

which have been called forth by a transient sunshine are nipped by frosts and scattered by storms." The light that had begun to gild the steep stern mountains was soon put out. The prophets prophesied smooth things, and the people loved to have it so. Indeed, anything like regular preaching was unknown. Even where there was a stated Minister, the periods of preaching were few and far between,—sometimes not oftener than four times a year. In general *reading* the prayers was deemed sufficient. Cock fighting and bull bait-baiting were the order of the day. The book of sports carried it over the Book of God. God's Holy Day, after the short Morning Service was over, was surrendered to a giddy round of pleasure,—a sitting down to eat and drink and rising up to play. The afternoon and evening were devoted to drinking and dancing, in which too often the Pastor participated. Town and country rung with the roar of reckless revellers. One who subsequently stood foremost among Welsh Reformers, was for five years Pastor before his conversion;—blind, leading the blind; deplorably did both fall into the ditch. He headed their Sabbath frolics. There was commonly in every parish some place where the vain, the foolish, and the dissolute assembled; and there among them Rowlands appeared the foremost, the liveliest, and the most active of the party, after having been in Church reading, praying, and preaching in the morning!

Daniel Rowlands nevertheless obtained mercy, and lived to preach, with unparalleled success, the faith which once he destroyed. He enrolled two thousand communicants in his Church, and only two belonging to it were not "well affected towards religion;" while thousands beyond it looked up to him as their spiritual Father, and of these not fewer than ONE HUNDRED MINISTERS. Closely associated with this distinguished man, and a prominent leader in the great movement, which claimed him as one of its most signal trophies, stood the man whose name heads this article.

HOWELL HARRIS was born in Brecknockshire in 1714; he was connected with the first families in the district. He left the stately family mansion for Oxford, a godless young man; but at the University there fell from his eyes as it had been scales. The sights he witnessed startled him, and the hollowness of what passed for religion pressed heavily upon him, notwithstanding that in these Academic Halls there yet lingered the sweet savour of the presence and prayers of those saintly youths who had gone forth touched with a live coal from the altar of God, to kindle a flame in England which still holds on to burn.

Harris now abandoned his University course. His spirit was stirred within him. He felt "necessity is laid upon me, and woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel!" He could find no rest till actively engaged amongst the tenantry on the estate, and the inhabitants of the surrounding district, in saying to his neighbours and to his brethren, "Know the Lord." He applied for ordination, but the Bishop of the Diocese refused his application. Satisfied, however, that he had credentials from a higher authority,—even from the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, he hastened with a sharp sickle in his hand into fields, which were white already to harvest; and soon did he return rejoicing, bringing many sheaves with him. Multitudes were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake, and the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved. The exhaustless fertility of his resources, the undisturbed serenity of his temper, the beaming benignity of his disposition, and the irreproachable consistency of his deportment, disarmed opposition. By the omnipotent weapons of a heavenly love and a holy life, he wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, out of weakness was made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and put to flight the armies of the aliens. "The mob lay in wait for him