

in a solid mass. We went up to the house, got down into the back yard by a ladder, and with much difficulty got in at the back door. Happily the platform was just at that entrance. What a scene! The people were perched up everywhere, even sitting on the shoulders of those who occupied the seats. Well, we did our best to "make the message clear and plain," and then asked the congregation to retire and allow others to come in. They did; and in the others came. We had another meeting. After it the crowd outside cried: "Come and preach to us from the balcony!" No, we had no voice left; besides, if we had, that was clearly against the law of "No public manifestation," and we thought it well to keep within it.

For weeks people came from the villages near as well as from the town; so that we were obliged to give entrance by ticket. The American vice-consul was exceedingly friendly, and took the tickets at the door as the people entered. When we appeared in the streets the folk stood at their doors and stared; came out at the balconies and stared. Why? Well, the priests for centuries had been telling them all kinds of queer stories about Protestants, such as that we keep murdered children hanging up by the feet in the cellars to be eaten; that we had horns and tails; and it was natural to be curious to have the first glance at such wretches. Nevertheless, it was a good thing that *the one subject* of interest was the Word of God, the Gospel of Christ, for weeks in the whole neighborhood. I may just say that we sold hundreds of Bibles, testaments, and Gospels, and distributed thousands of tracts.

The archbishop drove up from Santiago to annihilate us by a series of declamations against Protestants. The people went to hear him during the day, and us at night. They went out of our meetings saying, "The archbishop tells nothing but lies." Not that we ever went into discussions. No; we kept to the Gospel of free salvation to the chief of sinners by Christ alone, and the hearers drew the inferences.

The Lord blessed the preaching to the salvation of souls. "I am of your opinions," whispered a man to us as we stood on the street one day. He whispered because newspapers were speaking against us, and we had many enemies. "To be of our opinions will do little for you. You must be born again," we answered. We had a long talk with him about his soul. The next preaching was from "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." This man was at it, and next day he came to us and told us it had cleansed him. His wife soon professed conversion. His aunt, a bigoted Romanist, with whom they lived, was in a dreadful way about this. He spoke to her about the Gospels. One evening she was alone about meeting-time, and felt a desire to go which she could not shake off. She went, heard, believed, and brought her husband. He was soon converted. The aunt had \$42 (£5 10s.) worth of images in a glass case. She burned them, and said: "Now, Jesus only is my Saviour." Women sold the butcher meat in the market. Four of them were converted to Christ. One, a woman over six feet high, had been a notorious character