

A VOICE FROM THE COALPIT;

Addresses

TO THE

WORKING CLASSES,

BY

RICHARD WEAVER,

A CONVERTED COLLIER.

WITH A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

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INTRODUCTION.

In introducing the following Addresses to public notice, it is perhaps desirable that a short account of the remarkable man who delivered them should be given. Frequently, when a man by the force of his character is raised from his original obscurity to a position of eminence, exaggerated versions of his early history are forthcoming from the pen of individuals who are so eager to gain profit, that they scarcely give either time or trouble to ascertain the accuracy of the rumours on which, too often, these statements are founded. This is the case, to a considerable extent, with the notices of Richard Weaver which have been given to the public. In the present instance, care has been taken to obtain the fullest and most reliable information; and the facts have been recorded from the lips of Mr. Weaver directly, or from his most intimate friends, so that their general accuracy may be relied upon.

The influence of early training was never more strikingly exemplified than in the present instance; and this both for good and for evil. Richard Weaver was surrounded from his birth, with two opposite sets of influences, antagonistic in their tendencies, and each, in turn, preponderating. He is a native of Shropshire. His father was a collier, and, like many of that class, was a man sunk in the depths of depravity. A victim to intemperance, he gave loose to the vices which follow in its train, and was a noted blasphemer and reveller. As is too generally the case, his family suffered from his drunkenness. Often did his drunken madness cause him to ill use and assault his wife, and this in the presence of his children. Scenes of this kind frequently repeated, and familiar from his early childhood, have left a deep impression upon the mind of Richard; and when, in some moment of his impassioned appeals, he fulminates in wrathful tones against the dastardly wife-beating drunkard, it is easy to see that the secret spring of his keen invective and eloquent reproof is to be found in his own reminiscences of childhood—a drunkard's home, a blaspheming father, and a suffering parent mother. And it

is to his mother that we must turn for the other side of this dark picture. From his father, he derived nothing but pernicious, evil influences; but his mother was a religious woman, and one who kept her light burning in a dark place. She was a praying woman; and from her mouth, instead of the parental blasphemy, Richard first learned to call upon God with the voice of prayer and thanksgiving. He has seen, he says, his father stand over her, when she has been reading the Bible, with a weapon in his hand, and heard him "threaten to split her head in two." Yet amidst all this persecution and opposition she steadily persevered in her Christian course.

Amidst such conflicting influences it is not surprising that, as Richard grew up, the mild entreaties of his mother were disregarded; and, yielding to the temptations of bad company, and the naturally evil tendencies of his own depraved nature, he should be found growing in wickedness, and gradually obtaining the position of a pioneer in the ranks of iniquity. As early as sixteen, he had acquired a taste for intoxicating drink; and the dancing-room found him one of its frequenters. Before long he added to his other bad habits a love for fighting, and was often found indulging in this barbarous and brutalising practice. After one of these occasions, when but seventeen years of age, he returned home with two black eyes. As soon as his mother saw him she fell on her knees, and began to pray for him with broken utterances from an almost broken heart. This so enraged the young reprobate, that he says, "I felt like a bloodhound of hell, and I said I would murder her if she did not give over praying." He left the room, and went to bed; she followed him, after a short time, and knelt down by the bed side, again to pray for her poor boy; but he, infuriated by passion, sprang out of bed, and seizing her by her grey hairs, swore that he would murder her if she did not cease praying for him. Mark the steady faith of the poor mother while thus in the grasp of her depraved son; she cried, "Lord, though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee! It is hard work, my child, to see thee raising up thy hand against thy mother; but, O Lord, though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee."

He went on from bad to worse, and for years was one of the most dissipated among the depraved with whom he associated. His courage and success in his pugilistic encounters with his fellow pitmen gained him the name of "Undaunted Dick." Drinking, dancing, and fighting, blasphemy, and obscenity were now the characteristics of his career; and, up to

this time, we see fully exemplified the results of his father's pernicious example. God was not in all his thoughts, and the ways of religion were his abhorrence. But God's ways are not ours. In the face of all this rebellion and sin, God intended to use him for His glory, and, as in the memorable case of Saul of Tarsus, to make the bitter opposer to become a champion for the truth. In the midst of his sin, and while preparing for a flight, which had been arranged to take place a few days afterwards, he overheard some individuals conversing on religious subjects; his past life flashed before him, and he was miserable. He had not been to a place of worship for eight years, but these words flashed into his mind, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Now the effect of his mother's early training began to show itself; and though thus sunk in sin, the seed, which had been long before sown, began to bear fruit. For some days he resisted the strivings of the spirit—tried to drown the voice of conscience with drink—he even attempted suicide; and when unable to fulfil his intention, he attempted to murder a poor unfortunate female with whom he was connected. Fortunately, a companion prevented him from accomplishing the awful crime. For two days longer did his misery continue, and then, in boundless compassion, the Lord spoke peace to his soul. He soon made his mother's heart to sing for joy, by sending her a letter, telling her what God had done for him. For a time, "he ran well, but something hindered." Satan strove hard for him, and his old companions laboured to get him once more with them; and at last he fell, and was, for a time, a living example that the "last state of such men is worse than the first."

He now removed to a village, not far from Manchester, where, as "California Dick," he soon acquired a reputation for everything that was evil. One Sunday afternoon, two young men, who had recently been converted, and whose hearts burned with all the fervour of first love, were standing in a house in the village, when the sister of one of them said, pointing out of the window, "Look, there goes California Dick." One of these young men said to the writer of this sketch, "I shall never forget that first sight of Richard Weaver. He was walking between two fighting men, and his face was plastered in all directions from wounds he had received in a recent fight. While I looked upon him I resolved to try and get hold of him, and to win him for Christ."

This resolve was carried into effect—an acquaintance was formed—early impressions were revived, and he was induced, to go to the Sunday School, not, however, without considerable opposition from some of the teachers, who thought, and not without reason, that until a more marked change took place in him, his attendance at the school might possibly do it harm in the opinion of others. Though his convictions were revived, he did not at once wholly forsake his sinful courses. One day, in the year 1856, Richard being in a place in Manchester used as a sparring or boxing saloon, and having the boxing gloves on, he was, while actually engaged in a boxing match, seized with such deep conviction and sorrow for sin, that he became horror struck, all his past career appeared to start up before him, and the awful end to which it all tended, stared him full in the face. Leaving the place he hastened to his lodgings and rushing up to his bedroom, cast himself on his knees before the Lord; and for several hours he remained in earnest prayer. During that night the Lord heard the voice of his supplications, and for Christ's sake pardoned his iniquities and blotted out his sins. It was evidenced by his life that he was now a changed man. Old things had passed away and all things had become new. He joined the Wesleyan Society, at Openshaw, a village in one of the Manchester circuits, and where he is still a member, this being his residence. The conductors of the school, satisfied as to the reality of his conversion, began to make use of him as a teacher in some of the juvenile classes; and thus he began to work a little for God.

About this time a party of Mormons came, as they had frequently done before, to the village where Mr. Weaver was living, and one Sunday afternoon held a meeting in the open air. In company with some of the teachers he was returning from the Sunday School, and stopped to hear what was going on. The Mormon speaker, after giving an account of their system, and enforcing it to the best of his power, closed by challenging any one to reply. No one else appearing willing, Richard Weaver said, "I will answer thee, but I must have a chair to stand on; lend me thine." This the Mormon refused to do; but several of the villagers, expecting nothing from him but a little amusement, cried out, "I'll lend thee a chair, Dick." Accepting one, he mounted it, and commenced his reply. To the astonishment of the villagers and the confusion of the Mormons, he showed very considerable know-

ledge of the subject; and so handled his opponents that they speedily left the assembly, and slunk out of the village, leaving Richard master of the field; and from that time they have avoided the place. Mr. Weaver's brother was a class-leader and local preacher, and occasionally he supplied for him, and this brought him more prominently before the public. He became known to that devoted servant of God, Mr. Reginald Ratcliffe, of Liverpool, and he soon found him employment as a colporteur. In this capacity he attended the execution of Palmer, and sold Bibles and distributed tracts on the ground at Stafford, during the previous night. For about twelve months he continued in this occupation, frequently accompanying Mr. Ratcliffe on his preaching excursions to various places; and his reputation as an ardent uncompromising preacher greatly extended. He next accepted an engagement as town missionary, at Prescott. Here he soon became an object of persecution to many, especially the papists; and on several occasions he was cruelly ill-used by them—being more than once dragged along the ground by his legs, with his head striking against the stone pavement until it was severely cut. "But none of these things moved him." All bleeding as he was, he stood up and preached Christ to the infuriated people; one of whom rushed at him with a bludgeon, with which he struck him a violent blow on the head, which felled him to the ground. He rose to his knees, and, bleeding as he was, commenced praying for the man who struck him. The ruffian still grasping the weapon, walked round him threatening to kill him. But an unseen power protected Richard, and throwing the stick down the man was heard to mutter as he slunk away, "I cannot kill him; he has so many lives."

The many applications for his services in distant towns compelled him to resign his engagement at Prescott, and since that period he has travelled over the British islands, preaching the Gospel. He is not in the employ of any society, and therefore receives no salary. But, trusting to Providence for temporal blessings, he has realized the truth, "Verily, thou shalt dwell in the land, and be fed."

In London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and in many towns in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and elsewhere, he has laboured with unprecedented success. He specially addresses himself to the working classes, and, being one of themselves, he is able so to appeal to their sympathies that he secures their attention. After once preaching in any place,

crowds flock to hear him on all succeeding occasions, and these are to a very large extent from the ranks of those who seldom or never attend any place of worship. In some towns, upwards of a hundred persons have been brought to the enjoyment of religion, every night, under his ministry; and this for several weeks in succession. Though sometimes he may, in his earnestness be betrayed into expressions which, to say the least, had better have been omitted, yet few can hear him without feeling persuaded that he is a remarkable man, raised up specially for a great end. God has wonderfully owned his labours. Thousands have been converted by his instrumentality; and to recount but a portion of the thrilling narratives which he gives of scenes in which he has taken part since his conversion, would fill a volume, and cannot, therefore, be attempted in this brief sketch. But no pen can do justice to the power with which he sways the emotions of the immense throngs who crowd to hear him. Now provoking a smile, almost merging upon open merriment, by some flash of native humour, and then melting them to tears by some pathetic narration, matchless for its artless simplicity and tenderness. And it is a sight worth looking upon, to see a large chapel filled with the hard-handed, and grimy featured sons of toil, who have come direct from their workshops to the chapel, thus acknowledging the power of one of nature's orators.—Untaught, rugged, and sometimes uncouth, he at all times fearlessly declares the truth; warning all men, exhorting and reproving. Hypocrisy he boldly attacks, and unsparingly rebukes. An uncompromising teetotaler, and with his own fearful remembrances of the deadly nature of the evil of drunkenness, he denounces the liquor traffic in all its forms, and relentlessly lashes all engaged in it. To drunken fathers and husbands, he shows no mercy, but pours upon them a torrent of withering and bitter sarcasm, showing them their sinful folly and madness; but to all he offers a free salvation with an earnest faithfulness that carries conviction of his own sincerity, and which is again and again blessed by God to the conversion of scores and hundreds.

ADDRESS I.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE XV. 18. 19.

THIS congregation is a great deal better than the one last night; but still there are too many fine folks here.—I find that many of you are dressed in fine satins and ribbons, and I would rather have more of those with shawls thrown over their heads. They can come, however, to-morrow night, and I hope that you will invite them.—If I had known I should not have come to the chapel in my black suit to-night, but my wife persuaded me. We have just buried a little child, and my wife said I should show but little respect for it if I didn't put on black. I think, however, I might have shown just as much respect for it if I had not put on my black clothes; I do not feel at home in black clothes at all.

"I will arise and go to my Father." This is a beautiful text. You are well aware what chapter it is in—it is taken from the same chapter as my text was last night. I have no need to give it out, for I never do that. If you want to know where it is you must look in the Bible for it as I had to do before I got it. I have been getting a cup of tea with my friend Mr. Caughey this afternoon, and he said that I must give over preaching sooner and must not talk too long; but when I begin to preach I don't know where to stop. "A certain man had two sons." They tell me this is a parable; I don't believe that this is a parable at all, nor do I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ would tell a lie; but when he said "A certain man had two sons," he knew a man that had two sons, and that one of his sons was such a character as is described in this text. We have no cause to read so much about it,

but I want you to come to the same decision as this young man in the gospel. We have no need to ask where are the prodigals, for there is not one here to-night; but what is a prodigal? We have all strayed away from our Father's house; we have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and have hewn out to ourselves broken cisterns that can hold no water; and we have done despite to the blood of Christ. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Now the secularist tells us that the heart is not deceitful, but I believe that Joe Barker's heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked, even when he made a profession of religion. The Lord save you sceptics.— This young man was determined that he would have Christ for his portion. Before this he had been determined like many of us that he would see life. I like to go amongst boys just as they are reaching sixteen years of age, as they go through the streets with cigars in their mouths. They think they are men, but they ought to be tied to their mother's apron strings. They descend into the deepest vices, and they say they will find pleasure for themselves, as they have all the liberty in the world. One says, "I have not the eyes of the old folk upon me; now I can go and drink, and smoke my cigars, and have my h'porth of punch." And what a job you have made of it. God knew of your disobedience and prodigality, and your fathers and mothers advised you. We knew something of the allurements of the world; and we made a fine job of ourselves, with the devil to help. We returned, however to our father's house, and we found it a different place, and we are found in a different place now to what we once were. We are clothed, and in our right mind. A lovely daughter in the west of Scotland went away from the home of her birth. She had only a praying mother, and she was led away from home by a young man— hunted down by a blood-hound of hell, and brought down to prostitution. He brought her to Edinburgh, and left her there without a friend. The poor praying mother did not forget her daughter, and when seven years had rolled away, she heard that her daughter was on the streets of Glasgow, living and revelling in open sin. Still the

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mother's love for her poor child was right in her heart, and she said, "I will search out for my child," and she started out to seek her. She went to Glasgow, and after searching about the streets for her for six days, she found her in a harlot's dwelling. The girl, when she saw her mother cried out, "Mother, will you forgive me?" The mother embraced her, and assured her that she was forgiven; and she promised her mother that she would go back with her to her little cot. The next morning she prepared for returning home, and towards night they set off, but she had no sooner got her mother into the street than she left her. The poor old woman, with her heart almost broken, sought for her daughter a night and a day, but she did not find her; and then, with a heavy heart, she repaired to her humble dwelling. Twelve months passed away, and one stormy night, when the wind whistled through the casement of that dwelling, and while the door rattled and shook on its hinges, she began to pray for God to bless her child wherever she might be; and just as she prayed, she heard a gentle tap at the door. She prayed again, and she heard another rap, and soon the door opened. It was her only daughter that had come back and asked her mother to receive her. "Aye, my child," said she, "I will receive thee, be thou what thou wilt." It was her daughter, though she was dressed in rags, and she then began to pray for the salvation of her child.— "The Lord has saved me," said the girl, "when I was far from home. I heard a man preach in the streets, and the Lord pardoned my sins, and since then I have wandered seven days, barefooted, towards my home; but how was it, mother, that the door was not bolted?" "Ah, my child," said the mother, "during all the eight years that thou hast been away from this dwelling that door has never been bolted." And so it is with the door of forgiveness; it has never been bolted. How like this is to poor backsliders; you that are here to-night, that once enjoyed the smile of heaven. You met in the class meeting, and you delighted to be there, but you have since gone back into the world. How like it is to our heavenly father. Though thou hast gone near to the gates of hell,

thy father loves thee still. Knock at the door to night, and knock by faith, and he will open it, and he will sup with thee, and the feast shall be everlasting love. Yes, the door shall be opened, and the devil cannot bar it, though he would if he could. I was praying recently with a poor backslider, and after we had wrestled for about three hours, he sprung up, and he said, "Bless God, I have got into the house; the door is opened; it cannot be put to again." May heaven save all you backsliders to-night.

I was at a meeting some time ago and I heard a young man tell his experience. He said, "I was brought up by a praying mother, but I took no notice of that praying mother; when she has been reading the Bible I have seen my father stand over her with a weapon in his hand, and threaten to split her head in two. At the age of about fifteen I began to get into company with other bad boys of my own age, and I neglected the advice of my praying mother. At sixteen years of age I took to drinking and dancing, and at seventeen I went home one night after I had been fighting, and my mother saw me with two black eyes. Her poor heart seemed almost broken, and she began to pray for the Lord to bless me; I felt like a bloodhound of hell, and I said I would murder her if she did not give over praying. After I had gone to bed she came to my room and she knelt at the bed side, and I jumped out of bed, and seizing her by her grey hairs, I swore I would murder her if she prayed any more for me. She exclaimed, 'Lord, though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee. It is hard work, my child raising up his hand against his mother; but Lord, though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee.' My mother's prayers followed me into the public house, and I began to fight, but my mother still kept praying for God to bless me, and those prayers did me more harm than a man's fists. I was lying in bed one morning, and I had not been to a place of worship for eight years, when these words, which I had heard for years, came into my mind, 'Lord what wilt thou have me to do.' As I was lying on my bed the Spirit was rapping at my heart, and the devil said, 'If

thou does get converted thy companions will say that thou art frightened of fighting this and the other man.' The next day I determined to get drunk, and I tried to walk four miles to a public house, and as I went upon the road I had to cry every now and then, 'Lord have mercy upon me.' I returned home drunk, and when I got there I went up stairs, took a razor, and pulled my handkerchief off to my throat, but my mother's prayers would not let me. I then went into an harlot's dwelling, and tried to murder her. I fastened a rope round her neck and threw it over a beam in the house and wound her up, and had she not been cut down, she would have been hung. This was on the Friday evening, and I said that if God would only spare me till the Saturday morning, I would give God my heart. He did spare me and I found pardon, and I sent my mother a letter telling her what God had done for my soul. As she read the letter the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she thought of my hands having been in her grey hair to murder her, and she went amongst her neighbours showing them the letter, and saying, 'This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.' When I went home, before going to bed at night, I took the Bible, and as I knelt me down on the stone on which my mother had knelt, when I seized her by the hair of the head, I could not pray. My father began to cry out, 'It is time for me to begin to pray now, when my children have begun to serve God.' My father became converted. That young man was Richard Weaver, and he is in the pulpit of Union-street Chapel, in Rochdale, to-night. I knocked at hell's gate, but the Lord would not let me fall in. May heaven help you to arise and come to our Father. If he can save a sin-blighted Richard Weaver, he can save the vilest sinner in Rochdale; and if there is pardon for me he can save you. Was there ever a wretch like me? No, never! As I stand here a sinner saved by grace, I shall never forget the counsels of a praying mother in by-gone days. I have often thought what an awful thing it will be for you that have praying mothers, if you do not come to Christ, you will have to be damned. May heaven save you to-night.

When I was fighting, cursing, swearing, and drinking, I thought I had lots of friends, but they were my enemies; and now that I am serving God, I have a great many friends, and they are a great deal better than those I had before.

When I was first converted I had a companion, and I asked him one day to go with me to the chapel, and begin to serve God. He was a good dancer, and he replied, "I am going to dance for £5 a-side to-night, and if I win I shall have a good spree." I said to him, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" I left him and three years after that I went to see him again, and found him on the bed of death. It was the same young man that was with me in the harlot's dwelling, and that cut the rope when I had nearly hung her. I shall never forget it, when I went to see him his mother was on her knees praying, "Lord save my lad," and he was crying out, "It is too late! It is too late!! It is too late!!!" I told him that the door of mercy was not yet shut, and he replied, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?" Would to God that I had decided on that day, but I know that eternal damnation is my doom. "It is too late!" His mother cried out, "Oh Richard, do pray to God to forgive and bless my child, he is dying." He told his mother that he was damned, and he said, "Richard, pray for my poor old mother, and tell all young men from the very ends of the earth to beware of dancing and the public-house, but do not talk to me, it is too late." He pushed his mother away from him and she fell on the floor, and I raised her up. He bid God to damn his mother, and he died saying, "I am damned!! I am damned!!!" The Lord save you, mothers, and may heaven help you prodigals to-night to decide. If you stop away from your father's house you will perish. This young man had tried the world and the devil, and you have taken a pride in sin. Now I will give you a little advice, you drunkards that have famished your wives and families, if you have not a feeling of sym-

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pathy for them, give them to the guardians, and if you cannot do that, sell them for slaves in America. Go and speak kindly to the landlady, and go into the harlot's dwelling and take the harlot on your knee, and spurn your wife from you. Rob her of bread and your children of clothes, and when she begins to ask you for money so that she may buy bread for herself and children, ill-use her with your fists. Never mind if the landlady turns your little ragged boy out of doors with a kick when he is sent for his father, while her own children are sent to the boarding-school with your money, and if she tells your wife when she calls asking you for bread, to go and get her bread where she can. I have seen it myself, and I am heart sick of drink and public houses. Oh! poor drunkard, let me invite you to come to the blood of sprinkling, and to be washed from all your sins in the blood of the Lamb. He is coming down in Rochdale to save sinners.

I remember being at a prayer meeting one night, and a young man who had been a soldier came up to me, and asked me if I thought that God would save him. I saw that his constitution was broken up, and he was dressed in little else than rags. I said that God would receive him, and he began to pray very earnestly. The Lord did save him that very night. A young woman whom I knew, was pointing a sister to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and the poor young man began to tell me about his past life. He said that he had a praying mother, but he did not know whether she was dead or alive; and if alive, whether she would receive him. He gave me his name, and the young woman to whom I have referred immediately recognised him as her brother John that had long been lost. She flew into his arms and embraced him, and, oh, what a sight it was. She told how glad his mother would be to receive him, and they said that I must go home with them that night. I did so, and entered her chamber, and found that she was just at death's door. She asked her daughter what sort of a meeting she had had, and the daughter replied that it was the best she had ever had

in her life. The dying mother said, "If I knew that my son was converted and would meet me in heaven, I could die happy." Her daughter told her that her brother John had been at the chapel and was converted, and that he was down stairs. The poor young man was called into her chamber and the prodigal shook hands with his mother; and I shall never forget the sight while I live. His mother died in about an hour, and in three weeks also poor John was carried to his grave. The last words he said to his sister were—

"Oh, happy day, Oh, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

We have come to bring you good news to-night. You backsliders knew once what it was to live peaceably and in God's fear, and you could tell both in the love-feast and in the class-meeting what God had done for your souls.—But you have made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience. I know there is a backslider in this chapel, and if he does not decide to-night he will not live until the close of 1861. I believe there is such a one in this place as firmly as I stand here to-night, and I believe before three months, if he does not decide to-night, he will be in hell. If there is a backslider here to-night, I tell him that the angels are waiting to rejoice on his return; I want to meet him in heaven. If you delay coming back to your father any longer—to-morrow it may be too late.—Sickness may come, and death may come. Let me entreat you, as a man of God, if there is either a man or woman here that is a backslider, for my sake, for God's sake, and for your own soul's sake to come once more to Jesus. He yet loves you. Is there one here that once knew the saviour? Your father still loves your soul, and if I only knew you I would come to you and pray for you an hour on my knees. I am sure God will save you to-night, and if you will only let him he will make you happy. I should like to know whether any of you are seriously seeking mercy. Salvation is offered to you to-night. I cannot tell whether it will be offered to you to-morrow. The Lord help you to decide for God to-night. Don't think that you are too vile and too polluted. When you

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ADDRESS II.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—1 John, v 4..

We are told in the 11th chapter, of the Hebrews, which I read to you just now, that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." If you ask many people at the present time who profess to be Christians whether they are saved, they say they hope they are. If you speak to them and say, "Well my dear friend," or "My dear brother," or "My dear sister, are you saved?" they say, "I hope I am; I think I am." Now I am told in God's Word that faith is the substance of things hoped for, and if a man has got a thing which doth he yet hope for, what thing has he got? "He that believeth shall have life; he that shall have, but *hath* everlasting life." We know there are a great many people who try to persuade us to believe different things from these, and they try to persuade us that it is not all of faith, but I believe that it is all of faith.

I know what some went and talked about the other night when I told the people they were not to go home to pray. What I said then I rehearse again to-night.—God Almighty has not said in his blessed Word that he that prays shall be saved, but whosoever believeth shall be saved.—I know and love prayer as well as you, or else I would not pray; but "without faith it is impossible to please God," and a man that is unconverted has not got faith, because faith is a taking God at his word; faith is a trusting in Christ. Christ is the foundation, and faith is the relying upon that foundation. Christ is the Saviour; faith is taking that Saviour to be my Saviour.—Christ is life; faith is taking that life to be life. I be-

love that prayer is a fruit of faith, and if there is no faith there will be no prayer; and you might pray from now till next year if you like; but if you have no faith you will never be saved. It is thy faith that makes thee whole; not that thy faith saves thee, but it trusts in what Christ has done to save thee. It is not the gas pipe that gives the light; it is the gas; but then the gas-pipe brings the gas from the pipe in the street into the chapel, and so we get the light. Faith is not salvation, but faith is the channel, and then out of Christ, the salvation comes to us.

Christ for me; that is the language of my heart again to-night, and I say now what I told you last night, that I always feel that I must preach about Christ, and then if I preach about Him I shall have the victory. I may talk to you about the old saints, but if I do not talk about Christ our meeting will be of no good. It is Christ that saves poor sinners, and if it is a Christless sermon I am sure it will be a useless sermon, because if there is no Jesus there will be no salvation. God has said, "This is the record, that he hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." So that if we keep the Son out, there will be no life, it will be all death; but if Christ be here, we shall have the victory.

What a blessed word that is—victory! It often stimulates me amidst the trials and conflicts I have to contend with in this world—victory. It often animates my soul as I am plodding my way through this poor sin-blighted world—victory.—And if we were to stand on a battle-field where the bomb-shells and the balls were flying, and the spears were glittering, and the swords flashing before us, we should see men riding on their horses, and they would be cheered and animated by the thought of victory. Yes, and the Christian is on a battle-field, and the thing that cheers him is the thought of victory.—God commands us to war the good warfare, to fight the good fight, and to lay hold of eternal life, and then by-and-by we shall have the victory. Victory means getting above difficulty and perplexity, over all the difficulties we meet with in this evil world, and over the great enemy we have to fight with.

Victory means getting the conquest over them all.— And bless the Lord, people do get the victory, don't they? To be sure. We have seen it many times in our own houses. I have had to work in a coal-pit, and sometimes I have had to go to work in the morning without a bit of bread, and I have had to go and work hard, and then I have thought, "Oh, but I shall get the victory over poverty," and that has cheered me on. And you people here in business, you have been like that sometimes, haven't you? Circumstances have been bad with you sometimes, you could not see your way clear, everything seemed blocked up, your bills came in, and you trembled at everybody that came into the shop, lest it was somebody going to ask you to pay their bill. And then you have said, "Well, if I could but get another quarter, or a little time, I could work round again and get the victory." And so shall we get the victory. Bless the Lord, we are determined to fight on. We don't believe in scepticism, or anything else of that sort; and, bless the Lord, we believe that we shall get the victory over it. Victory. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May the Lord help us to think about it and rejoice in it.

If we begin to look at all the good old prophets and saints, and the men of God that ever trod on this sin-blighted world, if we begin to think about our good old forefathers, we shall see that they were all saved by faith and that, bless the Lord, being justified by faith they had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.— Look at old Noah, who rode upon the billows of the mighty deep. What was it that saved him from being drowned? It was faith. God commanded him to do something, and it was believing God and taking God at his word that made him build the ark and ride safely on the bosom of the mighty deep. And I tell thee, my brother, that there is an ark now, the Ark of the everlasting covenant. It is not made of the gopher-wood; but, bless the Lord, it is made of a beam called Christ, and if thou gettest into it thou wilt be saved. The Lord help thee. We have all our ships, our Great Easterns and our Great Westerns, and I remember when I was at Liverpool

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going to see the Great Britain.—But they found the Great Britain would not sail, and they had to take her to pieces and make her up again; but, bless the Lord, we have no call to do that with the Gospel ship, for she can carry all her passengers safe to the better country. Many of us are passengers, cabin passengers; or on deck, or somewhere. May the Lord help you to get on board.

Then take the case of Enoch; what a good man old Enoch must have been. Sometimes I think I should like to see him, and if I cannot see him here, why, I shall see him up yonder. What a good man he must have been, for it says he walked with God. To be sure, I believe in that sort of religion; talking and walking with God. If we have got a dear friend in this world we like to walk and talk with him. I have my dear partner down in Lancashire, and we talk to one another through the post, and if I do not get a letter from her I think there is something the matter with her down at Manchester. We can talk with God through the post of faith, and glory be to God, it doesn't take long to bring a letter backwards and forwards. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." Enoch must have been a happy man, and that is a happy man who walks with God. What a blessed thing it is to walk by faith like Enoch did; he even overcame death, didn't he? Thou wast a happy man, Enoch, to ride in a chariot to heaven. Glory be to God, he walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.

Then the case of old Gideon, he was down in a barn threshing; as he is threshing there in the barn and turning the straw over and over, a strange being comes in and looks at him. Gideon looks up at him, and he says, "What dost thou come here for? Dost thou want me to sell my wheat to thee, or what dost thou want?" "No, Gideon, the enemies of the Lord and of the most High are come up here, and I want thee to take a pitcher and a lamp and go out to battle." "Go to battle with a pitcher and a lamp! Let me go and get swords, and slings, and stones." "Nay, nay, Gideon; God saith He'll give thee the victory." "Then I'll go whether I have a pitcher and a lamp or not; if God will go with me I

will go." And he did go and they that were with him; and when he and his host were there, he cried, "Now, lads, let's break the pitchers;" and they did break the pitchers, and the enemies of God were defeated. And glory be to God, we can break the pitchers, and then the enemies of God will be defeated. May heaven help us. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May God increase it to-night.

And then look at the good old Psalmist, David. His father's name was Jesse, and he was a keeper of sheep. Look at him as he stands there with his staff in his hand leading the sheep out, and then look at him as he is there playing on his harp in the fields of Palestine yonder.—What is that he is going to do just now? A ravenous beast comes and takes hold of one of the sheep. David put by his harp, and up he gets and rushes after the old bear and says, "Stop, old bear; I come to thee in the name of the Lord, and I will hurl thee down." He takes the lamb out of his mouth and slays the bear. And he did the same with the lion. "Ah," he shouted, "there is a greater than thee; the Lion of the tribe of Judah can defeat thee." He comes up to him and catches him by the beard and slays him, and gets the victory over him. Yes, and we have the lion out of hell to contend with; but glory be to God we can conquer him, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah is greater than he, and we shall get the victory through faith, for "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith."—God help us to-night.

Then there is the grand story of Joshua and Caleb.—You talk about valiant men and men of fame: but give me old Joshua and Caleb. They were brave men. The children of Israel begin to tremble, and Caleb looks to Joshua and says, "Joshua, is thy heart as my heart?" "Yes it is, Caleb." "Then we are alike, and if nobody else will go with us, be of good courage, and if the men there are as big again as what they are we will go up, and we will have the land." Yes, and they did go up, and then they went to Jericho, and then they knew that they were going to take the city, and that the walls

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nd Caleb.— ie: but give nen. The eb looks to ny heart?" if nobody if the men will go up, did go up, knew that the walls

would totter down. There were plenty of people at the time who would be ready to say, "Why; what are those fanatics going to do?" "Ah, we are going to take your city; we are but a few feeble men, and we have no swords, and bayonets, and pike; we only have some rams'-horns." "Ah," says the people, as they come and stand on the wall, "what is it they have got? Only a few rams'-horns; there is not one single silver horn among them." "Yes, but come down from the wall or else you will fall and be crushed to death." But then the seventh day comes round, and the faint-hearted Israelites begin to look at poor Joshua, and they say, "We have gone round six days, and we can't see a breach in the wall yet." "Ah," said Joshua, "the Lord didn't tell us there would be, but he has commanded us to go round on the seventh day, and He has said that He will give the city into our hands." So the people went round again, and then the seventh time the people began to shout with a great shout, and they all blew their rams'-horns, and there was an Armstrong gun from heaven that smote the wall, and down it all tumbled in a heap, and then the children of Israel could say that victory was theirs. The Lord help you. Bless the Lord, I believe we shall have the victory just now. I believe that scepticism shall be tumbled down, and that God will be all in all. Oh, may heaven bring it down, and may the Lord help us.

And then look at the three lads. Bless the Lord, they were brave boys, and had good courage: and when they would not bow down to the king's image, he commanded that they should be cast into the fiery furnace. He told them to bow down to the image, but they would not.—How is that? "Well," they say, "we must serve the Lord; and if we are to be burned for it we don't care, for God will come and support us." And then they carry them to the furnace. Look at those three poor boys yonder, and as they are carrying them to the furnace I think we can hear them talking to one another; and one says to the other, "Look up now, Shadrach, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith; the Lord will come with us, and help us." Aye, and poor

Shadrach began to take heart, and then they got them close to the furnace, and they could not put them in at first because the flames burned the men, that had them, but at last they are pushed in by others.—Ah, but they don't get burned, do they? To be sure they don't; and when the old king comes and looks down into the furnace, he sees four there, and he says, "Did we cast three men into the furnace?" "We did, O king." "Lo now there are four, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of the living God." To be sure: and I tell thee, my dear brother, that thy faith will help thee out of thy fiery trials. Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you as if some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

Then take the case of poor old Daniel, too, when he went down into the den of lions. The old king had him put in there; and then when he came to look in, in the morning, he said, "Oh, Daniel, art thou there alive? I thought thou hadst been devoured." "Nay, O king, the God whom I serve is able to stop the mouths of these lions, and he sent and lockjawed them all." "But how is that, Daniel?" "Why the Lord sent his angel and locked all their mouths!" Ah, bless the Lord, Daniel used to pray three times a-day, didn't he? Ah; and we know something about this. We know what it is to have to do with the lion of the pit. But then we know that we have with us—

"The Lion of Judah who breaks every chain,
And gives us the victory again and again."

Bless the Lord, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—May the Lord increase it to-night.

And then we can turn our attention to the men who first went about preaching the Gospel of Christ—Peter, and Paul, and John, who, with their grey hairs and furrowed cheeks, went out preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. And what did they preach? "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Yes, and sinners were converted and devils

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were defeated, and many cried out, "The blood of Christ has saved me." Oh, may his power be here to-night, and may the Lord help us while we talk about Christ!

And then we call to our remembrance the times of the Reformation. In travelling about from town to town I have come into the places where our forefathers in the gospel used to preach, and I have felt glad to be there.—I went to one place, called Kingswood, near Bristol, and I saw the place where Wesley and Whitfield had been, and before I went away a dear friend showed me where John Wesley used to be, a place called Kingswood College. When I went into one of the rooms I looked at a square of glass, and there I saw Mr. Wesley's own hand-writing, and as I looked at that dear man's writing I thought how I should like to buy the square of glass; but when I began to talk of that they said they would not take five pounds for it. When the lady knew it was the poor collier, she asked me to pray; and I knelt me down there and prayed on the very boards where Wesley used to pray. And after that, when I was going to preach, I thought of what I had heard about the colliers of Kingswood, and how the tears used to roll down their black faces when Whitfield was preaching to them. When I went to preach they set me on a form, and told me that that was the very spot where Whitfield used to preach; and as I stood there, I prayed for God to give me the same power that he had; and when I began to preach to hundreds of the people and to tell about the truth of God, and about Christ who died to redeem them, I saw the tears roll down the poor colliers' cheeks, and as they rolled down, the cry of the congregation was, "Lord save me!" I preached there two nights, and God blessed my labours, and the people said, "Richard Weaver, there has never been such days at Kingswood since the days of Wesley and Whitfield; the Lord has blessed your labours, and we can say that we have got the victory." Oh the Lord help us! "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith."

Luther would never have gone to Worms if he had not had Christ with him; but he did not care for all the

Popes and priests in the world, nor for all the devils in hell, because God was with him. He said that if there were as many devils as there were tiles upon the houses he would go; and he did go, and thank high heaven he overcame them all. Look at him as he stands yonder. I know the Papists don't like him much because he was their enemy. But he had the love of Christ in his heart, and he knew what the victory was; he knew that this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith; and that being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. And then look at old Calvin. If you don't see eye to eye with him, yet he had the love of Christ, and he knew that Christ died for sinners, and that being justified by faith we have peace with God. And then look at yonder man in Scotland, with sorrow on his countenance, but with love in his heart. He stands before the Queen, and she trembles, and bless the Lord, Christ triumphed in Scotland, and triumphs yet. And when we begin to turn our attention to Wesley and Whitfield, and to our forefathers, we ask how it was they did such great things. Why, it was through their faith; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. And then we can remember poor old Richard Baxter, and how he went out into Kidderminster and shouted, "Sinners of Kidderminster, here is a poor sinner like yourselves, but I am washed in the blood;"—and he tells them of the love of Christ, and they cry, "Lord, save or I perish."—Yes, and we have men in the present day; there is Spurgeon, and there are others who are gathering in the thousands, and pointing them to Christ, who taketh away the sins of the world; and we are gaining the victory, and we shall gain it, my soul believes it, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. May God help us to go on, my friends. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." I don't care for all the sceptics in England. Bless the Lord, we have faith, and we believe that we shall conquer and get the victory. Bless the Lord, the gospel is preached, and sinners of all sorts are coming and finding liberty. May liberty come to your poor hearts to-night. The Lord help us to get the victory.

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Some people want to go to heaven to see the Lord, but I like to bring God down amongst us. I do not want to go to heaven yet; I'd like to stop here and do all the good I can, and try to stop the harm the devil is doing, and when I have done fighting here, then I'll go to heaven to see the Lord there. The Lord help us to live to him, and to fight the good fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and then, bless the Lord, we shall get the victory, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. We all have our fights and our trials. Experience tells us that we have to fight valiantly. Ah, and bless the Lord, that is the soldier He likes, isn't it—the valiant soldier? Oh! bless high heaven, we are to be like sentinels, and we are never to go to sleep.—You would not expect to go by Buckingham Palace and see the soldiers, who are always walking about there, asleep! I have not been about London much, but I remember going near St. James's Park, and seeing some men there with great high boots and white trousers, sitting on their horses; well, you would not expect to go there and find those men asleep. But how many Christians have fallen asleep who ought to be watching for souls; how many who profess to be believers have fallen asleep! May the Lord help us to keep awake. It is our duty to be awake and to stand on the watch for the enemy. You remember when the archangel was contending with the devil for the body of Moses, he said to the devil, "The Lord rebuke thee," and the devil was defeated at once. Yes, it is our duty to stand upon the watch-tower, watching for souls and watching against the enemy, with our swords ready drawn; ah, and the more the sword is dipped in the blood the better it will cut. May the Lord bless us and help us, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." May the Lord increase it to night.

If we have faith we shall have souls saved. People say to me, "How is it Weaver, that the Lord blesses your labours so?" Well, I don't know, except it is because I trust in God. There is nothing else. Bless the Lord, I believe He will work here to-night. Only, believe on Christ and you will be saved. It depends upon what

God has done, and not upon what we do. I tell you he has done it all, and that he can save you. If anybody had told me years ago that I should have been saved, and should have done what I have, I should not have believed him. When I say to my wife sometimes, "Well, lass, I do not know how it is that people come to hear me, and how it is the Lord blesses my labours" she says, "Well, you know, you ask for it; you know you trust in the Lord, and that is how it is, and he that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded." Ah, may the Lord help us. We have been praying for God to make bare his arm in the present day, and I believe he will. Oh Lord, awake, awake; thine own immortal strength put on; with terror clothed hell's kingdom shake, and bring the foe with fury down in London to-night. May God shake him out of your hearts.

I say to you all, the blood can save you. You have been sitting here perhaps a poor degraded character; too bad to live, too bad to die, too bad to go to prison; too bad to go anywhere, but just not too bad to go to hell. The blood can save you. May the Lord bless you. I know a poor deluded drunkard, who blasphemed God's name, and ruined his family, and did everything that was bad. This man went home one night when his wife had been out washing: I think it was ten pence she had for her day's work, and the man said, "Give me that money." She said, "I want to buy my children some bread for to-morrow, when I am out washing." He said he would have it, and they began struggling, and then he began to beat her—and his little child came in and got between her father and mother, and looked at the father and said, "Oh father, don't beat my mother; beat me father, but don't beat my poor mother." The father looked at his little child, and pushed her out of the way, and struck her till the blood poured out of her little face, and she still cried to her father not to beat her mother, and then she said, "Lord save my father." I was sent for while they were quarrelling in that way, and when I went into the house the poor man seemed cowed down, and ashamed of the wrong he had done. I knew that the

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poor woman was a child of God, and that God had given her liberty. When I went in the little girl said, "Mr. Weaver, doesn't it say that whatever we ask in faith, believing, it shall be done?" "Yes, it does, my dear," said I. "Then let you, and my mother, and me, ask God to save my father," she said. "We love him, don't we mother?" "Yes, we do," said the poor mother.—"Very well, then, Mr. Weaver," said the little girl, "let us pray for him." "That is right," I said. And the little girl knelt down and prayed, and she said, "My friend Richard Weaver, and I, and my mother, agree to ask Thee to save my father: O Lord, save my father." She prayed, and then her mother prayed, and while they were praying I got up and talked to him, and while I was talking to him I saw the big tear begin to roll down his cheek, and he dropped the money out of his hands on to the floor, and at last he knelt down, too. I told him though he had been a bad and a wicked father, the blood could save him. He was there groaning for liberty, and prayed for ten or twenty minutes. At last the poor little girl put up her hands and she said, "Oh, my God, save my father this moment; save my father now."—And as she prayed it pleased the Lord to set him free, and he jumped up and cried, "Glory be to God: I do believe; I do believe; I do believe." Ah, yes, "This is the victory that overcometh hell, even our faith." May the Lord help you to have faith to-night. The Lord save the transgressors. You that blaspheme his name, you that have lost your character, you that robbed your family to get drink, I tell you, have faith in Christ, and his blood will cleanse you. May God save thee, sinners.

Faith is the thing to have. If we never have faith we shall never have salvation, for without faith it is impossible to please God. May the Lord bless. He has not said that whosoever prays shall be saved, or whosoever feels shall be saved: but whosoever believeth shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not be damned. The Lord help you to believe to-night. This is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith. I don't care who you are; what you are; how black you are; or what you have

been. Perhaps you are a thief, and have been in yonder prison; I don't care if you have not got a character, if you come to Christ he will give you a character, and His Father will forgive you. May the Lord help you to come to-night. If you are the off-scouring of London; whatever you are, I tell you to come to Christ and be forgiven. Christ has come from heaven to earth to save poor sinners, and to take them to glory. God has commanded me to come and tell you that all things are ready: "Go and tell yonder starving people to come to the feast without money and without price; go and tell those people who have no clothes to cover their nakedness, that there is a robe for them; go and tell yonder wicked people that there is pardon in the blood; go and tell yonder people who are dead like Lazarus, that I am come that they might have life." May the Lord help you to-night. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." There are plenty of people in the world that can live by feeling.—I do not doubt that the dear people in this place have many persons among them, who can be very happy at class-meeting; but then it is not being happy in class here, it is being happy outside. It is not having love to Christ here; it is having love to Christ out in the world. There are plenty of people who can serve God sometimes, when everything goes right, but when dark clouds comes on they give it up. I like that sort of religion that can say,

"Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

That is the thing; to trust God where we cannot trace him. If we can trust him then, we will be sure to trust him where we can see Him. The apostle says, "We walk by faith and not by sight," and so we must if we have true faith. Some people can have faith in God sometimes, but bless the Lord for a twenty-four hours a day, or for a seven days a week, and fifty-two weeks a year faith; for a faith that we can always have all our lives, so that whenever death comes we shall be able to

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say, "Here we are; we are ready to go." May the Lord help us to have a faith like this.

I was riding along one day with a gentleman in a carriage. A fine place for the poor collier to ride in, wasn't it? But I do ride in carriages sometimes, and it makes me feel thankful to God that I am out of hell, and I can say, "Look what the grace of God has done; I should never have been here if it hadn't been for the grace of God." Ah, it is the grace of God that has done it all, and if it hadn't been for the grace of God, I should not have been in this pulpit to-night. As I was riding along by the side of that gentleman, he said, I will tell you a little story. There used to be a poor old woman living down in a little village near here, and she was a widow. When her husband died, she had six or seven young children, and one of them was a little babe. At last, she was on a bed of affliction, and she said to her children, "Well, my children I will soon have to leave you," and then she looked up and said, "Oh, Lord, do thou be a Father to my children; Thou hast been, and I believe Thou wilt." That poor woman had supported herself and her children by going out washing when she could, and now, when she was on a bed of affliction, many of her friends neglected her. Ah, how many friends turn their backs then, don't they? To be sure. When we can give them a cup of tea, or anything of that, they will come and see us, but when we cannot, they leave us. Oh, may the Lord have mercy upon us, and help us to remember that we ought to love one another. But while this poor woman had been ill, and when her friends had neglected her, she got into debt. She could not pay her rent.—Well, one night she came home from work, and the landlord came in, and he said, "Now, Mrs. So-and-so, if you don't pay your rent by twelve o'clock to-morrow, I shall send the bailiff to take your goods." The poor woman did not know where to get the money, and she knelt down and said, "Oh, Lord, hast thou not promised to be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless? Thou hast been pleased to take my husband away from me, Lord, wilt thou not provide for my poor children?

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wilt Thou let my children be out of a home? Lord, give me bread for my children." The eldest boy heard his mother praying, and he said, "Mother, doesn't it say that whatever two or three agree to ask concerning his kingdom, it shall be done? Father said when he was dying, that if we were good boys and girls, God would be our Father, and if He is our Father, won't he give us bread?" and the boy knelt down and prayed, and said, "Oh, Lord, Thou hast taken my father away, wilt Thou not care for us? Oh, Lord, bless my poor mother, Oh Lord, help her and comfort her." And the mother said, "God bless thee, my boy," and she knelt down again, and said, "Lord, I commend my children to thy care; Oh, Lord, wilt Thou not bless us?" And the little boy jumped up, and put his arms round his mother, and said, "Whatever two of you shall agree to ask touching His kingdom, it shall be done," and he prayed again, "Lord help us; Lord, bless us; Lord, open up our way," and as he was praying, there was a knock at the door; the woman opened the window, and said, "Who's there?" And a man said, "You must come down directly; the Lord has sent you this;" and when she went down stairs, there was a big basket, with as much as she could carry inside, and the man said, "The Lord be with you;" and the poor little boy said, "There, mother, didn't I tell you that God was our Father?" And the gentleman said, "Yes, Richard Weaver, that woman was my mother, and I was one of her little children, and God has kept his word to us,"—Bless the Lord, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Oh my poor brother, thou that art in poverty and want, I tell thee to believe in God and put thy trust in Christ; leave thy children with Him, and trust in Him, for this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—You young people, that are here to-night, may the Lord save you and give you faith, and you shall have the victory over death. When you come to pass out of time into eternity the Lord will be with you. You have seen your mother die, haven't you, some of you? Some of you mothers have seen your children dying, haven't you?

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Haven't you got some of those you love gone to Heaven? Ah, you remember seeing them die, don't you? They were poor, but they were rich in faith, and when they died they shouted, "Victory, victory!" Oh, glory be to God that they had such a death; that some of your daughters and children died shouting and singing. May the Lord help you and bless you. May the Lord be with you, and then when you come to die, and when your blood begins to stop, and your eyes begin to get dim, you shall be able to shout, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—May God save and bless you all.

And you, poor unconverted sinner, where will you go? You that have no faith, what will you do when you come to die? Why, you will go to hell if you don't come to Christ now. The Lord help you and bless you. You have had friends that have died and gone to heaven, but you are going to hell. The Lord help you. I tell you, unconverted people to-night, that you are going to hell, and that hell will be your doom. The Lord help you, and may God save you to-night! Bless the Lord, you can be saved. The blood can pardon you. Christ is ready, the blood is ready, heaven is ready, the holy angels are ready, and everything is ready if you are but ready. Bless the Lord, hell can be defeated, and God can save the biggest sinners. Sinner, it will soon be too late! Once, when I was at Liverpool, I saw a man who said that when he had another good spree he would decide for God. They took me to where he worked, and I expostulated with him; but he said, "No, I will have another spree on Saturday, and that shall be the last, and then I will decide for God. The Saturday night came, and when he had taken his money he said he would have one more spree and then he would stop, and that to-morrow he would be converted. He went to his house, and when he had got to the door he roeled in, and his poor wife went to him, and he said to her, "Oh, tell Richard Weaver to-morrow that I am one day too late; I am damned to-

night! May God save me! but I am one day too late; I am damned to-night!" Sinner, to-morrow may be one day too late, and thou mayest be damned. May God help thee! There is time now. Bless the Lord, He can save thee now. May the Lord save you wicked ones to-night. Wouldn't you like to have the victory? If there is one here to-night that would like to have the victory let him hold up his hand. Can't we get a volunteer? (Several hands were held up.) Yes, bless the Lord, there is one yonder, and there is another yonder, and there are some more. May the Lord help you. I don't care who you are. You may have to live in some back place here in London, or in a dark, damp cellar in Spitalfields; but if you look there is a house with many mansions, and the way to it is through the blood. May the Lord help you to come to Him! Ah, there will be no Spitalfields' weavers there. I tell you the same, if you are rich or if you are poor; there is the same for the rich and the poor; all must come through the blood. May God help you, and may you have faith in Christ, and then Christ will be with you while you are living, and you will conquer death and hell, and when you come to die you will be able to die shouting, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

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ADDRESS IV.

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—JER. XII. 5.

I have not had a week's rest for the last five years. I have had no Whitsuntide. It has been all tripping up and down. The longing of my heart is for the welfare of my fellow-working men, and I am sure if I were to stop in Rochdale, we should soon become very good friends. There is something about me that they cannot help loving, because the Lord Jesus is in my heart. I am told there is a reporter present taking down what I say; I hope the Lord will convert him. I fear we are often led to murmur and complain, when we have no business to do so. We often shrink from meeting trials and tribulations, as Jeremiah calls them, yet if they do not come to us, we sometimes go to them. People while looking mournfully at their tribulation, often take the devil's side. The devil has a close connection with desponding men. The devil likes to see clean chapels and empty pews. I like to see men's arms brushing off the paint [a sound and broken glass] and their elbows going through the window. Never mind that, so that he has not fallen through and dropped into hell. Sometimes if the devil does not come to us, we go to him. Jeremiah was a good old man. He said man's heart was deceitful and desperately wicked. He was not a selfish sort of a being. He could weep and pray for those who could not pray for themselves. I feel more interest in the welfare of the souls of people than they do for themselves, as Jeremiah did for the slain of the daughters of his people. We have many good things bestowed upon us [A voice in the gallery.] There are more preachers besides me, but it is not your turn yet. I will try to make you all hear even upon the stairs. Now

the best of us has room to mend; and none of us has a great deal to boast of. Jeremiah was a man loud in his murmuring and complaining of the wickedness of the world, and of the prosperity of the wicked. How many of our honest neighbours are there, upon whom, do what they will, prosperity does not seem to shine. We go so far, sometimes, as to distrust God and to doubt his wisdom because of the prosperity of the wicked. I now and then see some of my old pals, who have got on in the world, and who appear to be blest with greater worldly prosperity than me. I met one not long ago, who told me he had six or seven houses of his own, and that he was doing very well. I do not, however, begrudge them of their worldly goods, for I know that I have a mansion in heaven, that will last for eternity. I often think that God allows wicked people to have a heaven here; because of the dreadful hell they are to have hereafter. I would sooner have the trials, troubles and tribulations down here, than miss the glory prepared for me. Jeremiah seems often to murmur at the troubles of this life. He says, "Righteous art thou O Lord when I plead with thee, wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper." And further on he says, "But thou O Lord knowest me, thou hast seen me and tried my heart toward thee—pull them out like sheep for the slaughter and prepare thou for the day of slaughter." Jeremiah was not a selfish man, nor alone in the world of trouble and trial. I do not think there is a child here, but what the Lord has tried. But my friends, we have no business to murmur or even to complain, much less my friends the working men. I am sure I shall not get to heaven by murmuring. Do what you will poverty will come into our dwellings. There is not one of us who escapes these tribulations, and the wicked man with all his riches has them doubly. We come to the feet of Jesus and wash away the impurities of our hearts in the blood of the Lamb. It is now about nine years since Jesus washed my sins away, and he will wash away yours too if you come to him. Since then it has not all been smooth weather and clear sailing. Bless the Lord, when all has been storms about me, it has been peace within, all tribulation

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of the world has been harmless. There is one thing which is a consolation, there is never a winter but it has its summer, and there never come tears, but even they have their smiles. There is nothing without its beauties. The sun never sets but it rises again in the morning. And we are all right if we stick to salvation by the blood of the Lamb. That makes the thickest fog and densest storm without, a calm within. Lord help you to get it to night. Sorrows and troubles will yet wear away, all will come right in the end. All shall be rectified soon. Never mind those who build themselves up in prosperity here, and go in their coach and four to hell. Thank God we have the best of it even here? What do I want with riches here? Nothing. If I have a shilling to spare, I know where to take it to.—There are plenty of poor people—widows with children—upon whom my shilling will be better spent than upon myself. Let us give to God and he will return to us plenty; bless the Lord. Lord help us to-night! Then don't murmur and complain; I know you have had your difficulties, and have felt them, but look to the Lord and he will give you health and strength to bear all. Pray to God. I know it is hard work, but go to your chapel, stick by Christ, be honest, and all will come right in the end. And you dear children, perhaps many of your fathers are sceptics, and you have been sorely tried. But there is a day coming when all will be made right—bless the Lord. Come what may, let us stick to Jesus. You may say it is hard work this toil and trouble, getting up at six o'clock in the morning and working hard till six at night, and so it is, but I do not ask pity from any one—never mind there is a home up yonder, God is on your side, and He will care for you. A man came to me to day and wished to measure me for a suit of clothes. I did not think it was right to take them, as I did not want them. I am not going to do what I know to be wrong. I want to have nought to do with the devil. I will do all I can to keep him under my feet. The Lord will help you to do the same. The devil has tempted us all, but we must be determined to resist him. I have plenty of clothes at home, and if any one wanted a suit at Manchester yonder, I could give him one. Thank

God for that. We shall have a better suit in heaven.—All, through the blood of the Lamb, will be washed white. And, what is better, you may all have this.—What then if there be plenty of trial here—we may all get to heaven at last, and there we shall be happier and more merry. I do not believe in going to hell while we have a chance of heaven. Men may be led astray by Joe Barker and his associates, who may preach despair to you, they may tell you that you cannot “contend with horses.” But answer me, “How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?” Some will no doubt say, “I cannot tell.” Joshua tells us of the waters of the Jordan overflowing their banks, so that men, women, and children, were in danger. How, poor sinner wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan? How wilt thou do, infidel lecturer—Iconoclast and Holyoake? How wilt thou do infidel backslider? God bless them in the day of trouble.

I remember one instance of a poor collier, who had his leg taken off by the conductors of a pit. The poor fellow was coming up the shaft, when his leg was caught, cut off, and it fell to the bottom of the pit. I shall never forget the scene on that occasion. Bless the Lord, O my soul. He had a deep love to Jesus. I remember him when laid on the pit bank. His master wished him to have some brandy, but he begged he would not give him any, for he was a teetotaler. He said he felt he had got his death blow. Oh, how he rejoiced in the prospect of heaven. He said to me, “Richard, if I can but see my dear wife, I shall be satisfied.” Just as we were removing him, his wife came, for she had heard of the accident.—Her first words were, “Is he alive?” I said to her, “He is alive.” And she joyfully exclaimed, “Thank God, if he can only speak to me, I shall be satisfied.” The doctor was trying to stop the bleeding, but he could not, and we could see that the paleness of death was coming over him. The wife kissed him—the face dirty as it was—it was the farewell kiss of affection. He assured her that all was well in the swelling of Jordan. And then the daughter came from the factory to see him die. They were certain that all would be right on the other side of Jordan. And

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the dying man, did he grieve? No. He asked his dear wife to hold his hand while Jesus received his soul. "Bless thee, lass," said he, "The Lord will be a father to my children—the Lord bless thee. Give me my child, and let me kiss it." It was brought, and he put his poor dying arm round the little babe, which smiled at him, he said, "The Lord bless thee." The group gathered round, when he said:—

"Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
O grave where is thy victory,
O death where is thy sting."

And he said to me, "Richard, I am going to my farewell sleep, and willingly lay aside my pit clogs, and am ready to welcome heaven." Such was the end of a Christian life. Bless the Lord. Christianity will bear every test. There cannot come such a death from the teachings of a Joseph Barker, an Iconoclast, or the clever George Holyoake. They cannot give you peace in the valley and shadow of death. It is all one dark night—Barkerism and Infidelity. On our side, thank God, there is light ahead. I don't care what you are if you have got the light of Christ to aid you. Scepticism murders the temper, and renders home so that you cannot live at it. May heaven save you, for you have all got to die.

When I lived at Hyde, I once met a young woman there, whose name was Sarah. She professed to be a sceptic. She scoffed and frowned at me when I spoke to her, and said, "Jesus was a lie; the Bible was a fable, and hell a scare crow." I told her she would yet tell a different tale. She was encouraged in her unbelief by a young man from Flowery Field. Young women don't be led astray; take care, and may heaven protect you, and God smile upon you. Consumption had set in upon her, and when she was near her last I went to see her. The young man was there, and called upon her to hold fast; but she replied, "I am dying, man, and I have nothing to hold fast; I am like the dog, I lost the substance through grasping at the shadow, and now I feel I am on the brink of the awful river called death." The young man said; "We

don't want you to talk." She cried out, "O yes I want to talk to you, Richard." "Ah!" she said, "I remember that when my father was dead I embraced the infidelity of Barker. My mother was a good Christian." I asked her if she repented and believed, and she said she did.— "Bless the Lord," I said, "If you are three parts damned, Christ can save you, if you believe on Him: And she did believe. Infidelity took her heart away from Christ, but she was saved, and made an heiress of heaven, through the blood of the Lamb. Thank God for that. She could die peaceably, singing hallelujah. Now sceptics, what have you on your side? The infidel cried hold fast.— What does that mean? Answer ye sporting characters; ye gamblers and adulterers. You have simply, as you say, to lie down and die; but then the spirit of the Christian, if absent from the body, is present with the Lord.— The path from one to the other is across the river. You have each got to die. You have to meet the tides, and may heaven prepare you. It is a solemn thing to die.— There is not a man who can get to heaven without passing through death. Just as if you could not get out of Lancashire into Cheshire without crossing a river. But if you stick to unbelief, and be banished from God, you will be carried down the stream to hell. May heaven save you.

Sometimes Jordan overflows its banks. At Bilston, in 1832, I learned that in the month of August there were 131 widowers, 113 widows, and 500 mothers made childless. The cholera hurried them off into the valley of death. How uncertain is life. One good man, who had plenty of cash, was afraid of losing his family; so he removed to New Brighton; but in about three days he was buried.— Go where you like, even to the Mormons in Salt Lake Valley, or to California, the river of death will be in your path, alike for the rich and the poor. You have to die. As you could not go to California or Melbourne without a ticket for your passage, so you cannot expect to go to heaven without title deeds as your passport. Thank God you may have them to-night. Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in there—

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at. Narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, and many shall seek to go, but few shall enter. And why? because of their unbelief. What a pleasant thing to think of death! We know that the other side of the river is bliss and rest for the weary mourners. I remember being ill, about twelve months ago. For four days I did not taste food. The doctor told me that my pulse was getting weaker. Then I said my prospects are brighter, for the journey is only over the river, where corruption shall put on incorruption, and mortality shall put on immortality.— Bless the Lord. As the Israelites sent spies to view the land of promise flowing with milk and honey, so many have gone over the river before us. Paul was caught up into the third heaven. Some, however, on their journey have been faint-hearted, like the spies who returned cowards, and said they could not go. Mr. Barker is one of them—the land he says is not a good one. This river separates us from our dear friends. I should think Iconoclast, Holyoake, and Barker have no friends. With Christians it is different. My wife wished to keep our little child because it was a girl. I said the Lord knows best—it is his hand that chasteneth. So he took her across the river. I remember a little girl in Staffordshire on her death-bed said, “Mother don’t weep. I said, “Would you like to get better?” “No, sir,” she replied; “but if the Lord wills it I should, because mother loves me so.” That was the right way to look at death. There are plenty who can testify that they have children on the other side of the river. Mothers who can tell of their little Martha, Mary Jane, or Elizabeth gone to the Lord. Each one could predict that the child was too intelligent to live, but the little gems are now over the river. Oh! mothers, don’t weep. Dry up that tear. Your darling is safe in the bosom of God—safe with Christ. And many more mothers have children now crossing the river. And the fathers too. Cannot they remember how their darling child played round their knees, now far away from the din of the factory and the loom. Let Iconoclast and Barker say what consolation they can give with their devilish doctrines. Fathers, don’t weep, all is well, thank

God. Then there are daughters and sons whose parents have crossed the river. You might not recollect their forms and features, but you think you remember them now. You have heard your neighbours describe them, and you can imagine you see your mother across the river. It may be that you remember her familiar voice, and call to mind the death rattle in her throat, but she is now in heaven. And that lone widow, does she not remember when death struck down her husband—that solitary moment when the children were called round the bed to take their last farewell, as his spirit was wafted across the river? Bless the Lord for Christianity. I sometimes imagine I see the husband shaking hands with his wife in heaven; and that praying mother, who taught her child to pray, meeting her darling in heaven. Glory be to God. Bless high heaven.

Your tender mother who taught her child to pray, adorned with a crown upon her head, is calling "Come, come, come." Yes, we will. Only let us cross the river. I imagine I see children who have gone before their parents dressed in robes of white. Mothers, don't you see those fair and lovely faces which you loved so dearly on earth. Only let us be prepared to cross the river, and our joy will be great. Thank God, for Christ has poured his blessing upon us. The guilty souls are in danger of hell. May heaven save every one of you. There is no infidel can preach to you so satisfying a doctrine as that, for infidelity is dark, dismal, frightful. Listen to yonder dying infidel,—Death comes, and it grows darker. Now, for the grand secret. Dark! dark!! dark!!! I think I have been deceived. Oh! the waters are cold. Oh! what's that? The devil has seized me. What a fool I have been. I am sinking. [Preacher goes down in the pulpit out of sight; his voice ascends with an awful effect.] I hear the howling of the damned, and I see the flames of hell. Oh! that develish Barker? my feet are in the flames. I am three parts damned. I am lost, lost, lost! May God save you from scepticism. The sceptic has nothing worth living for. Let Joe Barker, Iconoclast, and Holyoake, hold fast their infidelity, but let me be purified

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by the blood of the Lamb. Let Union-street chapel live in your memory from this day. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and he will teach you how to do in the swellings of Jordan. Of the drunkard I will not say much to-night. But I have seen awful sights in the families of drunkards. I have seen a pious wife punished and sorely tried by a drunken husband. A drunkard once told me, when I spoke to him about his soul, "to go to hell." His wife asked me not to give him up. He turned me out of doors, but I kneeled down in the street and prayed for him. I visited him again, when he said he would reform after one more spree. That night I was startled from my sleep, something seemed to say, "It's too late, it's too late; but go and see that drunkard." I went as quickly as I could and was astonished to see so many persons running about. When I entered the house his weeping wife said, "Richard, I'm glad you are come, but it's too late." The drunkard, who was in the swellings of Jordan, said, "It's too late," and died. Oh! my friends beware of the beer-house, it is the slaughter house of hell. Give up your sins and come to Christ, he will save you now and be with you in the swellings of Jordan, and lead you to the promised land.

ADDRESS V.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isaiah xxxv. 10.

I don't expect that I shall please everybody in this large congregation. I should like to please God, whether I offend you or not. There is too much of man-pleasing, and too little of God-serving. Too many think how did the congregation like that sermon? What did they think about the composition? But it is before God that we must stand or fall; to him that we must give an account at the last day. I do not think that I shall please the dandy hearers; I hope that I shall offend them. The Lord help me, and the Lord help you. It is a beautiful text, and one that I like to reflect on. It brings many a blessing to my soul. We know there is a rest remaining for the people of God. I should have been preaching at Dublin to-day but for the death of a little child. Let the Infidel believe that children die like a dog, but I believe that mine is gone to glory. I don't want to be led by Iconoclast, or gulled by Joe Barker, but I will be led by Jesus, and governed by the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Jesus said "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." That is my father; I hope to meet with them that are gone before.—We shall bid farewell to sin for ever. You weeping mothers that have lost children, I ask you if they passed

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away like a worm, or died like a dog? No, there is hope for you yet. They will meet you in yon better world.— Let me advise you to look at this blessed text. The more I look at it, the better it grows. It seems to me as if Isaiah had stood close behind Jesus reporting what he did, and writing the transactions of his life. He might have stood by him on the sea shore, when he wrote "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." It seems to me as if he stood by him when he said to the blind man "See;" and to the lame man "Take up thy bed and walk." For the prophet foretold that he would open the eyes of the blind, and cause the lame man to leap as a hart. Though he was before Christ he wrote after him, for he was inspired. Can Joe Barker, Iconoclast, or any sceptic tell how he was inspired? Till they can prove that there is no God, and that the prophet was not inspired. I shall continue to believe that there is a God and that the prophet was inspired. I believe there is a God that loves you and me, and that there are mansions prepared for you and me. "The lame man shall leap as a hart; the tongue of the dumb shall sing. In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert; and a highway shall be there." This highway is a grand road. Proprietors and contractors like to have a good road. Waggoners and carters like a good road. This is a good highway. "It shall be called the way of holiness, and the unclean shall not pass that way." There are many Christians, who say, they shall never reach their journey's end—never get to heaven, for everything makes against them. "I try to live near to him, but something comes to draw me from the fountain of living waters." There is so much mourning amongst Christians, because you don't live according to God's truth; you don't show any sincerity in your Christianity. There is always a ditch on each side of a good road. When I used to get drunk I tried to keep in the middle of the highway, or else I soon got into the ditch. You young women of fashion, you young men of fashion, you keep too near the ditch. Get upon the highway. If you go too near the ditch there is danger of

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getting your heads into the hedges, and the thorns will scratch your faces. The road is marked out by the blood of the Lamb, and if you get upon that highway the lion of hell cannot touch you. If you stand upon sure ground—the highway to glory, you'll never regret it. There is something in this text cheers me onwards. It is something like an old mariner I knew, who had been seven times shipwrecked. He had seen the waves of the briny ocean yawning and flying around him; but amidst crackling timbers, the thoughts of home cheered him onward. "In the midst of the storm," he said, "I used to think of my wife and little ones, and that would cheer me." As we travel through life, we shall have these storms, but they will not last for ever; they will soon be over, and the journey ended.

"For the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." The man on the battle field will go through smoke and blood to gain the laurels of victory. Look at the picture of the Scotchman resting his head upon his knapsack on the battle field, and dreaming of home. It is the same with the Christian. Though on the battle field, we think of home and the rest we shall enjoy when our battles are over. Now with reference to the characters described in my text. The ransomed of the Lord signifies that they were once held captives. It does not signify about dividing my text into heads, or many jaw-breaking words or grammatical sentences, for I know nothing of grammar; but I do know this book (the Bible) is a great book, and if I cannot give you any thing systematically, I can give you some sound truths. The characters described in my text are those who were led captive by the devil at his will. In the book of Isaiah I find it written "Awake awake, O captive daughter of Zion," and "ye shall be redeemed without money." Thank God for that, though we have been led captive at the devil's will. There is not a man or a woman here but has something wrong, and the sooner that is put right the better. The Lord help you to-day. we see much of priest-craft and Popery not only amongst Papists, but amongst Protestant denominations. One says,

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"If you are not an Independent you cannot be right," another, if you are not a Baptist; another, if you do not believe in Calvinism; another, if you are not a Wesleyan; or a Reformer or a Primitive, you are not right, and cannot be saved. The characters described in my text are the ransomed of the Lord and belong to all God's people. They are not this thing or that thing. He tells them to look neither at one creed nor another. He tells in this text they are "The ransomed of the Lord." They are not redeemed with gold or silver, but with the blood of the Lamb. He says we have sold ourselves for nought, Adam and Eve put us in the pop-shop of the devil for an apple, and we could not redeem ourselves: but Christ redeemed us with no less a price than his own blood. We all stand here to-day blood-bought sinners. If there are any sceptics here to-day, I hope from my heart he will save them. I do not care what the Barker or Iconoclast says: they are the blood-bought purchase of the Lamb. If an angel had taken all the diadems of heaven, he could not have redeemed man. Jesus himself stepped upon the platform and said, I will deliver man from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom. May you feel that blood applied to your hearts, and that you are pardoned through the blood of the Lamb. A Town Missionary at Woolwich told me that he was a soldier when the slaves in the West Indies had their liberty given to them by the English Government. Wilberforce pleaded for them for many years, and at last they were set free. He told me what an affecting sight it was. Well, Adam and Eve put us into the stronghold of the devil, but Christ said to his Father, "I will go down and deliver them, and break down the middle wall of partition." I remember him telling me that when the slaves were liberated, he went out with his gun, expecting to have a riot that day; but he was astonished to see mothers dancing round their children, and husbands embracing their wives, and the fathers throwing up their children for joy, when the trumpet sounded, and the proclamation was read that they were free. How much more ought we to be thankful when we see that our redemption has been secured, and the gospel trumpet sounded, and that



we are redeemed not with corruptible things but with the most precious blood of Christ. I had lived a slave of sin and the devil, for twenty-five years, but thank God I heard tell that there was liberty procured for those that were fast bound in sin, and—

"Soon as my all I ventured,
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God."

I have heard many of the working-classes say that if we wanted to find genuine piety, we must only go amongst the lowest grades of society, but I deny it. I have travelled five years, and if I wanted to find genuine piety I would go to some women of title and education that I know at the present time, and who are true and dear friends of mine. When I looked at them and see how humble and sanctified they are, I am ashamed of myself. They are found with David upon the throne, and in all degrees and ranks of life from the king to the beggar. They are found with poor old Jack in the mud walled cottage, and in the splendid mansion of the rich—there live the ransomed of the Lord. Let me be one of the ransomed of the Lord. It is not going to churches and chapels that makes you the ransomed of the Lord. You may go and sit in the class meeting, and when the leader comes and asks you how you feel, and you reply that you are still Zionward, I would say, "what do you believe?" There is too much talking about feeling, it is, what are you believing? that is the question. It is not going and having your name with this or the other people, and doing this thing or that thing. Some people have told me of a man upon the bed of death that had been baptised, the minister's hands had been put on his head, and the prayers of the church had been offered up for him, but it was a delusion of the devil. There was something else wanted. We are redeemed not by water but by blood. A great many people in the present day think that if they became connected with this place or that, that they are all right, and they go to public-houses after the service, drinking and think that they are all right. God save them! I hate to see public-houses as I hate to see hell and the devil. May God take down the signs of every

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public-house in Rochdale, I hate them, and if you do not give up going to them you will go to hell. Drink is the great curse of society, and if preachers would only preach against it from the pulpit as they ought, there would be no need of Temperance Advocates. Working-men of Rochdale! let me entreat you to be up and doing this afternoon. I know I shall not please, but I have come to speak the truth. You that love drink are the children of the devil, and you that go tippling and tippling belong to hell, and if you do not give it up you will go to hell. Think about that, and swallow that. Look at what drink is doing amongst your societies, and amongst private families; mothers can tell—fathers could tell—and children could tell. When I look at what it is doing, I feel indignant on account of the zealousness I have for my God and the welfare of my fellow-men. Bid farewell to the pot and the bowl, to drink and the landladies. Whilst preaching at Congleton, a landlady heard me say that public-houses are the slaughter-houses of hell, for every year 90,000 souls in England and America find a drunkard's grave. When the woman went home she said to her husband "I will not sleep another night until I see the sign pulled down." Both the woman and her husband are converted. I don't say teetotalism can save you, but I do say that the blood of Christ can. May heaven help you to come to the blood of sprinkling! It don't matter what your profession is. When Whitfield was asked the question as to whether he should see Wesley in heaven, he replied, "NO." The man was surprised, and asked, "Why not?" "Because," said Whitfield, "he will be so near the throne." Were God to write the characters of those who profess to be his children on the wall of this place, how many would like to scratch them out again?

The way to heaven is a happy way. I have served the devil faithfully and been one of his most devoted soldiers. But, "there is no peace (saith the Lord) unto the wicked." In the service of God we can labour seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year. And I can say we were happier last year than we were the year before. I can most sincerely say that I never knew any one lose

anything by serving God. What have I lost by serving God? I have lost a suit of ragged clothes, and I have got in their place a suit of black. I have lost black eyes, dog-fighting, and blackguardism—I have lost hell but gained heaven. Nothing is so consoling to me as to know that I am one of the Lord's children. The way to heaven is a happy way. Some of you who have been converted can tell how you have had your homes turned into little heavens, while you never knew what happiness was before. A poor woman at Macclesfield, who, previous to her conversion, had not been to a place of worship for thirty-two years, stated that the last fortnight she had lived since she had been converted was the happiest fortnight of her life. The ways of religion are the ways of pleasantness. I have proved them for nine years, and I don't regret but one thing, and that is, that I did not start sooner on the way to heaven. Some of you were on the way before I was born—you don't want to change, do you? You are not like Joe Barker. You know that religion is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come. I know I shall awaken some of the sceptics in Rochdale, and I should like to do that.

But then there is something more in the text. The way to heaven is a singing way. I have told you that I believe I was born singing, if not, I was born crying; but I was born with a propensity for singing. We have bid farewell to the songs of the devil. The songs I used to sing I won't sing now. I remember singing at public-houses, "Britains never shall be slaves," &c., and at the same time I was a slave to the devil, my own lusts, and evil passions. I also remember singing this and that—"There's nothing like a collier boy," "The gallant poachers," "Britannia rules the waves," and I used to sing a song that landladies liked to hear; that is—"We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear."—They used to like me to sing that when I had cash in my pocket. I have sung as much as £14 out of my pocket at one spree, and when they could get no more, they turned me out into the street. But I have learned better

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singing now. We can sing when we are in a good meeting—

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this."

Now we can sing—

"O, happy day that fixed my choice,"

This is another of our songs—

"O, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

This is another—

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears."

This is another—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin."

This is another—and it strikes fear into the hearts of the unconverted—

"There is a land of pure delight."

Again—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
"No chilling winds, nor poisonous breaths,
Can reach that blissful shore;
Sickness nor sorrow, pain nor death,
Are felt and feared no more."

Thank God, these are the songs we sing now—

"Glory, glory, hallelujah,
All the sailors loudly cry."

And may God save you this day.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return. That's good, isn't it? Yes; and if it is good now, what will it be hereafter? Now some of us like one song, and some don't like another, but I like one myself with a good deal about Jesus in it. My wife looks at my poor cheeks sometimes, and says, "I am sure thou'lt go to thy grave just now;" and I say, "Well, and I'm going to heaven."—When I die I am going to be carried to the grave by four converted colliers; and I have told my wife what hymn must be sung, and it is this—[Preacher sings.]

"In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my mad career."

I once knew a poor converted collier; I taught him to sing this hymn—

"Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest."

He had one little child; and when he returned from his daily toil the child would meet him at the door, and when he had got seated in his collier's chair, she would get upon his knees, and say, "Father sing 'Here's no rest.'" Well, one day he came home, and the child met him not at the door, and when he had got to the foot of the stairs, he heard his wife exclaiming, "Oh, my child, my child!" He cried out, "Sarah, what's the matter?" and she replied, "Our child is dying." He pulled off his coalpit clogs, and glided up stairs, and went to the bed-side, and tears began to trickle down his coal-black cheeks. His wife told him that the child had been taken in a fit, and that the doctor had pronounced her case hopeless. When the poor child saw her father, she said, "Daddy, sing 'here's no rest.'" He had a broken heart, however, and he said he could not sing. She replied, "Try, daddy, for I'm going to Jesus." Then her father tried—

"Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest."

But he could get no further. She asked him once more, and he knelt down and began again. He went on until he came to—

"Sweet is the promise I read in thy word,
Blessed are they that die in the Lord,
They shall be called to receive the reward;
There, there is rest."

He said again that he could sing no more; but she threw her arms around his neck, and said, "Father, we will sing it in heaven," and died. Have you never stood by the bed side of a dear friend, or relative, and heard them sing some such hymn as this—

"Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, and in my room,
Waiting to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well."

You mothers have had to soothe your dying child; you

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daughters have stood by the bed side of your mothers, and wiped the clammy sweat from their foreheads; and as you have wept, they have said, "Now, don't weep, you will meet me in heaven. Now Mary, or Elizabeth, come and shake hands with your dying mother, and bid her farewell; Jesus has come, and calls me away."

"Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
O grave where is thy victory?"

Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs. There is much mourning here; but your mourning shall be turned into rejoicing, and your heaviness into gladness. Walk forward, and press upward, for yonder is your home. There sorrow and sighing shall be felt no more. The last tear shall fall, but Christ shall wipe it away. There shall be no more grief, no more death, and no more parting with beloved friends. God has spoken it, and I believe it. I remember being with an old captain, on the pier head at Liverpool. He said to me, "Now Richard, you can learn something to-day.—This ship has just come in. It has been supposed that she was wrecked. Look how the topsails have given way, and how weather-beaten she looks." We saw an old man and an old woman, with spectacles on, and there was a young woman with a child in her arms. The old woman looked out, and she saw a young man just as he was leaving the ship. She said, "There he is—I can see him." The old man said, "Where?" and he took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Presently the young man came on shore, and sprang into the arms of his grey-headed parents, and his wife, and exclaimed that he had not thought that he should have seen them alive again.—The young woman put the infant into his arms, saying, "See, here is our child." And he knelt down and thanked God for having mercifully saved him from a watery grave. Some of you unconverted parents have had children that have gone to the Saviour. You could show me their little shoes and stockings, and their little pinafores, but they are now in heaven, and they can see you here this afternoon. That poor father can remember his

dying wife calling him to her bedside and asking him to train up her children for heaven, and if you come to the Saviour, both your wives and children will welcome you there, and then you will have a bright prospect of being with them where there is no more weeping or sorrow, and no more sighing. May God bless you.

Twelve months ago, last February, my poor old mother died, my grey-headed father being 72 years of age. She called him to her bed side, and put her hand on his grey hairs, and said, "George, the next time thou seest me, it will not be in this chamber, I am going to leave thee: the Lord bless thee. Tell my lads I am shouting victory." I went to see her, and I shall never forget it as long as I live. She said as I went to the bed side, "The Lord bless thee my lad, I can die happy now that I know my children are converted, I have offered up many a prayer for them, but I never thought my child would have come to pray for God to bless me in my dying hour," when she laid her dying hand on my head I felt electrified, and as I passed away from her, she said, "The Lord bless thee, my lad, the next time thou seest me, it will not be in this chamber, but in heaven." I said, "Yes, mother, I'll meet you there where parting shall be no more." Some time ago there was a colliery explosion, and amongst the sufferers was a pious lad. He was a poor widow's only child. His eyes were almost burned out of his head, and the flesh was dropping off his face and his hands. His poor mother not knowing but that he was killed, knelt down on the coal-pit bank to pray; she said, "Lord thy will be done." At last she heard her boy, calling, "Mother, mother," and she ran to him. On hearing her voice, he said, "thank God, mother, its not hell fire.—The blood of Jesus has given me the victory, and I am going to exchange the coal pit for the crown." I have friends in heaven, but they have only gone before, and I am going to meet them, are not you? If you don't come to Christ, you'll as sure go to hell as you are listening to me now. A friend of mine who formerly professed to be an infidel, told me a dream he had. He said, "I dreamed I was at heaven's gate, and I got to look through

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It. On the archway were the words, 'There shall in no wise enter into it, any unclean thing or anything that worketh an abomination or maketh a lie,' and above were the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from sin.' I asked for admittance, but those who were in the charge of the gate, told me to look up at the words. I then looked down through a long dark tunnel, and I could see the flame that burneth with fire and brimstone, and could hear the cries of the damned, the howling of the lost, and the weeping of those who were cast out of heaven. I then heard the cry, 'I am lost.' That led me to give up my infidel notions, and accept as I have been, I am now washed in the blood of the Lamb." I am sent to Rochdale to inform you that the blood of Christ was shed for you and me. It prevails for me; it cleanses me; it atones for me. I warn you as a dying man, that if you are out of Christ you will be damned. May God save you all, and bless you. I never preach, nor do I want to, but I always get a volunteer. Is there a man or woman in this congregation that will come to Christ? Glory be to God; he can save you all. He can save all Rochdale. If I did not believe he could, I would not have come. We are about to conclude this meeting, but if there is any one here who is determined to begin and serve the Lord, I will gladly stop and pray with you. Never mind your tea; it is better to get to the blood of Christ than to have your tea. Think about this heavenly meeting, and be determined to make a start this afternoon.

ADDRESS VI.

"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; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—2 TIM. IV. 6-8.

It is an affecting scene to see a father giving his dying charge to his son. I have seen the dying, silvery-headed parent giving his last advice and his last blessing to his son, before he gave up the ghost. When like David he said, the Lord will be with thee, and will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Thus, in my text, a father in the gospel is giving his dying charge to his son in the Lord. "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing, and his kingdom. Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine." * * * Not so many of us can stand to be told of our faults; you may tell a man about his good qualities; but reprove him, and he will turn away from you. If I find a man out to be a liar, I call him a liar. If I find a man is a hypocrite, I call him a hypocrite. If I find him to be a murderer, I call him a murderer. This I do whether they like it or not. It is the duty of every minister to do so too, but God knows there are too many who neglect their duty in this matter. You would not like your minister if he told you of your faults. If a man rebukes me I like him all the better for it. When your preacher rebukes you, he does so because he loves you.—If you find a man is a liar, an adulterer, a gambler, or a hypocrite, tell him of it. When ministers do this, they only

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fulfil Paul's advice to Timothy. Reproof, people do not like. If a poor man reproves a rich man, he turns away from him and says, "Who are you, that you presume to insult me?" But when you masters, or you rich people, do so, you are blindfolded by the devil. The Lord have mercy upon you. Not many people can endure the truth at the present time, the systematical grammatical speaker is most admired and if he talks about the beauties of nature, the green fields and the stars, people say, "Oh! what a good preacher he is. I was quite lost while listening to his well arranged sentences. How fine are his ideas! I was so much taken up with the preacher, that when I got home, I had entirely forgotten his subject." If he had told you something about yourselves, you would not have forgot what he said. If we begin to talk about hell and say, he that believeth not shall be damned, you will know something about that. Why you would have been opposed to Christ if you had lived in his time, for he termed a class of men in his day, a "Generation of vipers." He talked about hell and damnation, and told the people if they did not repent and believe, that they would be damned. You would have told him that his was a rash doctrine, and men in his day did tell him so. A Roman Catholic, the other day, told me that I did not preach what Christ did; so I told him of the rich man being in hell, and looking up, and seeing Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, besides other passages, showing Christ had told the people of a hell and certain damnation for unbelievers and when I had finished quoting several passages, he admitted that I preached what Christ did. There are plenty of dainty hearers, that wish Christ's doctrine not to disturb them in the enjoyment of their wealth, and they do not like to be told that their glittering gold may bring them hell and damnation. This is a solemn truth, and I must preach the truth as the apostle advised Timothy. Men are trying to tickle the ears of the people by fine preaching, but I shall tell every man and woman, that if they are not converted, hell will be their doom. I know that after this life, there is an immortality; and that there is a heaven for the righteous, and a hell for the wicked, after this life.

is past. Unless you have Christ in your hearts, to hell you must go to. May the Lord save you.

We find Paul breathing vengeance to the Christians, and doing his worst towards them, but when he was converted, he was not ashamed of the gospel, but preached "Christ crucified" everywhere. He was a champion of the truth. Agrippa said, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a christian." Felix said "Go thy way this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." This man trembled, because Paul spoke something that went home to his heart. Call a man a liar when he is not, and he will laugh at you; if you tell him he is a hypocrite, when his conscience is void of the offence, he will laugh. Tell a man he is a thief, and if he be not one, he will take no notice of what you say; but if he be one, he will feel like the young man who was in the Chapel in George's street, Edinburgh. I was preaching there one evening, and telling the people that a thief was there, when a young man jumped up and said, "Who told you I was here? I have just had my hand in this young lady's pocket, and taken her purse, but if it is possible, may the Lord forgive me." The truth had come to his heart, and he told what he had been doing. So it is with the Christian; he cannot avoid telling what the Lord has done for him; and if he has done any wrong he confesses it. I will tell the adulterer, the fornicator, the gambler, the blasphemer, the scoffer, and the infidel of their sins. There may be some adulterer here this morning, who, after he has accomplished his base purpose, intends to desert the woman, and let her sink to a common prostitute; then he will seek out another to degrade in like manner. It is of the blood of such men that we seek to cleanse our hands: such men bring more women to prostitution than other class of men.

They are like the blood-hound on the track of a man whose garments are covered with blood. It is to wash our hands of the infidel and the scoffer who deny God's being, and blaspheme his name. They boldly deny the Most High God, who will surely damn them if they do not repent. May the Lord have mercy upon you. Paul

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preached the truth on Mars Hill, and reasoned with the people who worshipped God's of gold. He cried aloud to them, and told them of the living God and his power. We must preach Christ as Paul did, and the power of God unto salvation. He told Timothy to be faithful, and we must be so too. The gospel must be preached in Union street Chapel, and you know there are hypocrites among you who must be told of their danger if they do not repent. You know you are hypocrites, and the sooner you repent the better. You have taken a pew, and perhaps joined the church; but you know you are hypocrites. May the Lord find a way into your hearts this morning. — You are a professor by name, but do not love the Lord; you must repent and walk (not as hypocrites), but as true christians. Ministers are now lecturing upon this or that matter, and not attending to their duties as christian preachers. The gospel is what I shall preach. Instead of lecturing in Manchester or Liverpool on Oliver Cromwell, I shall preach Christ. To save souls shall be my aim. It is the blood of my Saviour that I shall proclaim far and wide. I will glory in nothing save in the cross of Christ. Joe Barker, Iconoclast, and George Holyoake may talk about reform, but there is nothing that will reform a nation so much as the gospel of Jesus. Let the truth of the gospel be in men's hearts, and then they will be reformed; and when Barker, Iconoclast, and Holyoake are in hell, the gospel of Jesus will live in men's heart's. Jesus Christ must reign

"Where'er the sun
Doth his successive journey's run."

Let infidelity scorn, and Joe Barker call Christ a bastard, but the people will have him to reign over them. To him I look as my saviour, and through him shall all the redeemed be saved.

The apostle must have been looking death in the face when he said I am ready to depart. The scaffold was prepared, the axe lay there ready to perform its deadly duty. All was in readiness and he was about to be offered up, when he wrote a letter to Timothy advising him to be diligent, reprove and rebuke. I am now ready to be

offered, I perhaps have no more than three or four hours to call my own. This is very different language to what the sceptic can use, and Paul was a very much changed man from what he was when on his way to Damascus, to persecute the saints. A man whose sins have been forgiven, who is justified before God is ready to die at any time. We must be pardoned sinners before we can take up such language as this used by St. Paul. The very man who held the clothes of the people who stoned Stephen, was now ready to die and go and embrace the man whom he had so much wronged.

Some people are religious from a view to worldly gain. I remember hearing of a man, who said to another, if he would go to chapel he would stand a good chance of getting on in the world. He did so, and after attending regularly for a while, a rich employer, having noticed his serious attention, offered him a much better place. That man was religious from a view to worldly gain, and he got it. In a while he was laid in the bed of affliction, and then he found that he had been looking for that which would not comfort him on his death-bed. He then began to search after the Lord, and found him. When he had made matters right with Jehovah he was a happy man, and ready to die. Good people do not fear the day of death, but the sceptics and infidels fear and tremble. Watch and pray is the Christian's motto: if a soldier on sentry should be found asleep by the invading army, they would stab him through, and take the place he was set to guard. Our order is as good soldiers to be ready, for in such an hour as we know not the Son of Man may come.

Since I was here before, I have preached at four places. I went to Macclesfield and to Bradley-Green, a small village, where I formerly lived, and where I was converted. I preached there in the open air to more than five thousand people at once. There were some notorious characters there, but many souls were converted to God. There were three of my old companions stood before the chapel, and as I came away I went to them and shook hands with them; and showed them how much better it was for me to be preaching Christ and leading a new life than

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being a wicked blaspheming collier, and they all agreed that it was much better. When one of them went home, he told his wife that he was about to attend chapel regularly, and be a better man. On the following day a cart stopped at the door of his house, and a dead man was pulled out of it containing her husband who had been killed in the pit. Ever since that time I have determined to preach ~~decision~~, for it is of great importance that people should decide for the Lord while they are in health. While at Whittington, in Cheshire, a man heard me preach three times, and was on his way the fourth time, and when near a little boy, he was tripped down and died immediately. A person who heard me at Leek, in Staffordshire, was carried home dead the following week. These cases show that decision is necessary, and that people should at once make choice of the only Saviour. Another young man came to hear me preach, who was so much affected, but he resisted the Spirit, and would not believe, and he became so miserable that he went and drowned himself. Had he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ he would not have done so. (A voice "Not he.") A man must get his sins pardoned before he can be prepared to die.

Those who are given up to the pride and vanity of this world, are not able to say they are ready to die. Until they have given up the world, sin, and the devil, they are not prepared to go into the presence of the Great Judge. To those who are not prepared to die, I say, repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Then will you be refreshed from the presence of the Lord. The man that is prepared to die is best prepared to live. I have fought a good fight, and am now ready to be offered is the language of the christian, and since I was converted, I have been able to say that I am ready to die, and what I can say, all christians can say, for they know that when they depart this life, they immediately enter upon a more glorious state of existence. Paul could say, I have fought with the prince of darkness, and by the help of God he was enabled to come off conqueror and defeat the devil. Jesus lived and died for me, was the language of Paul, and will be the language ever used by christians. If you

wish to get to heaven; it must be by means of a good fight. The world is now much agitated. America, Russia, Prussia, and Italy, are much disturbed, and people are thinking about drawing swords on the battle field. As men fight for their countries, so must christians stand shoulder to shoulder and fight the good fight. I try to fight as many battles as I can, and since I was converted, five years since, I have never lost a single fight. I have defeated the powers of hell. If we do not fight manfully against the prince of hell, he will carry dark damnation into every street and every house. We have riflemen who are ready to fight against the French. If a cry ought to be raised against a foreign invader, surely the christian ought to fight against one who seeks the destruction of every man and woman. It is a greater honour to fight God's battle than that of any earthly king. When we have won the victory, we shall receive a crown of glory that will never lose its brilliancy, but shine throughout eternity without any polishing. There we shall reign for ever and ever in the presence of the Lamb that died.

Perhaps there are some race-runners here, who know how two racers are started, either by letting off a pistol, or dropping a handkerchief. So Paul in his epistle to Timothy was telling of his latter end, and describing his end in the same style that he would describe some of the Grecian games. If there be any race-runners, pigeon-flyers, or dog-racers here, I hope they will now repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; then follow the golden rule, do to others as ye would that others should do to you, and we shall be happy. An old friend of mine at Edinburgh showed me that one of his eyes was a false one. He told me that he lost it while bearing the flag up the Heights of the Alma. He described to me how they climbed those heights, and how, when the standard bearer had been cut down, he seized the flag, and with it in one hand and his sword in the other, four Russians came towards him, he slew them one after the other, and placed the British flag on the point they aimed at. As these noble soldiers scaled these heights, so must the christian battle for the cause of Christ. Death or victory must be

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our word. Our Captain is gone before. Forward and upward must be our determination, until we get to brighter and happier regions. There we shall bask in eternal sunshine, and be for ever in the presence of the Great Jehovah.

Perhaps there are some here who have a husband, a child, a sister, a brother, a mother, or father in heaven, whom they promised to meet in heaven. You promised your little Johnny or little Billy to meet you in heaven. Don't forget your pledge, but prepare to go to that happy land. There is a good prospect for the righteous; a crown of life laid up for every christian warrior. Men as old as 80 and even 95, can be found on their way to heaven; one old beggar told me that though he had to get his living from door to door rather than go to the poor-house, he had a mansion in heaven. He felt he had a good prospect for the future, and a crown was laid up for him in heaven. He well remembered the coronation day, when Queen Victoria was crowned. The bells rung that day, churches and chapels were opened, and all seemed to be rejoicing; so it will be when the sainted crowd meet together in heaven. They will then live in a continued state of bliss. We are in this world living for heaven. But the sceptics and the scoffers are not living for a future state, as they believe that human beings die out like cats and dogs. Christians have no such opinions as those, for they believe that a happy future is in store for them. He that overcometh, I will give to him a crown of glory, and will place a sceptre in his hand. Christian parents have a prospect of meeting their children in heaven. O what a joyful meeting, and what is better, we shall not part throughout a never ending eternity. Some of you have got children in heaven this morning, and you intend to meet them there. I have one child gone to Jesus and one still alive. Infidelity has no such prospect in the future, and if people will keep their money in their pockets, such men as George Holyoake will not come to lecture. Morality will not be advocated by them if you will not find them money, no they will leave you in the ditch. Let your children be trained up in the admonition of the Lord.

In heaven we shall meet the glorified saints and be with the spirits of the just and sing the praises of the Lamb for ever and ever. I remember being in the dying chamber of a poor woman about twelve months since, and after I had sung for her a few verses of the hymn:

Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

She said to her little boy, "will you meet me in heaven?" and then turning to her husband she got him to promise to meet her in heaven too. But he was very slow to say he would, at last he said, "I will try. She died with her little child clinging round her neck, and in the arms of that husband who had just then solemnly promised to meet her in heaven. They had other children but they were at work, and she committed them to the care of her Almighty Saviour. Friends, are you nearer heaven than you were yesterday? I am, and I hope you are. I am nearer glory than I was, and nearer my crown. Every man and woman in this chapel may have a crown of life if they will, for I believe no man or woman ever lived that had not a portion of the Spirit, and if they have gone to hell it has been their own fault. Salvation is free to all, and if they will not receive it they will surely be damned. Redemption through the blood of the Lamb is what all may have, and if they refuse it no one is to blame but themselves. We must get to heaven through the blood of the Lamb which was shed for every man. I ask you all to take it as freely as it is offered, and you will bless God that ever you attended Union-street Chapel.

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ADDRESS VII.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—John xi. 28.

You can all remember my text to-night. I do not know how to go on to-night at all, but still I will do what I can, and the Lord don't require any more—my best is all that he requires me to do. The chapel is crowded, and we shall have to do as well as we can, and the Lord will bless us. You must look right to heaven, and then you will have a good time. The place where I lectured last Sunday week, would not hold the congregation. I lectured on Temperance, and I thought that I should like to give them a twist in Rochdale. I have spoken in the pig market, the most suitable place for drunkards, I should say. Last Saturday night I had to speak out in the open field, and I had from seven to ten thousand people to hear me. We had a regular good time, and 47 persons found Christ in the field, and about 100 in the chapel. That was robbing the devil by wholesale. I wish we could only get you converted, it would gladden my heart. I preached at Congleton last Tuesday night, to 10,000 people, then on the Wednesday night, I preached at Alderly Edge; preached out of doors again on Thursday, and led a band meeting on Saturday night, and here I am to-day. That is what I call a good week's work,—Some people talk and they say, "poor man thou should'st have some rest." When I was in the service of the devil, I worked hard six days in the week, and if I did not work there was no money at all. The Lord help us to be up and doing.

This chapter tells us about a happy family—consisting of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. They lived at Bethany.

which was a lovely spot. In the history of the Redeemer we find that he often wended his way to Bethany, after being tired with the toils of the day. Why? Because there were some of his bosom friends there—a brother and two sisters—and they loved Jesus. The people that love Jesus are his friends, and he is fond of being with them. What a thing it is, to be a friend of Christ's. He often went to this place, and they were glad to see him there. They called him Master. They knew that he opened the blind eyes, unstopped the deaf ears, and made the lame to walk, but they did not know that he had ever worked such a miracle as that of raising the dead. Infidels may sneer and scoff. Joe Barker and Iconoclast say that there was nothing superior in Christ. If he is only a man, there is no man in the world that there is so much said about as there is about Christ. Only name the name of Jesus seriously and solemnly, and what an effect it seems to produce. Cooper said that when he was a scoffer he always revered the name of Jesus. Christ was found not with plenty of this world's goods—not making his abode amongst the rich men, but amongst the outcasts of society. If his parents had been rich, and of noble blood, the people would have said, "all hail," to him; but he was poor—the carpenter's son, and had to use the gimlet, and the hammer, and plane; the people rejected him. He was all the better for it; he knew what men had to do, and he could sympathise with his fellow-mortals. Though he took upon him our nature, he was God manifested in the flesh; and though you may scoff about him, his name is extending, and will extend from pole to pole. The excellent of the earth will publish this name abroad. Let Joe Barker get another printing press, and publish his *National Reformer*, and write against Christ; in spite of this the gospel of Christ will live when they are dead and damned, when they are weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth in hell. Look at the great good that has been done by the preaching of the gospel; how many miserable sinners has it made happy, and how many families joyful? If you want to know what the story of the cross has done, don't only ask the man who has been

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converted, but go and ask his family, his wife and children, and you will soon learn the difference religion has made with him. I hope there is no one here to-night who, when they look at men who are sceptics, will say, "I would like to be one of them." Suppose a man who was a sceptic went to a master and asked for employment, what would he say, "I am a sceptic?" If he did he would not get it for the master would know very well that he would swear any thing, and pay nothing. I look at Christ as my master, and I bow to him as mine. I bless God that ever I heard the name of Jesus. He has turned the lion into a lamb. When a man gets converted, people say he is a madman; but while you are laughing at him he is doing good. I have come out of the coal-pit, and by the power of my God and the blood of my Saviour I will do all the good I can. We can move hell, and defeat infidelity. There is something in this chapter I admire, and if there was not another chapter in the Bible to prove that Christ was a divine being, this one would be quite sufficient. There was something superior in him. Who has heard tell of a man that could go about causing the tongue of the dumb to speak, and raising the dead. He did not go about as a doctor does, saying, so much for this cure, and so much for that—he was always ready to relieve the wants of the men and women he met with, and to bless and help the needy. My heart says, Hallelujah to-night!

In this chapter before us Christ is going down to Bethany. There were two dear sisters, and their brother was taken so ill that he died. The old chair was empty, and as they shed their tears each said, "my brother is gone," there is no soul to comfort us. The Jews had tried to comfort the poor weeping sisters, but they could not bring back their brother. I have known what it was to travel into the towns and cities of England, and I have visited 200 houses in one week. I have tried to bind up the broken hearts and to bring peace to families, but I was paid to do it. I might tell that poor woman as she stands by the bedside of her husband, "The Lord will be a husband to thee, and a father to thy children," but I can never re-

place that which is taken away. But here is a friend who can bind the broken heart, that can remove the burden, who can smother the sin, and the devil trouble. He can go to the grave and make the dead to live again. "We can not," says the Master, "not dead, but sleepeth." Jesus had been laid down, and he had power to raise up the dead. He was divine; his heart was full of sympathy toward the weeping sisters, as he said, "Thy brother shall rise again." She said, "I know that he shall rise again, at the resurrection morning." But he said, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that believeth in me shall never die. Martha, believest thou this?" She said, "I believe that thou art the Christ." Thus was her faith in him, that he was the Son of God which was sent into the world; and she went to her sister Mary. She said, "Mary, the Master is come, and he says my brother shall rise again." She also arose and went to meet her Saviour, for they were both walking in the same path. "And Jesus said, where have you laid him, and they said unto him, Lord, come and see." And when the Jews saw how Jesus wept, they said, "Behold, how he loved him." Now I believe that while the body of Lazarus was in the grave his soul was in heaven. I don't care what Doctor so and so says, but what does God's book say? God Almighty has given me an intellect to think for myself. When Lazarus rose again, he had neither been to purgatory nor flying in the air, but as soon as he became absent from the body he went to heaven, and nobody could bring him back again but the resurrection power of Christ. He that called him into being could call that spirit back again. I believe that when he left this tenement of clay, he went home to heaven. Then Martha said, "Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days." Now Martha would never have said those words, had she only been able to see Christ in his true character. He goes to the grave side, and we can see him having a conquest over death. Death comes to lay claim to his prey, and he says, "Who is this that is troubling me? Who has power to unloose the

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"I will lay thee down and cast death and hell into the grave. I will show thee my resurrection power."—Then he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." The grave clothes begin to tremble; and the ground begins to shake, when at length Lazarus rises up; while in heaven all the blood-washed throng would cry, Hallelujah to the Lamb! Death had never such a shock before. The Saviour goes on the highway to Jerusalem, and Lazarus goes to his sister's house, and he eats and drinks with them as he had done before.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee." I do not believe that God Almighty damns any one before he has done striving with him. I do not believe there is a man or woman here to-night but what God is calling to seek salvation. Whether you are sceptics or scoffers—it don't matter what your calling is, God has been striving with you. Sometimes he takes a dear relative and friend out of this world, and he thus knocks at the door of the sinner's heart, and he says, "let me in." He calls us in different ways—he tries all ways, that men may be saved. But you say, "Go thy way for this time." There are plenty of you in this chapel to-night that would not begin to love and save him—you promised him that you would begin and turn over a new leaf. I said many a time that I would turn over a new leaf, when he has been knocking at my heart and saying, "My son, give me thine heart." And when you have been at the tap-rooms he has knocked at your hearts. After you have gone home, and been striking your wife, you have heard a whisper, "Don't do that; it is not right." That was the Spirit working within your heart, and telling you that it was wrong. There are some men who say we are nothing better than animals and wild beasts. Why don't we do like them, if we have not got spiritual things about us? It is because man is a superior being, and he has a spirit within him, that guides and tells him what is wrong and what is right. The Spirit of God is within every man and woman here to-night. There is no man or woman here to-night

but what has to acknowledge that the Spirit of God has striven with their hearts. There are plenty of people who don't go to God's house because they know they would be converted, and they love sin and the devil too well. Gamblers don't like to look into the Bible, because they know they are guilty. There are plenty of people in Rochdale that durst not come into the chapel; they know they would be converted. Let them come; God's gospel is the plan by which mankind must be reformed, and we know it must be done. Call man by what name you will, it is the gospel that must save them. There was a young man in Staffordshire, who was employed as a clerk in an office. His wife came to hear me preach, and the Spirit of God came home to her heart. When she went home she began to cry, and her husband seemed much surprised, and he began to curse and swear. He called me bad names, and I went to see him. He told me if ever I preached there again he would come and pull me out of the pulpit. I said to him, "Whether you pull me out of the pulpit or not, I shall preach here again." I did preach, and was talking about people coming to Christ, telling them what a Saviour he was; and I said, "Who will volunteer for Christ?" The young man jumped up in the gallery, and he said, "I will volunteer for Christ; when I came to the chapel to-night, I was determined that I would come and pull you out of the pulpit, but the gospel has come to my heart, and I have found my saviour." I have not seen that man for two years, but I know he is on his way to heaven, and that he is living as a respectable consistent christian. Perhaps you have gone to hear a minister preach, and you have been half inclined not to go again; but you have gone, and the word has come home to you, and Christ has come and taken possession of your soul. Look at the first preaching of the gospel on the day of Pentecost. The people said, "These men are mad; they are drunk." But Peter said it was but the third hour of the day, and he preached Christ to them; and the people said, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" There is something in the gospel that men cannot withstand; and is it had not been for the

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gospel you and I should not have been here to-night.— There is a man living at Hydock, near to St. Helen's, at the present time. I remember him coming to the chapel to hear me preach. He had sixteen pigeons, thirty cocks and hens, and three rabbit-dogs. Soon the tears began to fall down his face. He came to the preaching again at night, and when he got home he told me he bellowed like a child. On the following morning he went to his work in the coal-pit, but he said it is no use; I cannot work; I am afraid if I work that I shall be in hell before night. He knelt down and prayed for God to save him, and he said, "Was there ever such a wretch as me, I wonder if he loves me?" He went to his work on the Tuesday, but he could get no light, and he came out of the coal-pit in the same manner. He went again on Wednesday, but could still get no peace, and he went home. As soon as he got there he went up stairs, and he told his wife to bring him that old Bible, and the Wesleyan Hymn-book; When she brought the Bible he said, "Look, this is the Bible of my dear father; he made me a present of it, and we have never read a chapter out of it." He laid down the Bible, and he took up the hymn-book and read that hymn commencing

"My God I know I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am."

He instantly cried out, "I've got it. I've got it."

"I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will thee never go."

At Leek there were from 600 to 620 that professed to find peace, in six nights. The Gospel is victorious and sinners are converted. Some of you can get up to-night and say that God has pardoned all your sins. Some of you have been converted recently, and you have to thank heaven that ever you heard that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. But God calls men by different means to seek mercy. He has had some of you upon the bed of languishing, and you promised him that he would only restore you again, that you would seek him.

Your wife and friends stood about your bed weeping, the doctor came and felt your pulse, and saw he could not tell whether or not you would live another week. You told your wife to fetch a minister to pray for you. You promised him upon that bed if God would only restore you, that you would begin to serve him. May the Lord help you to keep your vow. I once saw an old woman lying on a bed of affliction and she said "If the Lord will restore me, I will do differently." The Lord did restore her; but when the doctor was not wanted, Christ was not wanted. She was laid upon a bed of affliction a second time. I called to see her, and she promised God if He would once more mercifully restore her she would give up her evil course of life. And she said, "If I am laid upon bed of affliction again it will be too late then, he will have nothing to do with me any more." The last time I saw her she said, "The Lord again raised her up, but her vows were broken. She soon was again afflicted, and she died without any hope of forgiveness." A man in Liverpool was laid upon a bed of affliction and he promised the Lord if he would only restore him he would lead a different life, and he would not neglect his family as he had done before. The Lord restored him, but the man went on in sin. He was afflicted a second time and restored. He did not repent and he was laid down a third time. Some people came to pray for him, but he told them they might as well pray for the devil to be saved as him. The last words he uttered were, "I am damned," and gave up the ghost. Have you not promised God when he has afflicted you that if he would restore you, you would serve him, but you have broken your vow. He calls sometimes by a little child. They came to God's house and hear something about Jesus. They go home and tell their parents, and the father seems to be alarmed. How many parents have to thank God that ever their children went to the Sabbath School. When a Christian mother was once dying, she put her hand on her only child's head and said, "Look to Jesus and meet me in heaven." I went to preach at the place shortly afterwards and the little girl said, "Will you tell me how I can meet my mother in heaven? I have got a

wicked father comes home out of bed to bear her and her pray that all would come to "Oh, Mr. my father and when with her. She said shook her asked her she replied and about go with The father to the would said would go to talk to was come that been a great look jump as he was "W I am all in can was the God ing the

wicked father—but I have no brother—and he sometimes comes home at three o'clock in the morning and pulls me out of bed." I told her about Jesus, and that she was to bear her cross. I was much surprised one night to hear her pray in the chapel with such an unction and power, that all were astonished. When the meeting was over, she came to me and getting hold of my coat tails she said, "Oh, Mr. Weaver, I wish I could go and live with you, my father is so wicked." She continued to pray for him, and when I was leaving the place I did not shake hands with her. When she got home she sat down and wept. She said "I am sorry I shall see Mr. Weaver no more, he shook hands with everybody to-night but me." Her father asked her if she liked Mr. Weaver better than him, and she replied that Mr. Weaver talked to her about heaven, and about seeing her mother; and she asked her father to go with her to ask Mr. Weaver to shake hands with her. The father replied, "Yes, I will go with you." He came to the house where I was staying, and he said his daughter would not rest until she had shaken hands with me. She said when I took hold of her hand, "Mr. Weaver I shall go to my mother before I see you again." I began to talk to the man, and the child said, "Oh, I wish my father was converted, I wish I could tell my mother in heaven that my father was converted." The man said he had been such a great sinner, but I told him that Christ is a great Saviour, and told him not to mind his sins, but to look to the blood. I prayed with him, and presently he jumped up, clasped his hands together, and rejoiced in God as his Saviour. Three weeks after that the poor child was laid upon a bed of death, and she said to her father, "What must I tell my mother?" He replied, "Tell her I am coming to heaven." She said "Tell Mr. Weaver that all is well." If there is a sceptic here I tell him that God can smite infidelity and knock it down in a moment. There was a little girl who had infidel parents, and they determined that they would not allow their child to read the word of God. She heard some children, with whom she was playing singing hymns, and she asked where they had learned them, and they said at the Sabbath School. She asked

if they would allow her to go to the school. She went home and told her mother that she was going to the Sabbath School, that she had promised and she would go.—The mother told her that her father would not allow her. She told her father, and he said if she went she would have to go without breakfast. Well, the morning came, and she wended her way to the Sabbath School. She was there six months and the teacher prayed for the Lord to bless the child. She was laid upon a bed of affliction, and the man would not allow anyone belonging to the school to enter the house. The doctor came, and when the father asked him what he thought that morning, he shook his head. He saw there was no hope for the child; she would be dead in less than three hours, and they could do what they liked for her. The father went upon the stairs and he began to weep as if his heart would break. He told his child that the doctor had said he had done all he could and that they would have to give her up.—She said, "Father, do you love me?" And he said "Yes, I do love thee." She then asked him to send for her teachers to pray for her. The parents said "Let us do so, if that will do her any good." The mother went to the school superintendent. As soon as she saw her teacher, she said "The Lord bless you that ever you told me about Jesus." I was there and she asked us to sing a hymn, and we sung—

There is a land of pure delight," &c.

She then said to her mother, "If you love me, won't you meet me in heaven." She replied "By the help of God I will." She said to her father, "Don't you love me?" and he said, "I do love you, my dear child." "You will meet me in heaven, won't you then." He dropped upon his knees, and cried out, "The Lord save me," and he said "I will meet thee in heaven by the help of God."—She said "Come Lord Jesus, and come quickly; good bye, good bye." And she died saying, "Happy, happy, happy." Since then I have been to the bed side of that mother, and she died happy. I went again and the father was at the point of death. He said "I bless God that

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ever my child went to the Sabbath School," and when he died, he shouted "Victory, victory." I helped to carry him on my shoulders to the grave. You remember your dying children, and you say you know they are happy in the Lord. I have got a little boy in heaven, and I am determined to follow him. Sometimes when God calls, he takes a mother. I shall ever have to thank God that I had a praying mother.

God calls the poor drunkard, who abuses his poverty-stricken wife, and beats his children. Landlords are doing more harm in the world than ministers of the gospel are good, and while we have those slaughter-houses, people are sent to hell wholesale. How can a minister, who takes drink, stand up in a pulpit and profess to preach the Gospel? If there is a poor backslider here to-night, may God help thee to turn and live. Thou once was on the way to heaven and did'st walk in the fear of God, I know not what thy name is—whether it is John, Thomas, or William, but thou art a backslider. Thou didst become a backslider either by giving way to tippling, lying, Sabbath-breaking, or to some other sin. I tell thee that if thou dost not turn to God, thou wilt never have another opportunity. I believe there is a backslider here, and I warn thee, I offer the salvation. "The master is come and calleth for thee" again. As a blood-washed soul, and as one that must give an account to my God, I tell thee He is offering thee salvation for the last time, and I entreat thee to turn to God and live. May the Lord save all you backsliders to-night.

ADDRESS VIII.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vi. 23.

This text has been upon my mind, both while resting upon my bed, and while standing upon my feet to-day. I know plenty of people who say that the Bible is a foolish book. One day when I was away from home, being fatigued, I laid myself down upon a sofa, and closed my eyes. Two young ladies, belonging to the house where I was staying, came into the room. They stood and looked at themselves in a large mirror. One of them was nice looking, and the other, I suppose, would have had a much prettier face if she had made herself. One of the sisters said, "Is Richard asleep?" The other replied, "Yes." She then found fault with the glass, and said that she was better looking than the glass made her appear; "and she wished her father would sell that glass." There are many people looking in the mirror of God's word; but because it shows their bad deeds, and sinful habits, they don't like it, and they abuse it. That is the way with Joe Barker, Iconoclast, and many others. I was a rum-looking old customer when I looked in it at first, but since that time God has used his jack-plane upon me, and squared me up. I am glad that there are so many working men assembled in this place of worship. The text is applicable to all of us—"The wages of sin is death."

The text concludes a very powerful exhortation to come to Christ. I believe that there is a want of christian charity on the part of professing christians. If I look round at the different places in which I have laboured, I

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do not see much difference as regards religion. Some workmen think that it is respectable to attend a place of worship; if their employers go to chapel, they do the same; if he is a churchman, they attend the same place: thus men are too fond of professing the same creed as their masters. If there were more genuine piety amongst professing christians, there would be more real good done. If we are the chosen of Christ, we ought to set our affections upon things above. Lord, there is too much hypocrisy amongst us, sweep it out. There is too much of the pride of the devil amongst us,—sweep it out. If a man is not this or that, ladies pull a long face, and say "we don't like such a person, ours is better than he is. Such and such a man is nothing of a preacher beside ours." Fellow-labourers in Christ ought to hold out a helping hand towards each other, and make known the great truth that Christ died to save sinners. Lord, there is too much bigotry amongst us. I believe that if all men and women, who profess christianity would live as they ought to do, we should not have a single sceptic in Rochdale, at the end of twelve months. They know that you do not live up to the mark; they see hypocrisy in you, and that turns their hearts against God's truths. Two or three things attract my attention. The first is Christ; the second is my fellow-workmen; and the third is how many souls I can bring to Jesus. It is not how much gold and silver I can scrape together; it is not how much happiness I can enjoy myself. It is nothing less than my duty to sacrifice my own comfort for the happiness and well-being of my fellow-men, and that I will do. If I love God, I must love my neighbour as myself. I feel that God reigns in my heart, and whither Jesus directs I go, no matter what the climate may be, or how poor the people. To rescue souls from sin and hell—that is my object.

Some time ago, I remember getting into a first-class carriage at Manchester, owing to my head not being well, through my exertions. Some one got into the same carriage. I suppose he thought that I was a gentleman, because I travelled first-class. But whether I rode in that

carriage or a third-class, I should have been a gentleman, because the love of Christ was in my heart. Never mind, my friend; if you have not sixpence in your pockets, if you have the love of Christ, you are a gentleman. Our conversation had reference to the war in China. I want to bring war to an end, for my Bible does not tell me to go to the battle-field. He asked me whether I had read about the ransacking of Peking, and how the places there were destroyed? and said, "And this has been done by a Bible country." I said, "Did the Bible tell them to do it?" He said, "No." I said, "Then do not talk so, let us be guided by the book of God. The heart of man is terribly deceitful and desperately wicked." He said Dr. Watts was going to prove at the Free-trade Hall, Manchester, that man's heart is not naturally deceitful. I said, "Does Dr. Watts know his own heart? Suppose you were to lend me £100 just now, and when you wanted it back, I told you that you could not have it, what would you say?" He said, "I should say that you had deceived me." I said, "Would you say my eyes, my head, or my heart, had deceived you?" He said, "No, I should say that your heart had deceived me." Well, that is what the Bible says. I do not need to say that Joe Barker has a deceitful heart, for he has told you that himself. If you do not mind him, he will blindfold you. I said to a Captain in Woolwich (a friend of mine) the other day, "I wish to God you would give up." But he said, "What can I and my wife do." I answered him, "What do I and my wife do?" Trust in the Lord and he will provide." And I believe that if the people would do so, we should have less scepticism than we have.

There is not one here but has something to be ashamed of. Plenty of you would be thieves if you could be so without the law getting hold of you. Lots of you would be the greatest scoundrels on record, if you could carry on your nefarious practices without being found out. But there is a day of retribution coming at last, and, "The wages of sin is death." There is not an unconverted man here but has something of the devil about him, if you do not mind your souls will be brought to ruin. As I travel

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about I meet with a great deal of deceit and sin. Some men do not consider it a sin to smoke in the streets on the Sabbath, but there is sin in that. In Ireland the people are priest-ridden. In Scotland and in England they are sin-ridden. In Rochdale I find sin rampant. Every house, more or less is damned with that little word, "sin." Look round about you, and if you have got the value of souls in your hearts, you will not go to bed to-night without praying for them. As I look at the infamy that prevails, it causes me to wish that I could die for my fellow-mortals.

There is nothing like telling the truth, let what will come of it. Anybody who will tell a little lie, will tell a big one, and if a little lie will damn him, I am sure a big one will. I recollect four years ago standing in the market-place here selling Bibles, when a sceptic came to me, and said, "The Book is a lie from beginning to end." He thought to take the "shine" out of a poor collier. He said there was nothing either good or true in it from Genesis to Revelations. I said, "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart and strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Is not that good?" He said the Bible contains other things besides that. I said, "That is not it; tell me whether that is good or bad." He replied, "man, you bring all the good out of it." We want you to believe that God will bless you.

The devil has got a stronghold in every place; if I only take a few strides down the street I find the sign of the "Bear" here, and the "Lion" there, the "Flying Angel" in one street, "Nelson who ruled the waves" in another. Landlords should put over their doors: "This is the shop to destroy peace of mind; to ruin young men and women, and make prodigals; to make fathers drunkards, children beggars, mothers paupers, wives widows, and children parentless. This is the shop to take your coats and give you rags; to take the bread and give you poverty,—to destroy your constitution and damn your souls." Crack that nut. If I heard any man talking against the temperance cause I would stand up for it, if they put me in prison, and say, "Man, thou art no lover of souls." As I go up and down,

people say, "Richard, you want to cause war." I do. I want to cause war against poverty, pauperism, and drunkenness; I know that landlords and landladies do not like me. Go to their houses, and gaze on the drunken father and degraded husband; look at the wife, with her pale wan cheek, and see what drink has done there. I would take that drunken father by the hand, and say—"God bless you." I have seen much of drunkenness and sin. The other day I heard a landlord call a drunkard's child a little devil, as he turned him out of his house, while the landlord's son was being educated at a boarding-school. In the public-house people say "What a fellow Richard is." I dare say the landlady will say, "Yes; I wish somebody would turn him out of the town." But I shall not leave the town until Christ wishes it. When living in Prescott, there was a man who was a very witty character—a man who had spent his money like I had spent mine. He had been a fool for the devil, and a fool for the publicans. I paid a visit to his family, and found no one at home but his poor, careworn wife. Her face was sadly disfigured, and her nose was broken. I questioned her about the injuries she had received, and she told me that her brows had been kicked in by her drunken husband. Now as I looked at that woman I could not but sympathise with her. I had known something of that in my childhood, and I know what it is to see a mother's heart broken though infamy and the devil. I prayed with her, and believe she got peace and pardon that night. The husband came home about two o'clock in the morning, and because there was not meat in the house he dragged her down stairs by the hair of the head. He broke three of her ribs, and swore he would kill her—he had blinded one of her eyes, and bruised the other. I awoke about that time with an impression that I must go at once to see that man. I dressed myself and went out. Numbers of people were running, they told me that he had half killed his wife. I went to the house and asked where he was. The neighbours begged me not to go in, as he had sworn he would kill the first man that entered the door. I went in. He had in his hand a great big knife. I went in with the Bible in my hand, and he said, "I shall not

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have you here." I said, "I am here, and you cannot help it." He said, "I have a good mind to drive this knife into you;" but I replied, "You cannot, without God's permission." I got him from one subject to another until I said, "I remember when I was young my mother used to pray with me, and teach me to lisp the Lord's prayer. I dare say you had a mother once that did the same by you." He said, "Richard, sit down; (I did so) I remember when my mother was dying she said, 'When I leave off praying for thee nobody else will.' I shall never forget when she said 'God bless thee, my lad.'" I said, "Christ can save you," and he said, "Do you think he can? I have been a sinner for so many years." I said, "It does not matter if you have been a sinner 160 years, He can save you." He said, "Dost think so?" and I said, "Yes." At last I got him down upon his knees, and went at it. People thought he would have murdered me; he had got the devil in him, but I had got Christ in me. The man had his wife fetched in; he asked her to forgive him, and promised never to ill-use her again. They are now a happy pair, and attend a place of worship every Sunday.

Drunkenness is sure to bring you to poverty and the bastille; I like that word about as well as I like the devil. It is a pleasing sight to see young people in the prime of youth and vigour, take one another, "for better and for worse, to love and to cherish," but when old age and infirmity overtakes them, when they are overburdened with poverty, they will perhaps seek the advice of a wealthy minister, who tells them they must go to the bastille. But what does the Bible say upon the subject? It says, "Feed the widow, and clothe the naked." When I visited the workhouse the other day, a little girl said, "Good morning, Mr. Weaver." I asked what she was called?—She said her name was Ellen Mathers. I asked her where her mother was, and she said "I have not got one now, she is dead and gone." I said, the Lord bless thee." I asked her when her mother died, and she said, "Last Sunday. Before my mother died, she told me to look to Jesus, and then I should meet her in heaven." I asked her where her father was, and she said, "In Kirkdale."—That is the fruit of sin. I kissed her cheek, and said,

"The Lord bless thee." The mother dead, the father in gaol, the children in the bastille, that is the fruit of sin.—What a wretched thing it is that though we have wronged others, His mercy is just the same. Look round about on the effects of sin. You see it in every home—every street—and every family. "The wages of sin is death." Look at Sodom and Gomorrah; look at the ante-diluvian people; look at Judas; and you will see that "The wages of sin is death," death temporal, and death eternal. The penalty of murder is death, and neither prayer nor entreaties can avail. Yelverton got the best lawyers to plead his cause, but the verdict was in favour of the woman, and very properly so. Good husbands make good wives and children. I am sorry when I hear some expressions made use of in the public street,—such as "I'll be damned if I do," or "I'll go to hell," &c. I heard one mother say to her child, "Young devil, I'll kill thee." People think nothing about using such expressions. But God says, "The wages of sin is death." How many there are who would sacrifice everything to go to hell—who would commit murder, suicide, and everything that was infamous. Look at the conflicts that are raging in society—husband against wife, children against mothers and fathers, and mothers and fathers against children. If you look these things in the face, it is enough to make you shudder.

Such is the sin of this world, that it is unsafe to turn girls into the street, for there is a slaughter-house here, and a devil-house there. There was a young man in Liverpool, newly married and doing very well, but he went to a public-house. The office was given up, business neglected and character lost, and his friends deserted him. The public-house was his ruin. The children are begging their bread, and the mother is in poverty and misery now. You can see him now at the corner of the street, looking like a walking ghost, with his wan and care worn wife beside him. He comes out of that public house, his wife implores him to come home, he falls her to the ground. The infant falls out of her arms and screams out. He seizes it by its feet, and dashes its head against the lamp post and throws it lifeless on the stones at his feet. He is arrested

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and carried away. That is the wages of sin. Follow me into the back streets of Liverpool, and I will show you a picture that will make you shudder. Walk down this dirty alley,—into this wretched house. There, on filthy straw, lies a woman, surrounded by several children with scarcely any clothing. In a dark corner I see something moving. It is a girl fourteen years of age, without a rag to cover her nakedness. I take her out from her hiding place, and she sobs and says—"This is through my drunken father." Fathers and mothers let me entreat you to come to the rescue. In a court of justice, a young man who is sentenced to death, says, "Mercy, mercy, my lord," but there is no mercy to be shown. A voice in the court said—"Oh! my child, my child," and the man turned round and said "Mother, mother, you were the cause of this." How many will there be at the judgment throne, who, while the sentence of damnation is going forth, will say "Mother, you were the cause of this." How many will exclaim,—“Father you were the cause of this.”

Come and stand with me at the Bluepits station. The engine is whistling and the steam flying. You see a man waving a red flag, and you ask—"what is the matter?" You are told that there are two trains approaching on the same line. "What must be done?" Every stroke of the engine cries—"death! death! death!" The poor man with the red flag runs this way and that way, and every moment brings the two trains nearer together. There is coming death in every stroke. The pointsman rushes forward to try to get to the front, to see if he can change the position of the two trains. You cry out to him, "Run! Run! RUN!" He reaches the points—pulls the handle. The coming train is turned on the other line of rails, the danger is averted, and the lives of those in the trains are preserved. But as the engine dashes by the pointsman, he is caught and cut to pieces. He has saved three lives at the expense of his own. The decree has gone forth that "The wages of sin is death; but thank God, Jesus Christ, the pointsman of heaven, rushed forward, and by the sacrifice of his own life, has redeemed us.—Glory to God! We can all be saved through the blood of the Redeemer.

"The gift of God is eternal life." God is willing to take you into his arms to-night. If I had a commission from the Queen, to go up and down the street and tell the people that they must quit the mills, for I had a pension of £52 a year for them, would not that be something good and great? Would'nt you be saying, "Richard, have you got my name down?" That would be a nice thing for a poor man. I have not got that, but something more precious. I have a commission from the King of Kings, to tell you "that he that believeth on the Son of God shall be saved, and have everlasting life,"—it is a free gift and Christ offers it to you. While I was in Prescot, a man who kept a public-house commenced cursing me. He cursed God, and I blessed him, and said "Lord have mercy upon this man." I said that I believed that before twelve hours had passed away some of those present might be dead. The man asked if it was him? I said, "That it might be him." That same night his landlord gave him notice to quit the house, when he jumped up and said, "You may go to hell;" and stepping back he fell down the cellar stairs and was killed, crying out, "I am damned." "The wages of sin is death."

I would ask the young men and women now present, where they will be in 1862? Children will be weeping for a lost mother or father;—fathers and mothers for their lost children. If you wish to know what are the torments of hell, ask the evil spirits who were cast into hell 1800 years since. I believe that if you do not come to Christ you will go to hell. May Christ save you all. An old woman said one day, "If I go to hell I'll keep a bawdy-house." I said, "Before December, 1857, is out, if you do not repent I believe you will be dead and damned." She said, "Who made you a prophet?" I said "God." Shortly after a friend told me she was dead, and that she had died calling upon God to damn her daughter. There are plenty who will shake hands with you in hell, without you come at once to Christ. If you do not come, God Almighty has said that you will go to hell. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."