

here, where a number of people scarcely ever attended a church, or heard the Gospel preached. We held our meetings in a cottage, kindly offered for the purpose by an unconverted brother who has since given his heart to God. From the first great interest was evinced by the people, many walking five or six miles in the hot sun to attend. As we told the story of the cross, with hearts overflowing with the love of Jesus, and sang the songs of Zion, the Holy Spirit took hold of the people, and over twenty-five have already professed to find the Saviour. The meetings are still going on, and God is blessing us in our own souls, as we try to fulfil the divine commission to go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. I am so glad that God uses earthen vessels in carrying on his work. I do praise Him for the privilege of walking and talking with Jesus. I want to be kept down low at His feet. My prayer for you and for all the workers is that God may so baptize you with the Holy Spirit that hundreds will be converted through your instrumentality. Yours in Christ,

ANNIE RUDELY.

MILVERTON, Oct. 14th.—Dear Mr. Savage, —Yours to hand. I went to my knees and believe God is going to give you a good work. I often wonder at the similarity of experiences in this movement. O, may God give you a grand time! I miss you, I miss you all. It seems I am alone, *yet not alone*, for "The Lord of hosts is with me."

I was enabled to give you good news in my last letter, and I can give you better this time. We are in the midst of flames. A time of Holy Ghost power. There is a work going on here now that I believe will again spread through this section. It is, indeed, a time of refreshing, and I am hoping calmly that it is yet only as a drop, the bud to what the flowers will be; for the "desert shall blossom as the rose." Upwards of sixty have been seeking. The people are crying to God at home, by the roadside and everywhere.

Oh, brother, my eyes are filled with tears and my heart melts when I remember how I distrusted the Lord this summer. To think that I should again see what my eyes see! O, the crookedness of my very being, the poor quality of material. But I do know I am in the hands of a skilled and cunning Workman, and He is able of the poorest, knottiest timber to make rafters and beams for His holy temple. My only hope is there. May I come forth as "gold tried in the fire."

May I ever lay in the dust and feel always that my "sufficiency is of God." I long for the same confidence in my Master that Job had when he could say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." "O Lord! evermore give me this bread."

I have no one to help me yet, and as the people here say that they would not care for more help, I didn't feel free to send for anyone. I don't know when I can get away. This is all at present. Write me soon. Kind regards to comrades and self. Yours trustingly,

J. SEDWICK.

NORTH BAY, NIPISSING.—The Rev. S. Huntington, in a kindly letter of Sept. 20, says of the work in that North country:—"I am gratified to be able to state at this date, when ample time has been given to test the character of the work done by Bros. George Reed and Charley Sargeant, that their evangelistic efforts were a great blessing to the people in this field. The apparent results were not at the time as great as I expected, but the effects of their labor was deep and lasting on the minds of the people who did not seem to be affected by the meetings while they were in operation. I am preparing a report of our work here by order of the Financial District Meeting, a copy of which I will send you."

We were all so pleased to hear from you, and we join in thanking God for the way He is using yourself and workers. I shall be so glad to get out into the work again, for I believe it is where God wants me. I was out last Sunday at Richmond Hill with the Local Band from Agnes Street Church. We had a grand day. Mr. Kerr is holding revival services there. It is a hard fight. But the people are going to be shaken out of their sleep or else out of the church, for the Lord is working mightily. Six or eight professed conversion on Sunday. Praise God. I am working at my trade every day, and working for God at night. Sam Jones is here, and he is preaching the Gospel without any varnish. Some get mad and go out of the services. I am praying and believing for a great ingathering of souls. Bro. Glen has been here for about a week. He is getting much blessing from Bro. Jones' preaching, but, dear boy, his heart is so full of love for souls he says he must go back to his post and work for God. I do long to work for the Master, and think I may be ready to go to you in a month or six weeks. I realize more fully that I am not my own.

JOE ORCHARD.