

other side, prepared to lead me to the throne—what would have become of the fruit? I should not have had it anyway. They would never have become *my* crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. Oh, who can tell what God can do by any man or woman, however timid, however faint, if only fully given up to Him. My brother, my sister, He holds you responsible. He holds you responsible, my sister—you, who wrote me about your difficulties and temptations in testifying of Jesus—He holds you responsible. What are you going to do? Ask yourself. It is coming. You believe it. You say you do. Unless you are a confirmed hypocrite, you do—that you are going to stand before the throne of His glory. You believe you are going to stand before Him bye-and-bye, when you shall receive according to the things you have done in your body. What shall you say? The world is dying—souls are being damned at an awful rate every day. Men are running to destruction. Torrents of iniquity are rolling down our streets and through our world. God is almost tired of the cry of our sins and iniquities going up into His ears. What are you going to do, brother? What are you going to do? Will you set to work? Will you get this power? Will you put away everything that hinders? Will you have it at all costs?

We had a letter only on Friday, about a gentleman who had been re-converted in the services of the Salvation Army, telling us that he had relinquished an income of £800 a year, in order to keep a conscience void of offence—this is the result of the power of the Holy Ghost. I heard of another gentleman who was invited to a party.