

Daniel Rowlands was born at Pant-y-Bendy, in the parish of Llanwnlle, Cardiganshire, South Wales, in the year 1713. He was the son of Rev. Daniel Rowlands, who held the two "livings" of Llangeitho and Llanwnlle. The father died, aged seventy-two, when Daniel was eighteen years old. John, an elder and only brother, succeeded the father as parson of the parishes. Daniel was not ready just at that time, or he might have shared in the "livings." But he was allowed to take orders one year before he attained the usual age, "in consideration of superior scholarship." In order to obtain ordination he tramped to and from London—no mean undertaking in those days; the fact illustrates both his poverty and perseverance. He became his brother's curate, and in a short time, his brother being promoted, became parson of the two parishes, at a salary of ten pounds per annum; and, it is said, he never had any higher preferment nor larger salary in the National Church. Like many of his class in those days, he had but poor ideas of the duties that belong to his calling. Being, however, strong in body, and well-built, his agility stood him in good stead among his clownish parishioners when they assembled for their sports in the church-yard on the Sabbath. He thus became popular, but his popularity led to greater sins, and it is recorded that intoxication was one of his failings. He had not been very long in the sacred office before he perceived that he lacked something to retain his popularity and congregation. In a neighbouring hamlet the Rev. Philip Pugh was attracting large crowds by his powerful discourses. Rowlands saw at a glance that his rival was denouncing the sinfulness of the people and arousing their consciences. He resolved to preach in the same style, taking for his texts such passages as "The wicked shall be turned into hell," "The great day of His wrath is come," "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment," etc. He thundered the law against the wickedness of the people with unusual energy; his efforts were more successful than he expected; crowds came to hear him—such preaching always does attract crowds of a certain class—and, it is said, over a hundred were under deep conviction of sin before the preacher could direct them in the way of peace. At this juncture Rev. Griffith Jones—"the morning star of the Methodist revival in Wales"—came into the neighbourhood. Rowlands went to hear the stranger preach, but his conduct was not what