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Prayer, and Power of the Holy Spirit.

Some years ago I was staying for a couple of days at a Kentish vicarage. The vicar's son, an earnest, zealous young man, asked me to urge upon his father the idea of having a mission in the church. They had had one year before, attended with most gracious results.

It so happened that when occasion offered during my stay to speak to the vicar about a mission, the matter never came into my mind. The morning I left, on my way to the station, the curate waylaid me to ascertain the result. I had to confess my negligence, but said: 'Let me tell you what will just be as good as a mission. Form a prayer-meeting, and definitely seek an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the people, and hold on until the blessing comes.' I urged this upon him.

Accordingly, as it offered an alternative, the prayer-meeting was arranged in a school-room. It went on from week to week—how long I cannot say. The interest increased, until one evening when they concluded the meeting, the people did not move. Presently several began to weep. The answer had come; the Holy Spirit was moving in the hearts of the people, and so the work began. Nightly meetings were then held, and I understood more were brought to the Lord than they could have expected under any mission.

I carefully endorse the opinion of James Turner, the Scotch evangelist, when he says of measures such as above, namely, a fellowship of Christian men and women united in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit: 'I have never known them to fail.'

In a town near to the south coast stood a Nonconformist chapel. No conversions had occurred in this chapel for a very long time. Among the congregation was a young girl who took to heart the deadness which prevailed, and which nothing could disturb. She asked a friend living in St. Leonards to join her in prayer that God would pour out His Spirit upon the people. They met at the throne of grace daily at a time arranged. One morning before getting up a letter reached her from this friend asking her to read Mark xi., 24: 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them,' and to claim the fulfilment of their prayers. Arising, she knelt down, and believingly accepted the answer to their prayers. Immediately the burden of intercession left her; she could only praise God, and look forward to Sunday. The Sunday morning service came. She had no solicitude as to who preached or how or what was preached, but just waited the manifestation of the Spirit of God. As the service proceeded, and before the sermon was reached, a pew door opened and a woman quietly left her seat and walked up to the communion rail, and knelt down; then another, and another, until many gathered there. The work had begun, and went on day after day, bringing many to Jesus, and to the joy of salvation. It is not wonderful that the life of this young lady (Miss M. Atkins), as the late Mrs. Dyer,



should have been thought worthy of publication.

During my evangelistic work in Maidstone a meeting one evening was proceeding in the Concert Hall. We had reached the after-meeting, and, going down among those who had remained, I was greatly shocked and distressed to see three young men lightly jarking with each other. The thought of their condition, and that there was so little power in the meeting as to allow of such a thing, took possession of my mind. Standing near to them, I prayed, and with unusual liberty, that God would send forth His Spirit upon us all. Presently there came distinctly the feeling as if a cloud of holy influence was slowly descending upon us. Opening my eyes, I could see nothing, but had still the feeling of an invisible cloud of power slowly descending. My attention then went to the young men. They were behaving as lightly as before, but I watched them, knowing the power of God would surely reach them also; and, even so, in a moment, they went down on their knees, and, all lightness gone, they began to weep. I said to them: 'Go up to the penitent form.' One of them, in great fear, endeavored to do so by walking on his knees, until I lifted him up on his feet. It is needless to say they were all three brought to the Lord.

The above experience was not uncommon

during the Ulster Revival. Illustrations of this kind are important. The case of Thomas Collins comes to my mind, a man mighty in Holy Ghost power, who lived a meteor life of service, till overwork laid him in the grave. He was, however, a very ordinary man until on one occasion he heard that saintly, noble Irishman, Gideon Ouseley, pray. Henceforth the burden of his prayer was: 'Oh, Lord, give to me the power which came upon the people when Gideon Ouseley prayed.'

'I Cannot Get Away From God'

Not many years since, a coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing which troubled him very much. It is old mother lived in a village close by, and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was, that whenever she came she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

'Mother,' he at last said, 'I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, where I shall hear no more of such cant.'

'My son,' said his mother, 'as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak