

## Correspondence.

## STAR HALL.

BY REV. W. E. SMITH, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

This is the name of a great holiness centre in the city of Manchester, England. A brief history of the place may be of interest to the readers of the Highway.

More than twenty years ago Mr. Frank W. Crossley, a wealthy Manchester business man, sought and found the experience of entire sanctification under the preaching of General Booth. Being a Congregationalist, he found himself out of harmony with the brethren in his church, who regarded his experience as fanaticism. His heart was filled with a great passion to reach souls, and to this end he purchased a site in a needy centre in Manchester, and there built a splendid hall for mission work along holiness lines. God greatly blessed his labors for years. Thousands were saved and many sanctified wholly. God called him higher and for a time Mr. Crossley's widow superintended the work; but she in time gave over the leadership to her talented and accomplished daughter, Miss E. K. Crossley, who now is at the head of the mission.

Wonderful has been its development. The property includes a splendid circular auditorium capable of seating more than 1,000 people; a training school for Christian workers, dormitory, lecture rooms, smaller halls and the home, which in all represent a value of upwards of half a million dollars. Miss Crossley is an excellent musician and an able preacher. She has as her colleague Miss M. A. Hatch, of equal culture and ability. These "elect ladies" have travelled around the world visiting the missions and training schools. They have three regular preachers constantly employed. Their enthusiasm for and devotion to the work of holiness is wonderful. They do not hesitate to go in the open air among the outcasts with the message of life and salvation. Many volumes of the miracles of grace that have taken place here might be written. High and low, educated and ignorant, have been reached. Many Christians from afar have come here and received "the blessing." The good work of soul-saving goes steadily on. Since the beginning of this year over one thousand souls have knelt at the altars in Star Hall for salvation, reclamation or sanctification. Two holiness conventions are held yearly; one in October and the other at Easter time. It was the writer's good fortune to be invited to the recent October convention as one of the special speakers. It was my first visit. I had heard much of the place, but can truly say "the half had not been told." Dr. Hills, of the Regular staff, and Rev. J. S. Kimber, of Newport, R. I., U. S. A., were the other preachers. I had read many of Dr. Hills' books on holiness. His book, "Holiness and Power," is a classic in holiness literature and has been translated into Japanese. Although past middle life, Dr. Hills has all the fire and enthusiasm of youth. We found him with a heart like a big brother and as simple as a child. I greatly enjoyed his able ministry.

There was everything in the place to put a preacher at his best. The spirit of prayer, praise and faith seemed to wholly neutralize the power of unbelief. Never did I more thoroughly enjoy the luxury of preaching holiness than I did there.

The results were indeed blessed, and many of the scenes indescribable. Since coming to Scotland I have feasted mine eyes upon many scenes of wonderful natural beauty. I have seen the lofty peaks of the Grampians flooded

with a blaze of glory from the fast descending sun. The other day I stood upon the towering walls of old Sterling Castle and viewed the landscape o'er. To the south lay the plain of Bannockburn and as I looked I felt a thrill deeper than that I knew when as a schoolboy in Canada I read of the awful conflict that here took place six hundred years ago, between the Scotsmen and English. To the east, on the hillside, arose the magnificent monument to the memory of William Wallace, the patriot dearest to the Scotsman's heart. In the valley between meandered the noble river Forth, so winding that one told me it spells its own name in its course. To the west stretched the beautiful and productive "Carse of Sterling," till it loses itself in the "deep Trossachs," immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake." Right down below I could see the place where Wallace defeated the English at Sterling Bridge. A world-wide traveller calls the view from Sterling Castle the most magnificent to be seen in all Great Britain. In the great picture galleries of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Manchester, we have stood entranced before the masterpieces of Van Dyke, Turner, Rembrandt and Millais, and have said, "How beautiful!" But there was a glory in Star Hall seen neither in nature nor in art—the glory of Jesus shining through the faces of wholly sanctified men and women. Who is that business-like looking gentleman who has just thanked God so fervently in his prayer for saving and sanctifying him? He is a wealthy London draper, with four shops in the Metropolis. He has also a great mission work there, and is opening others in different cities. Who is that beautiful lady of evident culture, who is telling how God wonderfully led her into the blessing of holiness? She is preceptress of a select school for girls and has seen many of them sanctified. Who is that physical giant who has just told about being sanctified in the convention? He is an M. A. from Oxford, has been to Japan, but has come to Star Hall for his Pentecost. Here is a man with the marks of dissipation upon his face, telling how God saved him, a drunkard and a wife-beater, and has made a man of him. A sweet-faced little factory girl tells how God saved and sanctified her, and for some time she stood alone in the factory, but now a good many of her companions are going her way. Here is a stalwart young man who tells how one of his mates went to Star Hall and got saved. He watched him and saw the change and he came too and got the same thing. Here the testimonies of high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, blend in harmony. Rudyard Kipling has roughly said, "Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady are sisters under the skin," meaning they were the same at heart. There is indeed an experience that makes people one at heart.

The last night of the convention was wonderful. Dr. Hills preached a powerful sermon on "Jesus weeping over Jerusalem." At the altar call about thirty came forward. A season of prayer and testimony followed and again the invitation was given and people came, men, women and children, till seventy were forward, each being dealt with by an intelligent worker. The meeting continued far beyond the usual limits. A gale of glory swept the place. Truly the days of power have not gone by.

On my way down to Manchester from Perth, I occupied a compartment alone for 159 miles; but that only compensated for the time I had to ride in a compartment containing thirteen but meant only for eight. I had a good

time in meditation and prayer and was led to write my testimony, and I here give it:

## THE CITY OF SWEET CONTENT.

I live in the City of Sweet Content,  
In the land of Perfect Love;  
'Tis builded close to the River of Joy,  
That flows from the hills above.  
The city is quiet and clean and strong,  
None for safety with it can compare,  
For 'tis all shut in by the walls of Faith,  
And kept by my Father's care.

The people are humble who here abide;  
The proud pass by with a stare.  
They say the place is too slow for them,  
And they go on to Vanity Fair.  
But some come back to this quiet town,  
Like the Prodigal did of old;  
For they find the World cannot satisfy,  
And its pleasures bring pain untold.

The city is growing, but still there's room  
In the Terrace of Good Cheer,  
And down in that street called Humility  
The lodgings are not very dear.  
But wherever you stop you'll be well pleased,  
Nor will find any fault with the rent,  
For grumbling and growling are never heard  
In the City of Sweet Content.

Would you like to come to this beautiful place?

Then I'll tell you what to do:  
Get on board the Full Salvation train,  
After buying your ticket through.  
The price is "Yielding yourself to God,"  
To His will give your full consent,  
And soon you'll join the happy throng  
In the City of Sweet Content.

Dear Mr. Editor, my letter is already too lengthy. I would like to tell of the great missionary meetings led by Mr. and Mrs. Cowman of the Oriental Mission, in which thirty-one young men and women gave themselves to missionary work, but I must forbear. I have decided, with the consent of my family and my conference, to remain over here at least till next summer. Loved ones are all well at home. We love the English and the Scotch. They have shown us wonderful kindness and appreciation; but America holds a peculiar place in our hearts and I often think of that sweet time when all peoples, kindreds and tongues shall with one heart and voice "Crown Him Lord of All."

Yours for the spread of holiness.

W. E. SMITH.

Perth, Scotland, Oct. 15th, 1913.

Our Home Missionary sends us the following report:

Dear Brother,—On the invitation of Brother Smith, I went to Penniac Oct. 17th, but on account of bad roads and the meetings not being sufficiently announced, we did not begin until Sunday, the 19th. Very few attended the first meeting, and it rained all the time, and even the organ refused to do duty, but after a hard day's work we got it in tune. We began calling, and Brother Smith and the writer visited every home except one as far as Mr. Charles Bubar's. There was deep conviction on the people, and some yielded their hearts to God, and I feel that if the meetings could have been continued for another week there would have been a great victory. One night while we were giving an invitation to seekers, a little girl asked her mother if we were asking them to be Christians, and when told we were, tried