

Jones has gone home for a few days. He thought of going to Bro. Thos. Colling. He has had calls from that district; I don't know just where. I hoped work would open here for Bro. Jones, that we might work near together, and thus strengthen each other. But the dear Lord knows best. I have written Bro. Godwin that you will help him in January. I am so glad you can do this. I feel led to stay in the country. God bless you, dear brother, as he does. We are holding two services a day. Dear band are well. God does wonderfully strengthen my body. I do praise him. We don't forget to pray for you. I had a card from Bro. Hathaway. Glad to hear of blessing. Praise God forever and ever. Amen and amen. Love to all.

LATER—The Lord is leading his people out into larger places. Some fifteen young men and women were at the altar last night seeking Christ. The work is deep and will be lasting, though the nights are dark and the roads muddy. The house is well filled. Yet we have not the great sweep I so much desired. O, for a mighty tidal wave. We are burning for it, believing for it, waiting for it. Working for it. It must come. It will come. Dear Bro. McLachlan is with me for a time. God is blessing us in our own souls.

HAWKSTONE, Oct. 29th, 1886.—Dear Bro. Savage,—You will no doubt wonder why you have not heard from us, as to how the Lord prospered our labor in the North.

We were very much surprised on arriving home on the Monday afternoon to find that you had visited our own little Mission here at Hawkstone, and that God's blessing had been with you in strengthening and encouraging the workers to fight on in the good warfare; how much we would have liked to have seen you.

During the latter part of our labors up North Bro. Huntington secured a large tent which would seat about two hundred people, and we started on a journey of two hundred and sixty miles along the C. P. R., calling at the different stations, trusting in God alone to use us in telling the people what He had done for us, and to explain the glorious plan of salvation to those who were in darkness, inviting them to be reconciled to God through Christ Jesus. The first place we stopped at was Sturgeon Falls where a glorious work broke out. Truly the dear Lord did abundantly bless the people there. We remained there over three weeks and then moved on to Sudbury Junc-

tion. Pitched our tent, and started to tell the people of Christ. Well, dear brother, we had a testing time on going into a new place where the Methodist missionaries had not been. But, glory be to God who giveth the victory, He brought souls to Himself. We have heard from Bro. Huntington since; there was good work after we left. We again moved on to Cartier, and held a few meetings to the glory of God. The next place was Chapleau, where we held meetings about two weeks; found it very difficult to get the people into our tent. They had no desire to go into a religious service. Oh, how my heart did go out after those poor degraded people as they passed our tent door on their way from house to house for liquor (for they sold it in nearly every house). Sunday up there was almost like any other day; the shops were open, and carpenters building houses, etc. During our stay we found a tribe of Indians, about seventy in all. The older ones were converted to God under a Methodist minister in the Province of Quebec about twenty-five years ago. They moved up there, and lived in the woods and held services among themselves every Sabbath. Thank God for His glorious keeping power. My heart is full of praise to God (as I write this) for the work that is going on here; it is not a great rush, but a steady work. Souls are stepping into the fountain one by one in our usual Sabbath services. Oh, may God more abundantly pour out His Spirit upon us all here, and also upon your labors, is the prayer of our hearts. Yours at the Master's feet,

CHARLIE SARGEANT.

LONDON, Nov. 22nd, 1886.—We have had a week of heavy lifting. But praise God for complete victory. Last night twenty came out seeking the Lord. Oh how good God is. Nearly all found peace through believing. My soul is glad in the Lord. I was so tried last week I feel almost ashamed of it now. The devil got at me in this way, that perhaps we had made a mistake in coming to the city. And yet I never looked to the dear Lord for direction more than I did in this matter. But I do praise God that not for one moment did my faith waver in the teachings of the blessed Spirit. Oh, I do bless God that He did not let the devil get me down; quite a number of dead church members have been brought to life—a few have experienced the blessing of holiness. Praise God. The church is getting in good shape. Bro. Godwin is a grand man,

J. W. CHAPMAN.