

with seekers after holiness. One old gentleman, who had been a sinner all his life, broke down and wept bitterly over his sins and said he was determined to serve God. After dinner we drove five miles over corduroy and through mud to a neat little church in the country. Our meeting was one of great power. One soul saved, and others went away sobbing bitterly over their sins. At night we had another consecration service, and the altar was again filled. There are some grand Christian people here, who are willing to do anything for the Master. Last night God was with us. Some five seekers at the altar, and others who stood up for prayer. I look for a great work here; it is much needed among the young men. I thank God for giving me two consecrated workers. Calls for help are coming in from all points, one very urgent from a minister at Stirling, whose heart is burdened down for souls. Also a letter from Presiding Elder Reed, of Flint, with a pressing invitation for help.

LATER.—Dec. 7.—This Monday morning finds me well and happy in Jesus, but rather tired and worn after the heavy work of yesterday, closing about twelve p.m. Since coming here the Lord has been blessing us wonderfully. Sinners have been coming by twos and threes during the past week. Very deep conviction, and terrible resisting of God's spirit, some having to leave the church. Yesterday, Sabbath, was a day that will be remembered by many in Tawas through eternity. Morning service a time of great blessing to many while consecrating themselves to God. About fifteen Sabbath-school children offered themselves in prayer to God. My soul was made happy while talking to the lambs of the fold. With tears in their eyes they promised to be good, and love God and their companions. God is shaking Tawas in such a manner as was never experienced before. After dinner we drove five miles to a country appointment. Had a good meeting. Two came out and gave their hearts to the Lord, and He blessed them. While moving through the church among the people, I came across some Latter-day saints. They say too much about water for me in this cold country. Were it the month of July or August I might sympathize with them, but cannot do it while I have to wrap up so much to keep the cold out. Evening service was one of great power, such as Tawas never saw before. The windows of heaven were opened in answer to prayer, and the Holy Ghost fell on all that were in the room. Many were filled with the Spirit, and some who had been tongue-tied all their life, began to speak as the Spirit

gave them utterance; "And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to the other, What meaneth this?" Some of the influential men of the town, standing up, said, "I have spent many years in sin, but from this time forward I am going to lead a new life." God's people were all at work like bees in a hive. The different denominations of the town united as one in the work of the Master. Praise God for such a spirit of union. We closed the day with about twenty seekers, most of whom found peace. God seemed so near that for many it was but a moment's work, and they were happy in Jesus. Bro. Balmer is terribly burdened for souls; he is full of God. Praise God for such men in the ministry.

Band Testimony Department.

"Born in sin and shapen in iniquity." A deplorable fact. The evil seed that was enveloped in my heart began at once to develop. Don't know whether it is so in all cases or not, but found my English nature peculiarly adapted to the production of "thorns and thistles." I soon became sensible of the fact that it would be a "miserable life to live on these alone," and sought otherwise to satisfy the cravings of my soul. Like

"The rich fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and fondly lays
The desperate bet upon to-morrow."

So I housed up my good resolutions, and often sang myself to sleep with the thought of "turning over a new leaf to-morrow;" but

"To-morrow comes! 'tis noon! 'tis night!
This day, like all the former, flies:
Yet on he goes to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies!"

But I resolved in vain. Resolutions, pleasure, happiness perished, and I would have to fall back on a smitten conscience and nurse it with some new planning. This continued for a number of years.

The summer of 1884 is one that I shall remember. The "Band" was laboring at Walnut, and I attended the meetings. I sought, and, like most seekers, wanted so much feeling "thrown in." A sense of the nearness of eternity and of danger led me to cry to God to

"Renew my eyes, open my ears,
And form my soul afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh."

Well, I was so used to the *leaf* style of doing business that when the dear Lord turned the