

Lord, and that is how it is, and he that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded." Ah, may the Lord help us. We have been praying for God to make bare his arm in the present day, and I believe he will. Oh Lord, awake, awake; thine own immortal strength put on; with terror clothed hell's kingdom shake, and bring the foe with fury down in London to-night. May God shake him out of your hearts.

I say to you all, the blood can save you. You have been sitting here perhaps a poor degraded character; too bad to live, too bad to die, too bad to go to prison; too bad to go anywhere, but just not too bad to go to hell. The blood can save you. May the Lord bless you. I know a poor deluded drunkard, who blasphemed God's name, and ruined his family, and did everything that was bad. This man went home one night when his wife had been out washing: I think it was ten pence she had for her day's work, and the man said, "Give me that money." She said, "I want to buy my children some bread for to-morrow, when I am out washing." He said he would have it, and they began struggling, and then he began to beat her—and his little child came in and got between her father and mother, and looked at the father and said, "Oh father, don't beat my mother; beat me father, but don't beat my poor mother." The father looked at his little child, and pushed her out of the way, and struck her till the blood poured out of her little face, and she still cried to her father not to beat her mother, and then she said, "Lord save my father." I was sent for while they were quarrelling in that way, and when I went into the house the poor man seemed cowed down, and ashamed of the wrong he had done. I knew that the poor woman was a child of God, and that God had given her liberty. When I went in the little girl said, "Mr. Weaver, doesn't it say that whatever we ask in faith, believing, it shall be done?" "Yes, it does, my dear," said I. "Then let you, and my mother, and me, ask God to save my father," she said. "We love him, don't we mother?" "Yes, we do," said the poor mother. "Very well, then, Mr. Weaver," said the little girl, "let us pray for him." "That is right," I said. And the little girl knelt down and prayed,

and she said, "My friend Richard Weaver, and I, and my mother, agree to ask Thee to save my father: O Lord, save my father." She prayed, and then her mother prayed, and while they were praying I got up and talked to him, and while I was talking to him I saw the big tear begin to roll down his cheek, and he dropped the money out of his hands on to the floor, and at last he knelt down, too. I told him though he had been a bad and a wicked father, the blood could save him. He was there groaning for liberty, and prayed for ten or twenty minutes. At last the poor little girl put up her hands and she said, "Oh, my God, save my father this moment; save my father now." And as she prayed it pleased the Lord to set him free, and he jumped up and cried, "Glory be to God: I do believe; I do believe; I do believe." Ah, yes, "This is the victory that overcometh hell, even our faith." May the Lord help you to have faith to-night. The Lord save the transgressors. You that blaspheme his name, you that have lost your character, you that robbed your family to get drink, I tell you, have faith in Christ, and his blood will cleanse you. May God save thee, sinners.

From 2nd series of Weaver's addresses now preparing.

ROMISH ERRORS OF SALVATION.

Dr. Huntington well says that the one great heart of error in the system of Romanism is, that "*what man must do*" is put as the ground of the sinner's justification, instead of what Christ has done and is ever doing. Confidence in man's obeying a commandment, and discharging his debt is put for faith in the Saviour dying once and living for evermore in the believer's heart. *Works done to procure salvation supersede works done as an offering of love and faith for salvation procured.* Penance crowds out penitence, in the Romanist's spiritual life, as it does in his translation of the New Testament. He payes the price of salvation—and loses a Saviour." But we may add that this "great heart of error" palpitates everywhere through the race, excepting where the "new heart" is wrought by the Divine Spirit.