds of sin, the low public-houses, places of ill-fame which abounded in some of the lowest parts of the city, especially in the locality known as the West Quarter. Here he went night after night, preaching the Gospel to the poor wretched victims of Satan's power, and distributing tracts, "British Workman," "Band of Hope," and other periodicals. On one occasion, when at this work, he was near suffering violence from an infuriated landlord, who found his tap-room turned into a "Methody Shop," as he termed it. "Out you go!" said the excited man, and was about to lay violent hands on him, when a brawny arm laid hold of his, and a great clenched fist was held up in his face, with the not very encouraging words, "You touch that man, and I'll rattle your teeth down your throat for yee! That man means us *good*, and we shall get more from him than by sitting here drinking 'bunk' made from brewers' aprons" (alluding to the bad beer sold to drunkards who have not much money to spend). "Come on, mates, let's get out of this hell-shop and hear what the man have got to

say." The room was closed, and an open-air meeting was held outside, where quite a large number had collected together. Souls were converted at that meeting, and the burly defender of the "mad man," as he was called by some, went home convicted, and ere long found the Saviour. In the crowd was a poor man who was arrested by the preaching as he was tottering homewards "on his last legs," as is sometimes said when great weakness is manifested. He had been a brewer's drayman, and a remarkably strong man some months previously; but one night, on leaving his work, he got drunk, and wandered out of his way, fell into a ditch, and when found was nearly dead. From this he never fully recovered, for consumption followed the chill, and he was fast hastening to the grave. He stopped awhile and listened, and as the words of Jesus, from John v. 28, were repeated—"Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation,"—he tottered home with the solemn utterances burnt into his very soul. Reaching the bottom of the stairs which led to his wretched tenement, he shouted as loud as his strength would enable him, "Jane! Jane! I shall die, but I shall rise again. I

shall bear His voice and I shall be damned! I shall hear His voice, I shall be damned! Oh, my soul! my soul; my sins! my sins!" Hours passed away, while his anguish increased, until at midnight his trouble was almost unbearable, and the strange preacher was sent for. He found him groaning, "I shall be lost, and lost for ever!" The arrow had fastened deeply in his soul, and nothing that was read or spoken to him seemed to give any relief. At last with a look of despairing anguish and entreaty, he gasped, "Is there nothing that can help me?" "Yes," was the reply, "You can be saved *this very night.*" "What, sir? Saved as soon as that?" "Yes," he replied, and having now got him to look off from his sins, he asked him to read the 24th verse of the *same chapter* (John v.), and with trembling he read as follows:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) "Now—again," I asked, says George Brealey in his diary, "and he read as far as 'My words.' 'Who said this?' I asked. 'Jesus, sir.' 'Who is Jesus?' 'Jesus, sir? Why, He is the Son of God.' 'Well, does he speak the truth?' 'Yes, sir; He couldn't be the Son of God if He told lies.' 'Read on,' I said, so he read 'and believeth on Him that sent Me.' 'Who sent

Jesus?' I asked. 'Why God, sir; don't it say "God so loved the world that He gave His Son?"' 'Yes, and do you believe in God?' 'Yes, I believe God sent Jesus to die for our sins.' 'Well, what does Jesus say next?' "'Hath everlasting life.'" he said. 'Have you everlasting life?' I asked. Again he read and re-read the former part of the verse, and seemed to weigh his thoughts whether he *really* believed and trusted in God. At length he said, 'I read the words here and I believe God must love us to send His Son to die for us, and I see Jesus says, "he that believeth hath everlasting life." Yes, 'tis true, I see it now; I see it.' Joy took the place of sorrow, and each day only deepened the joy, until some months after he fell asleep rejoicing in Jesus."

Another instance was the following:—A man who had opened a shop as boot-closer and machinist, was frequently found at the low beer shops, and often he would be out for three weeks or a month at a time, until his family was reduced to the utmost want, the shop denuded of its goods and the house of its furniture, while he, like a madman, would go to his poor, wretched wife and threaten her life unless she supplied him with means for his drunkenness. Passing the door one day, he saw the poor wife sitting on an old box, bitterly weeping because the wretched man was in the act of selling the remaining

few things, and his sewing machine, which left nothing before the heartbroken wife but starvation or the workhouse. Seeing her distress, he asked the reason, and she told the sad tale. There stood the besotted man with a worse specimen of humanity than himself beside him, witnessing with unmoved heart the wife's streaming tears and the pinched children's pleading faces. Standing straight before this human vulture, who was seeking to take advantage of a poor drunkard, he asked him if he had a home. "Yes." "Are you a father? and have you a wife and children?" "Yes," "Would you like to see them put out of doors and left without food or the means of getting any?" "Well, no." "And yet you can stand unmoved and see this poor woman's tears, and these helpless children wanting food, and take advantage of a man who is out of his mind!" The man looked ashamed as he weighed these words, and presently said, "Well, I'll have nothing to do with it," and went off. He was now left alone with the poor family, and a long and earnest talk ensued, which resulted in the man's then and there signing the pledge. He prospered in his business afterwards, did well in the world, and, what was better, was led to the Saviour, and he and his wife became consistent followers of Christ. At another time two brothers, who kept two public-houses in this vicinity, came out and violently opposed, as he

and others (among whom was the late Mr. William Burnell Dyer, of Kendal), were preaching beneath a gas-lamp in the centre of the "Quarter." One of these said, "By whose authority are you here?" Mr. Dyer very solemnly assured him that they were there by the authority of God, and he held up the open Bible as the only voice amidst the uproar which the men had raised. One of them, leaving the scene in a terrible rage, blaspheming as he went, was the same night found dead; his career of sin had come to a sudden close; the other brother died suddenly after a similar attack on them in the Bonhay.

A recent writer (J. M. Weylland), has said, "The evangelist has his trials and heart-sorrows, because his disappointments are frequent and painful, though not so often referred to as they, perhaps, ought to be. It is a fearful thing when the words he utters become 'the savour of death unto death,' but he has no choice in this matter, as the order of the Great Master is, 'Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.'" And so it appeared that God was visibly showing His power, not only in rescuing and saving the most abandoned, but in visiting with swift judgment the determined blasphemer and opposer. Another sad example at this time was the following:—He was preaching at the accustomed

spot in the "Quarter," when a man passed and shouted, "There's time enough to be saved at the last moment. If a man can only say 'Lord have mercy on me.' he would be saved, for the Bible says so." "Yes," said the preacher, "the Bible does say 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved,' but if you deliberately put off the salvation of your soul to the last moment of your life' you will not be able to say 'Lord have mercy on me.' I solemnly warn you, because it is written 'He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' (Prov xxix. 1.) He went away still defying the word of warning. The next week, while he was repairing the roof of a church, within a few feet of the preaching place, he fell from the leads, and was transfixed on the iron palisadings below, and died in a few minutes without being able to say "Lord have mercy on me."

One more case we give as the fruit of the work in that spot, in happy contrast to the last. A foundry-man, of French extraction, a scoffer at religion, and an infidel, was returning to his work one evening, and used some obnoxious language as he passed the preaching. His words were heard by the preacher, who replied to him from the Scriptures, to which, however, he paid no heed. In less than a quarter of an hour he was brought past the same

spot on a stretcher, carried by four men. He had been engaged in the foundry "casting" iron, an accident had happened, and the molten metal had been overturned, and terribly burnt him. On reaching his home, he was told by the medical man that he must die in three days. The terrible realities of a lost eternity burst upon him with all their horrors, and French infidel though he had been, knowing but little of the Bible, yet hating those who loved it, he sent an urgent message after midnight to the man whom he had so short a time before insulted, begging him to come at once to his bedside. George Drealey went, spent the whole night with him, pointed him to the sinner's Saviour, and had the joy of seeing the infidel changed to a humble believer, the opposer to a friend, and to hear his dying testimony that the blood of Jesus Christ had put away his sins. Voltaire's and Gibbon's writings could give him no peace in the presence of death; he found at last that "none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

RED-HOT PERSECUTION.

He had won the honour of being stoned twice previously; once in St. Thomas's Fair, once in connection with the circus in Queen Street, already referred to, and now for the third time when another great show had come to the city. An immense multitude had filled the streets to witness its proces-

slon. Into the midst of the crowd he went carrying a banner, on the one side of which were the words, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness;" (Is. lv. 2.) while on the reverse side was written, "These are the true sayings of God." An atheist who hated the sight of the name of God, was the first to attempt to get rid of the obnoxious offender, by shouting sundry vile names, and heaping abuse on the bold standard bearer, saying, "I'll obliterate the name 'God,'" at the same time throwing a handful of mud at the banner, covering the word completely. This was but the signal for the excited mob, who only needed a leader, to continue these acts of violent abuse, for they threw stones, mud, filth, missiles of all kinds, both at the banner and its devoted bearer, until, with groans and hisses shouts and outcries, they reached his very door. He was not, however, seriously injured; for with the exception of a few bruises, the splitting open his ear, and a battered and broken banner, he was none the worse for "running the gauntlet" of his persecutors. All these he took as high honours. He was driven, but not defeated. "None of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto him." It was truly a trial of

faith, and patience, and courage, but bravely did he stand the test. Just about this time an event occurred which completely turned the balance of popular feeling in his favour. A terrible fire burst out in one of the narrowest streets of the city. The building was in a complete blaze, when two little girls were observed at one of the windows screaming for help. In the confusion and bewilderment of the scene they had been overlooked, and while beds, bedding, and furniture of every description had been thrown from the windows, the children had been left. The terror-stricken parents stood aghast in their impotency, and the flames but seemed to mock their agony. None dared venture to the rescue—the stoutest heart quailed before the belching flames—and yet the pale, terrified faces appealed for life. George Brealey was standing in the crowd, and, unobserved, he snatched a blanket from the heaps of household stuff that lay in confusion on the ground, soaked it in the water that was bursting from the fire-plug, and wrapping himself therein, rushed up the flaming stairway, reached the children, and taking one under each arm, enveloped them in the blanket, brought them safely down to the parents and the crowd, almost beside itself with joy. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and from that time his name and presence were held in great respect. No man ever gained a more willing ear among the populace

of the city than did he, and often, when a drunken man sought to annoy or disturb him in his preaching in the streets, has a brawny fellow stepped out to defend the preacher from abuse and blows. His active, enterprising zeal for the Lord aroused and stimulated many in the city, and through his example many were helped to give themselves entirely to the service of the Lord.

Soon after this his sympathies were greatly aroused by accounts of the Lord's work in Demerara, through the late well-known Mr. Leonard Strong; and under the influence of his stirring appeals for helpers in the work, he was, after much prayer, led to offer himself for service in that foreign field. Many spoke with him on the subject, and most considered him the right man for the work. But Mr. George Müller, of Bristol had an interview with him, and, while impressed with his reality, earnestness, and love for the Lord and for souls, did not feel persuaded that Demerara was the place for him. He therefore, though quite able to defray the whole expense of outfit and passage, and that of his wife and three children, offered only a part—though by far the larger part—feeling that if it were truly the will of God he should be sent, the money would in due time be forthcoming. *On this small pivot the whole of his after life was balanced!* And here again the wisdom and foreknowledge of God were exhibited

in a very singular way. Berths had been secured in an outward-bound vessel, and the passage money almost made up. The captain was asked to reduce the fare to accommodate the limited purse, and while waiting for his answer, some friends at Wellington invited the would-be missionary to pay them a farewell visit, which he accepted. While there, he was asked to go to the hill country some miles to the south and preach the Gospel. To this Macedonian cry he responded, and several meetings were held in a cottage, with such marked blessing that the villagers begged him to stay and continue to preach the Gospel to them. He told them he was just about to leave for Demerara, to preach to the black people. "Oh, no, maister, you've made a mistake," an old woman replied. "You've made a mistake; we be the blacks: we've got black hearts." After events clothed the words with an almost prophetic meaning, and proved the woman right: they were the heathen, and he was to be their missionary; for, on returning to Exeter it was to find the captain's refusal to lower the charges, and, on inquiry, to discover the vessel had gone. In less than twelve months from that time George Brealey, his wife, and three children settled on the hills, which will for many a year be closely associated with his name, and from which, at the coming of the Lord, hundreds of precious souls shall be his "joy

and crown"—a lasting memorial of the power of the old-fashioned Gospel preached in earnest simplicity from his fervent lips.





CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACKDOWN HILLS.

"Go your ways, behold I send you forth."—Luke x. 3.

"Lo I am with you all the days."—Matt. xxviii. 20.

"My presence shall go with thee."—Exod. xxxiii. 14.

"My presence shall go with thee." 'Tis enough !
Lead on, my heavenly guide ; though dark and rough.
Through deepening shadows I must walk alone,
If thou canst e'er forsake Thy wandering one.
More, Lord, I ask not ; less I could not bear,
Than tread this desert land and know Thee there.
Enough for faith to bear Thy voice and see
Thine own right hand, in love, upholding me.
And should my spirit fail, let me retrace
Thy faithfulness in other days, the grace
That guided every step, till I can say,
"God changeth not. He is the same to-day."

ANNA SLEIGHT.

LAUNCHED.

IN that part of East Devon, which lies between the towns of Cullompton and Tiverton, on the West, Honiton on the South, Chard on the East, and Taunton and Wellington on the North,

stretches a group of high and bluff-looking elevations, which rise from 700 to 900 feet above the level of the sea. These, covering an area of some 400 square miles, bear the name of the Blackdowns, which, being derived from Saxon origin, signifies "bleak hills," a singularly appropriate title, as most find, whose lot it is to *winter* in the district. It is, however, a remarkably healthy neighbourhood; the air is always bracing, and the scenery varied and lovely. In summer, when the sides and summits of the hills are covered with purple heather and yellow gorse, interspersed with corn-fields, plantations of fir and other trees; with hamlets, farms, and cottages nestling here and there among the valleys and upon the hill-sides, the scene is charmingly picturesque and delightful. The villages are small and far apart, and no industries of any importance are carried on in the locality, the district being purely agricultural. The inhabitants are for the most part farmers, dairy-folk and labourers: intelligent, honest, industrious, and frugal, and as respectable members of the community as are to be found in any rural district in the country. Though the condition of many is very poor, yet it is the exception to find the squalor and destitution so common in large towns. The cottages, in many instances, are patterns of cleanliness and order, and very few are now to be found who cannot read and

write, and who do not attend, more or less regularly, some place of public worship. The constable has comparatively little now to do save to impound stray cattle, occasionally trot some over-quarrelsome drinker to the Bench, or watch the observance of the game-laws.

The general aspect of the Hills is, however, vastly different now to what it was within the memory of many of the oldest inhabitants. They can remember when, for miles on miles, the eye could rest on nothing but dreary open commons, crossed only by wheel-tracks and sheep paths; when there were neither roads nor hedgerows in many of its districts, and when the major part of the people could neither read nor write, and were so far deficient of "book-learning," as to be totally ignorant of anything outside the limits of their personal observation. An amusing instance of this was the case of an elderly woman, who had never in her life gone outside the parish, but had "vegetated" for sixty years within a radius of a mile or two of her own door. When driven by some friends to the top of Wellington Hill, on which stands the monument to the "Iron Duke," commanding one of the most extensive landscapes in the country, she exclaimed with uplifted hands, "Lawk-'a-Massy! I should never a' believed the wordle was half so big!" There were no schools worthy of the name,

and the churches were by many only visited at marriages, christenings, and funerals. Ignorance reigned supreme, and, as a consequence, superstition and vice found a fertile soil for their noxious upgrowth. Not that the neighbourhood may have been worse probably than many others in the country, had they been only sought out; but, without the slightest exaggeration, it may be said that in some of these districts there existed as gross ignorance and superstition as are to be found in many so-called heathen lands.

This was the district where God, in His mercy, led the steps of George Brealey, on a drenching day, in the month of April, 1863, the district which was to be his mission-field, and from which hundreds of precious souls were to be rescued from evil and sin, to be "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified." Here his first visits to the people revealed to him the state in which many were sunk. Some with whom he conversed scarcely knew they had souls. Some said they had heard of such a thing, but had "never seen one;" while others again declared they had never heard there was a Saviour. Many have said, in answer to the question, "Who was Jesus Christ?" "I don't know, Sir; I never heard of Him." "Did you

never hear of Him in church?" "No, Sir; I was never there."

But as the heart of man cannot remain void; seeing the Truth had not entered, they were filled with superstition. It abounded greatly among the people, who believed in witchcraft, which was largely practised. There were many reputed witches who had only to go to the parish church with a living toad in their pocket, to earn the name, and to be dreaded and shunned as such. And if their spiritual and moral condition was wretched, the bodily state of the poor was equally so; for, partly from low wages (averaging 6s. a-week for an ordinary farm labourer,) and partly from mismanagement and drunkenness, which prevailed to a very great degree, there was scarcely any comfort to be found in their homes. In more than one cottage visited, where provisions were plentiful, so little idea of order or decency had they, that a pan with potatoes was placed on the stone floor, round which squatted the family eating their dinner with their fingers. Often there was not a chair; little stools and broken seats formed a miserable apology for anything like furniture; and as to clothing, the visitor has had to turn away in shame from the semi-nakedness of many a grown-up girl and woman.

But surely these were just the very persons to whom the Gospel was sent; and certainly to

such would the Lord Jesus have unfolded the wondrous tale of love, had He been there Himself. By the grace of God, our evangelist was determined to have one message for all, in whatever condition he found them. The message to meet them was *Mercy*—Mercy from God to the poor; mercy to the chief of sinners; mercy through the blood of Jesus Christ. Never did news spread with greater rapidity; for from house to house, and from hamlet to hamlet, did the people themselves carry it. "Come," said they, "and hear such wonderful news! We never heard the like before. We can have pardon for all our sins; pardon now for nothing, and a fine house when we die, where we shan't have any pain and poverty as we have here."

BURIED GERMS.

The district he had come to evangelise had, eighty years before, been the scene of the labours of the Rev. Ellis Williams, a poor, but very godly curate of the Church of England. This clergyman had, in a remarkable way, been connected with the well-known John Newton, of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London, and from him received not only great spiritual help and blessing, but much temporal aid in his most straitened circumstances. He laboured in the district (serving three parishes, with barely sufficient stipend to find himself and his family

food, and not enough for clothing) for nine years, during which time a great revival took place. Many were, by his instrumentality, turned from "darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." But we must refer the reader to the fuller and more graphic account of this good man's life and labours as given in "The Life and Labours of John Newton," by Josiah Bull, M.A., pages 290-295. The seed had been sown, and though this God-sent young curate died in 1790, at the early age of 32, many seeds were left to his ministry; while the buried germs were not lost, though for seventy-five years little was seen of life or fruit. The clergyman who succeeded him was of a different type, and the church which had been crowded, was soon deserted; while the people, thirsting for the simple Word of Truth, were found travelling many weary miles over the hills to hear the Gospel at a little Baptist Chapel built under the famous "Five-Mile Act." A period of spiritual dearth and darkness soon set in, and when, in 1863, George Brealey came to the hills, it was to find that the once "garden of the Lord" was a very wilderness indeed—"a region of darkness and the shadow of death." And yet the yearnings for the light and truth, begotten in the generation past, had not been buried with their dust, but reappeared in the children whom they left behind; and this accounts in great measure for the hearty

welcome he received, and the ready acceptance of the Gospel immediately it was preached. The seed was hidden, but not dead; a generation had passed away, but "the word of our God abideth for ever," and the harvest was soon to come. "One soweth, and another reapeth;" both shall "rejoice together" (John iv. 36, 37;) and, ere now, who knows but Ellis Williams and George Brealey have joined in the fellowship of praise o'er golden sheaves gathered from the fields of their joint labours?





CHAPTER VII.

FAITHS TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS.

"The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold which perisheth."—1 Pet. i. 7.

"Lean not on Egypt's reeds; slake not thy thirst
At earthly cisterns. Seek the Kingdom first,
Though man and Satan fright thee with their worst,
Have faith in God!

Go, tell Him all! The sigh thy bosom heaves
Is heard in heaven. Strength and grace He gives,
Who gave Himself for thee. Our Jesus lives.
Have faith in God!

ANNA SHIPTON.

LAUNCHING FORTH.

THE first few years of his labours on the hills were times of testing and proof, trial and triumph. Some christian gentlemen interested in the locality, offered him a salary to evangelise on the hills, and for about a year he worked under this arrangement; but on the Lord blessing the Word to many souls, he felt it his privilege and duty to instruct them further in the Word of Righteousness.

The consequence was that, on coming simply to the Scriptures, the converts plainly saw the mind of God concerning believers' baptism, and the Breaking of bread the first day of the week, and thereupon wished to confess His name in the one ordinance, and commemorate His love in the other. George Brealey was not the man to put any obstacle in their way, but rejoiced that the Word of the Lord had had such "free course," and that a desire to walk in the ways of His commandments was so evident. This outcome of his Gospel efforts, however, had never occurred to some, at least, of his most liberal supporters, and on the wish of the believers being expressed, these at once took alarm, and a most distinct prohibition was placed on the proposal. "But what must I do with those who are brought to the Lord? They require shepherding, and must needs be taught. If I teach them absolute submission to the authority of Scripture, must I *hinder* them in their desire to obey the Word of the Lord? Am I not responsible to help them to obedience?" This was self-evident; yet it was, by some of his friends thought objectionable to form a church, or baptize the converts. The pressure brought to bear was too much for the independent spirit of the evangelist, and he who had braved death in many forms, that he might carry out his duty to God and his fellow-man, was not likely to flinch, even though

his salary was at stake. He therefore determined to carry out the injunctions of the Word of God—teaching them to observe *all things, whatsoever I have commanded you*—(Matt. xxiii. 20)—and, at the sacrifice of his income, he took the step, and cast himself entirely on the Lord for support. He felt he could not be fettered or hampered either in the manner of his work or in the sphere of his labour, and abundantly did God bless him for his courage and his faith.

While some of his supporters thus held aloof, there were others who gave him their most liberal and hearty co-operation. Among these must be mentioned: Cornelius Hanbury, Esq., Henry Fox, Esq., and Dilworth Fox, Esq., of Wellington—all of whom have passed away to receive their reward—and Thomas Fox, Esq., and Miss C. Hanbury, who still remain. This lady threw herself most heartily into the work, accompanying Mr. Brealey day after day, in his ministrations from place to place, often walking incredible distances, and in the severest weather, to carry the Word of Life to the poor, and to minister to the temporal necessities of the sick and destitute. Many of the incidents hereafter recorded, she herself witnessed, and for nearly twenty years resided on the Hills, a succourer of the work in many ways. To the present time, though removed from the scene of her former

happy, indefatigable, self-denying, and God-honouring labours on the Hills, we rejoice to know her heart still is in most real and active sympathy with the people, and the Work of God in the district.

Now he was free from a certain kind of responsibility to man, though bound to Christ with bonds of redeeming love. He felt like the larks which soar in the heavens, pouring out their melodious songs to Him who provides for them. He had *nothing to do but to please God*. Oh! what a luxury! He belonged to his Lord, and his Lord to him. All his was God's, and He would care for them, though in what way he could not tell, nor need he be anxious about knowing. "I believed in His love to provide. My heart was full of Christ, and I was like a well of water, and I had some for every one I met. I was like Israel at the Red Sea—they believed His Word, they sang His praise." (Ps. cvi. 12.) Alas! they soon forgot His Work. "Would he be so?" was often the question of his heart. They trusted *as long as there was any dough remaining, or water in their vessels*; but when these were spent, then came out the unbelief and sin of their hearts, and murmurings took the place of song. So with him, as little by little, his limited stock of money grew less and less day by day. There was now no human

resource from which to replenish it, and no apparent means to supply their needs, for he had freed himself from man, and had set free from responsibility those who had previously been his supporters. The arch-enemy was not slack to array all the difficulties before him, and stiff and stern was the conflict as, day after day, and week after week passed without any help. Was the Lord seeing all this? Yes, and He was sustaining him in it, though he was not at all times conscious of it. *But when the dough was all gone, the manna fell.* So when they were near the end of their little handful of meal, the Lord appeared for them, and the first £5 came entirely unsought from man, "as directly from the hand of God, though through one of His stewards, as it possibly could be." From that time onward He never failed him. His hands fed him and his family continually, sometimes through the wealthy, sometimes by the poor, in donations from a few pence to many pounds, according to the pressing needs. On one occasion when he had not a shilling left after paying sundry small debts, he prayed for £10, to enable him to give a tea to a large number of the poor, and had fixed January 1st as the day. He had not made this known except to the Lord. On December 25th he began to pray for this object. On December 28th he received £15 from an *unknown* friend in

Prussia (£5 for his personal use, and £10 for a Tea for the poor,) with this word, "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." On examining the post-marks, it was found the letter had been posted a day before he had asked the Lord for the sum. Again and again he received similar sums from the same servant of God, until receiving them so periodically, the enemy said, "You may depend on that source for future supplies." But from that time, as far as we have had means of ascertaining, he never again received help from that source. More than once since has the Lord removed the human instrument when he was in danger of depending on it, and not "only upon God," and afterwards he rejoiced to say, "Now we depend, not on the creature, because he fails, but on the living God, who "remaineth faithful."

EARLY EXPERIENCES ON THE HILLS.

The meetings were held in the same cottage where he first preached, which soon became so crowded that another room was thrown into it. This proved too small; and as the ceiling was barely high enough for a tall man to stand erect, the air was almost suffocating. The bedrooms above were removed, and a small gallery formed. Here, in this primitive cathedral (still to be seen in its original state) the "Gospel of the grace of

God" was "sounded out," and scores were made the subjects of its power. Within two years 140 had been baptized and received into fellowship at the Lord's table, and hallowed were the seasons spent beneath that simple roof of thatch. Many a burdened heart was made to "shout for joy," and many of the brightest of the Lord's children in the locality with gratitude confess that there their eyes were opened to see themselves and know the Lord. But as in days of old, when Pentecostal power accompanied the preached Word, "there was a great persecution," so surely did it track the Gospel message on the hills. It was no "strange thing." The ranks of Satan had been broken into, and rich trophies of grace had been rescued from his grasp. Many of the worst characters were now, like the man of Gadara, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind," and Satan raged.

The Word so spread at this time that every convert was a preacher in some way. Farm labourers, servants, mechanics—all told of the wonderful things God had done for them. This stirred up the wrath of such as were not willing to listen to the Gospel, and these banded together to crush the work of the Lord. Many were turned out of work, some were ill-used, and others threatened that their houses should be burned over their heads. It was no little comfort to them in this new trouble to be

shown from the Word that this was *part of their inheritance*. Jesus had said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world;" and, "It is given unto you, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to *suffer for His sake*;" "that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." They were strengthened to endure, and endure they did, and multiplied likewise.

"I have heard their groanings, and am come down to deliver," said Jehovah of poor down-trodden Israel; and He who caused the bitterness of bondage to be felt that the cry might come forth from the nation's heart, had stirred up at least the longing of a few, from even the worst characters on the hills, that He might fill the *hunger* with good things."

CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT.

"Ah! sir, 'twas a good day for this place when the Lord sent you among us. This was a dreadful, wicked place, and I was the worst in it. I looks back wi' horror on my younger days. Why, sir, nothing was safe, and nobody cared what became of them. The poor were crushed, there were no schools, all the Sunday long 'twas fightin' and quarrellin,' and

a'most every evil thing, and there was nobody to come and ask us where our souls would be arter death. I was one of the very wo'st, and I had to feel the iron hand of the law" (he had been imprisoned several times). " I *broke the laws*, and the *law broke me*, and I deserved the punishment. I sinned and I paid the penalty. But the law did not convert me, nor free me from my sins against God, and me and my wife often said as how we was left alone, that it 'peared as if God A'mighty had left this place. So we said wo'd try if we could get somebody to come up and tell us for our good. So we had a bit o' prayer, and axed God in our poor way to send one of His men here, and then we axed somebody in Taunton to come, but he said 'twas too far. So we thought we would try Wellington, and we spoke to Mr. M——, and you came up; bless the Lord for that day! 'Twas a good day for me and many besides." He was asked what he had received by the evangelist's coming. "Received, sir? Why, I ha' *received Christ*, and he have pardoned all my thousands o' sins. He died for sinners, and he saved a thief on the Cross, and that was not the only one, for he have a-saved *me* and my wife, and ever so many besides," while the wife was full of what the Lord had done for her. She was quite an original character, and once known never forgotten. Her previous life of sin had given her a sort of

defiant air, but grace had softened the expression, and had lit up her eyes with the light of love, and though she spoke her mind very plainly, and was in no danger of being misunderstood, yet under it all there was a tenderness and a pathos that was never known there before.

She said a gentleman had just been there to call them to account for going to the little 'venticle.' as she said he called the meeting-room (meaning conventicle), and had said "all sorts of things about you, sir, that you was—well, I won't say, but he did not call you a gentleman, and he wanted me to say I would never go to the meetings any more. But I gee'd 'un a bit o' my mind. I says, says I, 'why, sir, I bin livin' here a'most all my life in my sins, and you nor nobody else ever told me I was wrong, or never axed me about my soul, whether I was going to heaven or hell, and now the Lord have a-turned us from our wicked ways, and pardoned our sins, you want us to leave the place where we heard all about Jesua. I tell 'ee plain, sir, once for all, *I won't.*" But he was not thus to be beaten, so he commenced to show her how very ignorant she was; she knew nothing about divinity or theology, and yet presumed to say she knew what he, a learned man, who had given years to the study, did not know. "Hush! hush! don't say such wicked things. All your sins forgiven! Why, that's more than St. Paul knew.

Why, I don't know it." She was careful not to go in waters beyond her depth, so, standing fast by what God had made plain to her in the Scriptures, about the ruin of man, and God's love in the gift of His Son, the death of Jesus on the Cross, His burial, resurrection, ascension and coming again, and the forgiveness of sins, and eternal life through faith in His Word, she repeated, for his special benefit, the verses she had learnt from constant reading. On his saying "No one can know their sins forgiven in this life," she said, "Well, sir, if you don't know *your* sins forgiven, I should advise you to go and hear Mr. Brealey." His dignity was touched. "No, indeed, I would not meet him in the same house." "Well, sir, if you wo'nt go to hear him, perhaps you will listen to a verse in the Bible, which is God's book," and opening it to 1 John ii. 12, she spelled out the words, 'I write unto you little children, because your sins *are* forgiven you for His name's sake,' and sir, if they were told so by the Lord they *ought to know it*, didn't they, sir?" This was too much for him to get over, so leaving the house in a rage, he never entered it after, though he did what he could to hinder as many as possible from attending the meetings. This, however, served but to stimulate their curiosity more, so that the people flocked to the 'venticle' and heard the good news of salvation, and many hearing believed. "Thus the Word of

God grew and multiplied," and "believers were the more added to the Lord—many both of men and women," so that the "conventicle" became too strait for them, and it was found needful to cry unto the Lord for means to build a suitable mission room. Friends from far and near most liberally sent their generous contributions toward the building fund, and in a short time sufficient was in hand to meet the need. The land was purchased, and the contract for the building signed, when a difficulty arose. There was a piece of common ground in the parish that had been left by will as a legacy to the poor of the neighbourhood, where they were allowed to cut furze and turf for fuel; and it was further bequeathed as a quarry from whence stones and sand might be dug for any building purposes in the parish, free of cost. As soon as it became known in certain quarters that stones and sand were being dug to build a chapel, two or three of the most influential men in the parish determined to hinder it. "Not a stone should be used for such a purpose," said one, and he would prevent it. However, "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God" concerning this matter, and He who heard the praying saw for Peter, and sent an angel and opened the prison doors, came to the help of His trusting ones on the hills. The principal opposer was suddenly cut off by death, and the rest "scared exceedingly."

Leave was no longer unrighteously withheld, and in a few months the mission room was completed.

Now, while the flint stones were being dug out and hauled for the building, many living stones were being quarried out of nature's ruin, and were being also cut and polished for the temple of the living God. Some of these are worthy of being noticed.





CHAPTER VIII.

TROPHIES OF GRACE.

“ Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree ; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.”—Is. lv. 13.

“ Hark ! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo ! abundantly they bloom ;
Lebanon is hither come ;
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense
Sharon's fertile excellence.”

WESLEY.

“ UR Gospel came not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost.”—
1 Thes. i. 5. •

A certain infidel was once advocating his atheistic principles and advising his hearers to give no credence to the teachings of the Bible, when at the close of his lecture a delicate-looking woman in widow's garb accosted him as follows :—“ Sir, I

have listened to your words and have heard your advice, but before I throw away my Bible, I would like to ask you one favour—Will you show me the man or woman who has been turned from vice to virtue, from theft to honesty, from drunkenness to sobriety, by the adoption of your principles? Will you give me an instance where your doctrines have given comfort in affliction, joy and solace in bereavement, and peace and delight in the hour of death? I can give you countless proofs of such effects through the Book you have despised, and the power that will produce such things as these I will continue to trust until you can bring me what will do better." She had the best of the argument, for not a case could he show. And this was the Power that, through the Gospel, was so manifest on the hills, some specimens of which we will now give.

Amongst the many early converts was

AN OLD PENSIONER.

He was brought to the knowledge of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ at the age of seventy-four, and a wonderful trophy of grace he was. He had fought his country's battles. He was at Waterloo, and in nearly every engagement under the Duke of Wellington in Spain. Though he had had so many narrow escapes of his life, he was never moved to feel the danger he was in, until just upon the brink of the grave. At the age of seventy-four, with the

sins of a whole lifetime upon him, he woke up to weep and lament over what was before him, But deep as was his sorrow for sin (and this he carried to the grave), his joy was greater still, as he stood, by his own request, in the river, to confess by baptism his faith in the Lord Jesus. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene; the first public believer's baptism for a very long period in the parish. There stood the the old man, with his white locks of hair, surrounded by hundreds of his fellow-sinners who had assembled to witness his baptism. He boldly acknowledged his repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in the following words:—"Fellow men and women, you all know me; you know me to be a vile old sinner, but you don't know the half of my sins. I'm seventy-four years old in sin, but thanks be to God, Jesus hath paid it all. Jesus hath borne all my sins away; His blood hath blotted them all out of the book, and I am here to tell what the Lord hath done for my soul. Come to Jesus, as I have, and you too will get pardon. I hope to live a little while longer, that I may show what a Christian ought to be." He lived many months after this, and he truly showed to all, as he so desired, what it is to be a Christian. To the present time we see the result of his influence and his testimony to the truth of the Gospel amongst his fellow-cottagers.

It has often been remarked that it is a sure sign that the work of the Lord prospers when Satan rages. It could hardly be expected that so many should be plucked out of his kingdom without a storm being raised by him to prevent his subjects from escaping. Thus, while there was rejoicing that so many had already received life eternal through faith in Jesus, and the meetings were crowded with anxious hearers, many who attended them were threatened with being turned out of employment if they continued to come. Some were thus checked, while others were made more bold. To meet the case George Brealey determined, by the help of the Lord, to hold open-air meetings in the neighbourhood where these people lived, and accordingly gave notice of the place and time. Some threatened that if he came they would burn him. He replied, "They will have to get the wood ready to-day, as I hope to be there to-morrow." At the time appointed he went, and found a large number assembled, including young and old. It was truly

A MOTLEY GROUP.

Some of them were bent double with age, some were blind, others were lame, and all wore the appearance of misery and woe. The number was above a hundred; the employers who would not allow their people to come to the meetings hid themselves behind the hedge, but the enemy was perfectly stilled, for the

power of the Lord was there, and many that night for the first time went home to weep and cry for mercy.

Among those who were thus awakened was ———. He was greatly opposed to the meetings, and would neither come himself, nor allow his wife to come. Open-air preaching was so strange and new to them that the wife told her husband she should go, to which he replied, "If you go you will get a 'hiding' when I come home." His threat, however, did not deter her. As he spent much of his time at the ale-house, she expected to be at home again before his return.

And now behold the hand of the Lord. The meeting had just commenced with singing a hymn, when the man, carrying a bundle of bean sticks on his shoulder, was attracted to the spot by the sound of singing. As he came in sight of the people he placed the bundle of sticks against the hedge, and laid down behind it so as to be out of view. But He who had drawn him there was about to reveal Himself to his soul, and therefore he could not be hid. The preacher's voice, and the words spoken sounded strangely to him. The speaker told them that the great King had sent a message to every man and woman there, to invite them to his house to spend an eternity with Him in joys that could never be told; that it was especially sent to those in the

"highways and hedges." The man came from his hiding place, and gradually drew nearer and nearer to the preacher until he stood close to his wife. Both were so intently gazing on the speaker and listening to his words, that it was not until the close of the meeting they were aware of each other's presence. No angry feeling arose, for they went home together to weep over their newly-discovered state as sinners. From that moment a very marvellous change took place in them both. The one said, "I have found a new husband," and the other, "I have found a new wife!" They were convicted together; they found peace together through believing; they were baptized together. Their one desire was to lead their children to Jesus, and to use their own words, they were "determined, through grace, to have an empty house when the Lord shall come to be glorified in His saints." He remained several years on the hills a living testimony to the reality of his conversion. Eventually he went with his wife and family to America; but after being a bright and shining light for Jesus in that land, he was called home to the inheritance incorruptible. The following letter was received from a Christian who had emigrated from the Hills some time before:—

"BELOVED BROTHER,—You will be glad to have a few particulars respecting the death of dear

brother ——, who so sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. He was true to the Lord to the last, and he fell in harness—a true, devoted labourer in the gospel. He called us around his bed just before he departed to be with the Lord, and said, ‘Be *whole-hearted for Christ*, spirit, soul, and body, which is your reasonable service; for when you come to the place I am now in, you will see how very little you have done for Him who has done so much for you. Therefore be *whole-hearted* for Him. I am about to enter into His presence who loved me, and gave Himself for me. We shall soon meet yonder.’ And bidding us farewell, he called his neighbours (the unconverted,) and filled his bedroom with them. He said, ‘I have called you to witness how a Christian can die. I have no fears; for Jesus has washed all my sins away in His precious blood; and I am going to meet Him, and I want you to meet me there also. Jesus wants you. He died to save you, and he says, “Come to me! come! come!”’ He ceased to speak. He rested from his sufferings, and from his labours. He had entered in to see the King in His beauty. There was great weeping by the unconverted, who said they had never seen such a death-bed; and from that scene one at least received life in Christ, and we have hope of others; while upon us it has left the feeling of Elisha, as he returned from witnessing the

rapture of Elijah. Such was the respect paid to our dear brother, that the township met all his funeral expenses, giving him a coffin with silver handles and trimmings, and thirty-one carriages followed him to his grave. They have also cared for his wife and children."

THE WITCH AND THE KING OF THE SKY.

The following case we give in Mr. Brealey's own words, as taken from his journal at the time:—

"In visiting the cottages from place to place, I heard of a notorious reputed witch, whose evil power was stated to be fearful in the destruction of stock, and in turning all the dairies into utter confusion. The belief prevailed that the losses of persons who have the misfortune to offend these so-called witches, were very serious. I was, however, led to visit the old woman who bore this dreadful character, though greatly dissuaded from it by some, who said that it was not safe for any one to go near her, as she had sold herself to the Devil. Turning a deaf ear to all this, I called and found her ill in bed; and, certainly, if looks betray character, she really had a very bad one. What follows," he says:—"although it may appear incredible, is *strictly true*. After some inquiries as to her health, and what she was suffering from, I asked her if she expected to get

better, she replied, 'No.' 'Where will you go if you die?' I asked. She stared at me fiercely, like a tiger about to spring from his lair. I gently put my hand on her shoulder, and she screamed out, 'I's going to hell! I's wicked. I's going to hell! I's wicked.' 'But why do you wish to go to hell?' 'I don't want to go, but I'se forced to go.' 'But who is it that forces you to go to hell?' 'The devil,' she said, 'I've served him all my life.' But did you ever hear of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, who came down from Heaven to save us from hell?' 'No.' 'Did you never hear of God?' 'No, I can't read, I's wicked.' 'But do you know what love is? Had you a child?' 'Yes, I had eight.' 'But don't they love you?' 'No, they robbed me.' 'Did not your husband love you?' 'No; he turned me out of doors.' 'And did you never love anyone?' 'No, I's wicked, I hate all—everybody.' Finding all was of no avail, I asked her if she would like 'a few nice things to eat?' 'I can't have it; nobody will gee it to I.' 'Oh, yes, I will give it to you. This very night I will send it to you.' Her amazement was equal to her horror before. 'Will'ee sure?' 'Yes; so you see somebody loves you. Now, I want to tell you that someone else loves you, and He sent me here to tell you about His love.' 'Who is that?' 'It is the great God, the King of the World. He lives up

there above the sky. This great King made all things. He made you. This great King has one Son, whom He loves very much, because He deserves to be loved: yes, this great King loved you so much that He sent His Son all the way down from heaven to die for those who, like you, have been committing sins all their lives. And He has sent me with this letter to read to you, that you may not go to hell, but to heaven.' I then read to her some of John iii., and sought to instruct her mind, and tried to make her understand who the great King of the sky was, and how He would not turn away from her. 'But will he hear a poor old thing like me?' 'Yes,' I said, 'He will.' 'But what shall I say to 'un.' 'Just tell Him what you are afraid of. Tell Him what you have told me, that you are wicked.' She at once looked up to the ceiling, as if she saw some one there, and said, with all the vehemence of despair, 'O Lord, the King of the Sky, have mercy on a wicked old woman like I. I have been a wicked old woman all my life.' She kept saying this till she cried bitterly. I then taught her that beautiful passage, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' This she repeated after me, until she had it in her memory. I then left her, but before I called again, she sent for me. Her first words were, 'The blood of

Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' I asked her who Jesus Christ was. She said, 'He is the Son of the King of the Sky.' 'Well, what has He done for you?' 'Oh! He has died for me.' I need not say more, only that she found out that God loved her, and this soon made her love everyone. I saw her many times subsequently, and each time found that the Word had taken deeper root in her heart. She confessed to a life of the greatest wickedness, although she said she was not guilty of the crime for which she was forcibly driven from the parish in which she formerly resided, about fourteen months previously. The last words I heard from her were, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' "

THE RETURNED CONVICT.

After about six months' labour on the Hills, the Lord was pleased to convert a notorious *sheep-stealer* and his wife, whose depredations had been carried on to a very great extent. After having been in prison many times, his career of crime was suddenly stopped. He was apprehended for sheep-stealing, with some others who formed a notorious gang. On their arrest their houses were searched, and a large amount of stolen goods was found in this man's cottage. Every pitcher, jug, or bowl in the place was filled with mutton fat melted down, and a large vat, sunk in the ground, contained the

stolen sheep salted, for winter use, while at the bottom of a well, not far off, wore lying the sheepskins. Being found guilty, the men were transported for a long term of years, but after a time the one of whom we write returned to his native place on ticket-of-leave. Both he and his wife became truly converted to God, and lived many years a life of godliness and honesty, and both died rejoicing in the Lord. The last words of the woman being, "I'm going home to see my blessed Jesus; He've died for me. I ain't a bit afraid—His precious blood cleanseth from all sin," while her husband's last words to me were, "I be very happy, for I've got Christ along wi' me!" When he was 84 years of age, I was privileged to get a little account of his conversion from his own mouth.

"Good morning, maister, good morning," said he, as I entered the gate of the cottage, "'Tis a 'mazing fine morning, and I be mighty glad to see ye." He was very crippled with rheumatism, and at the time of giving such a warm welcome, was standing before a little stool spreading a quantity of peas to dry in the sun, thus preparing them for the coming year's sowing. On enquiring after his health, he replied, as he usually did, "I be purty well as to 'calth, but terrible bad a-crippled. I was just drying a few peas when you comed in, maister, and they be a mighty fine sort, never seed such peas,

and a wonderful crop I've had this year. I was just a-thinking what a 'mazing thing the power of God is. You see, maister," said he, holding up a handful of shelled peas for my inspection, "you see, maister, what uncommon small and helpless things they be, and yet, when they be put into the earth, *what they do come to!* They do grow eight foot high, if they grow an inch, and I look upon it like this: 'tis just like the word o' God—like the Gospel, which is the power o' God unto salvation. 'Tis a terrible small bit of it is sowed in our hearts, but don't it grow! and don't it do a 'mazing lot o' work there?" I asked him what effect the seed sown in his heart had upon him. "Well," he replied, still holding the peas in his hand, "I bain't any scholard, I never learned to read when I was a boy, as I was a parish 'prentiss, and the Board o' Guardians put me to work when I was seven years old. I've been pulling turnips when I was nort but a mere cheeld, and the frost have a took the skin off my fingers. But bless'ee, maister, I knowed no more about book learnin' than the hosses I used to drive to plough. I grew to be a *terrible* bad feller, I was awful bad, and so I always should 'a been, but for the power o' God. My heart was as full o' weeds as any furze-brake, and I was over sixty years old afore 'twas a broke up and sowed wi' the good seed. The Lord sent your father (George Brealey) to me and my old 'ooman with the Gospel,

and seems as though 'twas burnt into my heart, I remember it so well. Old Sally, she was converted fust, and she used to tell to me and pray for me, but seemed 'twas no good. The Lord had got to begin. Just like you or I, maister, might put these peas in the ground, but if the land was hard, and the Lord didn't put His hand to 'em, they wouldn't grow, and so it seemed to be with Sally's words. But the Lord's time soon was coming, and then He touched me and spoke to me, like He did to the poor dead man that was going to be buried, and when *He* had to do wi' me 'twas no good to resist, I was fo'ced (forced) to give in. I was sitting in the old cottage, where the chapel used to be held, and your father he preached from the 53rd of Isaiah, and it seemed to me I saw myself going astray like a lost sheep, goin' farther and farther away into the dark, and I seemed to be lost. Then somebody came after me and told me to *look*, and I fancied it must be true, for I turned right round in the room, it seemed so real. But 'twas in my heart. I saw the blessed Lord with all my sins laid on His body, and He on the Cross dying for me; yes, the Lord said 'twas for me. It seemed a'most too much for me, but I was a-turned right round from that time. I mind the verse," and here the old man, with a glow of satisfaction and joy, devoutly repeated: "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned everyone to his own way,

and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," and added, "That verse isn't a terrible big one, and some mighten see much in 'un; 'twas a small seed, maister, but 'twas a wonderful power to me, and have been ever since. That verse is my favourite; 'tis nigh on to eighteen years ago since I fust (first) learned 'un, but I never forgets 'un, and when my old Sally died two years ago, she liked that verse beyond all the rest." "Well, I said," "that is certainly a precious verse, and has been a blessing to you and to me and to thousands more; but haven't you felt very lonely and miserable since Sally died?" He replied, with a burst of real joy, "Law bless'ee, no, maister, I've a got Christ along wi' me, and I can't help being happy. To be sure, I miss old Sally, for we was married nigh on to threescore years, and that's a long time, but I know she is wi' Jesus, and I shan't be long before I go along with her too. So I've a got Christ along wi' me, and I be as happy as drish (thrush), I han't got no troubles, for He have a took 'em all away wi' my sins."

FOUR HUSBANDS!

Before we pass on we will mention one or two other cases as evidences of the life-giving power of the Gospel of God. — had been the wife of four husbands, and from her own account had been a helpmeet to each of them in the way of sin. Her first husband was one whose name

was well known in the county calendar, and who was transported for life. The second was like the first, and suffered the same fate, while two of his associates were executed. The third and the fourth, though not of the same stamp, were equally degraded in other respects. But she and her fourth husband were brought as prodigals to a Father's house, to know a Father's love, as revealed in the Cross of Jesus Christ. It was truly sad to hear them bewail their past lives and iniquities, while at the same time their thankfulness for pardon, through the precious blood of Jesus, and their hope of eternal glory, were so real that one was struck with astonishment. They both lived many years to witness for Christ. A gentleman well known in Bristol once met this old Christian at a country tea meeting, and having known somewhat of her previously, thought he would ask her a few questions. "So you say you are converted; how do you know?" "How do I know, sir," she replied in astonishment, "Why, I feel it in my heart; Jesus is there." "But I thought you had a very wicked heart." "Oh, bless'ee no, maister, I ain't: I've got a very good heart." "But how can that be?" said the gentleman, wishing to set her right on a subject he thought she was a little mistaken about. "You see, the Bible says 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' and—" "Oh! 'ees, true,

maister," she interrupted, "so was mine *once*, but 'tis *washed as white as blossom* in the blood of Jesus." Her theology was right, and so her kind-hearted interrogator told her. She passed away, and her husband a few months later, "trusting in the precious blood of Jesus."

A FORTUNE-TELLER AND HER FORTUNE TOLD.

Mr. Brealey was visiting a district at this time that was not noted for its morality, when he met a woman who was known as a fortune-teller. He spoke to her of eternal things, and offered her a tract. She endeavoured to throw off the Word by saying, "Shall I tell your fortune, sir?" He replied, "I know my fortune, for *I am a fortune-teller*, and I am going to tell the fortunes of many to-morrow evening" — naming the place — "and there will be no charge: will you come?" She was taken aback, and said, "Are you, sir? I'll come." The next night the little meeting was packed to the door, and among the company was the "fortune-teller" of the previous day. Remembering the word he had said to her, he began by reading a part of the 6th and 7th chapters of the Revelation, saying, "I have promised to tell the fortunes of many persons;" and as he proceeded with the subject, contrasting the position and condition of each, there were sobs heard from one and another of the company, as God the Holy Spirit was carrying home the Word by His own almighty

power, the "fortune-teller" among them. She was writhing under the consciousness of her sin before God, and trembling because she had in her pocket a pack of cards with which she had duped many a poor silly woman or girl out of the few coppers they had at their disposal to barter for such lies. Now these seemed to burn her as if they were fire, and there was no peace until she had committed them to the flames. "Oh, sir, I never thought you could read fortunes in that way," she said some days after, "I've had no sleep or rest of mind since that meeting. I seem to be hanging over the pit of hell. I've been such a terrible sinner. Though I am not very old, I am old in sin. What shall I do? Oh, sir, mine is a bad fortune—to be cast into the lake of fire;" and she wept again over her newly-discovered prospects. Mr. Brealey then sought to show her that he had been in the same condition once, and that Some One who loved him had *exchanged fortunes* with him, for He had taken all his deservings and borne all the punishment due to him—had given him wealth, riches, peace, joy, forgiveness, eternal life, and eternal glory; adding, "That same Friend is willing to bestow the like blessings on *you*." She was enabled at length to receive the Word in faith and joy in the Holy Ghost, and she became from her conversion a witness for God; and more than once afterwards when called to tell some one's "fortune,"

she said, "Yes, I can do so now truly, and without money," and many heard the Gospel from her lips; while daily from house to house did the Word of the Lord spread, till numbers of cottages had become the abode of praise and prayer.

It mattered not to him what was the moral character of those he met; his one grand aim was to bring every sinner in contact with the Sinner's Friend; and knowing the perfect suitability of the Gospel of Christ to meet the need of all and each, he had a message for everyone. For this he was once rebuked by a friend of hyper-calvinistic views. "You are much too free with the Gospel," said his friend, "you preach the Gospel to every one, and you forget that God will only save His own that are given to Christ, and you should leave the work for God to do, for *you may offer salvation to those whom God will not save!*" "Well," said the Evangelist, "if you will come with me and *give me a sign* by which I may know who are His own that he purposes to save, I will preach salvation only to them." "Of course I could not do that," said he. "Then until you or anyone else can, I will abide by the Master's orders to 'go out into the highways and hedges, and as many as I find bid to the marriage,' and continue to 'preach the Gospel to every creature.'"



CHAPTER IX.

"A CRY FROM MACEDONIA."

"So, as much as in me is I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."—Rom. 1. 13.

"Tell out the joyful tidings, that once the Saviour told,
Through village, town and city, His precious truth unfold.
Tell out the joyful tidings, and publish far and wide
The blessed, blessed story, that Christ for sinners died."

F. J. VON ALSTYNE.

FRESH ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

THE new Mission Room was just completed, and was about to be opened, when Mr. Brealey was informed of another plot of the enemy to annoy. Two men, more wicked than the rest, had arranged to erect a sort of booth in a field opposite the Mission Room on the day of opening, and therein to have a day's jollity and drunkenness with their confederates. As the spot was only a few feet from the doors, the trouble appeared to be no trifle. Again their only refuge was God; and many of the believers met together for special

prayer. It is not easy to forget the earnest pleadings of these simple men as they told the Lord of this expected trouble; and expressions such as the following were the burden of their prayers:—"O Lord God, Thou art a living God, and Thou hast all power in Thine hands. Thou canst stop these men from their wickedness, as Thou didst at the baptism [some time previous, when at a public believers' baptism, a similarly arranged 'plan of campaign' was defeated by Divine interposition], and as Thou hast done at other times when Thine enemies have risen up against Thee. Lord, don't allow Thy work to be hindered by such men. Save them, Lord, if it please Thee. If not, Lord, hinder them by some way and means that shall prove to every one that Thy hand has done it." And all waited in the expectancy of faith that *God would do it*. A few days after this the man who had promised his field for the above objects was *sold out*, and had to leave the place at once, while the other was prevented from annoying by a sad accident to his son. The plot was planned and was well known, and the prayer meeting also was known. The hand of God was in the matter, and "not a dog moved his tongue" against them; while people who were not Christians said it was a dangerous thing to oppose him.

The tidings of the work of the Lord had spread from hill to hill: "The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of those who published it" (Ps. lxxviii. 11). So that George Brealey was constantly pressed to come here and come there by many a man from Macedonia standing over the way, saying, "Come over and help us;" and as far as he was able he resolved to visit every hill and vale, house and cottage, with the good news of salvation. About this time a man came to him with a request, begging him to give them a meeting at Sheldon, a parish about six miles to the south-west. So, after waiting on the Lord in prayer, and receiving his "marching orders," he set off with the man, who was acquainted with the locality and most of the persons in the various places to be visited. They at length came upon a very small hut, more like a pig-stye than the habitation of a man. His companion said, "You would not suppose anyone lived *there*," pointing to the miserable hole without a window or a fire-place. Crossing the ditch, which divided it from the road, he found a low doorway, and, stooping down, looked inside. Here he found a wretched specimen of humanity, whose appearance was simply revolting. The luxury of a wash had not been his for many a long day, while the shock of tangled grizzled hair almost hid his face. He was sitting on an old box, and with a needle and pack-thread

was drawing together some rents in his trousers. Furniture there was none, save the box on which he sat, and which served as a seat by day and a bed by night. Clothing there was *none* worthy the name, nor had he, according to his statement, taken off his clothes since they were new, seven years since. His only company were a number of rats, which he fed from his scanty allowance to *keep them from eating him*. At first the stench was almost overpowering, but, wishing to draw the old man into conversation, he stood sideways to breathe the fresh air.

"What makes you live here in this wretched place?" he asked. "'Coz I likes to live wi' mysel'." "How long have you lived here?" "Oh, many years." "How old are you?" "Seventy." "How much longer do you expect to live?" "Don't know." "Did you ever hear of heaven and hell?" "May be, but I don't know much about what comes arter death." "Would you like to be happy after death?" Well, may be I should; I beant happy here." "What makes you unhappy?" "Well, I don't know." "Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came down to save lost sinners, and make them happy after death?" "I don't know that I did." "Do you ever go to any place to hear the Gospel?" "What's that?" "Why, God's message of pardon to sinners." "I don't go to church. I hain't been there since I could mind."

"Will you come to-night? I am going to preach up there," pointing with his finger to the cottage on the hill, about a mile distant. "I don't know, may be I will." "Give me your word, and I'll believe you." "Well then, I'll come." And at the appointed time he came. With no little wonder the people viewed the old man whom no one ever remembered seeing at church or the cottage meetings. Nor were they less astonished to see him stand the whole time listening to the Word of God with eager gaze, as it, for the first time, fell upon his ear. Long before the meeting was closed sighs had given way to sobs, and sobs to tears, which coursed down his leather-looking face, so long unwashed. Soon the tears were accompanied by words like these: "Oh, I didn't know I was such a wicked old sinner! Oh, what will become of me? Oh, Lord, I shall go to hell! Oh, Lord, what shall I do?" He left the cottage and went to his own wretched abode, but could no longer find a home there. He got ill, and asked permission of a farmer to sleep in the hay-loft, which was granted. But there was no sleep for him; the whole night was spent in strong crying and tears to God to save him. When the morning came they found him still praying for mercy, but very ill in body. They therefore thought it right to remove him to the Union. There it was found needful to take off his wretched rags and wash him, which resulted in his

death the next day. It was said that he had not washed himself or changed his clothes for seven years. Yet we believe he was one of the trophies of Divine grace, and probably the *first of a great company which followed*, who were saved through faith in the Lord Jesus.

The meetings were held in a small room—only about 12 feet by 14 feet, while the height was not more than 6 feet—but it was packed to its utmost, and the bedrooms over were also filled, while many gathered outside the door unable to get in. There was a solemn awe on the company, and many found vent for their sorrow in sobs and tears. The Lord had gone before his servant, and had prepared the hearts of the people for the Word of Life. For the next year the blessing was so great that there was scarce a house or cottage for miles where the Son of Peace had not entered. In some houses whole families had confessed to salvation, while in others one, two, three, four, or more were rejoicing in their Saviour; and such was the eagerness to hear the Word that more inhabitants than the parish contained were frequently at the meetings, many having to walk from three to seven miles and back. Many bright cases of true conversion took place, and some precious gems were gathered for the Saviour's diadem. One or two of these we must refer to.

Returning one afternoon from one of these happy meetings, George Brealey came upon a man breaking stones by the roadside. He gave him a tract, and asked if he could read it. He said he could not very well, but would try and get it read. "Do you know anything about the Lord Jesus Christ?" he was asked. "No." "Do you ever go to any place to hear the Gospel?" "Gospel? I don't know what that means." "Do you go to any preaching?" "Oh, I goes to church sometimes." "Well, what do you hear?" "Oh, I hears a sermon read." "But what is it about?" "I don't know." "Can you read in the Testament?" "Not much." "Can you read writing?" "No," "Do you ever get a letter?" "Sometimes, not often." "What do you do with it?" "Oh, I get it read to me." "If you got a letter this morning from a gentleman who had made his will, putting down your name for plenty of riches and a fine house, so that you would not have to break stones, would you think it worth the trouble to get it read?" "Yes, I should think so." "Well, there is a letter at your home that a rich Man has sent you. He has made His will, and put your name down for more riches than you can count, and a more beautiful house than you ever saw," He looked very puzzled. "Yes," said Mr. Brealey, "'tis true, and I am going to read this will *this evening*. Come and hear whether *your* name is in it." He came,

and found his name was *sinner*, and it was for sinners that the will was made; and as a sinner he heard the good news, believed it, and rejoiced in the Lord Jesus that he, so unworthy, had been made rich for ever. His subsequent life and godly testimony proved the reality of his faith and the power of the simple homely message to his soul; and after several years of patient waiting, he entered upon the "inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away." The Gospel was the same in its nature and effects to him as it was to the Thessalonian saints eighteen centuries before. It had come unto him "not in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance" (1 Thess. i. 5). And, thank God, it still retains its same transforming power—nor does it need to be embellished by human eloquence or garnished by the "enticing words of man's wisdom." In its own native simplicity lies its lofty grandeur, and therein it is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16). Would that *all* its preachers fully believed this, and *therefore* so declared it. Would not the same results be seen as in Apostolic days?

"MY HORSES AND BULLOCKS KNOW I'M CONVERTED."

Another remarkable case was the following:—A terrible blasphemer, and a most wicked young man, came to the meeting one Sunday afternoon.

The Word was spoken with much fear and trembling, as there were signs of disturbance from this young man and others, whom Satan had evidently stirred up to hinder the work. Mr. Brealey stopped a moment in his address, and, fixing his eyes on the young fellow, said very solemnly, "Young man, the eye of God is upon you. He sees what you came here for. Take heed lest His hand be upon you." He turned very pale, and left the house at once, and fled, as for his life, to his home, where his mother, who had lately been converted, was sitting reading the Bible. She was alarmed at the look of her son, and said, "What's the matter, Harry, are you ill?" He fell along the floor, crying, "Mother, I'm lost! Mother, I'm lost!" But instead of now being terrified, she began to sing and pray in turn, saying, "Get up, my boy; thee shan't be lost, for Jesus died to save the lost. Go back to the meeting and hear the other side. Thee hast heard what thee art; now go and hear what Jesus is, and what He has done for the lost." A wise mother this, and a wise son to hearken to such advice, though he had been so wicked a son before. He came to the evening service and listened for life, and there on the spot, the same hour, he was saved, and went home rejoicing in the Lord. Frequently his stentorian voice could be heard a

mile off, singing, "Hallelujah to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary, and saved such a sinner as me." One day Mr. Brealey was testing the reality of his conversion, before his baptism. He asked him what *proof* he could show of his true conversion to God. "What proof, sir? Why, my heart is full of joy for what the blessed Lord Jesus Christ has done for me. My master knows I'm converted. *My horses and bullocks know I'm converted.* They don't get any kicks and curses now, but kind words. Jesus has taught me to love, by loving me, a poor hell-deserving sinner. I used to hate you, sir, and would rather meet the Devil than you. I could have killed you, *and would have done it,* only I was afraid of you, for you sent the Word right home to my heart, and 'twas all true; but now I love you dearly, and would be ready to lay down my life for you." We need not say he was one, who, among many others, was publicly immersed in the river shortly after. By his means the Word spread, and many were brought to the Lord. "There was great joy" in that district as one after another were brought to know and love the Saviour.

GREAT FISH IN THE NET.

Great blessing from God to souls, brings forth great wrath from Satan. So we have always found. Attacks upon Satan's kingdom are like an invading

army, and are met by a resisting power. These many souls' rescued from his grasp were like so many cities and strongholds taken from Satan's dominion, and their capture would be sure to call for fresh trouble and war from his forces; and so it proved. In visiting this district one day, George Brealey was met with sad faces and tears from some who had been very bright and happy. The cause was this: A family had just come into their midst, and had taken a house between two Christian families, and near several others. On the first day of their coming the Christians were cursed as if by a demon of evil, and were defied as if by Goliath. This continuing day by day, they were greatly discouraged, so that when Mr. Brealey came among them, their cry was, "The Devil is roaring sure enough." "Hallelujah!" he replied, "The Lord keep us from a quiet Devil *till he is bound*. Now God has brought this big fish into your net, and you must hold *hold him fast*. You must, all of you, have special prayer for him. Have an *all-night* prayer meeting. God will answer your believing prayers." They had prayer every night for him for several nights, and on the following Sunday evening Mr. Brealey came to the place, and, as usual, the meeting room was so crowded, that the yard outside was full. As he passed into the cottage, he saw a man, a stranger to him, and

something seemed to say, "That's the man who has given so much trouble." He was sitting on a wheel-barrow turned up, for want of any other seat. Putting his hand on the man's shoulder, he said, "There will be no seats in hell," and passed on. "He followed close to my heels," says Mr. Brealey in his diary, "and got a standing place against the wall. The word was solemn, and the message went home to his heart. He left before the meeting was half over, and ran with all his might to his home. Shutting himself up in his bedroom, he cried for mercy, and those whom he had cursed, he called to pray with him." *The fish was landed.* He became an active spreader of the good news, and has had the joy of seeing many of his family converted, and he himself continues a diligent worker for God.

We must omit many striking instances of conversion which occurred at this time, and many details of the work in the neighbourhood. A large volume might easily be filled with interesting particulars. Suffice it to say, that the numbers attending the meetings had so increased, and believers were so continually added to the Lord, that the little cottage had become too small for the converts. A passage of scripture seemed to come as a direct message from the Lord at this time:—"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let

them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation: spare not, lengthen Thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles" (Isa. liv. 2, 3). And in order to carry this out, George Brealey says, "We were again on our knees for the money to build; and in due time a suitable room for the district was erected." Here a day and Sunday school were established, and for many years were maintained by Mr. George Möller, of Bristol. A very godly man (Mr. E. Denne) and his family were led to take up their residence in that out-of-the-way spot, remaining there to this day: he—a diligent labourer and a godly pastor, caring for the flock of God—receiving the help of his godly wife and believing children. And from that time till now God's seal of blessing has been on their service—souls being converted from time to time—both in visiting and preaching the Gospel. Many from that neighbourhood have left for various parts of this country, and are being blessed to souls; while, on the other hand, some from whom we hoped much, have disappointed our expectations, as is doubtless the case in every other part of the great harvest-field.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

While the work of the Lord had been thus prospering in the district to the *west*, another sphere

of labour had been opened up some miles to the east, on the *Brown Downs*; and if in the west there was so much spiritual destitution, the condition eastward was much more so. The first visit among these people, revealed a state of things as truly heathen as is to be found in many heathen lands. "Many with whom I conversed about eternal things," Mr. Brealey says in his journal, "were so ignorant that it was with difficulty I could get them to understand the simplest matters concerning their souls. Some did not appear to know they had any; they had 'heard about souls,' some said, but had 'never seen one,' and could not 'tell what they were like.' They had no idea that it was the hidden and undying part of themselves, nor could they distinguish the difference between their life and that of the brute creation. Many had not the least idea of having to appear before God to give an account of the deeds done in the body; and as to the Saviour—who He was, whence He came, and where He came—they had not the faintest conception." The following conversation took place between Mr. Brealey and a husband and wife (the parents of several children) at whose cottage he had called in 1868:—Seeing the children, he asked their ages; but such was ignorance of the parents, that they could scarcely tell the age of one; they only remembered that

one was born on Christmas Day. "I asked them," says Mr. Brealey, "if they could tell who was born on Christmas Day. The father said, 'Theek Miad there,' pointing to a child in the corner. 'Can you tell me who else was born on Christmas Day?' 'No: I nivver heard.' 'Can you tell me, mother?' I asked, turning to the wife. 'I don't know. I never heard,' she replied. 'And don't you know what Christmas Day means?' 'No.' 'Have you never heard that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into this world?' 'No; I don't know anything about Him.' 'Do you never go to hear the Gospel?' 'Don't know what that is.' 'Do you ever go to church or meeting?' 'No.' 'Can you read?' 'No.' 'Nor you?' (turning to the woman.) 'No.' 'Nor your children?' 'No.' 'Do you know you have a soul?' 'Don't know.' 'Where will you go when you die?' 'Don't know.' There are not a few as ignorant as this family in some of those dark parishes, with whom I came in contact in house-to-house visiting."

While their spiritual condition was so wretched, their bodily state was equally so. Scarce any of them could read or write, and superstition was rife. Several cottage meetings were held, and there was an ear for the Gospel; people came for miles to hear the Word, and many souls were awakened. Truly this was a desert—a barren wilderness. Yet there

were many of the Lord's sheep there; *lost ones* they were indeed, but had He not "come to seek and to save" them? And was not this the mission of His servants—to search them out? At one of the first meetings in this district, George Brealey said he wanted *a house full of sinners*, and if they could help fill the house with such he would be glad. One said, "You can have your wish granted, sir, for all the people about here be bad enough, I can assure you;" and when at the next meeting he could scarce get inside the door for the crowd, he said, "I have a message from God for all who are sinners." Many said, "Well, sir, we be *that*, whatever else we be. *We can't be woss.*" And then he preached from 1 Cor. vi., and asked them to mark the words which belonged to them each as he read them: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." But many of the words had to be explained before they could discover which belonged to each. "Now," he said, "you all have come from different parts, and you each know your own house from your neighbour's; each man knows his own hat from his neighbour's, and each mother knows her own child

from her neighbour's. So you must try and find out what belongs to you all and each from the words I read out of this Book." There was breathless attention as he again read the words and as the Holy Spirit applied them to the heart and conscience. The sword of the Spirit did its work, and many that night went away convicted of sin to cry for mercy. The next time he was in the neighbourhood he met a man wandering slowly on the road and coming towards him—a very fierce looking fellow, whose outward appearance showed him to be of the lowest criminal class. He spoke to him, and asked if he had been to the meeting. "Yes," he replied, "but I did not want you to expose me before *that lot*." "But," said George Brealey. "I did not expose you, as I did not know anything about you." "Well, but you asked us each to put down what belonged to us, and when you read out all them words, people looked at me, and I did not like to be stared at like that." "But why did you not put down the other side—'Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified.'?" "Coz I couldn't; that didn't belong to me, nor to anybody there among that lot. I'm an awful bad fellow, I know; but, bad as I be, I would not say that belonged to me." Mr. Brealey's reply to this was: "Both states were true of some as bad as you. They had been very bad, but they had been to Jesus,

and had their sins forgiven, so they had been washed and sanctified because they had received the message of mercy from God ; *and you may have the same.*"

He found his way to the cottage meeting in the evening. The room was uncomfortably packed with earnest listeners to the Word of Life. The address was on the nineteenth of Luke : " The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost ;" and G. Brealey sought to get at their understandings by describing the condition of the sinner as lost—lost to God. They were His property, but they had been decoyed away by Satan, the enemy of God and man, and their life of sin was the result of their being lost. But God had sent His Son to seek and save them, and when He came to this world He found them under the power of sin and Satan. They had sold themselves to do evil, and consequently they were a prey to the Evil One, who had held them in bondage, while their transgressions of the holy law of God kept them from heaven ; yet Jesus, to save them, suffered the punishment their sins had deserved. while at the same time His blood redeemed them from the power of Satan. So now, because of what Jesus had done by His death on the cross, full satisfaction had been made for the violated law of God, and sin removed ; so that God can now save the guilty, whoever they be, who by faith receive the Saviour as God's gift to them.

The Lord made the Word *life* to many that night, and this terrible sinner among them. He said at the close of the meeting, "Neighbours, *you all know me*. I've been the wickedest feller that ever lived. I can't say any good for myself, but I've been uncommon miserable ever since I was at the last meeting, and could have put an end to myself, only I was *afraid*. But, bless the Lord, I believe in He who died for such a vile sinner as me." Many there were who were helped to trust in the Lord through that simple testimony, while there were very few present who were not either rejoicing in the forgiveness of sin, or under deep trouble about the burden which, they said, crushed them down. They had only to understand what was the wages of sin, and each became a prey to the most terrible lashings of conscience, for the dread of judgment had fallen upon many; while such as had heard the message of mercy, and had received it, were "filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The scene widens; news flies from hill to hill, and the people flock from long distances to the meetings. Numbers are converted to God of all shades of character—from the quiet, orderly person to the vilest in man's esteem; drunkards, wife-beaters, immoral persons, fallen women, are brought to embrace the Gospel, until the character was gained of "picking up the Devil's castaways." "I

have no Saviour for any but sinners," he said to a wealthy farmer, who passed some uncomplimentary remarks on the persons who attended the meetings. "Sinners Jesus came to call; but did you ever consider, sir, that you shall spend eternity with thieves and bad characters?" He then read to him the story of the Crucifixion, when the Lord took one thief to heaven, and left the other for hell, and then went on to say, "As there are but two places in which to live after death, you are bound to have a place with one of them. To which place are you going, sir?" Alas! he refused to accept Christ as a sinner, and continued to walk the clean path of the broad road. May God awaken him, and all such, ere it be too late.

We cannot refrain from mentioning two more striking proofs in this district of the power of the simple old-fashioned Gospel—that Gospel which, alas! nowadays is held at a discount by "down-grade" preachers and people. We give it in Mr. Brealey's own words, as they were penned at the time, when the circumstances were fresh on his memory.

"AN ATHEIST'S CONVERSION."

" ' I wish you would call on ——,' said a man to me one day; ' he is the only one who has not been to the cottage meeting, and he is an awful bad

fellow; he don't believe in God or Devil.' I promised to call on this man, and soon after I knocked at the door of his house. I found he was a shoemaker, and was busy at his calling. He received me with scant courtesy, not offering me a seat, though there was one empty. There was a look about the man which seemed to say, 'You are not wanted here.' But, having got into the house, I did not intend to leave without endeavouring at least to bring him to the point; so, taking the empty chair, I said, "Empty seats have a voice for weary ones in the journey of life, and they say, "*Sit down.*" I therefore accept the *chair's silent invitation*, and sit down.' The man grunted some words which I did not catch; but noticing a finished boot which he had hung against the wall, I took it in my hand and examined it, both material and workmanship. I suppose there was something in the way I handled it, and spoke of the work, which was done exceedingly well, that made him look at me somewhat curiously. He then said, 'You seem to understand the trade, sir?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'this was my calling before I was *called of God to a better job*. I used to *make shoes for some who walked the way to hell*; now I am occupied in *giving people shoes which will take them to heaven*.' 'God! heaven! hell! I don't believe in either,' he said. 'Perhaps not,' I replied; 'but that does not alter the fact any more than if I were

to say that is not a *boot*, nor is that a *last*, nor that a *hammer*. The things are *facts*, whether I believe them or not; and if I were to tell all the people in the neighbourhood that this was not a house, or that the man who lives in it was not a human being, nor was there ever such a man, the people would laugh at me and call me a fool, because they would know better. And so for any one to say there is no God, in face of the thousands of proofs to the contrary, and that there is no heaven or hell, when we have abundant proof of it, is to expose his folly.' He endeavoured to argue the matter by human reasoning, saying he did not believe anything which he could not understand. But I do not believe much good comes from arguing with men by mere human reason. I know the power of the Word of God in the hand of the Holy Spirit—a two-edged sword, 'piercing and dividing asunder, and revealing the thoughts and intents of the heart;' I therefore sent some of the texts right home to this man, so that at last he was reluctantly obliged to admit that he was *not quite sure* there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no Devil. I left him with these words: '*There is a God—a holy, righteous God—a just God, who must exact satisfaction for sin. But he is also a God of infinite love, who hath loved rebellious man, and given His only begotten Son to save him. You must have to do*

with Him, either in His justice or His love; the one will be hell to you, or the other heaven.' When I next called he did not wish another encounter, so locked the door, but left the key *inside*. I could at once see the man was unwilling to receive me. I put a little book under the door, and lifted up my heart to God for a blessing on it, and left. My next visit was to me of the deepest interest. The atheist—no longer an atheist—was laid down with fever, from which there appeared no hope of recovery. He said, 'You did not see me the last time you were here.' 'No,' I replied, 'because you had locked the door.' 'Yes, I did, for I was afraid of you. But after you had left I was dreadfully unhappy, because I felt I had locked the door against one who sought to do me good. Then something kept saying. "You have rejected the Saviour in locking the door against His servant." Seeing a little book slipped under the door, however, I took it up, and read it over and over. The title of the book was "*No Rest in Hell*," and very soon I began to feel the hell had begun in me. "No rest!" rang in my heart day and night for many days. But there were some scriptures which spoke of rest in Jesus, and I took the Bible, which I had not read for twenty years, except to find out what I thought were its faults. Now I saw the *faults were in me*, and not in the Book. Well, sir, I read and read, till my heart was broken for my

sins, and now I thank God—yes, sir, there is a God—that He has pardoned me. He hath blotted out all my sins.' Now it was my turn to be a seeming unbeliever, for his words had taken me by surprise; and my countenance must have showed my incredulity, for the man looked troubled at my apparent unbelief. 'Sir,' he said, 'you don't seem to believe me; but 'tis true all I'm saying. Mary! Mary!' he called to his wife, 'bring me the Bible.' She handed it to him, and as he received the precious volume he said, 'Fool that I have been, to neglect thee so long; but thank God for opening my eyes at last!' Then he opened the Book to such places as he had turned down the leaves for easy reference. He read verse after verse, till he was exhausted, and then he wished me to continue. But all the scriptures were on the *justice* of God, the *love* of God, the *gift* of God, the *salvation* of God in Christ Jesus, the *repentance* and *faith* of the sinner, the consequent *pardon* and *blotting out* of sins by God, and the *peace* and *rest* to the soul who believes. As I read each verse he would emphasise them: 'Yes, that's *me*. I believe. Jesus died, the Just for the unjust; that's *me*. Ah! sir, I have done but little work since you were here. I have spent most of my time over the Book.' He must have worked very diligently and prayerfully to gain the knowledge of so many scriptures, which he evidently had made his

own. This man did all he could to undo his atheism, for he confessed salvation through Christ Jesus to all who came to see him ; while his soul was filled with peace and joy which only they have who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul magnifies the grace of God as one after another are subdued by His almighty power."

ANOTHER TROPHY OF GRACE.

"*Sanctified* by God the Father, and *preserved* in Christ Jesus, and *called* : *Mercy* unto you, and *peace*, be multiplied" (Jude i. 2). George Brealey had been speaking on the above words, and specially enlarging on the five points in the verses, showing the work of God among men ; that all mankind were alike under sin, and ruined ; that there was no difference as to man's estate before God, but that God in the riches of His grace was pleased to *separate* some from among men for his special service, to show forth His power and mercy. Such were *samples* taken from the mass, as a farmer takes a handful of corn from the heap in the barn and sets it aside for a purpose of his own. In like manner God had separated some sinners from their fellow-men for special reasons of His own, that through them He might make known what He can and will do with such to the praise of His glory. Then they are "*preserved* in Christ Jesus," and this long before they are aware of it, even while they in their lives

are at enmity with God, as Saul of Tarsus and many others mentioned in the Scriptures. Next they are "*called*"—and the call of God in such cases is an effectual call—some while young, as Samuel; others more advanced in years, as Saul. Then "*mercy*" meets the called one, for the call of God is always a call to His presence, which discovers the condition of the soul before Him. Isaiah, when called (in chapter vi.), said, "Woe is me! for I am undone; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." The sight of the Divine Presence revealed what before had been hidden, and the prophet had to learn that he was "a man of unclean lips." While another, in similar circumstances, said, "Oh, Lord I have heard Thy speech, and I was afraid. When I heard, my belly trembled; my lips quivered at the voice; rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled in *myself*, that I might rest in the day of trouble, when He cometh" (Hab. iii. 16). Nevertheless, the cry of the soul in its need is answered, as in Isaiah's case, with "*mercy*:" "iniquity is taken away, and sin purged," by the "live coal from off the altar;" whereupon follows "*peace*"—peace with God, peace in the light of His presence, notwithstanding all the sin discovered there, because all cleansed by the blood of Jesus, all atoned for by the Sacrifice. He was pressing home these truths, when a man arose and said he wished to say a few words.

Having permission, he spoke in words as near as possible to the following:—"I am, dear friends, one of the vilest of sinners, but, thanks be to God for His unspeakable love to me, I am saved through the blood of the Lamb, I never deserved anything but the lowest hell. Oh, what a wretch I have been! I have wandered all through England and Scotland. I have seen what the world calls 'life.' Life! What a cheat! What a lie! Oh! how the Devil cheats poor souls with that word 'life'! 'See life! See the world!' Well, I saw 'life,' as it is called. I have seen it in the ball-room, on the race-course, at the gambling-table. I have seen it among the respectable class of society, and I've seen it among the lowest. I've begun with what the world calls 'jolly life,' and I've come down to beg a piece of bread from a poor wretched tramp in a penny lodging-house. I have started with £200 in my pocket, and a first-rate suit of jockey clothes on my back, and have returned in rags that would disgrace a beggar. My life has been a scene of evil, nothing but evil; the Devil all the time trying to deceive me with the thought that it was no harm to anyone, though at times my soul shrank with horror at the end which was before me, until I would wander about in the fields ashamed of myself. So far did the old enemy drive me, that one day he told me that everybody had turned their back upon me, nobody would speak to me, nobody would

employ me, and I was outcast by all. So I determined to go to a distance and destroy myself. I borrowed a few shillings to go to Burnham, thinking I would go over to Wales and do it in some place where no one would know me. But when I got to Burnham the steamer had left, so I took train for Bristol. I wandered for hours on the quay, with the terrible purpose of destroying myself; but a woman dodged me, and so prevented my carrying out my wicked intention. I was determined to plunge into the water, but was afraid she would give an alarm and I should be put in prison. At last, wearied with myself, I asked her where I could get a lodging. She told me the only place open was a few yards from the spot. I went, and if ever in all my wickedness I experienced hell it was in that house, where a number of wretched men and women were cursing and fighting. Something seemed to say to me 'This is what you will have always in hell, with unutterable torment.' This state of things in the house and in my soul became so intolerable that I could not endure it longer. I rushed out to the street, and found many persons about, but scarcely any shops open. I asked if it was Sunday, and the answer was, 'No, it is a *fast-day*.' I followed some persons to a chapel. I wanted to get rid of myself or my wretched feelings, but the meeting was a misery to me. I got no good there. I wanted something, I

knew not what. At length I took boat for Cardiff, and got there in time to hear a man preach to some roughs like myself. Well, he seemed to know all about me. He seemed to know my life all through, for he brought it all before me. Oh, how I shuddered as I saw my life exposed before all the people ! and then I remembered it was all to come out again at some future time before the Judge of all. I left in agony. But the Lord was about to reveal Himself to me. I was wandering one Sunday afternoon after this in a field near Taunton, unfit for the company of man, and infinitely less for God or His presence. Here I met with one who seemed in somewhat the same state, and we both went to a prayer meeting, where the Lord gave me some hope. On the next Sunday I came to *these hills*, and *here* my burdened soul was set at liberty through faith in Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour. The sermon was from John vii. 37 — 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.' If ever thirsty soul existed, it was I. But there and then I stooped down and drank, and now I live. Since then I have been a new man ; I have a new life ; I have new objects before me—something to live for. Yes ; and my joy has been to seek to bring others into the same state of blessing. Some call me 'fool,' others say I am mad. Well, thank the Lord, He hath said in His Word, 'If any man will be wise, let him become a fool, that he may be

wise.' I don't know much of His love or of His Word, but what I know makes me glad."

From that time he lived a new life, and would be found scouring the streets of the town, or the country lanes, hunting up the stray ones; and frequently he would get from thirty to sixty into the Bible class or mission room, some hatless and coatless, shoeless, and in rags—it was no matter to him; he would say "You are no worse than I was when the Saviour found me." His kind, cheery way told on his rough audience, and many a poor wanderer heard the Word from his lips, uttered from the depths of a heart filled with the love of God; till, overtaken by a severe thunderstorm while on these hills seeking the wanderers, he took cold and inflammation, and speedily sank. He went home, full of joy from his service here, to happier service for the King there, where there are "pleasures for evermore."

NEED OF SCHOOLS.

As G. Brealey visited this district from time to time, he found that the Lord had blessed the preaching of the Gospel to the awakening and conversion of many souls. These, when brought into the light, began to find out their ignorance of many things, especially of the Scriptures. Not being able to read, they deplored this state of things, and wished he would *open schools*, so that their children should not grow up like themselves. After much prayer and

consideration, a place was sought where a commencement could be made. He found two cottages on the roadside which had, he was informed, been occupied previously with thieves, who had given the police no small trouble. But the Gospel had begun to purify the district by laying hold of some of the vilest characters and driving away the rest. So possession of the cottages was obtained. These were gutted, and formed into a good mission room (more recently still improved, and at the present time two services are held every Sunday, with a capital Sunday school). It was at that time *rough*, like the people, but suitable. Here the people met on Lord's Days for Gospel meetings at first; then followed meetings for breaking of bread and worship, and a Sunday school, the Lord raising up helpers among the converts for the needs of the work. But the *day* school was the difficulty, as none appeared able to read and write sufficiently well to undertake to start a work of this kind. Several were tried, but all failed from one cause or another. At length George Brealey was visiting a family at a farm in the neighbourhood where God had blessed the Word to the mother and the eldest son. Then followed another son, and then a sister; then the father. The one burden on the heart of the dear mother was the eldest son, who had but one arm. She longed for him to be in the Lord's work, and his heart was aglow with love for

souls. Would he take him and give him something to do for the Lord? He found him better taught than most in the neighbourhood, and the day school was given to him. Here this dear brother continued for several years, teaching the young and preaching the Gospel, with blessing to many souls, until he felt called to another sphere of service for the Lord, in which service he has continued till the present day, enlarging his efforts and increasing in usefulness. This dear servant of Christ (Mr. John Denning), is now engaged in nobly "pushing the battle to the gate" in the neighbourhood of Southsea, having established an undenominational mission there, adding tent preaching and Bible-carriage work to the more usual methods of Gospel effort.

JOURNEYING EASTWARDS.

Having, by the help of the Lord, established permanent meetings, with a day and Sunday school, in this locality—called Holmin Clavil—he went on next to Bishopswood, a straggling hamlet about three miles to the east. He had been told of an aged pilgrim who had for some years been preaching the Gospel to his neighbours, and that a few believers had been gathered to the name of the Lord. He called upon him, and found an ancient man, hyper-Calvanistic in his views of truth, and narrow in consequence, but he *loved the Lord and loved the Scriptures*. He had just built a small room for

meetings in a part of his house. Here he heartily invited him to preach the Gospel. A Lord's Day was fixed, and at the appointed hour George Brealey was on the spot. He found some six persons present at the "breaking of bread," the old pilgrim *presiding*. Everything was of the quaintest description. The wine was held in a small mug; the loaf was placed beside it; no plate, and no table-cloth. A large "collection box" looked frowningly down on the whole. The service was in keeping with the accompaniments, but it was real and true. At the close George Brealey announced to the small congregation the Gospel services for the afternoon and evening, and then went to hunt up the non-church and chapel goers. At the appointed time the little room was packed. He started a lively hymn from R. Weaver's book, which many who had been to some of the meetings in other places had learnt, and heartily sustained. The singing was not as melodious or harmonious as he would have liked, but it was hearty if homely—"a joyful noise" indeed—and, coming from some hearts at least which had been made glad by Divine love, it was assuredly pleasant in the ears of the Lord. At the close of the day there were many who were asking what they must do to be saved. The dear old saint had been greatly stirred up, and wished him to come again as often as he could. The people, too, had tasted the

love of God in the Gospel, and many of these would walk several miles to the nearest preaching place—often coming to Clayhidon, a distance of nine miles. Mr. Brealey says, "One good effect of my early visits to this place was that the aged pilgrim became younger in his ways, and even began open-air services in the village, which was noted for its wickedness, and in the adjoining parish, famous for its ritualism."

Time passed on; the saintly pilgrim crossed the "narrow stream" to the "other side," but the meetings were continued by G. Brealey, his son (who had by this time joined his father in the work), and by Mr. J. Denning, and others whom the Lord raised up. In course of time the numbers increased, and blessing to souls was so continuous that it was thought desirable to build a mission room here too. A godly young man (Mr. Joseph Bowerman) came to reside in the village, to labour for the Lord in the Gospel in connection with the "Blackdown Mission," and largely did God own his efforts. "Believers were added to the Lord," an assembly was formed, and at length a neat and convenient mission room was built in 1874.

The day school at Holmin Clavel had outgrown its accommodation, and, under the management of two earnest young men who had been converted at Clayhidon (Messrs. Edwin and Wm. Redwood),

flourished into a well-organised establishment. This, for the sake of greater convenience, was transferred to the new mission room at Bishopswood, and there continued to prosper. Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, undertook to maintain it free of expense to Mr. Brealey, and for some years did so, until reluctantly obliged from lack of funds to discontinue its support. "Ebenezer" was written on the past, and "Jehovah-Jireh" (engraved on a stone in the front gable of the mission room) was the watchword for the future. Up to the present it has proved no false hope. The school is still continued, and is supported entirely by the funds of the Blackdown Mission*. The little church holds together, and the Gospel meetings every Lord's day are well sustained under the diligent and godly care of Mr. J. B. Radcliffe, who with his earnest wife and family, resides in the place, and for several years has combined the arduous duties of pastor, preacher, and school master.



*All communications in connection with the Mission should be addressed to W. J. H. Brealey, Clayhidon, Wellington, Somerset.



CHAPTER X.

TALKS BY THE WAYSIDE.

"These words shall be in thine heart . . . and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way."—Deut. vi. 6, 7.

"Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of this below."

"Out in the highway, out in the by-way,
Out in the dark paths of sin,
Go forth, go forth, with a loving heart,
And gather the lost ones in."

F. J. VON ALSTYNE.

"FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE."

IT was his determination to "nail the colours to the masthead," and not to lower them for friend or foe ; and having been satisfied that God had led him to the work which he had so earnestly commenced, he was determined not to

leave the field, but from day to day to fight manfully the battles of the Lord; neither to meet trouble half way, nor sheath the sword in the scabbard of cowardice. His resolve was to make a personal attack on the kingdom of Satan, by dealing faithfully with every soul he met, old or young, and as far as lay in him, to preach the Gospel to *every creature*. His world was the Black down Hills for the time being, and he would not let anyone pass without at least endeavouring to speak to them of God's love, of Jesus Christ His Son, who "came into the world to save sinners," of Heaven and of Hell, and if possible to force men and women to think of Eternity. That word "Eternity" had been graven on his mind from the moment he saw his neighbour Evans hanging dead in the stairway, and to the last it was never effaced. One of his early resolutions made before God was never to let a day pass without endeavouring to lead some soul to Jesus. To this end he was found diligently dealing with souls on all parts of the Hills, seeking to carry the light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, often many many miles from his home. Taking a few biscuits in his pocket, he would start off early in the morning, frequently going the whole day with nothing to eat save the morsel he carried with him, returning some times after midnight. Some strange and interesting

scenes, and precious reaping seasons, it was his joy to witness. We will give a sample of such a day's pioneering.

Leaving home after an early breakfast, his desire was to reach a distant part of the hills, and, if possible, hold a meeting in the village before returning. He had scarcely gone a mile when, meeting a man who was felling a tree by the roadside, he stopped and asked him if he could tell what he was thinking about. "Well, I dare say thee'rt always thinking about thee 'ligion" (religion). He replied, "It is written in the Bible 'The axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire'" (Matt. x. 10). "I tho'rt no; thee't a walking Bible. Thee's always got the Bible in thee mouth;" and then he began to abuse him in very strong words. He would have continued his abuse, had not a man come by crying, "Herrings! herrings!" He said, "Listen to that man: hear what he says;" and he looked for an explanation. He then said, "Why don't you abuse that man for his cry?" "What right have I to do that? That's his business." "Yes," he replied, "It is his business to cry 'Herrings!' and it is my business to cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' Now the Devil does not hate fish, but he does hate *Christ*; and he makes you his tool to abuse the

servants of Christ who seek your soul's salvation, that he may have you in hell." The word went home, and the abuse ceased; and from that time there was a listening ear and, we trust, a heart softened to receive the Word of Life.

Continuing his journey, he was met by a woman who asked him if he had heard of the "bad luck" which had fallen upon Mr. ———, and then, with a significant shake of the head he was told the man had been bewitched, and that the white-witch was to be consulted, would he go to see him? The wife of this "bewitched" man had attended the meetings, and had been truly converted, but had met with much ill-treatment at the hands of her husband, who had vowed to "love and cherish her while life shall last." The Evangelist knew this unhappy individual therefore, and had more than once spoken faithful words of truth to him. On the last occasion, when passing his house, he was saluted by this unhusbandly individual, with "Good morning, Sir, 'tis a fine morning." He stopped, and looked to the Lord for a fitting word for him, and replied, "Yes, another witness against the day of your trial." "*My trial!*" he asked, with astonishment. "Yes; have you not received a writ? If not, there is one out against you, and you will need a good counsel to get you through." He appeared at a loss to grasp the meaning, when

George Brealey said he referred to the day of judgment, when for every idle word, as well as for every wicked act, he would have to give account; and then added, "There will be *many witnesses*. Each rainy day, as well as sunshine, each seed-time as well as harvest, will be a witness against you; and I shall be a witness, for many times have I warned you of your danger; and, finally, God Himself will be a 'swift witness' against you." He then read to him Malachi iii. 5; Acts xiv. 17, xvii. 31. He appeared to be much affected with the Scriptures read and the words spoken, and thanked him for speaking to him as he had done.

And now some time after he was desired to visit him. He at once hastened to the house of the suffering man. On his arrival he found him in great pain from a complication of complaints, which no medicine appeared to relieve. He found also there was *soul* sickness upon him: the fears of death and the terrors of hell were alarming him, and he was in trouble and sorrow. He said in reference to his pain, that he thought some one had "power" over him (for he was a believer in witchcraft.) He replied, "Yes, some one has power over you; in fact, *two* persons have power over you, and I can tell you their names." "Can you? I wish you would," he eagerly said, "I would make them suffer for it." He replied, "You

are not able, for one of these persons is the *Devil*, who has been dwelling in your heart, and leading you into sin all your life, and you are not strong enough to cast him out. The other Person who has power over you is *God*." Then opening his Bible, he read Job. xxxiii, 14-30, dwelling specially on the 19th and following verses: "He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain: so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out. Yea, his soul draweth near to the grave, and his life to the destroyers." As these words were read and dwelt upon, the consciousness of his danger became so alarming that he said, in deep agony, "Then I shall surely go to hell; the hand of God is upon me. He has found out my sins, and He will surely punish me for ever." "No," he replied; "The very reason that His hand is upon you is to show you mercy—to keep back your soul from the pit, that your life may see the light." He then read, "If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to show unto man his uprightness; then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a Ransom." "Now," he said, "I am a messenger, come with a message from God to you, and the

message is about the Lord Jesus Christ, the Ransom whom God gave to save sinners; and if you receive the message of God concerning His Son, Jesus Christ, you will be saved from hell and delivered from this pain." He was deeply moved at these words. Tears came to his eyes, and he wept for his sins, confessing his wickedness to God in an agony of soul in the presence of his wife. The message of salvation from God was made plain to him, and he there and then *accepted* it, and found peace in believing. Before he left him, being asked if he thought he would recover, he replied, "Yes, if you have truly come as a poor needy sinner, and received the message from God; for it is written, 'His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth: He shall pray unto God, and He will be favourable unto him, and he shall see His face with joy.' Therefore, if this be real in you, you will get well without any help from man." From that hour he got better, and in a few days was perfectly well. I need not say he did not go to the "white witch," but lived to prove the reality of his conversion.

Passing from thence he pursued his course. Entering a village, he went from house to house, leaving a tract, and, if able, entering into conversation with the inmates. Knocking at the door of a decent cottage, a voice said, "Come in!" He

entered and found two women sitting by the fire. They looked strangely at him as he offered them a little book, and told them there was nothing to pay for it.

Presently one of them looked up and said, "Who be you, Sir?" "What do'ee travel with?" He replied, "I am a poor sinner, saved by grace: and I travel with the Word of life, the good news of salvation:" and asked whether they had heard about this good news. "There ain't much good news comes to us I reckon." He replied, "Wretched indeed must that household be which never received any good news;" but added, "if you have never heard any good news before, I have something to tell you that has made thousands of poor wretched hearts glad, and will make yours also glad, if you can receive it." He then told them of sin, and the ruin it had brought upon man; and also of God's remedy for sin, which is found in the death of Jesus Christ the Son of God, and preached a present salvation to them. Presently the oldest of the women replied, "Well, maister, we ban't no gert things o' scholars, but stupid as we be, we ban't going to hear that." "Hear what?" "Why, that we be all alike, and that there is nobody good, and that none of us can get to heaven. Why I ha' lived here in this one parish, and in one name, fifty-six years, and never was out of the

parish all the time, and went to church every Sunday, and lived upright and down-straight like the fore-leg of a dog, and paid my honest due; and if I don't stand a good chance, I don't know what will become of my neighbours." He replied, "It is all right to pay our debts, and live decently; but if this is your hope of heaven, you will stand no better chance than some of your neighbours."

Then having read some scriptures, which had the effect of greatly subduing them, he called at another house, and found a man sitting with his pipe and a large mug of cider. A woman, who came to the door, at once introduced him, supposing he had some business to settle with the farmer. He said, after a moment's pause, that he was passing through the village, and intended to preach the Gospel in the evening, and that he was calling at every house to invite the people to hear some good news from a far country. "What, be you a parson?" "No, I am not a parson, but a man saved from hell through Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who died in my stead." "Be you a meetingjer?—because our parson says all meetingers will be sure to go to hell." He replied, "It is a great mercy that it does not depend upon what any man saith. God settles all about who shall go to hell, and who shall go to heaven; and it is well for us to see to which place we are going, is it not?" "Well, yes, that's all right

enough. Sit down and take a pipe and a tip of drink." "No, thank you," he replied, "I drink water and never smoke; but I will sit down with you a little, if I may." "What, never smoke, and drink water! You won't live long that way." "Yes, I shall," he replied. "I shall live in heaven: and since my sins were all forgiven, I have a drink that makes me stronger and happier than anything I ever had before." "What do 'ee say? All your sins forgeed?" "Yes, thanks be to God." "But you don't mean to tell me you be a real forgeed?" "Yes, sir, for many years; and this is what I want to speak about to-night—how I got it, and how you all may have the same." He shouted, "Missus, missus, come here! I say, missus, what do'ee think? The gentleman do say that all his sins be real forgeed, and he be gwain to tell us all about it to-night. What do'ee think o't? All his sins forgeed, don't smoke, and don't drink any cider or beer! Well, that's strange anyhow; and he ban't a parson or meetinger. Well, well, I'll go up to hear 'ee to-night." A few more words, and then he left for another house, where depths of poverty stared him in the face. On all sides misery was apparent, a sick child in the mother's arms, with half-a-dozen more shoeless and ragged children about; broken furniture; everything told of misery and want. The husband was

not a strong man, and was often sick. They hadn't any bread, nor anything but a raw turnip, and no fire until she had gone to pick up some sticks, and she could not put the baby out of her arms. Here was a case for temporal help; so he sent out one little one to gather a few sticks, while another was despatched for some bread; a neighbour was paid a trifle for helping the poor woman, and some medicine was given to the little sufferer (for he carried his medicine-chest with him.) Soon all was changed in its outward aspect; and a few loving words from the Book of Life were addressed to them, which drew many tears from the woe-stricken mother, who followed him to the door with tearful eyes, saying, "Do'ee come again; for I never had such a friend to come in like that." Promising to call again, if the Lord permitted, he went on his journey, visiting many who had no regard, it would seem, for their souls, until he came to a carpenter's shop, where some men were having their dinner. The master was present, and he asked him to accept a tract. "What is it about?" he inquired. He replied, "It is a narrative of a man who had received pardon from God for all his sins." "But I don't believe it," he observed, "so 'tis no use leaving it with me." He replied, "Your not believing it does not alter the fact. Forgiveness of sins is a great truth found in the Word of God, who cannot lie; and whether

you believe it or not, it remains the same for the joy and comfort of all who will receive it from God." At this he said some very unkind things about preachers in general, and of the clergyman of the parish in particular, winding up his speech by saying, "So I don't go to hear any of them."

Not heeding his remarks about the ministers, which was meant to be a block to further conversation on such subjects, the Evangelist asked him if he had a Bible. "Yes," he replied. "Will you get it?" He soon got the Book, and the persistent visitor read to him the following Scriptures: Acts x. 38-43; xiii. 37-41, Rom. iii, 24-26; iv. 7, 8. "Now," he said, "from these scriptures (and many others you will find, if you look,) you will see that forgiveness of sins is declared unto all who believe in God, who raised up Jesus Christ from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification: therefore by grace I can say all my sins are forgiven. This blessed truth I have enjoyed for many years; and what I have received from God is freely preached to you." As he was thus speaking, many gathered round the shop to hear, and many thanks, and hearty shakes of the hand, told that the Word had not been rejected.

Leaving this shop, he next entered a cottage where some great cats with ruffled fur and a wild aspect, as if they would spring upon any intruder,

met his gaze. Perched in a corner sat an old weird-looking woman. She screamed out, "What do 'ee want here?" He told her he had a nice book to give her. "Can't read it," she screamed out. "Will you let me read a little to you?" "Can't hear it." And the cats kept showing their claws, hissing, and marching round him as if they would spring upon him. "But you can hear what I say to you?" "I don't want any of yer preaching stuff here," she exclaimed. "So then you are determined to die in your sins?" "Die! die! I ban't gwain to die, though I be an old woman. I'm sa good as yer young struts. Die! die! I can dance a hornpipe now;" and suiting the action to the word, she jumped about, threw up her arms and legs, and strutted about as if she would defy death: though she was, as she said, nearly ninety years old. "Yes," he remarked, "you are very active for a woman of your years; but still," he added, "God, who made you and has given you strength beyond your years, will yet call you to an account for all his mercies, and a day of reckoning will come for all your sins; for He hath said, it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment. And what about your many sins?" "Sins! sins! I han't committed no sins. I tell 'ee I won't hear it; get out, get out;" and then followed a volley of evil words too bad to mention. It seemed as if a legion of evil spirits had taken

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possession of this poor old creature. However, a little book was left, with an invitation to the meeting. In the evening some two hundred came together to hear the Word, and a very deep feeling prevailed. Many cheeks were wet with tears, and some rejoiced to hear that souls could be saved at once, because Jesus had died; that a perfect settlement for sin had been made by Him, and that God was glorified in saving all who trusted in Him. One said after the meeting, "I see, I see it all as clear as the sky," "What do you see?" he was asked. "Why, sir, I see 'tis God and Jesus have all to do with settling about sin, and we have only to receive the pardon. This is so different from what we have been told, that we must say our prayers and keep the commandments; but somehow, though I have heard about the Saviour, I could not make out what was His part and what was mine; but I see it all clear now. God's part was to love the world, and to send His Son; Jesus' part was to come and suffer death, and bear our sins and pay all the debt: and then God raises Him from the dead, takes Him up to heaven, and sends us word that if we believe in Him we shall not perish but be saved; and our part is to take the pardon and be thankful." "Yes," was the reply, "and have you taken the pardon?" "Yes, sir, I have. I see Jesus now; I only heard about Him before, and that not very often." Leaving the

Word of the Lord to His care, watering it with fervent prayer, he left for home with the hearty thanks of the people (many a hard and horny hand of toil gripping his own), as they said, "Do 'ee come again."





CHAPTER XI.

VILLAGE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

"The Gospel—the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Rom. i. 16.

"The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—Isaiah xxiv. 8.

"O, how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile.
From ostentation, as from weakness, free,
It stands like the carulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star;
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—Believe and live!"

COWPER.

IT had been for many years his earnest endeavour to let no day pass without bringing the realities of eternity before some souls, and this led him to go from house to house and from village

to village in the desire to win souls for Christ. The Gospel is God's mighty lever to lift "the poor from the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill," while it is the mighty leveller of all which man's pride has exalted in opposition to God. How grandly suitable is the "old, old story" to the case of everyone! A divine panacea, it brings life and healing to the most hopeless and helpless, to the poor and ignorant, and to the high and learned. We are sometimes apt to look to great towns and large agencies for proofs of the wonder-working effects of the Gospel; but the same mighty results are as apparent in the "highways and hedges" as among the "streets and lanes of the city." We give a few instances among hundreds similar, showing beyond the shadow of a doubt that God had called him to the work of an Evangelist, and had peculiarly fitted him for individual dealing with souls. His custom was to call at every house with a tract or little book, and if asked to come in he took the opportunity of reading the Scriptures and drawing the inmates into conversation on subjects of vital interest.

THE CONVERTED PUBLICAN AND HIS WIFE.

There was a certain house of no enviable notoriety, where many men and women squandered their earnings, and wasted their time, to the neglect of their homes and families. He had heard of the evils said to be practised there, and some said, "Why

don't you try your hand on them?" He called one day, with his pocket full of tracts and little books, and sat for a little while conversing with the men and women he found there; and as he pressed home the matters of the soul and eternity, the eternal sorrow of the lost over their mis-spent hours and the neglect of their best interests, one after another left the unfinished cups and hastened out. This was his first visit, and the last for some time; for when he passed again he found the door bolted *inside* against him. He knocked again and again, but received no reply. He still persisted, and continued knocking until those from within saw clearly that he did not intend to leave without an answer. He could hear the smothered laugh from the tap-room, and now and then observed the head of someone peering through behind the window-blind to see if he were still there. Then again he knocked, and this time was answered by the landlord saying, "We don't want you to-day. He tried to hold a parley with him from outside the door, but "No," he said; "you spoil our trade, shan't let you in any more." So there was no help for it, he must leave. Selecting a striking tract suitable to the circumstances, he hid it in the hedge close by the door, and sought a blessing on this "sowing." Several months passed before he heard anything more of the tract or the people. One day, however, he was passing before the door, when the landlord

saluted him with "Good morning, sir: you don't call to see us now." "No," he replied, "you shut me out, and in doing so shut the door against the mercy of God, which I was bringing to you." "I'm sorry I did it," he said; "I have never been sorry but once, and that has been *ever since*. Things ain't right since then. The missus be in a sad way. She would be glad if you would call in." He called, and found her in great trouble of soul. She had found the book in the hedge, and had read it over and over, until she seemed to see hell open before her, and all her sins condemning her—how she had used various means to keep the men drinking till they had spent all their money and left their little ones to starve; and worse than all, she thought, she had shut the door against the messenger of God, and she felt this was a terrible sin. He sought to show her God's way of peace, namely, repentance—giving up the sinful ways by turning to God and receiving the Lord Jesus Christ by faith. He did not spare the husband, but told him of the awful consequences of such a life of sin. The Word was blessed to them both. His next visit was one of singular interest. The man and his wife both confessed to salvation. He said, "If this be true, you will have to give up this drink business, for you cannot carry on such a trade and keep a good conscience." They had already felt this, and resolved to give it up as soon as the stock of drink had been sold. He

said, " Better turn the tap and let the whole run into the gutter than continue the trade." This they were not prepared to do; but they said they would not sell a drop to anyone who was the worse for drink, and further, when sold out would not order any more. But when once we fail to obey the voice of conscience in matters of wrong, we may go on to stifle it altogether; and though they kept as close as they could to their promise not to supply drink to anyone already the worse for it, yet when the last barrel was tapped they were foolish enough to order another lot, which had *just arrived when Mr. Brealey happened to pass the door.* They were ashamed to be found unfaithful in this matter. He spoke solemnly to them of the sin of breaking their word, of the dishonour to God, of the loss of their own strength, and the consequent advantage given to Satan, and, finally, of the trouble which must come on them if they persisted in the evil business. On leaving them he said, " If you are truly converted to God, and don't leave the business, He will deal with you. He will rid you out of the house. He may *burn it over your head.*" He little dreamt then that the words would so soon be literally fulfilled. Yet so it was, for while they were gone to a distant town the house caught fire, and the whole was destroyed. On their return at night they found God had delivered them from the evil business; and while they suffered much less

as to their goods and trade, they both thanked God that He had done for them what they ought to have done long before for themselves. They rejoiced that the true home and inheritance remained to them, and this could not be burned or moved. They soon found they could get on far better with an honest calling than by selling drink; God was with them and has prospered them to this day.

"MAKE IT PLAINER."

Reference has been made in an earlier chapter to the execution of a man in Exeter for murder, and the wonderful dealings of God in connection with the circumstance were intimated. We here give them in Mr. Brealey's own words, extracted from his "Narrative of Facts," published in 1873:—
"It is now eleven years since the Lord first led me (contrary to my expectation), to these hills, and little did I think that the distribution of tracts several years before this, at the execution of a man for murder, from these hills, would have been a link in the chain of circumstances that would end in my removal to this place, and also that I should have to reside in the house of the murdered man, close to the spot where it took place, and that God should use the execution as a means of life eternal to the mother of the murderer, and moreover that I should be a channel of blessing to the widow and son of the murdered man. But facts are sometimes stranger

than fiction. I had been asked by a poor woman to come and pray with her aged mother, as she was in much trouble of soul and could not see her way. I visited this aged person, and found her in great anxiety, 'because,' she said, 'I don't know where I am going. 'Tis all dark. I don't see my way.' I asked her what she wanted to see. She replied, 'I want to know where I am going.' I told her, 'Some are going to heaven, and some are going to hell. Those who go to heaven are those whose sins are washed away in the precious blood of Jesus, and who have received Him as their only Saviour; and those who go to hell are those who do not accept, but reject the blessed Saviour;' and I sought to make the words easy to her understanding; but she said with eagerness, '*Make it plainer, that I may take it.*' I had been asking the Lord to help her, and I said to her, 'I was passing this morning a cross-road, and I read these words upon a pillar, "On this spot Mr. B—— was murdered by G—— S——, who was executed at Exeter for the horrid crime." Now,' I said, 'suppose G—— S—— had been tried at Exeter, and found guilty, and condemned to be hanged, and someone had come forward and said, "I will be hanged for G—— S——;" and suppose the law would allow such a thing to be done, what would the judge have done with G—— S——?' She burst into an agony of

grief, and wrung her hands in anguish of heart as she sobbed out ' My poor George ! my poor George ! there was nobody to take his place, and he had to be hung.' I had unknowingly touched a chord of deep grief in her heart. I did not know till then that there was any relationship between the two ; but there was a link of love that even death under its most terrible form could not obliterate. I sought to soothe the troubled heart by saying that it was not often to be found among men that the innocent would take the place of the guilty. But what man would not do for his fellow-man the Lord Jesus Christ had done. We all had been found guilty by the law of God, and the sentence of death had been passed upon all, for that all have sinned. Yet the righteous God did not want any of us to perish, so He gave His own Son to die for us, and He was willing to be hunged in our stead. ' Now, if G—— S—— did truly believe in this Saviour—for He was told about Him—then his soul is safe, though his body suffered.' And while I sought to show her that if some one had taken her son's place he would be set free, she was able at once to lay hold of the blessed truth. I told her that a very wicked man *had been set free*, while Jesus took his place ; and that a thief went straight from the gallows to heaven because he believed in Jesus while in the act of dying. And I sang to her a

verse of the hymn—

'The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And thus may we, though vile as he,
Wash all our sins away.'

From that hour she 'saw clearly.' It was no longer dark. She could sing for joy, until, some time after, she passed away, as she said, 'to be with the Lord.'

"A POOR SCULLERY MAID."

He had been seeking to help some of the poor during a time of severe snow, and was not a little cheered to find the Words of God he had sown years previously bearing precious fruit in a poor woman whom he found in deep trial. Her face was lighted up by the peace of God within, which had evidently lifted her above her surrounding troubles. Asking her if she knew the Lord, she replied, "I don't know *much* about Him; but I am thankful that He knows me. The little I do know of Him fills me with joy which is more than I can tell." He asked her how long since she first discovered this wondrous love of God to her. "Some years since," she said, "Do you remember one time when you were preaching in the open-air, you said, 'Perhaps there is some one listening to me whom God has set his heart upon?' You mentioned the case of a servant of Christ who called all the family to prayer in the inn where he was staying, and when all were

seated he looked around and asked if all were present. The man replied, 'Yes, except a poor scullery-maid.' When she was called, she was the only one who appeared to listen, and she afterwards became a most useful Christian. I was a scullery-maid then, living with Mrs. S——, and when you called to have some refreshment, I listened through a crack in the door to what you said to her about her soul. It was then the Word of Life entered into my heart, and I was born again. I am sure I was converted at that time, and, though I have had very great trials since, yet the Lord has been with me in them all. And my desire is to live to His glory, and my delight is to tell of His love to my class of little ones whom I seek to lead to Jesus."

He thus had the whole circumstances of that open-air service brought back to his recollection. It had appeared to him to be fruitless, for Mrs. S—— is, as far as we know, still unconverted. Many others also who then listened to the Word of Life are to this day what they were then. But, thanks be to God, some besides the poor scullery-maid received the truth, and are living in the power of it, while some have been brought into Christian fellowship, and a useful Mission work is being carried on in the place.

He had just closed a Gospel meeting, when his attention was drawn to a respectable man, who

appeared to be deeply affected. Without appearing to notice him, he spoke to another man sitting before him, who, from his manner, was either perfectly indifferent to the subject, or *forcing* the Word. He said in passing him, "Well, friend, *just as you like*. If you will not accept salvation as God's free gift to you, another will be found to take the gift. Your place will be filled by some one else." He then spoke to the man on whom his eye had been resting, and asked if he had understood the things he had been speaking about. "Yes, sir; and a *burden of seventeen years* has fallen from my heart by those words you said!" "What words?" "Those words that you called the *golden chain* of God's love. I marked the texts as you turned to them, and read them." These were John iii. 16, God's love to the world in the gift of His Son; then Isa. liii. 6, what God did with sin—He laid it all upon His Son; then Rom. viii. 2, God condemned the sin in Jesus; Rom. iv. 24, God delivered up Jesus to be crucified for our sins; and then He raised up Jesus from the dead; and then God sends the message of forgiveness of sins (Acts x. 42, 43; xiii. 38, 39); and then He will remember them *no more* (Hob. x. 17). "Why, sir," he continued, "for *seventeen years* I have been trying to *undo* the past of my life, but I could not. I prayed, and strived, and vowed all sorts of things, but all were nothing. I never had a day of real peace—no,

not an hour, till now. I've come six miles every night to these meetings, and if the distance was twice as much I should come. Praise the Lord, His love, His blood, His power have done it all; to Him be all the glory. I now belong to Him who bought me with His blood, and He shall have my heart, my life—all belong to Him, now and for ever." While they were talking together, another man was drinking in the Words of Life in the next seat. He said to Him, "Well, friend, have you been *made rich* by this wonderful golden chain?" "I have been listening to what you have said, and I should like to have it made plain to me, for I've come several miles to hear you, and I've been uncommonly interested in the services." They went over together the links which form this golden chain:—John iii. 16, the gift of the Son to the world, and then the gift to Jesus of our sins by laying them all on Him, so that He became the Substitute for the sinner who believes in Him; Isa. liii.; then Rom. viii. 2, sin condemned in Jesus by God, that He may deliver us from sin; then Rom. iv. 24, God raised Him from the dead to prove that all was settled, and the resurrection of Christ from the dead was God's receipt to all who believe in Him, that the account of sin was for ever settled, and righteousness bestowed as God's free gift upon the sinner, because Jesus had fully satisfied all the demands of justice

in the law violated by us; and next, sins to be remembered no more by God against those whom He hath accounted righteous through faith in His Son. He appeared to have been a man of some ability, for He had read much, and said he had debated on the subject with infidels; but he never could till now understand how a just God could pardon a sinner and remain *just*, nor could he understand how it could be just for Him to condemn one man for another's sin. But now that was all removed when he saw that He who was the *gift* of God was the *God-man*; that the One who condemned sin had come as man and died for man's sins; now all was clear as the sun. He remarked:—"Your understanding seems to have laid hold of the truth, but has your heart received it? because 'with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness, and with the *mouth* confession is made unto salvation.'" "Yes, sir, I seem like a new man. I believe that Jesus Christ is the Saviour, who could not have saved if He had not been *God*, and yet He must be man in order to die for man. I have been a *religious man* for many years, and a teacher of *others*, but I could not reconcile the things which have been made plain to-night" And he went on his way rejoicing.

YOUR LIKENESS.

He had several times visited a certain man, who was well versed in general knowledge, a man who had

filled several important positions in his day, among them that of superintendent of police; a shrewd man in most things, one who could see through much of the hollow Christianity of many professors, whose lives are the outcome of what was within, in which he was unsparing in his condemnation. A bigoted Churchman, hating dissent of every kind; moral in his conduct, no evil words, he boasted, escaped his lips; upright in his dealings with his fellow-men, no one could charge him with any wrong; self-satisfied, he was not on the same level with most other mortals. He could boast of a good heart, upright conduct, religion on religious days; he seemed completely encased in armour of self-conceit; a *Pharisee*, and there was but little human hope of getting at his heart. After much individual and united prayer on his behalf, he went again to see him, and found him still more shut up in himself and his good behaviour. He said, "I have been reading about a man who was very clever, brave, honourable, and in high esteem with the king; but there was one thing about him which spoilt all his enjoyment; and there is a *but* in every one's history. He was a *leper*, and as *such*, with all his other qualities, he was loathsome, and could only defile and spread his disease to whomsoever he touched. And there is one loathsome disease common to all men, which is *fatal* in your case—that is *sin*! and *sin* in you makes you a *sinner*, and

with your sins upon you, you are loathsome to the eye of a holy God." "Mr loathsome!" he exclaimed. "I, a religious man, loathsome?" "If you are a religious man, you will own the Bible to be the Word of God." "Well, I believe the Bible to be the Scripture." But he did not think the word used was true of him. "The strongest expressions in the Holy Scriptures," said Mr. Brealey, "are used against *religious sinners*;" and then read Jer. ii. 22, "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord." "From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is *no soundness* in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores" (Isa. i. 6.) "Thy bruise is *incurable*, and thy wound grievous." "There is none to plead thy cause, and thou hast no healing medicines" (Jer. xxx. 12, 13.) "That was the condition of the most *religious sinners* who made many prayers" he said. "Now listen to some New Testament words in which you and I are alike included—'All under sin,' 'All gone out of the way,' 'All the world guilty before God' (Rom. iii. 9, 12, 19.) And you know in English law, all men are held innocent until they are proved guilty, and when a man is pronounced guilty it is after his *trial*. So God's day of judgment, in which men are proved sinners, is *past*, though the *execution* of the sentence is future. One more word I leave with you before I say good night

It is one of the most solemn questions of the Lord Jesus Christ to religious sinners, 'How can ye escape the damnation of hell?' (Matt. xxiii. 33.) He trembled violently, and said, "You *paint* me *too black*; I am not the sinner you *paint* me. I can't bear such terrible words; 'tis *too bad*!" "If it be only *my painting*," he replied, "you need not fear. But if God be the painter, and these descriptions of you be as He sees you, well, then you need to tremble. But let your trembling lead you to Him for *mercy*; and if your *heart* accept His *verdict*, He will *justify* you from all your sins." The picture did not fade from his sight that night, nor the question, "How can ye escape?" He was obliged to face the scathing words, and look at the loathing picture as he remembered his past life was not what he said it was; and as the *light* from the Word, and the searching Spirit revealed the *heart* and the *life*, *past* and *present*, and the terrible future, he groaned the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, the sinner."

His next visit was very different from the previous one. "I thank you," he said, "for stripping me of my religious rotten rags, in which I vainly trusted, thinking I was better than those who call themselves *sarad*. Now I see myself as I never saw before. And but for that one word you said on leaving, 'If you *accept* God's verdict of guilty, He

will justify you,' I should have gone into *despair*." He had then to read another *all* in Rom. iii. "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the Law and the Prophets; even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ *unto all*, and *upon all* them that believe" (ver. 21, 22). He had then to show him that a righteous God must visit sin. But having in His great mercy to us given Jesus Christ His Son to bear sin in His own body on the tree, he was equally righteous to justify the sinner who believed in Him. So that the very righteousness of God which condemned sin is that by which the sinner can stand before Him as a believer in Christ. He sat silent for some moments, weighing the words he had heard read, and then exclaimed, "*Wonderful! Gracious God, Thou hast done it all: praise, praise for ever be to Thee. Thou seest all my sins, Thou hast laid them all upon Thy Son, Thou hast forgiven them all. Thou art mine, and I am Thine. Now, Lord, help me to live to show it.*" And he did so till he was called home. His oft-repeated expression after this was, "I am a *vile* sinner, but Jesus has put all my vile sins away. I did not know what I was till I got into the *light*. Oh! that light which reveals to the sinner his *sins*, and the precious blood which cleanseth from them all! Oh! those wonderful words, the righteousness of God, the love of God,

the blood of Jesus ! On these I rest. I have no fear now ; all is settled, settled completely by Him."

IN THE DITCH FOR FORTY YEARS.

In a small village, where he had been preaching the Gospel, and where many souls had been awakened to the great matter of their salvation, was one who had been attracted to the spot by seeing a number of persons around the door of the chapel where the Gospel was being preached. He had elbowed his way through the crowd, and had been pushed up to the front. His looks betrayed his habits of life to have been among the *haser sort*. His short-cut grey hair, both on his head and face, his small, sunken, restless eyes, as he sat with his elbows resting on the seat in front of him, his hands grasping both his ears, and his face working under some powerful influence within made him look such as one would not care to meet alone on a dark night. He spoke to him in passing from one to another of those who remained at the close of the meeting. "I am glad you have found your way to this place ; I hope you will benefit from the word spoken." "Not much hope of that, I reckon ; you don't know me." "No ; but God knows you, and loves you, and is willing to save you, and will cast out none who come to Him." "I am not much used to such places as this, nor to kind words," he said, "but I was tramping, and saw a lot of voke around

the door, and I thought I'd go in." "Well, that is just what God wants. He wants sinners to come to the Saviour, and none who come will be refused, if they come just as they are, poor and needy, seeking pardon and cleansing from their sins." "I was good once, when my poor old mother used to pray with me. But she died when I was a youngster, and then I had no one to care for me, so I had to shift for myself, and for the past forty years or more I've been a-tramping from one place to another, with no settled home. I've thought about my poor old mother since I've been here, and would like to mend my ways, for they be bad enough; but 'tis too late now, nobody would employ me, I've no character, nor don't know how to work." "How do you live? Where do you sleep?" "Well, as to that, I picks up summat to eat in some way or other, and I sleeps sometimes in a lodging-house, and sometimes under a rick, and sometimes in quod (jail.) But I'm tired of this sort of life." "There was one like you mentioned in this Book. He tramped a long way from his father's home, until he had spent all his money, lost his character, and was reduced to the lowest condition possible—nearly starved, and in rags—then he thought of his home, and remembered how well off he had been under his father's roof. And then he said, 'I will arise and go back to my father, and will confess my sins and seek

his forgiveness; it may be he'll receive me back. I'll try.' And so he did, and the father, when he saw him coming on the road homeward, ran out to meet him, and received him with such joy and delight, that he threw his arms around the poor ragged son's neck, and kissed him, and he forgave all the past of his life, and sent his servants for the best robe in the mansion, and took away the rags and filth, and you would not have known him to be the same man after; and there was such joy because he had come back, and the father was more delighted than any one, because he loved his son so much. And that story, which is every bit true, was written for you and for me, and if you will come to your mother's God, and *confess* your sins, and *leave them*, you will find all this will come true of you."

His countenance was intensely interesting as it began to soften under the Word repeated from the story, and the invitation to seek the Lord at once. Evidently the memory of his mother was before his mind, for he said—"Oh! my poor mother, if you had lived, I should not have been like this." He met him the next day, and he said, "Sir, *I haven't prayed for forty years till last night!* But I don't mean to go on this way no longer. I'll go back to Bristol, and endeavour to get some work, and try and stick to it. That story did me good last night, and I'll try to get the same

as that man did. I'll not go on in this way no more." He did not ask for money as some of such characters have; but he appeared to be deeply awakened to his real state, and in faith he could thank God that it was even such that the Son of Man came to seek and to save. We believe the Good Shepherd had found this poor wandering sheep, and had heard the mother's prayers of forty years before.

He had scarcely left this poor man before he was saluted by a tap, tap at the window of a decent cottage. The door was quickly opened, and a cheery-looking face was thrust out, and in a strong Irish accent, a woman said, "Sir, wull ye please come in a bit?" He entered, and found a neat cottage, with the furniture all saying the mistress of this little home understood the art of cleanliness and order. He accepted the seat put for him, and asked what she wished in calling him into her house. "I've been to hear you these four nights past, and I wanted to get a little talk with you. You will perceive I'm *Irish*, and I have always been a *Catholic*, and never entered a Protestant place before I came to this place. I was always religious, and went to mass, and said my prayers to the Virgin and the saints, and told my beads. But, sir, I did not know any better. But the first night I came to the chapel I was frightened, because all was so

different. When you began to read from the Book, and to speak of the Saviour and the cross, and what brought Him there to save us from hell, and that all who turned to him would not have to go there, I became so interested that I was sorry when the service was over, and I longed for the time to come when I should hear more about this wonderful Saviour. But the second night I was very *misérable*, and *wished myself out* before the service was half over, for you seemed to be looking me in the face all the time, and telling all about my life for years past, and I thought I should have fainted. But I was ashamed for any one to see me like that, so tried to overcome it, and when the hymn was sung, I left, for I could not bear to be spoken to. But last night I felt as if I was in Heaven, as I listened to the beautiful word you spoke: but I am not so happy to-day, and I want to have a little talk with you." He was deeply interested in all she had been saying, but asked what it was made her so happy last night? "Oh! sir, 'twas what the blessed Saviour suffered for such as me, and I seemed to see Him looking at me, and I felt I could love Him for what He did; but, this morning it seems all gone, and I can't see Him at all, and to tell you the real truth, this heart of mine seems worse than ever. I can't forgive myself at all." Sobs choked her further utterance, and her sorrowful tears which flowed so

freely, made the tears to flow from his own eyes. Those who love the work of soul-winning, and who have the spirit of the Master, will understand all about this. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." He read to her, and sought to show her that this was often an experience of newly-awakened souls, whose sensibilities are wrought upon. Their mental faculties seemed to lay hold of the truth, and their feelings were ecstatic as they seemed to see the Saviour on the cross, and such often say, "I feel this and that." But the enemy knows how to meet this, and hence the trouble and darkness which often follow a sudden flood of light on the mind. "Now," he said, "we have to deal with *great facts*. And the first great fact is, you are a *sinner* in common with all, and, whatever be the feelings, the *fact* remains the same. The next fact is that, being sinners, we have broken the law of God, and consequently are *under condemnation* of that broken law. And we cannot, with all our efforts, undo one sin, or alter our state as condemned ones. Then another *great fact* is that *God loved us while in our sins*, and because He loved us, He gave His only begotten Son to take the place of the guilty, and to bear their punishment, and vindicate the honour of God, to satisfy the claims of Divine justice, and thus to procure *pardon*, eternal life, and everlasting righteous-

ness for the sinner. And another great fact is that God is sending the message of forgiveness of sin to all men through faith in the Lord Jesus, and all such as truly turn to God from their evil ways and receive His salvation, which is *Christ, are pardoned*; they have passed from death unto *life*. They are no longer in their sins and under wrath, but are delivered, *saved*, children of God, and heirs of glory."

He read these great facts, and sought to make her understand them, from Rom. iii. 9, all under sin; ver. 19, all guilty before God; Rom. v. 8, God's love to us, in that while sinners, Christ died for us; *justified freely* through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus through faith in His blood, remission and righteousness (Rom. iii. 24-6); all God's free gifts to us, which when we have received or believed God, then another great fact is ours, we have peace with God, and we rejoice in hope of the glory of God (ch. v. 1, 2).

He then referred her to an incident in the life of the *first sinners* (Gen. iii. 25). As the man and his wife had been driven out of the garden for their sins they may have been dreadfully sorry, and have said, "We can never forgive ourselves for this sin, by which we have lost our beautiful home, and brought upon ourselves this deep sorrow and trouble." But as they looked upon the skins which God had clothed them with, they could say, "*God hath forgiven us, God hath*

covered all our sins, God hath clothed us," and we may now rejoice in a better thing than mere creature innocence." So we, who have been found guilty, have been forgiven, because Christ hath died for us; and as we look on the clothing God has put upon us, we can say, " I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness" (Isa. lxi. 10); and as Adam and his wife could never look upon the skins without being reminded of their sin, and also of that which had covered their sin, so we can never look upon ourselves as saved ones, without being reminded of what we were and of what we are by the grace of God and the blood of Jesus. She entered into all the Scriptures with the earnestness of her warm Irish nature, and she said, "*Tis all true, and 'twill be all true to-morrow and next day, and every day, because it is what God and Jesus have done.*" "Yes, and it will be true in your experience always if you keep His Word abiding in you." The dark cloud of self that had come between her soul and God, had passed away, and she was filled with joy and peace, saying, "Won't you please praise the Lord with me, sir? Oh, I be so glad." They knelt, and he thanked the Lord for what He had revealed to her soul of herself and of Jesus; and she entered into all the words, saying, "*'Tis all true,*

every bit of it; yes, for me, Lord, Thou didst die for me!"

THE SOUL'S WAGES.

He was on his way to a distant place for service in the Gospel, and was reading from the Word of Life, when he was joined by some fresh passengers, who took their seats in the same compartment. One, he soon found to be a passenger to the *better* land, and was not a little cheered by a word of comfort on the way; on the face of another a scowl of *hatred* appeared, as he spoke of their prospects for the future; while a third was soon buried in the pages of the morning paper. A commercial man, evidently bent on a little fun at his expense, began to argue against what he had been saying to his fellow-Christian. He had handed a little book to each of the passengers, and had given one entitled "The Soul's Wages" to the commercial, who looked at the illustration on the page, and then read, "'Soul's wages!' 'soul's wages!' that's a curious title, sir." "Yes," he replied, "it is, but not more curious than real. Did you never consider the subject, sir." "No, sir, I never saw the paper before." "The paper may be new, but the subject is very old, and one which we are all deeply interested in, whether we consider it or not." "But the title is so unlike any other I ever met with." "I will try and make it plain, as it may be that others present may be equally interested.

You know well enough what you expect for your service to the firm who employs you. It is wages or salary, which you like; it is compensation for service done." "Yes, that is plain enough; but the '*soul's wages*,' sir, what are they?" "It is *payment to the soul for the service it hath done to the master it hath served*. For instance, when a man uses his tongue to *lie*, whether in business or in any way to mislead another, or to speak evil of any one, or to curse or swear, that is the soul using an instrument of the body to serve sin and the *devil*. The soul is working evil, whether by the tongue to *speak* evil, or by the hand to *do* evil. The body apart from the soul is powerless for good or evil, as you have seen often when some friend has passed away, as we call it, at death. Though there lies before your eyes the person with all its members, yet all is still in death, because the moving principle—the soul—has been called away. So all that you do or say, is service that has to be accounted for, inasmuch as 'for every idle word which men shall speak they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment' (Matt. xii. 36). There is a Divine *telephone* which repeats with awful distinctness all our words, and there is a Divine *telegraphy* which is always writing our actions, which will meet the sinner again, and confront him in the eternal world with the wages due for the work done." The gentleman in the corner had dropped his paper

and was listening with deep attention, the scowl had passed from the face of the scoffer, and each was rapt while the soul's wages were described, according to the Scriptures (Luke xvi.; Mark ix.; Rev. xx.). He then showed them God's remedy for this in the death of His Son for sin; in the perfect satisfaction for sin made by the Substitute; in the full and free pardon of all sin, and deliverance of the sinner from the old master; the perfect justification and sanctification of the soul who heartily receives the Saviour, and the entire blotting out all the past, which is never again to be remembered by God against those who turn to Him, and yield themselves to Him; and finally the eternal glory to be bestowed by God on all such as serve and follow Him fully. They were deeply moved, and each thanked him for the very interesting conversation, and hoped the lesson would never be forgotten. He had to leave for his destination. Whatever results may follow the conversation in the train on his fellow-passengers, it left a very deep impression on him, and he could not help referring to the subject while preaching the Gospel to the large company gathered in the evening, when it produced a very solemn feeling on many of them.

An old man of seventy years said to him the next day, "I have not had a wink of sleep all this night. Oh, sir, I be a bad old man; I be downright

wicked! And when I think on my sins, that they all be written down in the books up there, I be awful afraid." Another said, "I never thought that my sins would meet me again. Why, sir, there be a lot of sins which I have done I would not meet for the world." "But you must meet them," he said, "or have them all blotted out." "I can't meet them, sir; it would *kill me*." "And *cast you into hell*," he added, "for it sank the blessed Son of God into the *pit*, the mire where there is no standing. He said 'I sink in deep mire, the floods overflow Me' (Psa. lxi. 2); and if He, the holy Son of God, could not stand when He met all the mighty load of sin which God laid on Him, how will you stand? If there was no standing for Him, will you be able to stand with your life of sins on you?" The two inquirers literally writhed under the terrible load of sin which each felt was against him; yet both were able to lay hold of the hope set before them, and soon both could rejoice that God had blotted all their sins out by the death of Jesus, "Oh, sir," said one of them, "I do feel as if I was in *heaven* now that terrible load of sin be *gone*. Oh, the wonderful words of the *Book* which can make a man cry and rejoice! Only the other day I was ready to die for fear of my sins; now I do seem as if I was almost in heaven for joy, because they be all forgiven. Bless the Lord, O my soul; O Lord I will praise Thee."

He asked him to finish the verse, but he did not appear to understand that the expression he had given utterance to was in the Scripture. So, turning to Isa. xii. 1, he read, "And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord I will praise Thee : though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.' To-day this Scripture is fulfilled in *your* case, and these words are *yours* ; they are true of you, are they not ?" " Yes, bless the Lord, they be true. And I will, I do, praise the Lord that they be true of me."

Among the many souls in that village who received the Word which delivered them from the power of Satan and sin, was one who came night after night to the meetings, yet without finding peace. At the first conversation he had with him he said, " I patronize your services; I like them very much." He replied " God does not want your *patronage*, but your *heart*. The Gospel is His message to men in their sins, and He desires them to receive the message, that they may be saved; for until you are saved from your rebel will, you are an enemy to God and to your own soul. I would rather, for *your* sake, you said, ' I don't like the Gospel,' than say, ' I like it,' and yet remain unsaved." " *Unsaved*, sir ! what do you imply by that word ?" he asked. " I mean, sir, that a soul who does not receive the testimony of God concerning His Son is in the highest sense a rebel,

and to die in that state would be to be eternally lost. And I wish for your soul's eternal blessing that you will ponder this matter." The next day he saw him again; he said, "I am *wretched*. I have considered myself to be better than many whom I know. But when you shut me up to the one fact of not receiving the message of God about His Son—and that would be enough to send me to hell—I have been wretched." He replied, "Has your wretchedness made you yield up your will to God, and brought you to His feet for mercy?" "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I am in utter darkness about *God*. I don't seem to understand His nature or even what I am to *pray* to. The *personality* of the Deity seems to me a mystery; I can't *fathom* it." "Yes, the Scripture saith, 'Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the *flesh*.' You cannot *fathom God*, nor His *love*, nor even your own *heart*. You are a mystery yourself, which no one can fully understand, and yet you do not doubt your being. 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father hath declared Him.' 'And herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins;' and that mysterious Being, whom you call by the name Deity, has manifested Himself in Jesus Christ, and in His great love, took the rebel sinner's place, and died for their sins. And now the message which

He is sending to man is the message of life to the *dead* in trespasses and sins, and deliverance from the power of Satan and sin, with eternal glory, for all such as receive and follow *Him*." He gave him a little book, which was helpful to him. The Lord opened his eyes to understand and receive the Gospel, and when he last saw him, he said, "I thank you for the pains you took to enlighten me on the subject of the Gospel, which I have received, and for which I can now bless the Lord." "What Lord?" he asked. "What Lord, sir? Why there is only one Lord, and that is He who died for our sins upon the cross. Jesus Christ is Lord." "Well, then, let Him be Lord over your new life, and see that He has your will and *all your powers* subject to Him; and whatever He tells you in the Book of the Kingdom, seek grace to obey, and you will never want evidence of your being a Christian and a child of God, and your *heaven* will have commenced, never to end."

Another case: An aged gentleman to whom he had spoken about the state of his soul, was a little irritated because he would not let him rest before he was assured of having passed from death unto life. He said, "I am a good citizen of this world; I seem to help forward every good thing that is set on foot for the well-being of the community; then I am a regular attendant and

communicant of the church to which I have been brought up." He replied, "This may be so, but are you a *citizen of the world that is to come*? Have you the *title-deeds* to an *eternal inheritance*? Would you be prepared to meet God in *five minutes*? Can you look at that great God in the face, before whom the earth and the heavens will flee away? Have you received from Him the pardon of your sins?" He was greatly agitated, and said, "Such questions trouble me, sir; I have not been accustomed to such close dealing." He said, Sir, you *must* either be troubled now or hereafter. Better face the matter *now*, when all the difficulty may be removed, than wait till you appear before God in your sins, when it will be too late to alter it. But I leave those questions to you. I pray God to make them as nails fastened in a sure place." His last visit to him was very different in character. He grasped him by the hand, saying, "I am not *afraid* now to meet God, I have the assurance of pardon for all my sins. 'There is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear.'" "*What love,*" he asked, "has cast out your fear?" "His *perfect love*, that led Him to seek a lost sinner like me, and find me, and make me a partaker of life eternal in His Son." "If I should hear soon that Mr. — had been called away from earth; if some should ask about your hope—what shall I say?"

"Say I am trusting alone for salvation and glory to the Lord Jesus Christ, who died, and who rose again. I have no other hope, and I want no other. His love has made the fears which I once had to depart." A few days after, and he was gone.

The following interesting circumstances in connection with his village visitations we give in his own words :

IS YOUR NAME IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

I had been asked to visit a man of good repute, whose outward conduct was thought to be blameless, except that on certain occasions, when addressed on the matter of his soul's salvation, he would manifest anger at the impertinent question being pressed home to his conscience, so that he would avoid being spoken to in the presence of *others*. Nor did he care to have a *personal* visit. I was anxious about a little girl who had appeared much interested in the services I was holding in the place, and I sought wisdom and grace from the Lord to make the visit to this little one a means of blessing to her grandfather. Seeing a large family Bible on the table, I asked the little girl, "What is that big book called?" pointing to the family Bible. "Oh, sir, that is a Bible." "The Book of Life," I said. "Is your name in the Book of Life?" "Yes, sir," she replied artlessly, "all our names are in that Book." "Who put them there?" "Father," she replied; and quickly turning back

the ponderous cover, she showed me written in a clear, neat hand, the names of father and mother, with each child, according to age, date of birth, &c. I looked over the list of names, and asked the little girl if she had any *other* name besides the one written on the fly-leaf of the Bible. "She said, "No." "And have you no *other name*? because I do not find *that* name among the list of those who are mentioned as *saved* in the Book of Life." "Oh, sir, is everybody's name who is saved written in the Book—the Bible I mean?" she asked with intense earnestness. "Yes," I replied, "and it is of the utmost importance that we find out *what* are the names." The old gentleman was listening with equal attention, and presently he said, "I suppose no one has *seen* the Book of Life that we read about in the Bible?" I replied, "Whatever be the Book of Life mentioned in the Bible, all whose names will be found written *there* are found *here*," pointing to the Bible on the table. "Have you found *your* name in this Book?" "I don't know that I ever looked into it to find *my name*," he said. "But," I replied, "It is this which makes the Bible so interesting when we search it to find something which concerns ourselves; and one of the reasons I read the wills of those who have died is that I may see to whom the *property* of the deceased is left. Ever since I read the will of a rich Lord who had died, and found

my name in His will, which made me a rich man at a stroke, I have been reading His will, which is a long one, to see how much I have left me, and I am astonished to find what possessions are mine. Much of the property is *absolute*, and inalienable, which cannot be cut off, while much of the property is left under *certain conditions*, which have to be fulfilled in order to the possession and enjoyment of them."

The interest of all was fully aroused, and the old gentleman had forgotten for the time his prejudices, and said, "I have been all over the Bible, most of it, at least several times, but I never yet found my name, Charles Smith, in it." "No," I replied, "and if you had you could not have said which Charles Smith was meant, But you have an older name than Charles, and it is the older name the will refers to, and if you will take the trouble to search for your old name, you will see it is connected with another name, which will become yours with the property I speak of, as you put in your *claim* under your *proper name*. Now that I have put you on the *scent*, I will leave you for the day to search for the name, and if you wish I will call again to-morrow and see the *result* of the search." All expressed their delight at my coming again; meanwhile they would all set to work to find out their *real names*.

My next visit found some *perplexed*. The old gentleman had a nervous twitching about the mouth, as if there were some unpleasant sight before him. One had stumbled upon certain Scriptures, which revealed the *sinner* with nothing but judgment before him, while Job lived over again in his experience (chapter ix.,) with no *hope* in *himself*, and none to be seen *outside*, while one thought he had a clue to the old name in Ps. li. 5. But as my object was to help the *little* ones as well as the older ones, I specially addressed the children, saying, "What is *doing* wrong called in the Bible?" "Sin," was the reply. "What is the *wrong-doer* called?" "Sinner," was the old man's reply. "Does that name belong to any one here?" "Yes, to us all," was the old man's reply; but 'tis like having to *plead guilty* when you are *found out*, which is not very *pleasant*." "But," I said, 'tis the way to salvation, righteousness, eternal life, and glory. And it pays to *take the place now*; for, if we do not take the place of the *sinner* before God in this His day of *salvation*, we shall have to take the place with its punishment when He comes to judge sinners for their rejection of His mercy. Now you have the old name *sinner*. Let us turn to 1 Tim. i. 15. We read, "This is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*." Not religious men, or church or chapel people of any kind *as such*, but *sinners*. Now, I can-

not claim Christ as a Churchman, or Nonconformist, or on the ground of being Romanist, or any other religious name; but as a *sinner*, I can and do claim Him and by so doing I pass out from being a child of wrath, looking for judgment, to a child of God; for we who believe in Him 'are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus' (Gal. iii. 26,) 'and if children' of God, 'then heirs of God' (Rom. viii. 17.) And Paul, writing to the Philippians, speaks of some whose names are in the *Book of Life* (ch. iv.) How did he know they were in the Book of Life? Because they had, as *sinner*s, received the message of *salvation*, and were endeavouring to lead others to do the same, and were serving Christ according to the Word, and this is how any one may know his name is in the Book of Life." The old man said, "You have knocked all my notions over, for I thought the way to Heaven was to do the best we could. But I never thought that to take the place of a sinner, and to claim Christ as a Saviour for sinners, was the way. But I see it now, and am glad you came, and have made it plain. Somehow I was not satisfied with myself, and yet I did not like to be spoken to straight, because I was not prepared to answer such home-thrusts as people sometimes make."

Subsequent visits became more interesting, and not only the old gentleman, but the little girl

and some others, became deeply interested in finding out their *Bible names*, with the property attached, and were seeking to enjoy their new-found inheritance. One day he said to me, "I have found a lot of names in the Book of Life, which once belonged to me. I have just been looking over Eph. ii., which I seem to read now with *new eyes*; before, if I was to read such Scriptures, I should never dream I was reading about *myself*. But all these characters, I see, belong to *me*, as a sinner. But that wonderful verse, "But God, who is rich in *mercy*, for His great love wherewith He loved us," that I now read means *me*," and the eyes overflowed with tears, and the voice became husky, as he again repeated, "Wherewith He loved *me*!"

MR. GOODMAN'S MISTAKE.

Calling one day on a respectable man, living in his own house, who had been seriously ill for some time, I found him willing to receive a visit, and he expressed his pleasure to see me. He was suffering from dropsy, and was not a little put out because the physician did not cure him. "Perhaps," I said, "the dropsy was an *effect* of some more serious disease, and the physician was trying to deal with the *cause* rather than the effect."

I then related the story of the man who was let down through a roof in order to get at the Great Physician, who was surrounded with a number of

diseased people for whom He was prescribing, and the interesting but unusual sight of a bed being let down through the roof with ropes by some strong men, must have caused no small commotion among the crowd. But the sight was a deeply interesting one to the Physician, because of *their confidence in his skill*; and as the Physician looked upon the man, who was suffering from paralysis, unable to walk or stand, He at once went to the cause of the complaint, and said, "*Son, thy sins be forgiven thee,*" and then told him to rise and take up the bed on which he had been brought thither, and go to his house. So *sin* is the cause of all our bodily sufferings, and we must get the cause removed, and the effects will follow. We have received by inheritance from our natural fathers a *sinful soul* and a corrupt body, and the sufferings in this life of the body are the effects of a sinful soul. But the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician, came to remove the *cause* and the effect of sin, and to all who turn to Him He came to bring *health and cure*. "I will *cure* them" (Jer. xxxiii. 6). And His words are the same to all the patients: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." And all who receive His Word in faith, are *healed*. And the healing of the body follows, though not always in *this life*: but yonder, in His presence, all who are healed here will have incorruptible bodies there.

And when we have been there ten times ten thousand years we shall not see a sign of old age, or a wrinkle, or a grey hair on our heads.

He looked at me in astonishment, and replied, "*That is grand, sir. I hope I shall get there. I think I am in a pretty fair way to get there. I am not a bad man on the whole; and though I have some little faults,—I suppose every one has some faults,—I think my good deeds outweigh my faults by a long way; so that I think I shall stand a good chance.*" "Well, sir, I am not so fortunate as you, for there is but *one thing between me and the lake of fire*; while there is but *one thing between you and Heaven.*" He looked at me with both eyes wide open with increased astonishment, saying, "What, sir! only one thing between you and the lake of fire?" "Only one thing between me and the lake of fire!" "Why, sir, you a preacher, and a good man, and one that every one looks up to! If that be so, it will be a bad job with a lot of us." I still said it was true. Then he said, "May I ask what that one thing is, sir?" "That one thing is *Christ*. I can't get there because *Christ is between me and my sins, and between me and the hell my sins deserve.*"

I then read Exod. xii., about the blood being *between the people who were inside the blood-sprinkled door and the destroying angel outside; the angel could not get through that blood.* Then I read

Exod. xiv. 20, where the Lord removed the pillar of cloud which came *between* His people and their enemies, and the enemy could not get through God, for God was in that cloud "So now the blood of Christ has come between me and the destroyer, and he cannot pass through that blood." I then read Isa. xxxviii. 17, 'Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.' "So here is God *between* me and my sins, and consequently the lake of fire." He was intensely interested, and said, "I have read the Bible through more than once, but I never read it in that way—that makes the Bible a wonderful book. I see what you mean; that one thing is enough, sir. But you also said there was only one thing between me and Heaven; will you tell me what that thing is, sir?" "Yes, it is *sin*." "Sin, sir?" "Yes; and that is a great mountain you cannot climb over." I turned him to Psa. xc. 8: 'Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.' "So *sin* is between the unsaved sinner and God, while *God* is between the saved sinner and his sins. You cannot say you have no public sins which other people have known, and your secret sins are more than you can count, though you may not be conscious of them; but God knows them all, and as long as you stand on the ground of putting your *good* deeds against your *bad ones*, God is hidden from your eyes by the terrible sins of unbelief and

self-righteousness, which if continued in, will sink you into the lake of fire." "Your words are very sharp; they come home close." "Yes, because they are God's words. But which of the two positions is best?" "Yours, sir; *I have been mistaken*. But I have never been spoken to in this way. I wish I could say as much." He soon was able to do so, and for some months lived in the enjoyment of present salvation, until he was called home.





CHAPTER XII.

MORE PERMANENT WORK.

"The things which thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."—2 Tim. ii. 2.

"Be useful where thou livest. that all may
Both want thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will ;
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."
GEORGE HERBERT.

WHILE the work was spreading out towards the west and east, as we have seen, the district around Clayhidon was not being neglected, and the same desire for the education of the young as was so apparent in the district to the east was equally manifest there.

"What is to be done with our children?" was the cry of many of the newly converted; "there are no schools to send them to." This was the great

question from the first, and earnestly did he and the believers betake themselves to God in prayer, that suitable teachers might be found and money to pay them, for the poverty of most of the people would not admit of any help from them. In the meantime a woman who had kept a small school for infants was induced to undertake such elder children as were sent to her, payment being made for those who were unable to pay for themselves. A second woman was found for another district. Then, in answer to continued prayer, the Lord inclined Miss _____, a godly sister in the Lord from Exeter, to come to His help; and she, being educated, and already a teacher of much experience and success, soon got together a capital day school, which was attended not only by the children of the poor, but by many of the children of the better-class farmers. He says: "From the first I saw we must *get the children taught*, if we would make real and continued progress. So my earnest endeavour has been in every place to open day and Sunday schools, our one great aim being the spiritual and eternal good of the young. We felt we should make but small inroad upon the wilderness of sin and ignorance around us *except the Scriptures were taught*. And great progress did the little ones make. Their reading and singing the hymns delighted the parents, and in many cases these were taught by their children, and some

were led to know and love the Saviour. Truly "a little child shall lead them." "So in due time," he continues in his journal, "we had classes on Sundays with middle-aged persons sitting side by side with infants in years learning the alphabet. Thus the Word of God became doubly precious as they were able to spell out verse by verse some chapters of the New Testament, and their delight was as great when they could master a verse without spelling a word as that of much more advanced learners when they can solve some difficult problem in mathematics." But these efforts did not satisfy his desires, and God, who had so plainly indicated His mind to His servant in many unmistakable ways previously, showed His purposes again in this matter also. Miss —— was called to other work, and the school was continued by a Miss —— (who is now faithfully serving the Lord as a missionary in New York), but ill-health necessitated her relinquishing the post. No suitable successor being forthcoming, for a considerable time there was no school, and this was a fresh reason for the exercise of faith and prayer, and these were consequently called into earnest activity.

At this juncture his son (the writer,) who had been in a publishing house in London (the office of *The Revival*, now *The Okristian*,) returned home with a view of giving himself to foreign Mission work ; and while on the Hills (in 1869,) he gave much

time to visiting the various districts. His sympathies were not a little stirred by hearing many of the Believers in Clayhidon express their earnest desire for a Day School in connection with the place where they themselves, and many others, had been so signally blessed; and seeing the great need of such an agency, they gave themselves to prayer in reference to it. At length the son was led to suggest that as he had given himself to the Lord for Mission Work, why not begin at home, *pro. tem.*, by starting a school? The more they pondered and prayed over it, the more impressed were they that it was of the Lord. "I can start the school," said the son, "and then when it is thoroughly established, another may take my place, and set me free for India," little dreaming that his India was to be the Blackdown Hills, as they had been his father's Demerara. But such is the wisdom of God. He hides our future pathway from our sight, that we may neither be discouraged by the trials yet to come, nor over-anxious to grasp the blessings still in store, but, step by step, pursue the path of faith, "Simply trusting every day." Friends of the Mission were made acquainted with their desire, and the Lord Himself was earnestly besought to show His distinct will concerning the proposal.

The same week they both went to a Tea Meeting at ———, when a gentleman said to young

Brealey, "I am glad to hear of your desires. Tell me what your own ideas are on the matter." These were at once ingenuously given, and the gentleman left him. About an hour after the same friend came to him again, saying, "I have been home since I saw you just now, and have prayed again about the matter of which we were speaking, and feel constrained to give you this toward the school," (handing him a piece of paper,) and instantly withdrew, scarcely giving him time to say, "Thank you," so quickly and unobtrusively was it done. The service having just commenced, neither the father nor the son knew the nature of the gift, nor did they until reaching home, when they found it was a £50 note. Both thanked God, and said, "We shall have the schools. This is God's answer in the first donation." Within a few months the whole amount required was sent from friends far and near, the schools were built, and on January 11th, 1870, they were opened, his son acting as Master, and his eldest daughter as Mistress, and subsequently his youngest daughter as second Mistress.

Such were the large numbers that attended, that the Schools have been three times enlarged, until now a capital block of convenient and substantial buildings, point to the accomplishment of his aim, and to the success of the teaching given within. Many hundreds of children have passed through

these schools, and for some years it was the privilege of Mr. Brealey's son and two daughters to have from 150 to 170 scholars under their tuition, many of these from 17 to 25 years of age. From this "seed-bed" of Gospel truth, between one and two hundred souls have been savingly brought to the knowledge of salvation, have been baptized and received into the Church. Of these, many are now serving the Lord as missionaries at home or abroad, or as preachers, teachers, and evangelists: while some have joined the great majority, and are with the Lord awaiting their reward. These schools are most kindly supported by Messrs. Müller and Wright, of Bristol.

Among other efforts for the benefit of the people among whom he laboured, he was enabled to send out to America, Canada, Australia, South Wales, and the North of England, 132 persons; and these are, as far as we have been able to ascertain, all doing remarkably well, some having risen to positions of honour and wealth, and many are serving the Lord in various ways in those parts.

TENT PREACHING.

His great desire was that the Gospel might be carried in its native simplicity to the dark villages of our rural districts—localities where, in many instances, very little is known of the pure and unadulterated Word of God. For this purpose the

Lord supplied him with a Gospel tent, and afterwards with a second ; and in these it was his great delight, even up to within one month of his last illness, which a few months later terminated in his death, to "sound out" the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.

Scores of striking cases of conversion might be given, showing the blessing resulting from the Gospel under canvas, both through his own instrumentality and that of his helpers. For many years he pitched his tent on the Militia Camp, and many of the men have professed to have received salvation through the Gospel preached among them. We insert the following from his journal :—

" THE HARVEST OF MY SINS."

"As we preached the Gospel among the militia, one after another came to tell what the Lord had done for their souls. A sergeant, who had manifested much interest in the service, was weeping. I asked him why he wept. 'Sir,' he said, 'the harvest of my sins is what troubles me. I believe the Lord has forgiven me my sins, but it is what I have sown in the hearts of my children. My sons are living wicked lives, which they have learnt from me. Oh! I would give my right arm to undo the sowing in the hearts of my children. I wish they could hear such a glorious Gospel in Afghanistan and South Africa, and in other places where

they are now. But I will write to them, and send them some of these little books which you have given to me.'

"ALL ON THE LORD'S SIDE."

Another, with beaming face, said, 'We be all on the Lord's side in our tent. I was converted three years ago, when you gave us the Bibles, and I was the only one who did not go to the "publics." But, thank God, we have all given up the drink, and we love our Bible. We sing hymns and read together. We suffer much from the other men in the tents, who curse us, but we don't mind. We know Jesus is ours, and though we have to bear the jeers and scoffs, we do it for Jesus' sake.'

Sometimes we have to endure ridicule and contempt from quarters where we might expect sympathy and help. One, who occupies the place of minister on Sunday, said to me, 'You don't mean to say you believe what you have been preaching to these men?' 'Certainly,' I replied; 'I do most solemnly believe all that I have spoken. To what part of the address do you take objection?' 'Well, to many things; but specially to the expressions, "hell," the "devil," and such statements.' I said, 'I find them all in this Book,' holding up the Bible. 'Oh! that Book! That is getting obsolete, and only men of small minds believe in that.' I replied, 'If to be large-minded means to give up what is

written here, I'll be content to be a man of small mind, that has only room enough in it for God and His truth.' 'Do you believe in the personality of what you call "the devil?"' 'Certainly.' 'Have you ever seen Him?' 'Do you believe in the personality of God?' 'Well—perhaps I do. I assent to it,' he said. 'Have you ever seen Him?' 'No.' 'I thought so,' I said; 'it requires a man with eyes to see anything. A man who has eyes can see God in His works. And Satan can also be seen in his works. I therefore can see Satan before me, using your tongue to lie against the truth. He is ashamed of his name, and therefore he seeks to make men disbelieve his existence; but, depend on it he lives or rules in you, and unless you are born from above, he will have you in hell for ever.'

"TWENTY SHILLINGS IN THE POUND."

"At the Tent last evening, I had much personal work with many men. One said, 'I could always pay 20s. in the pound.' 'I doubt it,' I said. 'What, sir!' he replied, 'do you say I do *not* pay 20s. in the pound?' I asked if he met *all* his creditors with 20s. in the pound. 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'What about your sins, and the creditor God?' He hung his head and said, 'I did not mean *Him*.' 'What, can't you pay 20s. in the pound there?' I asked. 'No, sir.' 'Well,' said I, 'nothing less can be taken.' He was deeply moved by the conversation."

(He afterwards discovered, to his joy and satisfaction, the One who could pay the utmost demands of Divine Law, and he could say, "I know my sins are all forgiven.")

"'I can face any one,' said another. 'No one can say "black" to my eye.' 'There is One who says "black" to your heart. Can you face God? Is your heart clean? Can you say, "I am without sin?" Would you be ready to meet God at once?' 'These are hard questions,' he said, 'and cannot be so easily answered as they are put.' 'They can be as easily answered as I have asked them,' I replied. 'Let me put them to you one by one. Can you face God? Answer me.' 'I *must* some day, I suppose; we must all come to that.' 'Yes, you *must*, but *how* will you face him?' 'I don't know; I wish I had never been born.' 'Unless you are born *again*, it had been better for you never to have been born.' 'Well, I can't help my state.' 'No, but you can help *remaining* in it. You cannot help being born in sin, and God does not hold you responsible for what you cannot help. But He has sent a Saviour to save us, and He holds us responsible to receive Him, and, when we receive Him, all the questions can be easily answered; for when a man receives Jesus Christ as the Saviour, he is cleansed from his sins, has forgiveness and deliverance from its power, then he has a clean heart, and

God is the One who does it all.' 'I am very miserable when I think of these things,' he said; 'and when I reflect, I wish I had never been born.' 'But we who are born in sin may be born of God, and there are no saved sinners in heaven, but such as were born in sin on earth. They had been taught their condition, and had accepted the Saviour, and in so doing were born a second time, born from above into another family.' 'I wish I could get it,' he replied. I said, 'It comes through faith, and faith comes by hearing the Word of God. Come into the Tent and hear what He says to you.' He came and heard, and believed, and went away rejoicing, an intelligent man who had been tolerably educated."

TWENTY HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

"Had some very interesting conversations with some serjeants who appeared to be awakened. One said, in reply to my question, 'Have you ever looked back on your life of sin, and onward to the day of account for it?' 'Yes, my whole life passed before me in a minute when I was *drowning*. There were several of us who were working at a breakwater, when by some accident the barge on which we were working went down with all the machinery, and all of us sank, but thank God, we were not caught in the gear, so we all got safe to shore. At that moment when I thought I was about to enter the

eternal world, all my life passed before me, and I cried from my heart, "Lord, save my life," and He did. Another time I was working on a railway, and was shunting a train, when the handle slipped, and I fell with my head on the metals as the train passed. Again God saved me. All the men said, "he is gone! he is killed!" but only my hair was cut off. Again I thanked God for saving me from death. I have had twenty such escapes, yet I am not converted. I was often at your tent two years since, and heard the words of life, yet I have not received them, but I hope I shall now.'

"A good meeting followed. I spoke from Prov. xxviii., *sin covered, sin confessed and forsaken, sin forgiven and cleansed*. Got all the men to repeat the verses after me until they were committed to memory, and then I told them of some examples of it. At the close eleven stood up and confessed they were the Lord's."

A MODERN PRODIGAL.

On another occasion while his son and another were preaching in the tent, he stood in the highway to speak a word with the men as they strolled about after the duties of the day. One of these appeared to be a desperate character. He said, "Sir, I appreciate your good intentions, and no doubt you have done some of these fellows good; but I am past hope, I am everything that is bad; I am ready for

anything this minute—I am desperate.” He replied, “When a sinner is ready to perish, there is a Saviour ready to save; and if you are ready for anything, are you ready to accept salvation from God?” “It’s no use for me to be ready, because I am too bad for God if there be such a Being.” “If there be such a Being? Is not the fact of your present state a proof that you fear that Being?” “Listen to me,” he said; “I was born in a public-house. My father kept an hotel in the city of —. I lived in that house till I had acquired the love of drink, and had learned to be wicked. My father put me to an academy, and I had a classical education. I was articled to a man who had the first business in the town of —. I had every prospect of going ahead, when my father died suddenly, and I was left with £2,000 at my disposal. I at once left the business, and took my money with me to London. I went to one of the ‘bells’ which abound in that great city, and I lived a fast life for a few days. Some of those who frequented that place soon got me to play cards with them, and I lost £900 in one night. I became desperate at my loss, and at once sailed for New York. I arrived there, glad enough to be away from such a place as I had left in London. But I fared no better in New York, for in less than a year I was penniless. Without food, employment, or a friend in the world, I sank lower and lower, and was

a vagabond for years. At length I managed—no matter how—to get a sum of money to pay my passage back to London. But the curse of God seemed to follow me. I could get no employment, and I tramped the whole way from London to this spot on which I stand, and joined this set of roughs to eat a bit of bread. I am desperate—ready for anything.” He listened to this sad tale, and thus replied, “I have your history recorded in a little book. If you will stand still I will read it to you ; it won’t take long.” and he read the incident of the Prodigal Son. He said as he finished reading, “It’s very like mine.” Yes, but there is one thing he did which you have not yet done.” “What is that, sir ?” “He arose and came to his father and confessed his sin, and obtained forgiveness. He got a home in his father’s house, was clothed with the best robe, and all the household was called on to rejoice over his return. The same blessing awaits you.” He wept, and said, “I am too vile,” “Christ came to seek and to save the lost. None can be worse than *lost*,” was the reply. “But my sins are so many and so dreadful.” “‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow,’ saith God.” “There may be hope for some, but not for me.” He then read, “‘*Whosoever* will, let him take the water of Life *freely*.’ That embraces anyone who who will take God at His word.” His eyes filled with tears, while

his bosom heaved with the inward struggle, and he gasped out, "Oh, God, may such a wretch as I come to Thee?" Again he read, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." He said, "Lord, I do come to Thee! Save me, pardon me, keep me!" His tears fell fast over that lost one, which I trust the Good Shepherd had found. He gave him a New Testament, marked with such texts as John iii. 16, Acts xiii. 38. It would be easy to multiply such incidents, so largely did God bless his efforts for His glory and the salvation of his fellow-men.

"IN JOURNEYS OFF."

To his other numerous activities in preaching, and pastoral work in the districts around the hills he added the work of a travelling evangelist, and laboured with much success as a soul-winner in scores of towns and cities in England, Scotland, and Ireland. His stirring and pithy sayings, his homely and forcible addresses, the grip he had of the Word of God, the hold the Word of God had upon himself, the intense reality of his religion, and his remarkable adaptation in applying the Scriptures to almost every conceivable condition of soul, gave him a ready welcome everywhere. He never was the bigot of a party: his nature was too generous, and his knowledge of God and His Word too deep and real to permit it. He often said, "My parish is the world. Anywhere for Jesus I would go, and any-

where I would preach, provided I be allowed to take the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth;" and in great measure he acted up to his creed. His children in the faith are to be found in many parts of the world, and it was to him an unspeakable joy to know that though his heart's desire to preach to the heathen abroad had not been gratified, yet some of those whom he had won for Jesus were serving the Lord as missionaries in India, China, America, and Africa, while many others were witnessing for Christ in this land as ministers, evangelists, and teachers. The privilege longed for was never his, save by his writings, which have been translated into several foreign languages. But the Lord enabled him to do so in his eldest daughter, who, being married to Mr. Rudland, of the China Inland Mission, in 1875, went to China the following year. Much fruit to God, he hoped, would be reaped in that land through her labours; but her work was soon done: she lived but two years there, and went "home" to be with the Lord—the first of the family.





CHAPTER XII.

MORE PERMANENT WORK.

"The things which thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."—2 Tim. ii. 2.

"Be useful where thou livest. that all may
Both want thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will ;
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

GEORGE HERBERT.

WHILE the work was spreading out towards the west and east, as we have seen, the district around Clayhidon was not being neglected, and the same desire for the education of the young as was so apparent in the district to the east was equally manifest there.

"What is to be done with our children?" was the cry of many of the newly converted; "there are no schools to send them to." This was the great

for all the blessing of the past, and began the present with Hallelujah. Thirteen young men and women confessed the Lord in baptism to-day at Clayhidon. A very crowded room. The Lord helped me to baptize them without weakness after my illness. The Word was with power, and many felt it, and several who had been previously converted wished they had confessed the Lord. Had some personal converse with many who appeared to be affected by the Word.

Jan. 2. Very wet, yet had good meetings—about 100 to afternoon meeting—130 to tea—and in the evening a full house. We had with us Mr. Bird of Clevedon, Mr. Gribble, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Denne, and others. The Word was ministered with blessing I trust. There was much thanksgiving and prayer for many objects, specially for the past year's blessing, and spreading out of the Word to other places. In the afternoon the *past, present* and *future*; "*Ebenazar*" (*Past*) 1 Sam. vii. "My grace. My strength" 2 Cor. xii. (*Present*) "Be content with such things as *ye have*," 2 Cor. xii. What have we? "All the Father hath are mine"—"All is yours; and for the *Future* "I will never leave thee." Mr. Bird followed on the same strain from Rom. xii. 1. In the evening I took the "Take heed" —to "*ears*" (Mark iv. 24), "*eyes*" (Luke xi. 35), "*hands*" (1 Cor. iii. 8), "*feet*" (1 Cor. x. 12), "*heart*" (Heb. iii. 12), "*self*" (1 Tim. iv. 16). Mr. Denne, Col. iii. Mr.

Gribble followed on "Walking with God, The path of Trust, &c." Walter took "Ruth gathering handfuls in the pathway of trust, and sharing it with Naomi—and her full reward" We closed the meeting with "Hallelujah!"

Jan. 3. Not well enough to do much. Went to the station with Walter, who is gone to Teignmouth. Had a good prayer meeting in the evening, with praise for the blessing thus bestowed. Hallelujah.

Jan. 4. Went to S—— for the meeting. Had good gathering, and trust some souls were helped. I——, Mrs. C., and her sister confessed to receiving blessing; H. M. also. I's wife went out smitten. May the Lord save her. We still praise the Lord.

Jan. 5. Rom. viii. was our chapter to-day, and is full of wonderful blessing. "All things work for our good," so we praise the Lord. Went to W—— in the morning; in the afternoon very wet; had some letters to write and the Lord to praise, *which we did*.

Jan. 6. The Lord still causing us to praise Him for caring for us and the work. Also had a memorial card from Mrs. W—— speaking of the sudden removal of her dear husband to be with the Lord while in prayer. May the Lord sustain His dear child in this deep trial.

Jan. 15. Have been kept indoors this week pretty much, but each day has been with fresh mercies, and with a song of Hallelujah!

Jan. 17. Visited J. B—— at ——, and trust another of his daughters was led to to the Lord. This makes six out of his eight children who have been brought to the Lord of late ; four of them through my personal conversation with them. Hallelujah !”

And thus the weeks passed on ; Hallelujah written on every page, as mercy after mercy was received, and soul after soul was delivered.

May 12. “ The past three weeks have been with fresh trial at home. My dear wife very ill for the past fortnight with violent spasms of the heart, and cough. These lessons are difficult to learn, but needful, doubtless, or they would not have to be learnt. Marah's bitter waters have been sweetened again and again, so that we have been able to drink them and praise the Lord for coming to our need and help so often. She is still very weak. The accounts from Chard have been with joy and sorrow. Eph. (his son-in-law, Mr. Ephraim Venn,) has been ill likewise, but he is now better. I trust soon to be restored fully.

May 23. Still sunshine and shadow. Sorrow and joy alternate in our experience. The past fortnight I have had but little time for writing. Georgie and Ephraim came over on Thursday last, and on Friday Minnie (his son's wife,) was taken dangerously ill, on the seventh anniversary of their wedding day. So the trials of each day come in their

appointed time; and so with the joys, they each follow one another like night and day; and God, in whom we trust, is sufficient for all, and this we find; so *rejoice* in tribulation, *when we can*, and are *patient* when we *cannot*. We need the fire of trial, or we should not have it. Lord, stand Thou by, and we will bear all Thy hand lays upon us.

June 7. We trust some fresh cases of blessing this evening in the Tent (among the Militia.) Walter and I took the service. While I was preaching inside, he was having converse with groups of men outside the tent, and when I had finished he preached, and I had close personal dealing with many outside. The Word is the power used by the Holy Spirit for blessing. The weather still rough and cold, many would not venture in the rain. Still a good number of the men came in, and one confessed to salvation.

June 9. Again Walter and I went to the Camp. The numbers who came to the tent were smaller than usual, yet two confessed to salvation. Thus we are encouraged to go on. Two souls are worth the labour of a wet journey.

July 6. Went to Ilminster for the Tent Services. July 7. I returned home amidst crowds of excursionists going to the Horse Show at Taunton. Had a good time in the railway carriage with a gentleman, who told me he was about to take what is

called "Holy Orders," and whom I found to be an inveterate smoker. I asked him if he was converted? "Well, I *hope* so," he said, I replied, "You have not been converted from tobacco yet, and that will be a great hindrance to your work, if you would seek to win souls, and also a bad example to the young men of your parish." I sought to show him the evils I saw in the habit, and which led me to give up the practice at my conversion, viz., a waste of time, health, and money, for which I should have to give an account in the day of reckoning, at the Judgment seat of Christ. He was deeply moved, and some ladies, his friends, were thankful for my words to him as a stranger. On leaving at Taunton, he thanked me heartily for the words spoken, saying he "would not forget them."

Sept. 8. The past fortnight I have been writing my Report for the year. We have to recount the faithfulness and goodness of God, in permitting us to serve Him another year, and to allow us to see much fruit in every branch of the work. The year has been with much trial of faith and patience. My dear wife has been for half the year a great sufferer, whereby I have been kept on the Hills more than I had hoped. She is worse again to-day; but all is well, because all are in His hands.

Dec. 18. The past month has been with deep trial. My dear wife laid up in bronchitis, and

myself also. She also has inflammation of the lungs. Have had no time for writing in diary, except that "as our day, our strength." Trouble is great, but grace *greater*. She is in imminent danger. I am better through mercy, and if I had liberty could work again.

Dec. 24. The past three days my dear wife not so well, but she is kept in peace, and longs to go home. "When will Jesus call for me?" she often says. "He has bought me with His blood. He will not leave me, though so unworthy, and so much in me which is unlike Him." All the day I have kept by her side, reading to her from the loving words of the Lord as she is able to bear it.

25th Christmas Day. Walter stayed with her this morning while I went to the service. She is suffering much, but kept in peace. She often says, "I want more joy, I want to praise Him more, but I am so weak." . . . She delights to have the precious truths of the Scriptures often dwelt upon. . . . She suffers much, but is so patient, and constantly prays for patience and that she might not murmur. Mr. and Mrs. Showell came and stayed with her a little while, and dear Minnie, who has been most kind: also Polly (our niece,) has been most unremitting in her service of love night and day.

Dec. 28. The end seems near. We can only cry, "Come, Lord Jesus, release her from her cap-

tivity, Thou mighty Looser of all bonds; still we wait on Thee and for Thee." Walter has come back from Hinton; so glad of his being home again. She had often asked for him in his absence. She said to me this afternoon, "You will put me under the earth." This was the most cutting word I had heard, and it went to my heart, that one we so dearly loved should be put out of sight. And but for the blessed fact that the *resurrection* is before us, and that Jesus, who is the Resurrection and the Life, is also with us, we could not bear it. I said, "No, dear, I shall not put you under the earth; you will go to be with the Lord, and His Word assures us that it is 'far better.'" "Yes, with Jesus. But I am so unworthy; yet 'tis not my worthiness, but His, who died for me. I am a poor feeble and weak thing; but He will cover me with the best robe." The following day she passed from earthly scenes of weariness and sin, to the presence of Him whom she had so long loved and so faithfully served, her last words being, "White robe, I have seen it. I have seen Jesus. He spake to me; said, 'It is finished.' I know I shall be with Him."

Continuing his diary, he writes. "Oh! how our hearts are crushed; how they ache as we look upon the loved one so quietly and softly breathing out her soul into His hands who gave it. We are crushed with the blow of His hand. Oh! how we feel the

awfulness of sin, which must end the present life of us all! We weep tears of sorrow, yet mingled with thankfulness to God for deliverance from the pang of death into the presence of the Lord. Precious loved one! such a faithful, affectionate wife and mother; a true child of God, and a servant of Jesus Christ. She is gone, and will be greatly missed by the poor saints, and others also; for her constant care and thought was for their welfare. She clothed the naked, and was delighted to be a friend of the needy. She is gone to her reward, and her works follow her."

Dec. 29. "Have this day felt eternity so near as never before; and so real, as one thinks of the disembodied spirit gone to be with the Lord; while we remain still in the midst of multitudes who are rushing on to eternal destruction. I have earnestly prayed to be filled with the Holy Spirit for all the work in which He may call me to serve Him. May God help me to have 'Eternity' stamped on my eyeballs, that so I may preach as a dying man to dying men."

Dec. 31. "Lord's Day." The last day of the year. Went to all the meetings. Felt we could not let our sorrow come between us and worship, Breaking of Bread, and Gospel Work. We were all helped much of the Lord. A time of real blessing."

Jan. 5, 1883. This day have buried the remains of my precious wife at Hemyock Baptist Chapel Yard. Mr. Tanner came from Wellington, and assisted at this last service of love for her and us. He spoke very sweetly from the words, "I am with you all the days" (Matt. xxviii. 20.) "Caught up with the saints and 'with the Lord'" (1 Thess iv.) and "Absent from the body, present with the Lord" (Phil. i.) We were greatly refreshed by his words, which we felt were a message from the Lord to our hearts. Mr. Showell spoke at the grave, and Bro. Harper, from Teignmouth, gave one verse to sing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Many of the Lord's people were present, as well as many others. May the Lord make this time of sorrow a means of blessing to many souls.

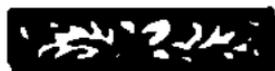
Thus sustained in the great sorrow and grief at parting with one who had been his helper in the work of the Lord from its commencement — the sharer of his joys and sorrows for thirty-eight years— he re-devoted himself to the Lord and His service; and on January 7th, 1883, preached the funeral sermon of his beloved departed wife himself. He refers to this in his journal, and with this entry we must close the present chapter.

Jan. 7. "A good day. Many came in the afternoon to the special address about our beloved one's last words. A very large meeting. Much

celing. The Lord sustained me, and enabled me to conduct the meeting. Walter spoke a little of the delight of the departed one over her children, all being not only the Lord's, but in His service, and appealed to parents in solemn words about the training of the young."

We have felt that in giving extracts from his journal in his own words, under varying scenes of sunshine and shadow, more of the reality of the power and presence of the Lord, which he enjoyed in every day life, would be apparent, than any description of ours could possibly produce.

May reader and writer alike know *personally* that Divine Presence, which shall enable each to say, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me," "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me" (Ps. xxiii).





CHAPTER XIV.

LOOSENING THE CORDS.

"Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away"—Sol. Song ii. 10.

"To depart and be with Christ, which is far better"—1'hil. i. 23.

"Loose him, and let him go."—John xii.

"It matters not, at what hour of the day,
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die:
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven:
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

MILMAN.

HIS experiences of the year 1882 largely affected his hitherto robust constitution, but he was enabled to throw himself as earnestly as ever into the work of the Lord. In December, 1884, he married a Miss Marles, of Teignmouth, and was still enabled to combine with the general superintendence of the work on the hills, much evangelistic effort in various parts of the country. Until his death, she was his helper, accompanying him in his pastoral visits among the Hills, as well as in his evangelistic journeys throughout the land.

Among other places, they together visited for Gospel Work, Eastbourne, Hastings, Ilfracombe, Bath, Yeovil, Tottenham, Staines, Torquay, Ottery St. Mary, Leominster, Sheffield, Bradford, York, Leeds, Harrogate, Birmingham, Chard, Bampton, Dulverton and Dorchester. A period of lengthened and increasing service appeared to be before them; but the Heavenly Master's will had not so planned. The "hasting messenger"—a true *diakonos*—had travelled the dusty road in the King's service long enough; he was soon to walk the golden pavement "in the presence of the King;" the "under-rower" was to enter the haven of eternal rest. He had, by God's goodness, inherited a splendid constitution—an iron frame and a warm heart. He never would admit of fatigue till within the last few years, and even up to the last few months of his labours he accomplished without weariness as much as would have tired many a man in the prime of life; though occasionally he was subject of late to attacks of bronchitis, which often hindered him in his much-loved work. Many of his friends remember him saying he had asked the Lord, in commencing the work on the hills, to give him "a body of iron and a soul of fire." For nearly twenty-five years he had his desire. But his labours here were soon to cease. The Master's purpose was to call him up higher to nobler spheres, "far up the eternal hills;" and even

in this respect, it would seem, He granted His servant's desire. "I should like to die in harness," he often said; and he could never pray, "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us."

LOOSENING THE CORDS.

From the first years of his labours on the hills his custom was to issue at intervals a record of the Lord's dealings with him, and of the progress of the work in his hands—and of late years he published an annual report. The seventeenth "Brief Narrative of Facts" had just been completed and put into the printer's hands. The funds had fallen off considerably during the year, by the death of several of the most liberal supporters of the mission. This, doubtless, was a great trial to him, inasmuch as it caused a large adverse balance in the year's accounts (not a debt—for he was enabled to meet the deficit from his own slender means), and this necessitated his giving notice to some of his most valued helpers that he would be obliged to discontinue their support after three months, unless the Lord manifestly came in to his help. This notice was sent on Friday, October 7th, 1887, and very much affected him. On the Sunday, on rising from bed, his first words were, "This will be a dark Sunday for the dear —s', they will have received my letter by this time." And it would seem from that moment commenced "the beginning of the end." He was stricken with facial

paralysis, which during the day increased, and though he preached twice, it was with the utmost difficulty to himself; and, at the close of the afternoon service, when the writer, in great concern, asked his father what was the cause of his strange articulation and altered appearance, he completely broke down, and sobbed aloud, saying, "My work is nearly done—I am paralysed." He shortly controlled his feelings however, and, true to his old self, said, "I shall soon be better, and shall preach again at Bolham to-night." This, of course, was entirely out of the question. "Prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." The whole parish and adjoining parishes and towns were soon aware of his state, and the deepest, widespread sympathy and anxiety were manifested. Among his "own people" the consternation was great indeed—for they looked upon him as their father, and leaned upon him as their friend and counsellor. God, in His mercy, heard the prayers of his people, and graciously strengthened His beloved servant, so that again sufficient health was given to enable him to engage a little in the work of visiting and occasional preaching, though his speech never came again as before. A course of galvanic treatment, under Mr. Curtis, of Torquay, and afterwards Copson Garratt's apparatus, were blessed of God to this end; and all hoped for perfect restoration. The winter was long and severe, and even the most

robust constitutions were scarcely proof against its rigour. To a frame already weakened by paralysis it was particularly trying. Yet, amid it all, and notwithstanding the snow which lay for weeks on the hills, he continued to visit among the people—to shepherd "the little flock," and to preach the Gospel on Lord's Days. The "body of iron" was giving way, but he still retained the "soul of fire," even to the last. Many have said to the writer since his decease, "We shall never forget his last sermon; we never remember seeing him more full, or more happy—he seemed to be beyond himself." His subject was, Hebrews xi. 24-28—the seven-fold action of Faith as seen in Moses—and when speaking on the seventh, "by faith he kept the Passover and the sprinkling of the blood," his face lit up with heavenly joy as he said, "We shall never get out of sight of the Cross, and can never do without the Blood; and, may I say, *never was the Cross of Christ or the Blood of the Lamb more precious to my soul than now; make much of the Cross, make much of the Blood.*" To those who heard him these were his last utterances—and to them they are a valued legacy. At Clayhidon, on a previous afternoon, he had read a Tim. iv. chap., and on reaching the words, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day," &c., his voice faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance. All noticed it, and to some it was premonitory. What his own thoughts were we cannot say—most probably it conveyed much to himself; and possibly he was consciously standing on the threshold of eternity. Looking back and looking on he read his own life's record—"a fight well done, a race well run, a crown well won."

His last pastoral visit was to a farmer and his wife, who had professed to have received blessing through the Word at the meetings. He was anxious to strengthen their faith, and comfort their hearts, and when they expressed their surprise at his visiting them at such a time, with the snow nearly a foot deep in the roads, his almost prophetic words were, "Time is short, we must work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work; we might not be here to-morrow." The farmer, to whom he had thus ministered the Word of Life, said to the writer afterwards: "I felt I should never see him again, and with a heavy heart I watched him on the road till he was out of sight; I returned to my wife and said, 'We shan't see Mr. Brealey again; he has paid us his last visit.'"

CLOSING SCENES.

The following day he, with his wife, went to Weston-super-Mare, to pay a long-promised visit for change and rest to a dear and tried friend of the family (Miss Rice, of Ventnor Villa). He seemed to gather fresh strength, and each of the almost daily letters sent to his son spoke of improvement in every way. He liked to be kept fully informed with respect to the work of the Lord in his absence, and was always in touch with it and the dear people, though at a distance, sending constant messages of love and counsel to the believers, often to many by name.

News of the departure to be with the Lord of a valued friend of the family and the work—the late Mr. Jabez Horne, of the Orphan Houses, Bristol—much affected him. In a letter to the writer at this time, he said, “Another of the King’s worthies is gone into His presence. I wonder who will be the next. It behoves us each to be ready for the summons.” He little thought, probably, that in less than a week he, too, would have heard the call to “Come up higher.” Yet the Master had willed it so. He wrote on Friday (March 2) to his son, deciding to return home on the Monday, and expressing much thankfulness to God for the great benefit the change had been to him. With a view to saying good-bye to a few friends, he was invited by a friend of many years—Mr. Poole of Merton

Villa—to spend the evening at his house. He did so, and a precious time was spent over the Word of God and prayer ((his greatest pleasure). The party breaking up, he was asked to choose a hymn in parting, and, taking the "Songs and Solos," said, "My favourite is 193, 'Simply trusting every day.'" Heartily they sang it, and he with special fervour the last verse:—

Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till death is past :
Till within the Jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus—that is all!"

This was his last song on earth—sung in the house of a friend who was the first in Weston to open his home to him for the Gospel, and one of the last, outside the family, to minister to his comfort in his dying moments. The next day a fit of apoplexy laid him low, and from that time until the following Tuesday morning, though he was perfectly conscious of all transpiring around him, he was able to speak but little, and that very inarticulately. His children were summoned to his bedside, and had the joy of knowing that he recognised them each. The nature of the disease prevented much conversation, as he suffered very much pain in his head; but it was a joy to the writer to hear his father once again say, as he was often wont to say in his life, "Faith can firmly trust Him—come what may. I have no fear—none whatever." And shortly after his sun set, to

rise in all the glory of the eternal day—on “the morning without clouds.”

“ O change ! O wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars,
 This moment *thou* so low,
 So agonized—and now
 Beyond the stars !
 O change ! stupendous change !
 There lies the soul-less clod ;
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes,
 Wakes with his God.”

He was interred in the cemetery, Weston-super-Mare, where devout men carried him to his burial. The service was most impressive, and among others who came to assist and show sympathy with the bereaved family were Mr. Thos. Newberry, Editor of “the Englishman’s Bible;” Mr. James Wright, one of the Directors of the Orphan Houses, Bristol; Mr. Douglas Russell, Mr. James Vicary, and Mr. Rainey, each of whom took part in the service. The addresses of Mr. Newberry and Mr. Wright—the former from Jno. xii. 26, “If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve Me, him will my father honour”; and the latter from Phil. i. 21, “For to me; to live is Christ, and to die is gain”—were worthy of being written in letters of gold. They are fixed indelibly on the hearts of those who heard, and their effects will, we believe, reach on, at least to some, to the

end of time. A plain marble stone marks the spot where lies the ransomed body, awaiting the archangel's shout, on which a simple Gospel text is inscribed—a text he often used with great effect in his life, and one that was blessed to many souls through his instrumentality—"And this is the will of Him that sent me, that everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day" (John vi. 40). "By it he being dead, yet speaketh."

The following touching letter from a well-known friend of many years, was read by Mr. Douglas Russell at the Funeral Service:—

"We were indeed sorrowful to hear of the departure of our beloved and honoured brother, George Brealey, 'Mr. Greatheart,' as we used to call him. We may say of him that he has fought a good fight, and finished his course.

"We sympathise with his widow, and with his children, and also with the poor flock on the Black-down Hills, who have lost in him a spiritual *father*, teacher, and guide, whose place can hardly be supplied by another; for, though there may be ten thousand *instructors in Christ*, there are not many *fathers*.

"Dear George Brealey, he was endued with a spirit of love, and power, and of a sound mind. Oh! that a double portion of his spirit might rest

upon us. We mourn his loss, but his work was done. The 'soul of fire, and the body of iron,' for which he had prayed, and which, for a good season, had been given him, had fulfilled their service, and the servant has been called home.

"We give thanks, and glorify God in him. I should much like to be present at his funeral, and join with the saints at Weston in laying him in his bed, 'with divers kind of spices and sweet odours,' but this privilege is withholden from me, as I am warned against any exposure.

"The Lord will manifest His presence on the occasion, and nothing will be lacking which the circumstances of the family may require.

Yeovil."

JOS. STANCOMB.

"Peace to the just man's memory. Let it grow
 Green with years, and blossom through the flight
 Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
 His calm benevolent features; let the light
 Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
 Of all but heaven, and, in the book of fame,
 The glorious record of his virtues write,
 And hold it up to man, and bid him claim
 A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame."

ROGERS.





CHAPTER XV.

CHARACTERISTICS AND CON- CLUSION.

“Remember them which are the guides, who have spoken unto you the Word of God: whose faith follow.”—Heb. xiii. 7.

“Character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of
infancy ;

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the
soil,

The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to
come ;

Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the
moorings of evil,

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first im-
pressions.”

TUPPER.



WELL-KNOWN writer (Smiles,) says, “ In the affairs of life, or of business, it is not intellect that tells so much as character ; not brains so much as heart ; not genius so much as self-control, patience, and discipline regulated by

judgment. Character is formed by a variety of minute circumstances, more or less under the regulation and control of the individual. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. There is no act, however trivial, but has its train of consequences, and there is no hair so small but casts its shadow. The best sort of character, however, cannot be formed without effort. There needs the exercise of constant self-watchfulness, self-discipline, and self-control. There may be much faltering, stumbling, and temporary defeat; difficulties and temptations manifold to be battled with and overcome; but if the spirit be strong, and the heart be upright, no one need despair of ultimate success. The very effort to advance, to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached, is inspiring and invigorating; and even though we may fall short of it, we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction."

The foregoing chapters will amply illustrate the above quotation, even from a purely human and moral standpoint; but much more forcibly will they show the truth of a well-known passage of Holy Writ previously quoted (1 Cor. i. 19—29,) that "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty." It has been said. "God needs men of *heart* for His work, Satan

uses men of *head* for his." And it is assuredly true that God's mightiest servants have been those who were "willing-hearted," warm-hearted, and whole-hearted; whereas Satan's most effectual emissaries have been those whose giant intellects being perverted, have alas! led countless multitudes into the vortex of their own baneful delusions: "professing themselves to be wise, they became fools . . . and even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind." Not that God cannot and does not use intellect. This were folly to assert. But He can do without it if He will. Heart He must have, and the Evangelist, whose course we have soeblly attempted to trace, was one whose heart was all the Lord's, and this, combined with his strongly-marked natural characteristics, gave definiteness to all he said and did, and was.

In personal appearance, George Brealey gave one the idea of a thorough man. Of middle height, square shouldered, broad chested, erect in carriage, his head well set on a body fully developed, and exceptionally muscular, his presence gave the unmistakable evidence of great force of character. There was a manliness in his bearing that everywhere commanded respect, while his frank and open countenance inspired confidence wherever he was known. His eye, piercing and clear, gave

strength of character to his expression, and seemed to read the very soul. Few opposers could withstand its power, and many a rough and violent enemy of the Gospel, has slunk away subdued under the influence of his penetrating gaze. "I can't stand that man's look," said a stranger who had attended his preaching to scoff, "he reads a fellow through and through; he spots you in a moment, and you can't get away from his eye." Yet, piercing though it was, speaking of the power and force within, it would beam with the most affectionate tenderness, and brim over with tears of deepest sympathy.

He possessed a genial nature, a large heart, a most unbounded generosity, and the deepest feeling for any and every one who appealed to him in true distress. In every sense he was the poor man's friend, and none ever sought his help without his doing his best to succour and relieve. Like the districts in which he laboured, which blend the bold and severe with the picturesque and beautiful; here gentle undulations covered with meadow and copse and corn field; there steep hills rising bold and bluff, bare with moorland, or ragged with furze-brake, he seemed a combination of contrasts, that none who knew him failed to recognise.

In him were seen the boldness of the lion and the gentleness of the lamb, the dauntlessness of the soldier, and the tender sympathy of the woman.

At times there was a brusqueness of manner, and a haste and force of expression (for he said all he felt,) that by some were mistaken for harshness and severity. But these were only like protruding crags, that serve to show the character of the formation beneath, or like the bare and rugged moors, lingering relics of the wide-spread aspect of the days gone by. And just as these relieve the landscape of a dull monotony, and enhance by contrast the verdure of the pastures, and the golden glory of the corn-fields, so these occasional marks of a natural tendency served to show the power of grace which had so wonderfully curbed and calmed, and sanctified a nature so determined and unyielding, and had produced such precious fruits to the glory and praise of God.

Into all he undertook, he threw his entire being, with an enthusiasm and determination that rarely failed in the accomplishment of his desires. This was so well-known, that many have said, "What Mr. Brealey sets his mind to, he'll accomplish." His sound and practical "common sense," however, preserved him from the errors and extravagancies to which his ardent nature might have otherwise caused him to fall a prey.

Possessed of an iron constitution, a powerful physique, an indomitable will, he was never known to fear or flinch. He prayed for "a body of iron

and a soul of fire." A friend once asked if he did not think his *narraes* were steel, for the word *fear* was unknown in his vocabulary. Many a time has his life been threatened if he dared to speak again to certain persons on eternal things. He has had the distinguished modes of death promised him of being "shot like a dog," "ripped up," "burnt," "run through" and "killed as dead as a door nail," if he dared accost these desperadoes; and yet, on the very first opportunity, he would quietly speak to these very persons, lay his hand on their shoulder, and looking kindly into their eyes, disarm them of their power, and deal fresh home-thrusts to their hearts, resulting, in some cases, in their conversion, and in most to their being ashamed, and offering some apology or excuse.

He was what Mr. Moody called an "O. O. Christian,"—that is "out and out." There was no half-heartedness in his testimony, no halfway house in his path of service, and nothing but reality and thoroughness would satisfy him either for himself or others. He knew not how to wind the silk of flattery around the Sword of the Spirit; and in his preaching and practice, in his personal walk, and in his pastoral work, he would give nothing but a "*Thus saith the Lord*," and would not be satisfied to receive anything less. He loved the Bible as very few probably do. It was "the man of his

counsel ;" and well he read it, and thumbed it, and marked it. He drank deeply of its sacred truths, and got his teaching, he said, "first-hand." He was no copyist, *he must be himself*, and could not endure the sping mimicry of many preachers he had known. His reading was mostly confined to the Good Old Book, though he was in no sense averse to the reading of Biblical and Expository Works—for he himself read considerably—yet he preferred to drink the living waters from the fountain head rather than from aqueducts, however clear, or vessels, however elegant. The Bible was to him "*The Book of Books.*" On one occasion, when holding a Mission in the Theatre and Corn Exchange of a large manufacturing town, he was the guest of an able and eloquent Nonconformist minister, who, shortly after his arrival, took him into his well-stocked library, saying with truest brotherly love, "My library is entirely at your disposal, Mr. Brealey. Feel quite at liberty to make what use you will of any books you please." He thanked him heartily, but added, as a merry twinkle gleamed from his eye, "I always carry my library with me—more than sixty books." "Indeed," said his friend, in surprise, "that seems a pity to burden yourself with so many." "They weigh but little," he replied, "and pack into a very small compass. I carry them all in my pocket. *That's my library,*"

producing his well-worn Bible. "I need to carry no other for my work." The blessing attending his ministry in that town proved that he had made no vain boast, for "the slain of the Lord were many."

As a preacher and evangelist he was very original, and probably unique. Ready in tongue and fluent in speech, he had a remarkable facility for grouping Scriptures together in chains of golden truths. He rarely preached from an isolated text, though often he would take a key-word to many texts, and showing up the special points he wished to impress, he would powerfully enforce the truth on heart and conscience. He made good use of anecdotal illustrations, but drew them mostly from the portfolio of his own extensive experience of men and things. Realizing the solemn importance of reality in the things of God, his aim was to reach the heart and conscience rather than to tickle the ear or gratify the intellect, and his preaching was therefore of a specially practical bearing on the lives of his hearers. Thus driving the ploughshare of the Word deep into the fallow ground, he would uproot the noxious undergrowth and lay it bare before his hearers, then revealing the hidden needs of cleansing and regeneration, and these effected alone through the atoning sacrifice of Calvary, he would administer the healing balm of the love of God, and plant the seeds

of eternal truth as to justification by faith and peace through the blood. He had a great dread, especially of late years, of "healing the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, 'peace, peace,' when there was no peace." He said, "The buds in nature develope best and quickest when unopened by the hand of man; God's work is often spoiled by man's hurry." The judgment seat of Christ was ever before his mind, and his sense of solemn accountability to God gave weight and solidity to his preaching causing him to persist in pressing home the importance of eternal realities in a manner distasteful to those who loved their sins, and cared not to be disturbed in their sleep of death. He was not a profound thinker, and never ventured in waters beyond his depth. He preferred to feel the solid ground of certainty beneath his feet than to flounder in the alluring but dangerous rapids of fanciful interpretations of unfulfilled prophecy, or of the unrevealed future; these he left to "wiser heads" than his. He knew the Gospel, had proved it, had loved it, and was not ashamed to preach it. In his measure he "determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He was at home on that subject, and was never at a loss to find "a smooth stone from the brook" for any opposing Goliath he might meet, or a healing leaf from the tree of life for any sin-sick soul he chanced

to cross. "I carry my seed-basket with me, and I know the seed is good—'incorruptible'—'that liveth and abideth for ever,' so I am sure of a harvest, but I don't want to sow my vineyard with *mixed* seeds." He therefore studiously avoided entering upon politics or any of the vexed questions of the day, choosing the better part of being a *cement* to unite God's people than that of being a *wedge* to divide them. His all-absorbing topic was "What think ye of Christ?" He had a strong and simple faith in the written Word of God, and believed in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. To him every promise was a draft on the heavenly treasury above, and this characterized much of his life and teaching.

He was a firm believer in the power of prayer, a man of faith, who knew not only what it was to believe the promises, and thus to make his "requests known unto God," but to grasp the Promiser, and obtain special and immediate answers. He trusted in the Living God, and his faith was "lively." Never was he more at home in speaking than when recounting some of the remarkable answers given to his believing prayer. He was once asked if he believed in Faith-healing. "Yes," he replied, "but the faith must be *God-given*, and then it will be *God-glorifying*, but *professional* faith-healing, I don't believe in." Many a case of healing in answer to his prayer, and the faith in *God* of the sufferer,

has he witnessed—several of which have been published. The following, however, has never before appeared in print, but is fresh in the writer's memory.

During our residence in Exeter, my mother was lying dangerously ill, and, to all appearance, dying. The medical man, a sceptic, stood, watch in hand, by the bedside. As he gazed upon the pallid features of the sufferer, he said, "There is no hope. Nothing more can be done; nothing whatever. She will be gone in ten minutes. No power on earth can save her." This my father felt to be almost like a challenge to the power of God, and as he had just been pleading with Him in the presence of the doctor for her life, the reality of faith and prayer was put to the test. So, falling on his knees again while the nurse and my mother's sister (both at this time unconverted,) were weeping bitterly, he cried, "O God, Thou hearest what this man says. Shew him, if it be Thy will, that there is a power in *Heaven* to save her. Convince him of the truth of Thy words, that '*Thou art*, and that Thou art the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Thee.'" The doctor smiled at what he considered simple fanaticism, and asked, "Do you think the Almighty will work a miracle?" "Yes, if He so please, to prove to you His power," was the calm reply. The minutes pass. With bated breath, the watchers bend

over the bed and wait. The crisis comes. The time allotted expires, when, lo ! *the eyes open ; five minutes more, and she speaks*, and from that hour she recovers. "'Tis a miracle !" exclaimed the astonished doctor, "'Tis a miracle if ever there was one." "God is here !" said the awe-stricken sister and nurse. But while the physician simply admitted the answer to prayer, both sister and nurse were from that time truly converted. The former passed away several years later, trusting in Jesus, on her death-bed, referring again to the above circumstance as the means, in God's hand, of turning her to Himself ; while a few months ago I met the nurse, a happy Christian, who with tearful eyes said, "I shall never forget that scene, nearly thirty years ago, and when tempted to be shaken in my faith, I think of your father's prayer, and feel encouraged."

His name is a household word among the hills, and we might sum up his character in the simple honest words of one of the poor of the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, "He was a bright and a shining light ; a thorough man of God."

The writer, from his close relationship to the subject of this memoir, has felt a considerable amount of diffidence, both in describing the characteristics of one for whom he might naturally be expected to

entertain an exalted opinion, and in making reference to the work in which he himself has taken an active part as fellow-labourer for so many years. He has therefore thought fit to insert the following brief sketches both of the evangelist and his work as given by some well-known and highly esteemed men of God, whose testimonies will be received with the full confidence which their name and standing among the people of God will ensure:—

R. C. MORGAN, Esq., (Editor of *The Christian*), writes:—

"I once had the privilege and enjoyment of spending a week with Mr. Brealey on the Blackdown Hills. It seemed to me as though, so far as his work reached, a desolate wilderness had been turned into a garden of Eden, and a den of thieves into a house of prayer. The people looked to him as to a father. He was really a bishop of the New Testament type, an overseer and shepherd of the flock. His children were also his children in the Lord and his helpers in the war with sin and ignorance. His eldest daughter went as a missionary's wife to China and died there—herself a true missionary. His son, Mr. Walter Brealey, who had taken an active part in the work on the Hills for many years during his father's life, still continues it with the devotedness and zeal which characterized his father's long and useful labours.

George Brealey was naturally kind and benevolent, yet a shrewd discernor of character and a wise and capable administrator of funds committed to him for the relief of the poor in times of distress. He was not possessed of scholarship, but he was taught of God, and as he ministered the Word the people were fed with the 'fat things full of marrow,' with 'the wine on the lees well refined,' which do not come by scholarship, but are known to those who live near to God. Dwelling among his own

people on the hills, a light shining in a dark place, his consistency of character was the secret of his power.

As an evangelist he was remarkable. Preaching at long range he was an able minister of the New Covenant, but he was still more noteworthy in personal dealing—not merely useful in an inquiry room, in leading an anxious soul to Christ, but fearless and skilful in his attacks upon hardened sinners and self-righteous pharisees. He lived for souls and therefore he was wise to win them. There was a sobriety, a quietness, a dignity, which betokened a man who lived in the presence of God. He was one of the men raised up through the Revival of 1859. He has entered into his rest, and his works do follow him. But may his mantle fall on many to do the like work among other valleys and hills."

Mr. JAMES WRIGHT (Co-Director with Mr. Geo. Müller of the Orphan Houses, Bristol), writes:—

"Though I had not the privilege of much *personal* intercourse with dear George Brealey—as my knowledge of him was derived mostly from correspondence, yet as this continued from the year 1862 until the close of his career, I was pretty well acquainted with the spirit and aim of his life. Two inspired sentences express the impression I received as to these, viz.: 'Served his generation by the will of God' and 'He that winneth souls is wise.' He did not serve his generation in *self*-will; therefore when the 'Spirit suffered him not to go to Demerara,' he was well-content to serve on the Blackdown Hills. Thus, though dead, he yet speaketh to all his fellow-evangelists on this wise; 'Seek not to be *Architects* in God's work, but be content to be day labourers.' As to soul-winning, it was verily with him his meat and his drink. He realized in an unusual degree the spiritual *authority* which attaches to the *true* 'Ambassador for Christ.'—and some of his graphic narratives of cases of conversion show how the consciences of sinners recognised and submitted to it. How many will be his 'joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at His coming?'"

Mr. JOSEPH STANCOMB, of Yeovil, writes :—

" We had given him the name of ' Greatheart,' being often reminded by him of that conductor of pilgrims to the celestial city, so graphically portrayed by the illustrious dreamer. There was a combination of strength and gentleness, of heavenly wisdom and knowledge, combined with loving sympathy and homely practical good sense, in your dear father, which seemed vividly to remind us of the character of the pilgrims' guide as drawn by that master hand. Your dear father always reminded me of that scripture : ' God hath not given to us the spirit of fear, but of power, of love and of a sound mind,' as also ' It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace.' Your father referred to two incidents in his life which had an important bearing on his subsequent course and service. When quite a youth, having been tenderly brought up by his parents, and especially by his mother, he was apprenticed to an uncle, who was quite an irreligious man, who seeing that his nephew was of a timid disposition he insisted upon his fighting a boy who had struck him, on pain of being thrashed himself if he failed to beat his antagonist. Thus stimulated, he fought and beat his opponent, and from that day forward he lost his timidity, and was henceforth known among his companions as one not to be lightly provoked to an encounter. Another, though very different event, to which he referred with much thankfulness, was his escape from the bonds of Exclusivism, which were drawn so tightly around him, as to deprive him of the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free, not to do that which was right in his own eyes, but to hear the voice and follow the lead of the Good Shepherd; and we know how steadfast he was in maintaining the principles of meeting and ministry, which he had learned from the Word of God."

Dr. HENRY SOLTAU (late Missionary in Burmah and son of the late H. W. Soltau, Esq., the talented author so well known in Christian circles), writes from Edinburgh :—

“ Dear Brother,

It was during our residence in Exeter that I became closely acquainted with your father, while I myself was only a school-boy, and therefore not fully able to appreciate those parts of his life and character which subsequently drew forth my admiration and esteem, and I may say affection.

As a boy, my first impression was that of surprise that such a cheerful happy man should live in such a dingy street, and still be always bright. In those days I saw him sometimes in his shoemaker's apron, and learned that an earnest Christian man ennobled his work by doing it all to the glory of God—working by day and preaching at night. None were more regular than he in attendance at the week-night meetings, and none more welcome amongst us young fellows as a speaker, because he was always bright, anecdotal and sympathetic. As a lad, I had a dread of meeting Christian workers, because so many of them lectured us in private; but George Brealey never failed to be a welcome visitor at our house. He could put his hand to anything, and excelled in all that he did. He undertook all the work of moving us into our Exeter house. He could mend a pane of glass as well as a glazier, would help us in the garden, or advise us about our rabbits. We were all brought up to study God's work in Nature, and amongst other collections we gathered a cabinet full of butterflies and moths. He helped us much with this, as he was able to collect a number of beautiful moths that he found imprisoned within the street lamps, when he went his rounds to extinguish them in the morning.

My first Sunday School work was in connection with a little school in Parr Street, Exeter, where in an old Chapel a few friends commenced Gospel preaching and School work. What a rough lot of boys and girls were there; and no one could keep any order among them but your father, who had a very attractive manner with children, and was not slow to enforce obedience by a little timely corporal punishment, when needed, for which he was not the less respected. The boys would bring matches into

the school and light them during the class, burning each others' clothes, or would suddenly turn over the forms, turn out the gas and play any number of pranks; and were utterly unmanageable unless Mr Breeley was present. But the school soon became orderly, and when moved to Cheeke Street had grown in numbers and become a power for good in the neighbourhood.

One of my little trials as a school-boy was standing by my dear father when he preached in the open-air. As far back as I can remember he was always an enthusiastic and very able open-air preacher, and when he came to live in Exeter your father introduced him to some of the most needy and important spots for such work. I have vivid recollections of standing by in 'The Quarter' and 'Exe Island' when the lowest classes in the city were gathered round listening to these two earnest preachers, and many were the interesting stories we heard at home of blessing following these efforts. How the people were held by the preaching in those days. Your father always had a good illustration to catch their attention, and being known among them as one who would go and help any one at any time in any trouble, there was a force in his words which told on the people.

When any one interrupted, not at all an uncommon occurrence, the tact shown by him was remarkable. He never shunned to condemn sin in all its forms; but sinners were not driven away by this; and while often solemnly stern, he was very affectionate. At times his addresses were very humorous, and the wonderful conversations he often related were exceedingly telling. He was one of those valuable servants of God that can preach well and deal with individuals equally well in private conversation. Intensely earnest, he was perfectly natural and grew in wisdom and power. I think he loved to listen as much as to speak; and his earnest face comes up before me lit up with joy as he drank in expositions of scripture from the various servants of the Lord.

As an Evangelist and Teacher of the children of God, few equalled him. By rail or road, in cottages and public halls he was equally at home, and always 'instant in season, out of

season.' We paid him one or two visits on the Blackdown Hills in later years and were delighted with the evidence of God's work through him. I consider him to be one of the most remarkable men I have known; and one whose memory will be always fragrant in our family, and whose words and life will for a long time by God's blessing continue to bless many."

DR. F. W. BAEDERER (who visited Mr. Brealey at Weston, just as he was about to leave for an evangelistic tour in Germany), writes from St. Petersburg (Russia):—

"The last interview with your beloved father on his dying bed was a confirmation to me of what I had on several previous occasions found, that his heart was more and more enlarged, and that he had a warm interest in the work of the Lord in other lands. His own full life never was too full for showing sympathy to workers in other countries. Some traces of his fruitful work are found on the continent of Europe; they bear the stamp of reality as your dear father bore it at all times. He always gave the impression of true genuineness of character, and in his preaching the power and warmth of his life had much weight, whilst his addresses gave generous representations of God's love to sinful man. Strange to say, I had on several occasions, when I was just starting for one of my Evangelizing tours, the privilege of a warm shake of his hand, and a hearty "God bless you"—once at the Swindon Station, when he was going for a mission in that neighbourhood, the second time at the Bristol Station, and the third time when he was on his way "home," on the 5th March, 1888 (the day previous to his death). Surely the Blackdown Hills will re-echo his name for generations to follow, 'he being dead yet speaketh.'"

Mr. DOUGLAS RUSSELL (whose evangelistic labours are well-known on both sides of the Atlantic), adds the following:—

" My first meeting with the departed George Brealey, was at Clayhidon in the spring of 1873. By repute, I had known him well for several years previously in connection with his labour for the Lord on the Blackdown Hills, and personal acquaintance with him, and knowledge of the work which God had done by him, went to more than confirm all I had heard or read of both. Sixteen years have sped since then, witnessing during their course, changes many and varied; but the result of frequent intercourse with the beloved and honoured Evangelist on and off the Hills, was an ever-increasing 'esteem in love for his work's sake,' as well as for his own. He was such an 'all-round' man, as a Christian and servant of Christ, that I find it difficult to single out any special feature in his character, to give to one prominence above another.

To an extent not always found, there was fulfilled in him the purpose for which, as expressed in 1 Tim. iii. 17, was given the inspired volume, with its 'doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness,' viz. 'that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work.'

He firmly believed that 'God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.' He was constantly putting Him to the test as the Faithful Promiser; and to God's praise, and for the encouragement of others, he loved to recount distinct answers to prayer, to which he could bear witness, in the conversion of souls—often long asked for, as well as in connection with many other matters, spiritual and temporal. This was the theme, perhaps, of his very last address, given at the Gospel Hall Prayer Meeting, Weston-Super-Mare, only a few days prior to his Home-call. Such words as spoken then, are specially treasured now. To prayer, accompanied by faith in God, and faithful testimony for Him, is surely traceable all the blessing experienced during the past quarter of a century on the Blackdown Hills.

As a gift of the ascended Christ (Eph. iv.) to the Church of God, I should say that George Brealey was pre-eminently that of an Evangelist. From the time that he responded to the

Lord's call, to go forth and serve Him in the streets, courts, and alleys of Exeter, fairs and races in the country, and subsequently among the hills and dales of Blackdown, we see in him that ardent desire for the conversion of sinners, which is the first and most distinguishing characteristic of the Evangelist. Fearless of the face of man (confident that the Lord had sent him and was with him) 'publicly and from house to house,' on the highway and in the railway train, we find him 'instant in season, out of season,' 'testifying the Gospel of the grace of God,' 'reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' and setting forth Christ as the sinner's surety, presenting life, salvation, peace through His atoning death, with unusual clearness and force. 'He being dead yet speaketh,' for wherever the English language is spoken, the 'Blackdown Tracts,' and 'Arrows Shot at a Venture,' continue silently to preach the same Gospel which their author so faithfully proclaimed with the living voice, while numbers of his children in the Lord have gone forth from the Hills, to live and labour for Him in different parts of these, as well as other lands; and so his works may never cease to follow him until the dispensation terminates with the coming of the Lord to receive to Himself His own!

Perforce of circumstances, as Timothy was exhorted to 'do the work of an Evangelist,' so our Evangelist, with a numerous flock scattered over the Hills, the seals of his ministry, the gift of the pastor and teacher was developed as he sought to tend and feed these lambs and sheep. Changing the figure, 'The sincere milk of the word' was dealt out to babes in Christ, while solid food was ministered to such as had become 'of full age.' Waiting on his ministry, he also waited on God for the word He would have ministered, and for the power which alone could make it effectual in the blessing of either sinners or saints.

We glorify God in him, and now pray that again Elijah's mantle may fall upon Elisha, that a double portion of the father's spirit may rest upon the son, while he, day by day, proves the unfailing faithfulness of God, supplying all things

needful for the furtherance of His work on the Blackdown Hills. May the Lord also use this testimony now being sent forth to His grace, in the conversion, life and service of the departed one, a 'man greatly beloved,' to the blessing of many into whose hands it may come! Who knows but that, as in Samsen's case, more may be accomplished through his death than was wrought even by his life."

MR. JAMES SHOWELL (Minister of the Gospel, Kendal), writes:—

"I am truly glad to know that a faithful record of the life and labours of your late beloved father is about being placed before the public, and feel assured that by Divine blessing it will be the means of stimulating many a worker in the harvest-field, and of suggesting modes of attack to the earnest soldier. Your dear father was pre-eminently gifted of God for his mission, he saw the right thing to do, and did it. He was a vallant soldier, always on the alert, always ready to attack. He often scaled the ramparts of the enemy and spiked his guns, and rejoiced much when he saw the foes of his glorious Master turned into friends, which was very often his happy privilege. Many a stout-hearted sinner has quailed beneath the burning words of truth uttered by him. But while, with great fidelity he warned the ungodly to 'flee from the wrath to come,' he was to the timid and anxious soul as tender and gentle as the most sympathising nurse, and by a well-timed exhortation or promise from the Book he loved so well, which was alike his armoury, storehouse, and surgery in one, the wounds made by the convincing power of the Holy Spirit have been healed, the weight taken from the heart, and the soul led from the land of darkness into the regions of peace and joy. Would God that his mantle might fall on many.

If asked to give words of Scripture describing what by wondrous grace he became, I should say: "Instant in season, out of season" (2 Tim. iv. 2). "Always abounding in the work of the Lord" (1 Cor. xv. 58). "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" (2 Tim. ii. 15).

The following from Mr. WALTER JERVIS, Sec. Y.M.C.A., Camden Town, will be read with interest :

"The late Mr. George Brealey was holding some Meetings in a small tent at my home (Minehead, Somerset) in the Summer of 1877 or 8. One Sunday evening after having attended Service twice and taught morning and afternoon in the Sunday School, I strolled into the Tent and heard Mr. Brealey give an Address on "Who is this that cometh from Edom," &c. (Isa. lxiil. 1). I had never heard the like before—it seemed wondrously strange. I felt that if what the speaker said was really true, then, whether I was a Sunday School Teacher or what else, I was a stranger to the saving grace of God.

I stayed to the after-meeting with a young friend of mine, but we neither yielded until the next day, when we called at Mr. Brealey's apartments, and there on bended knees, with the open Word of God before us, we gave our hearts to God. To God be all the glory for His saving and keeping power."

Among many other well-known servants of Christ who have visited the scene of his labours and preached in the various mission rooms on the hills, may be mentioned the late REV. W. PENNEFATHER (of Mildmay), REV. W. HASLAM (author of "From Death to Life," &c., &c.), the late H. W. SOLTAU, Esq., (author of "The Tabernacle the Priesthood," &c., &c.), the late EARL OF CAVAN the late Mr. J. DENMAN SMITH, MESSRS. R. C. CHAPMAN, H. GROVES, HENRY DYER, W. HAKE, the late J. LYNN, &c., &c., while missionaries labouring in more than twenty foreign lands have carried with them happy recollections of times spent with George Brealey on the hills.

And now, praying that the foregoing tracings of God's gracious leadings of one of his servants may be owned of Him, we would earnestly desire that each reader may be thereby stimulated to "live while he lives," and in the fear of God, and for the glory of Christ buckle on the armour afresh, for

" He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."

Nothing so done can be in vain, and no efforts, however humble, that are put forth to "please Him" who has called and chosen us, will, in the "day of recompenses" be found to have been "for nought and in vain." And thus may each in the highest and noblest sense

" Dare to do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

We conclude these imperfect sketches in borrowed words, more worthy than our own, penned by the late Mr. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland—well known as an earnest labourer in the vineyard, and a valued friend of the subject of this memoir—words which seem to come as distant echoes from "the eternal hills" (where the weary workers rest) to cheer and gladden the plodding workmen still labouring in the harvest fields :—

"NOTHING IS LOST."

"To talk with God—no *breath* is lost ;
 Talk on, talk on !
 To walk with God—no *strength* is lost ;
 Walk on, walk on !
 To wait on God—no *time* is lost :
 Wait on, wait on !
 To grind the axe—no *work* is lost ;
 Grind on, grind on !
 The work is quicker, better done,
 Not needing half the strength laid on ;
 Grind on.
 Martha stood, but Mary sat ;
 Martha murmured much at that ;
 Martha *serv'd*, but Mary *learn'd*,
 Listening to the Master's word,
 And the Lord her choice preferr'd,
 Sit on—hear on !
 Work without God is labour lost ;
 Work on, work on !
 Full soon you'll learn it to your cost ;
 Toil on, toil on !
 Little is much when God is in it ;
 Man's busiest day's not worth God's minute ;
 Much is little everywhere,
 If God the labour do not share ;
 So work *with* God, and *nothing's* lost,
 Who works with Him does *best* and *best* ;
 Work on, work on !

A STORY
OF
THE BLACKDOWN HILLS.

*"Is not this the fast that I have chosen . . . to deal thy bread
to the hungry."*—*Isaiah lviil. 6, 7.*

The silent snow was falling thick and fast,
The fields had doffed their summer garb of green,
And for a while their winter clothing wore.
With snowy plumage all the trees were hung,
And houses too were wrapped in mantles white.
No sound was heard, nothing to mark the way,
Not e'en a footstep, all was still as death,
And silence reigned supreme across the plain.
Look yonder at that little shivering lad
Standing against that lowly cottage door,
No coat has he nor shoes upon his feet,
And scarce a rag to cover him. So sad,
So cold, so deadly pale, and pinched with want ;
See, there are little maidens, too, as cold
And thinly clad in wretched rags as he.
I paused a moment near the door and thought—
" Why don't these little ones pursue their sport
And play with the white snow, and roll in balls,
Or make a man as high as they can reach,
And stick in stones for eyes, then make a hat
And call him Mr. Snow, then form a ring
And dance around him till they all get warm,
As I have often seen the children play ?
Why do they look so pale and sad, as if
Earth's cares were heaped upon their tiny backs,

And crushed them down beneath its heavy weight ?
Oh ! they are cold—no cheerful fire have they
To warm their freezing, aching hands and feet,
Nor coals nor wood to fill their naked grate ;
And they are hungry too—no food have they
To eat, nor have they tasted food all day ;
And now 'twill soon be dark, what will they do ?
The mother—where is she ? oh ! sad to tell,
She lies upon a wretched couch with scarce
A covering warm to keep her from the cold.
And she is dying—no kind hand is near
Stretched out to help her and to give relief
From suffering, and her dying pillow smooth.
Two little ones are lying by her side,
And on the floor are others, two or three,
Of various ages, cold and hungry all.
No wonder they at snow balls cannot play.
I asked the mother " Have you any bread
To give your starving little ones ?" She looked
As though her heart would break, and answered " No."
Bread she had none, and nothing else to give.
" Where is the father ?" He's away from home,
And rarely comes to see his little ones,
Nor her whose fondest hopes himself had marred,
Nor does he send the aid he full well might,
To comfort and to cheer them and relieve
Their pinching want, or ease the mother's pain.
I took one little child upon my knee,
The others stood around, and looking up
With mute surprise, they listened eagerly
While I in simple words told them of Him
Who clothes the naked and the hungry seeds ;
Who sees the little ones and hears their cry ;
Who loves them and who will not let them want.
To prove my words I asked the elder ones
To follow me across the plain and wait

Whilst I procured them bread. Soon did I hear
The tramp of little feet pattering along
The untrodden snow and hast'ning after me.
To try their confidence in what I said,
That God would help them if they trusted Him.
I turned and looked at them, and then I asked ;
" Where are you going ?" Oh ! the look of woe
And disappointment on each pallid face.
They looked at one another and at me :
" Please didn't you say we were to follow you,
And didn't you mean it, sir? Oh ! let us come :
We be so hungry and dear mother's bad
And father ain't at home—you meant it, sir ?"
And as they spoke the big tears trickled down
Their sunken cheeks, telling the grief they felt,
Whilst in my face imploringly they looked.
" Oh yes, dear little ones, I meant it all.
So follow me and I will give you bread."
Their tears of disappointment soon are dried
When in each hand is placed a loaf of bread.
Now their eyes glisten with delight and joy,
As home they hurry with their lightsome load.
A kind man, too, on hearing of their case,
Gave them some wood and coals to make a fire.
And thus they proved the faithfulness of Him
Who all their need had promised to supply.
The mother thanked her friend and thanked her God,
And from that night those infant lips began
To praise the Saviour Jesus for His love.

C.S.