

where; and when he came up to the door, I stood, with my babe wrapped up in an old tattered shawl, trembling with fear, and my knees shook under me. 'Well,' he says, 'where are my children?' They were in bed, and he told me to go and fetch them; when I went to fetch them, I knelt down, and asked God to bless us out of doors, for I thought we should be turned out. When I came back, the father had struck a light. He took the eldest little boy in his arms, and kissed it, and said, 'The Lord bless thee; God has sent thee father home to-night.' He kissed them all, and then turned to me, and, calling me his dear wife for the first time for fourteen years, and said the Lord had sent a husband home that night."

When I got down stairs the next morning, the man himself met me with open arms, with his four little children, and asked God to bless me. Now, that poor woman loved me very much, but when that is compared to the love of God, it falls far short. It is nothing to the love that God has for us poor sin-destroyed creatures. It is without end. Glory be to God, it is a depth without a bottom, a height without a top, a breadth without a side, a length without an end. God loves every man here to-night—my soul believes it. May the Holy Spirit bless you to-night with a personal knowledge and realization of that great fact.

Some people talk a great deal about love; they sometimes say to me, "The Lord bless you! we cannot come and help you in your meetings, but the Lord bless you!" I had as leave that people kept their prayers to themselves as say that. There's proof that a man loves you when he comes and puts his shoulder to the wheel. If you saw a team stuck at the bottom of a hill, you would not go and pity the driver, or pity the poor horses; you would go and lift up the wheel, and push up the hill. Now there's a good deal said about love, and when people get converted, they often say they will do this thing and that thing, and nothing comes of it. But I always like to see a proof of love, and then I know it is sincere. God Almighty didn't say he pitied the world, and then leave it to perish; he gave us a proof of his love. He gave his only begotten Son to die that we might live.

There's many of you poor people have not much money, and you cannot put such food upon the table of your family as they ought to have. It's hard work, often, I know it is, for a poor man to get enough to have a comfortable Sunday's dinner. And suppose one of you had no bread for your children to eat, and you was to hear that I was a man that loved God, and that if you were to come to me I would help you. Suppose that when you came and knocked at my door, my wife held the door to prevent your entering, and suppose when you had told her your story and said that your poor children were starving, she should say, "We pity your case, we will do all we can, we will pray for you, and ask God to bless you," and then thrust the door in your face; you would think that a very strange kind of love, wouldn't you? There are plenty of that sort of professors at the present time. But God is not like us, he don't say he loves us, and then give us no proof of his love. When there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, his own arm brought salvation down. That salvation is free for all who seek it. Oh, there is enough in these words to draw souls out of hell, if that were possible. There is enough to draw you to-night to the blood of the dying Saviour. May God bring you right into the depths of redeeming love. "God so loved the world."

We do not come here to tell you people to go your closets, and pray, and weep, and sigh, and groan, in order to be saved. You may be saved to-night. I tell you before God, he that believeth shall be saved. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." You men in in ragged fustian jackets, who may be thinking you have not got a friend in the world, God loves you, and is ready to save you; he wills your salvation. It is not his will that any should perish. Glory to God, it is his will that you should take of the water of life freely. I have come from Lancashire to tell you working men of God's love. May be shall never have the opportunity of speaking to you again. Life is uncertain, and death is sure; but you may secure eternal life to-night. What a blessed thing it would be to that young man, lying in your der prison, who, they say, has murdered his mother and the girl that was about to be his wife, if I could go to him with a