

wrong with oneself, and most people leave Keswick with a very much lower estimate of themselves than they had when they came."

"My own conviction is that if this spiritual blessing of being filled with the Holy Ghost were to become the experience of the bulk of you who are here to-night, and that not for a passing hour, *but to be renewed* as the need came—even the world itself would feel that a change had come which could only be explained in some such way."

"God has not yet been pleased to raise up any commanding intellect to accomplish for this doctrine what has been done for those others which we have named."

"It is an awful thing to see a human life serving this great enemy of souls, but by far the saddest thing is to *see a child in Christ* serving that great enemy, and that is not a rare thing."

"Is it not an awful thought that we may have a *believer's portion* with Christ and be playing an *unbeliever's part*, having a believer's privilege, and doing an unbeliever's service?"

"God search the hearts of *all of us* to-day by these questions, and bring us to the dust at *His feet*. If you say, "*None of those things apply to me*," you are in a very sad state and a very dangerous condition. You are not in the least on the high level of the fulness of this blessed life, because those who are on this level are constantly crying: "Lord, let me have no fellowship with iniquity; let me have no communion with darkness; let me have no part with unbelievers; let me be wholly separated unto thyself, thy dwelling-place, thy temple, and let every idol be swept out."

"Oh! that God at this moment would deal with the speaker, with the men on the platform, with Christian ministers, with us who profess to be consecrated—because do you not think that as you are consecrated the standard rises? Let us bring these idols out and hand them over to Christ, and let us ask Him to use that sharp-edged sword, which divides the soul and the spirit, so that it may cut out of us the thing which is cursing us."

These numerous extracts tell the oft repeated story of failure, inherent failure, to learn *how to keep converted*. And so, whilst we rejoice in the labours of these pronounced Christian workers, our joy is saddened by the hopeless wail which after all characterizes the whole.

And yet this movement has evidently produced some of the finest examples of Christians after the legalistic type; indeed, some of them rival the mystics in catching glimpses, and ever prolonged possession, of spiritual life, sections of life where, for the time being, all unconsciously, their legalism is lost sight of in realized walking in the Spirit.

A beautiful instance of this is a Rev. George Grubb, who, at one of the services, gave a lengthened account of a missionary tour to Australia. We yield to the desire to give lengthened extracts from this thrillingly-interesting address:

On the 3rd April, 1891, Mr. and Mrs. Millard and I, at the bidding of God, went forth again to the Colonies. We reached Gibraltar, and there wonders began. We went on shore, and were informed that we were to have but ten hours there before the boat started again. While I was on board somebody came and said, "Are you the Rev. Mr. Grubb?" "Yes," I replied, "that is the name." "Well," continued the man, "I saw a reverend gentleman up there amongst the first-class passengers, but as he was smoking a pipe I knew he could not be you, and so I passed him by, and found you out down here. We want you and Mrs. Millard to hold a meeting to-night at the Soldiers' Institute." I replied, "I am sorry to say that we cannot do that, because the steamer leaves in two hours." "Oh!" said he, "I am surprised at that, because we prayed last night, and we all felt in our souls that God would answer our prayer that you should hold a meeting to-night." I replied, "If I am going to hold a meeting here, I am; but if so, the Lord will have to work a little miracle. But as I believe in God doing miracles, I shall not be surprised if He does so." I went to the Soldiers' Institute and saw our friends there, and came back to the boat. We started off at eleven o'clock with the tide, but after proceeding several hundred yards there was a sudden stoppage. We all ran to see what was the matter, and it turned out that a cable had got round our propeller. God had stopped the boat in His own way, according to the soldiers' prayers. A meeting was held that night, and several souls were blessed.

We reached Colombo, and we had a fortnight to spend there, and we determined to spend a great deal of that time in prayer, in order to be perfectly certain of God's will.