

Our Contributors.

A REMARKABLE REVIVAL.

BY GEORGE B. DAVIS.

The twenty-four days' revival campaign at Bolton, England, conducted by Dr. R. A. Torrey and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, has just come to an end, and as a result more than three thousand persons have been led to accept Christ.

The work was conducted in an immense military drill hall, which was fitted up with galleries, chairs and benches to seat six thousand people. The great hall was crowded to the doors almost every night, hundreds being unable to enter. The meetings were the talk of the town; personal work was done everywhere, in trams, in shops, in factories, and under street lamps.

The meetings began the first Sabbath in September, an average of eight to ten thousand people being in attendance each day thereafter.

Children's meetings were held on two successive Saturdays, and on each occasion young people crowded the building. At the first meeting the extraordinary number of seven hundred and nine children professed Christ as their Saviour, and at the second over six hundred made definite profession of conversion. A prominent pastor told how on Saturday fourteen of his scholars were converted and the following day at the session of the Sabbath school fifty others came out boldly for Christ.

After one of the meetings a little lad who had come out for Christ went home and told his parents what he had done. His father was enraged by his recital and chased him down the street with a hammer, but the little fellow managed to escape. The boy was a member of the lad's brigade at one of the Missions, and later in the week the father followed him there and demanded that he come out, saying he wished to cut his throat. That father was converted before the meetings closed.

On Saturday night, September 24, a midnight meeting was held for drunkards, outcasts, and street women. Over five hundred Christian workers met at the Drill Hall at 10.15 p. m., and led by two brass bands scoured the streets of Bolton. Like a huge dragnet they caught hundreds of drunkards and street women and literally "compelled them to come in." At 11.30 p. m. a thrilling and dramatic scene was witnessed at the Drill Hall. Four thousand people had gathered for the midnight service, fully one thousand of them being the miserable, drunken, wretched creatures for whom the meeting had been planned. It was a pathetic and never to be forgotten sight to look down into those hundreds of sin-cursed, sodden, bruised faces in every degree of drunken stupor. And yet, such was the power of God present in the meeting that before the after-meeting had ended a hundred and sixty of them had made profession of Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

The following day a testimony meeting was conducted by Mr. Alexander to recount the wonders of the previous night. After many striking incidents

had been related he called upon his wife to tell her experience when dealing with a drunken woman the previous night. Mrs. Alexander arose and related the following beautiful incident. She said:

"Last night as we sat in that awful midnight meeting my heart just ached to see the people in front of me. I could not help noticing one woman right in the second row in the front. It simply made my heart bleed to see her. She was as drunk as could be, and looked about as disgusting a sight as was possible, with all the womanliness stamped out of her, and I was praying constantly for her during the meeting. In the after-meeting it fell to my lot to deal with her. I managed to get her round behind the platform, and had a long talk with her, and I believe the spirit of God pierced through the fumes of drink into her soul. She promised me that she would come again, and tidy her hair and wash her face, and that she was willing, in the strength of God to give up the sinful life she was living.

"But it may be helpful to some to know that the thing that pierced right through her muddled brain was human affection. I tried every other way I could, insisting that I loved her and that I loved her because God loved her. At last she began to feel the effect of human affection, and—I do not like to tell the last part—finally she looked up into my face and said: 'I know God loves you.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'God loves you too.' And at length she looked up into my face and said: 'Will you give me a kiss?'"

"Well, you can imagine how I felt, I expect, if you have ever seen a poor woman like that, smelling as foul as she could, and her face distorted by drink, and I had a natural shrinking. But I looked to God and said: 'What would thou have me to do?' And he seemed to say, 'Do it because I love her,' and I said 'I will give you a kiss for God loves you.'"

That kiss was doubtless the means of the redemption of a human soul.

The last Saturday and Sabbath of the campaign were days of Pentecost and will never be forgotten. At the various services held during the two days ten hundred and sixty-six persons accepted Christ. After the Saturday midnight meeting most of the Christian people did not reach their homes until after 1 a. m., and I supposed there would be scarcely more than a handful at the meeting at 7 o'clock on Sabbath morning for Christian workers. Yet on entering the hall, I found to my astonishment an audience of over two thousand people eagerly drinking the narratives of the remarkable conversions of the previous night.

One of the most touching moments of the entire mission was when, during the meeting for men only, Mr. Alexander had his vast male audience of six thousand persons singing softly as a mother's lullaby some of the grand old songs of the Christian faith. Then when the hearts of all were subdued and tender he had all join in singing "Where is My Wandering Boy To-

night?" And as a fitting climax he asked only those who had a son out of Christ to sing the last verse. "There may be only one, but sing it," said Mr. Alexander encouragingly. And oh, the heart melting tenderness of the subdued, but alas! strong volume of sound that arose, as hundreds of strong men sang longingly and prayerfully for their lost and wandering boys those well-known lines:

"Go for my wandering boy tonight,
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

There was scarcely a dry eye in the hushed and silent house when the song ended.

REMEMBERED FOR GOOD.

REV. C. H. WETHERBE.

A remarkable sentence is preserved to us from the pen of the prophet Nehemiah, as follows: "Remember me, O my God, for good." If I rightly understand these words, they mean that Nehemiah wanted God to remember him for the good work which he had performed in behalf of God's cause. The context confirms this view. As one first glances at the expression, it looks as though the prophet were commending himself to God's favor by his good deeds, and yet there is such a humble simplicity in all of his statements concerning himself that I cannot believe that he was trying to make capital out of his good works. Really, I confess that I like the sentiment of those words. It is surely much more desirable that one should be remembered for the good service that he has rendered to either God or man than it is to be remembered for the evil deeds which he may have done. All of us prefer that God should remember the good acts that we have wrought, rather than that he should remember the bad ones. We also desire that our fellows, whenever they shall think of us during our absence from them, will remember the good deeds that we have performed, and practically forget our bad blunders, our injudicious remarks, our harming failures. But how apt we are, as we think of certain ones with whom we have had some unpleasant dealings, to remember the worst things that we know about them! We forget their good qualities and remember their bad ones. They may have rendered us a number of very good favors, but if they have treated us badly just once, we will continue to remember the one bad deed, yet forget all of the good ones. It is essential, however, that we should habitually do good to our fellows, refraining from mistreating them, so that they will have just reason for remembering our good qualities and deeds. Nehemiah doubtless made mistakes; it is evident that, by his fidelity to God, he incurred the enmity of some men; and yet his whole course was full of good service, and hence he felt justified in asking God to remember him for good.

Enthusiasm is a very good thing in the pulpit. But a minister recently in one of our cities found it rather costly. He was using his arms rather freely, when, in a moment of excitement, he accidentally knocked his valuable gold watch from the ledge of the pulpit into the aisle, and it was smashed into pieces. The paper reporting it said the incident caused no little amusement to the congregation.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY **K.D.C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, William Lemont, has been appointed sole executor of the last will of Martin Lemont, late of the City of Fredericton, deceased. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment of their accounts at the store of Lemont & Sons, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to file the same with the undersigned.

Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 5, 1904.

WILLIAM LEMONT.

Sole Executor Estate

MARTIN LEMONT.

Look for next week's notice.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BUY A PIANO

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