

If you start out in faith you must be as clear of daylight as to God's will. If you are going on trusting God for money and everything else, then the will of God must be as clear as daylight to you, and you must be able to distinguish the voice of God from the voice of Satan. That can be done, and we did it in Ceylon. We met together at Dolgama House, the house which Mr. F—placed at the disposal of the planters who came out to work for God. We gathered together there and spent all the day in prayer. God was with us. Mr. Millard and Mr. Campbell were in the upper room praying, and they said to God, "Oh, now, Lord, we will put thee to the test. Send up into this room those who are to go to Australia." They waited a little, when the door opened and Mr. Jackson came up and knelt in prayer. Mr. Horan was at his tea, but somehow or other he thought that he must get up, and he left his tea unfinished and knelt down with them. I also was downstairs, and I said to myself, "I think I will go upstairs and have a little prayer." I went into the room and found the brethren there before me. But where was David? Was David to go with us or not? David was at a place five miles away. He knew nothing about the prayer in the upper room. We had asked the Lord to bring those into the upper room who were to go with us. That was the sign we gave him. As David was walking along the street of the place situated a few miles distant, he lifted up his heart to God and said: "What have I to do next, Lord?" "Get into the carriage and drive out at once to Dolgama House," was the reply, David got into the carriage and drove to Dolgama House.

Arrived at Melbourne, we were most cordially received by the bishop, the deans, Mr. McCartney, and several others, and we had a tea meeting with them. All the English Churches of Melbourne were thrown open to the missions—a great number of them at any rate. The friends said: "Well, and how are the expenses to be met? Won't you have a collection at the close of each meeting?" "No," we replied, "the Lord has told us not to have any collections." "What will you do then?" "We will trust that money will be supplied by those who receive blessings in their souls, or the Lord can send it from Kamschatka if He likes." "But the expenses will be very considerable." "Yes, but we must trust God and go forward." So on we went, and we had missions in various parts of Melbourne and the suburbs. Mr. McCartney's

place was practically our home while there, and Mr. Sproale, who is one of the greatest musicians Ireland has produced, was the secretary, and got much blessing in his own soul. We went on from mission to mission in Melbourne. And, perhaps, I ought to take a leap at once to the Cathedral mission. The bishop and canons very kindly granted us the cathedral for Sunday and intervening. It held about two thousand people when well packed, and well packed it was, because people were so anxious to hear that they used to come two and a half hours before the time to get seats. One night the traffic manager had complained that the traffic could not get along on account of the great number of people standing outside. I said I could not help it. After the cathedral was filled—which was about five minutes after the doors were opened—a large, surging mass of people would be standing outside. What was to be done with them? The Lord told Mr. Campbell and Mr. David to conduct an open-air meeting, and the consequence was that souls passed from death unto life in the cathedral courts. It is a wonderful thing to get souls saved in a cathedral. There was a friend of mine going about St. Paul's court, and he came across one of the officials of the place and asked the question: "Do you ever have any conversions here?" Then came the reply: "Do you think we have here a Methodist chapel?" (Laughter.) There were scores of conversions in the cathedral at Melbourne, though some people thought the cathedral ought to be consecrated again after my mission. Perhaps they were right, and perhaps they were wrong; but I only pray that the Lord will consecrate all the cathedrals of England in the same way—by making them places of salvation to thousands dying in misery, sin and neglect. Oh, God! bless the great cathedrals of England, and let not Satan reign in them. Let Jesus reign there. In Melbourne cathedral, souls rejoiced and stood up and prayed out, and tears of penitence fell upon its tiled floors.

The thanksgiving service came on, and we took the town hall for that. The town hall held four thousand people, so I thought it would be large enough. But we had to admit by ticket, and we found that over ten thousand people applied for these, so we had to take the exhibition buildings, which held ten thousand. There we had the closing services. The night came, a night of thunder and rain, but notwithstanding the rain—and when it rains in the colonies it does rain; Keswick rain is nothing to it—