

in Harvey Lane Chapel, on that memorable afternoon of June 1st, none of us will ever forget. The place was crowded to repletion by one of the most devout, prayerful, intelligent audiences ever assembled. Much prayer had preceded, and the place seemed fragrant, almost alive, with God's presence. The sermon was a simple, unstudied address, strictly textual and expository, and aspiring to no literary merit or intellectual display; yet a more beautifully receptive assembly of hearers I never addressed. Such hearing compelled the speaker to do his best, for it evoked whatever was best in him. I felt that day more than ever the contribution of a hearer to the power of the pulpit. It was easy to preach where others were praying, and hearing as only praying people can. The silence was awful, and when broken it was only by a faint and indescribable murmur, not so much of applause or appreciation, but of what might be called *audible hearing*, when any precious truth of the inspired Word touched sympathetically the great heart that throbbed in the meeting.

At *Kettering* the interest largely centres not only on the Fuller Chapel, but on Widow Beebe Wallis's cottage, still standing, where, on October 2d, 1792, the actual meeting was held, when those twelve obscure men drew up their missionary compact, and the thirteen pounds and half crown were laid on the table, and the table became an altar of offerings. That cottage is a kind of Mecca to missionary pilgrims, and it ought to be a missionary training school. It reminds one of Antioch and the mysterious voice which said, as those primitive Christians fasted and prayed, "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul, to the work whereunto I have called them." Here, while most of the Church of God slept in indifference, those "apostates of the anvil, loom, and cobbler's bench" undertook to organize a society for a world's evangelization. Think of that first offering—less than *sixty-five dollars*!—yet that offering probably represented more real prayer and self-denial than any similar sum collected since. How touching is the suggestiveness of that verse, Acts 2 : 42, where we are told that those first pentecostal converts "were in constant attendance on the apostles' teaching, and the fellowship [contribution?], and the bread-breaking and the prayers." Four elements in primitive worship—teachings, fellowship in offerings, the Lord's Supper, and prayer! What an apostolic meeting that was at *Kettering* on October 2d, 1792!

May we not well ask ourselves what is God's portrait of a true church, and see what prominence is given in that earliest sketch to the element of *praying and giving*? They are associated so closely with the teaching and sacrament that they become sacramental; and for one I cannot imagine any act as more truly sacramental in the sight of God than when money, hallowed by prayer, is laid on that altar of missions that so sanctifies the gift. To such sacramental praying and giving does not that meeting of a century ago at *Kettering* provoke us all! and is there any lesson of the century more vital to the new century now opening!

Such meetings could not well be held without deserving tributes to