

Point Edward, May 14, 1885.

Rev. and Dear Bro.,—Having been engaged in Band work in Michigan for the past eight weeks, I thought that a report of the work would be of interest to you and others who are engaged in this glorious work of leading souls to Christ.

Eight weeks ago we commenced meetings in Marysville. We had with us three Band workers from Point Edward, Sisters Jack, Burgess and Crawford, and Bro. McKeown from Forest. After three weeks of faithful labor, we had the joy of seeing forty-five seeking and obtaining the pardon of sins. We organized a local Band before we left, who still hold meetings twice a week, and we are glad to learn that souls are still being saved.

From Marysville we went to Armada and we were not a little discouraged to find so few faithful followers of Christ, but having consecrated ourselves afresh to God we determined to fight for God and the truth, and while exhorting and inviting God's people to consecrate themselves anew to God many came to the altar and made a full surrender of all their powers to God, and the result has been that backsliders have been reclaimed, and many who never before professed faith in Christ have been savingly converted to God.

Some in Armada had given up all hope of ever seeing a revival in their midst, but in answer to the prayers of a faithful few, God has manifested himself in his saving power and fifty-four have in these meetings been brought to know their sins forgiven, and to-day can bear testimony to the fact that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.

We formed a Band here also, sixty-four giving their names as willing workers for Christ.

Brother Jack, of Point Edward, visited us twice and rendered us good service. I shall be in Armada for some weeks, supplying for Brother McAllister who is to be absent for some time.

Yours in Christian work,
JOHN SCOTT.

Band Testimony Department.

FROM TAWAS CITY.—Since God for Christ's sake received me in my weakness and sinfulness, and made me clean and pure, I have avoided, both in private conversation and in public testimony, any direct reference to my past life. The blood of Jesus having cleansed me from all my sins, I hope that all

who have known my sinful life may cast the mantle of charity over the past.

On Sunday evening, December 5th, 1885, God mercifully heard my cry for help, and washed all my sins away in the blood of the Lamb. He gave me a new heart and I entered on a new life, and by this only, with God's help vouchsafed to me in the future, do I wish to be known and remembered. Still I am led to give some of God's leadings and dealings with me, involving, though it will, references that are painful and humbling to me. In early life I acquired a taste for intoxicating drinks. The habit grew on me with years until it became the ruling passion of my life, and had nearly ruined me soul and body. My father and mother had lived devoted Christian lives from their youth up, and I believe that in answer to their earnest, faithful prayers my unprofitable life was spared. Twelve years ago last December my mother called me to her bedside and, with her dying arms around me, prayed God to save her son. There and then I promised to meet her in heaven. But, alas! I went from bad to worse, till I was bound, hand and foot, in the chains of sin. Again and again have I struggled to get free. Repeatedly have I taken the pledge. I have walked the floor many a night wringing my hands in an agony of remorse and despair crying, "Is there no help? Must I perish miserably, and fill a drunkard's grave?" But all in vain. The devil seemed to own me, body and soul, and the insatiable thirst for liquor held absolute control of me. Friends have followed me to the saloon bar with pleading and warning that a few more drinks would end my life. I have grasped the glass and replied, "I must have it. I will have it if I am in hell before morning." For two years, at least, not a day passed without from three to twenty drinks. I could not live without it. Twelve hours without stimulants and I was wild. Many times I said, "Let death come, there is no hope for me." I was in the habit on Sunday of working, or taking my boys and with gun and fishrods spending the day in the woods or on the water, teaching my children to despise and sneer at the Church and Christian people.

I first met Brother Balmer last Fall at a funeral. He walked with me from the cemetery. Spoke to me earnestly and kindly, and won my respect and good will. The following Sunday evening I went to hear him preach. He spoke of a loving Father in heaven, of Jesus who died for all, and of a father's and mother's prayers. My head