

home-going. Do not ever imagine, dear man, and dear woman, that your child is not capable of sorrow. Do not make any mistake. I have known from that day to this that a little child can have a great heart-break. I remember one day down in Cardiff—and I thank God I am going back to preach in the old chapel before I leave this country—getting up one dull January morning at the break of day and walking (a boy of eight, a little child) to a little graveyard and standing by the gravestones with the mists about me and feeling bereft. Do not make any mistake; your child knows what sorrow is. There was a new link with the hereafter. I never thought of heaven from that morning since with a sense of loneliness; I always felt that one waited for me across the river. The number have multiplied since then. That is the second point of influence in my life. First, a great truth stated—I belonged to God. Second, a sorrow turned into joy—a bereavement becoming a link to the Golden City, making me almost familiar in those early days with its streets of gold and its light and beauty. Oftentimes at night in my father's house I lay, before sleep found me, closing my eyes, dreaming myself away to where Lizzie was, and talking with her, and I believe with all my heart in those days God gave her back to me to be a ministering spirit. I believe it to-night. I am not going to discuss spiritualism with any one. Because I have said that, some will write and want to know if I believe in spiritualism. Yes. What do you mean by spiritualism? Trickery, bad spelling, worse grammar, chicanery in the dark? No. But if by spiritualism you mean communion that cannot be written, that cannot be spoken, the subtle, sublime influences of the glorified life to-day—I do believe in these things.

and I think that she has watched over me in many a day of darkness and kept me. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation? I could linger a long while in these days. Two things you have got—a great truth stated; a sorrow turned into joy.

First Christian Service.

In 1876 I first spoke to a company of men and women about the things of God (a boy thirteen years old), and I talked to them about those sweet words spoken to the Master: "There is a lad here that hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." Why mention this to-night? Because I am now coming to another point in my life of great value. My father believed that God had called me to preach, and encouraged me to do it. I owe more to him than I can ever say. A great many people said he was unwise; that the precocious boy would be a trouble all his life. That may be true, but I thank God that he believed in me. He knew I loved my Saviour. He knew my young heart was burning to say so, and in his own home, in his own room, I first talked to a few people who were gathered together. Next I spoke in a schoolroom in mission services, and I began to work for God that way. And I shall not easily forget how in those earlier attempts to speak there was a double sense upon my spirit,—first that I was beginning to fulfil the calling of my life, that I was beginning to answer the dedication of my earlier years; and secondly, that Lizzie knew. Here was a third formative power in my life—that the door was open, that I was given a chance to talk of my King, my Saviour, my life.

But you will say, "Where was your conversion?" I do not know. I have never been able to date it. I cannot tell you where it was. I am perfectly sure