

THE '59 REVIVAL IN WALES

by

J. J. Morgan

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DAVID MORGAN

The Revivalist

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SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE AND
WORK OF DAVID MORGAN, YSBYTTY

BY

J. J. MORGAN

MOLD
J. J. MORGAN
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PREFACE

THE Jubilee of "the '59 Revival" was celebrated in England this summer, and in Wales this winter. The General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists, which met at Rhosllanerchrugog in June, instructed all the churches of the denomination to observe the first Sunday in November as a "'59 Revival" Commemoration Sunday, and at the same sederunt of the Assembly a resolution was passed asking the writer to prepare an English work which would make the salient facts and features of the Revival known to the English section of the community in Wales.

In the summer of 1904 I arranged and commenced a systematic visitation of various Welsh counties to gather material for a biography of my father, David Morgan "the Revivalist." The arrival of the 1904 Revival greatly facilitated this task, for the breath of the new Revival gave resurrection to memories and reminiscences innumerable of the old. When the sheaves gathered had been threshed, the grain was stored in a Welsh work which, published in 1906, has been received with enthusiasm in all parts of Wales, and wherever Welshmen have settled. More gratifying still is the assurance that the book has been a minister of spiritual comfort and strength wherever it has gone. Eyewitnesses of the '59 Revival have acknowledged that the author has succeeded in reproducing the atmosphere of those great days and making it vibrate again on the pages of his record. However, to

make the Revival "speak English" is a different and more difficult matter. The atmosphere and characteristics of the movement were so distinctively and intensely Welsh, that this attempt might never have reached this point of consummation were it not for the urgent request of the General Assembly of the Church I have the honour of belonging to.

In 1859, it was the Irish Revival that attracted the attention of Christians in England. Thousands of them journeyed through North Wales, taking the Irish packet at Holyhead, that they might witness the power of the Holy Spirit in Ireland, little realising that they were steaming through towns and villages where a far intenser, and certainly a far more permanent, work of grace was in full swing. The writer, owing to inexorable circumstances, confined his researches almost exclusively to the Revival within the boundary of his own Connexion; but it is well known that the '59 movement was almost, if not quite, as powerful among the Congregationalists. The Baptists and Wesleyans also received large accessions to their number at this time. There was an increase of 37,724 communicants to the C. M. denomination during the Revival period. It may be safely accepted that the whole harvest of the Revival in Wales did not all far short of a hundred thousand souls. Neither were the results ephemeral. The great majority of the converts satisfied the test of the sage's dictum, "The righteous shall hold on his way." It is true that there were sad and numerous relapses; but was it not written of the most divine Revival that ever blessed the earth, "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him?" There was such a reaction in the 'sixties; but what was the chaff to the wheat?

The criminal statistics of this period are an interesting

study, for our deepest concern after all is in the ethical force generated by Revivals. We find that in the twelve months prior to the outbreak of the Revival, 1809 criminal cases came before the Courts throughout the whole of the Principality. During the twelve months following the Revival, the total number recorded is 1228. The decrease is divided among the counties (that have been traced) as follows:—Cardiganshire, 58 per cent.; Anglesey, 57 per cent.; Denbighshire, 54 per cent.; Carnarvonshire, 50 per cent.; Montgomeryshire, 37 per cent.; Flintshire, 35 per cent.; Breconshire, 27 per cent.; Carmarthenshire, 25 per cent.; and Glamorganshire, 24 per cent. If we were to make a list of the Welsh counties according to the degree in which they felt the Revival power, it would practically correspond with the above order, the exception of Glamorganshire being easily explained by the abnormal proportion of strangers from other countries in the population.

J. J. MORGAN.

MOLD, NORTH WALES.

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THE '59 REVIVAL IN WALES

CHAPTER I

FLAME-BEARERS OF THE REVIVAL—
HUMPHREY JONES

THE religious life of Wales has often been enriched by revivals which may be likened to the periodic overflowings of the Nile, whose subsidence leaves alluvial deposits for abundant harvests. The comparative power and results of these movements cannot be very profitably discussed, as reliable data are meagre. The religious upheaval popularly described as "the '59 Revival" does not yield in importance, from the point of view either of range or intensity, to any experienced in Wales since the rekindling of the flame of evangelical religion in the Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century.

The '59 Revival in Wales can be directly traced to the mighty movement that stirred the United States of America in 1858. This flame, which spread like a prairie fire, rapid and irresistible, was kindled at a quiet and humble altar in the City of New York. Jeremiah Calrin Lanphier laboured as a town missionary in connection with the North Dutch Church. One day he conceived the happy idea of gathering business men together during the dinner-hour for praise and prayer and mutual exhortation. On the 23rd of September, 1857, the Lecture-room on the

A

third floor of the old North Dutch Church was thrown open for this purpose, and half-a-dozen people representing various religious denominations climbed to this room, and prayed together. These were baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire—a fire that leaped from heart to heart, until the States were ablaze with religious fervour from centre to circumference.

Twenty-five years previously, a child had been born at a little village called Trerddol, between the sea and the hills in North Cardiganshire, and named Humphrey Rowland Jones. He is described as a lovable and large-hearted lad. An interesting story is told of his school-days. In the same school there was an indolent urchin who habitually overslept himself. Often was he threatened and as often pardoned, but at last mercy was exhausted; and one morning the schoolmaster sent a band of boys to bring him perforce to school to receive the well-merited reward of his laziness. However, the master's heart was not sufficiently steeled to resist the pleading of the culprit's penitential tears, and he stayed the uplifted rod to tell him that he should yet escape if he could find among the boys a volunteer who would become his surety, and accept his punishment if the transgression was repeated. The miserable little chap, with a rueful countenance, canvassed all his classmates, but each one shook his head. The bigger youths were vastly amused by this search for a surety, but it was clear that the risk was generally considered too great. "Perhaps I had better offer myself," said Humphrey Jones to his neighbour; "it would be a pity for the youngster to be whipped." "Humphrey Jones volunteers," was the cry. The consequences were explained to him by the master, but he replied, "I'll bear it." It should be added that the boy became a model of punctuality as long as his sponsor remained in that school, a living monument to the ethical value of a sense of indebtedness to one's

surety. There are rumours of a reversion to type after Humphrey Jones's departure.

When about fifteen years old, Humphrey entered on a period of deep, stormy, and poignant conviction of sin. "I was sore broken in the place of dragons," said he himself. Long before emerging from "that great and terrible wilderness," which entangled him for seventeen months, he began to preach. The lad's preaching was fiery and tempestuous, enveloped as he was by the clouds of Sinai, and scores were converted through it. In 1854 he applied to the South Wales Wesleyan District Meeting for admission to the ministry, but was rejected. Disappointed, he emigrated to the United States, where his parents had settled some years previously. He was ordained at Racine by the Episcopal Methodists, and when the Revival broke out in Fulton Street, the young Welshman's fervid heart was as tinder to the spark. His labours and his success were such that he became known far and wide as "Humphrey Jones, the Revivalist." Towards the end of June 1858 he arrived in Wales, ostensibly to visit his relatives, but really longing to impart to his beloved native land the spiritual gift of that Divine fire which glowed in his soul. Wales at this time was in dire need of a heart and tongue of flame. The late Principal T. C. Edwards, D.D., Bala, has described the spiritual condition of the Principality at the time in concise and comprehensive terms. "Before the '59 Revival," said he, "the churches were withering away in our country; a wave of spiritual apathy and practical infidelity had spread over Wales."

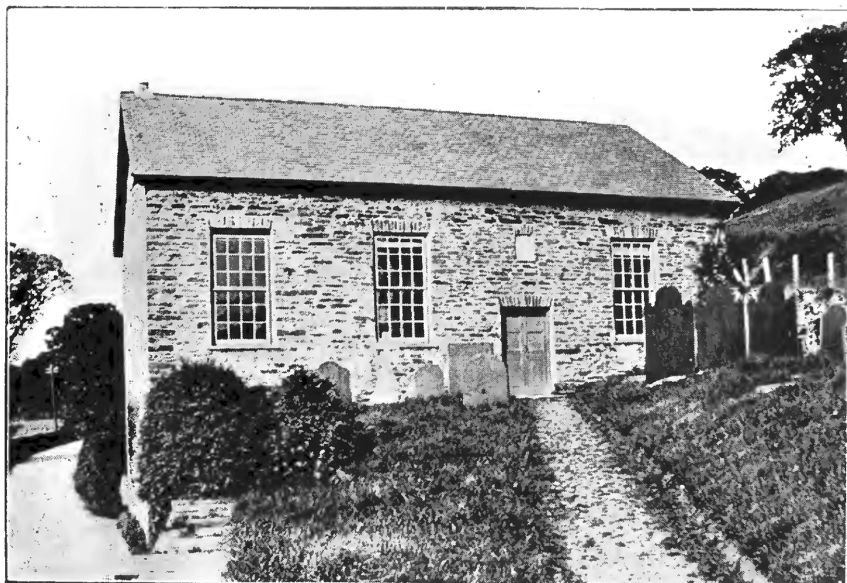
After reaching Trerddol, Humphrey Jones visited his old neighbours one by one, and when he knelt on their hearths to acknowledge the Divine goodness towards both them and himself since his departure, his prayers were characterised by such power and spiritual passion that the exercise was like the breaking of a box of precious oint-

ment, and each house became filled with the odour. On the following Sabbath he informally began his revivalistic work in the home of his boyhood. His addresses were not marked by any unusual raciness of expression or striking originality of ideas; but all his hearers, even the ungodly, realised that there stood in the pulpit a man sent from God. His mien was dignified and graceful, his voice deep and resonant and full of magnetic charm. An inner flame lit up his handsome face—a flame fed by personal piety and a passion for souls. During the first week of the mission prayer-meetings were held every night; during the second week the Revivalist preached, and weeping converts sought peace at every service. In August Mr. Jones began to work in a similar way in a mining village called Ystumtuen. The results here were still more striking; visitors flocked from every side to witness the work, and by the end of the month the converts numbered a hundred. One youth stubbornly resisted the influences that had swept almost all his mates into the Kingdom, tie was suddenly struck with apparently mortal illness, and in the hour of his distress he lay sighing, “Oh that I had hearkened! Oh that I had one more of the opportunities I despised, and could creep to the House of God, and give myself to His people!” Contrary to the doctor’s expectation, he passed safely through the crisis of his malady, and was able to be present at one of the last services of the mission; but when the after-meeting for the submission and reception of converts was announced, he said in his heart like Agag, “Surely the bitterness of death is past,” and *went out, refusing the yoke of Christ!* In a few days he experienced a relapse, and was hurried by his disease into eternity, crying, “The harvest is past, and I am not saved.”

During September Humphrey Jones laboured with similar power and results at Mynydd-bach. Towards the



HUMPHREY JONES



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TRERDDOL CHAPEL

end of the month he commenced a mission at Pontrhydygroes (The Bridge of the Ford of the Cross). Here he met and inspired David Morgan, whom we must now introduce to our readers with some detail, as his name became the most conspicuous and his personality the most significant in connection with the Revival movement.

FLAME-BEARERS OF THE REVIVAL (*continued*)—

DAVID MORGAN

DAVID MORGAN was born in 1814 in Cardiganshire, at a place called Bodcoll Mill, whose wheel was turned by the waters which a few furlongs farther down leap over the rocks in a series of cascades widely famous as the Devil's Bridge Falls. His parents were hard-working and pious folks. His father, who was carpenter as well as miller, taught the boy carpentry, and he soon became a skilful craftsman. His aptitude for handicrafts was remarkable. He could become by turns farmer, sawyer, miller, smith, tailor; no manual avocation came amiss to him. As a youth he was diligent in his business, virtuous in his walk; marked out among his fellows by those priceless qualities, sense and humour. When about twenty-two years of age, after a season of spiritual anxiety and agony, he was converted at a week-evening service at Cwmystwyth. The expression "converted" may strike some as inconsistent with the blameless youth already averred, but "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and David Morgan always looked back to that evening at Cwmystwyth as the hour of the "great transaction" between God and his soul. He immediately became an active worker in the Calvinistic Methodist church at Ysbytty Ystwyth, whose communion he joined. So devoted was he to its fellowship meetings that no distant employment was allowed to prevent his presence at them. After an arduous day, he would run

eight or nine miles to avoid missing the church-meeting. In 1841 the neighbourhood received the refreshing gales of a revival that swept over many Welsh counties, and David Morgan among others was filled to overflowing with religious rapture and enthusiasm. He had been urged for years to begin preaching, but he had shrank from the onerous responsibility of such a task. His diffidence was overcome by a rather diverting consideration. One evening he was listening to an eminent minister delivering a discourse. It so happened that the popular pulpiteer was disappointingly vapid and ineffective on this occasion; and the young carpenter said to himself, "The glorious Gospel of the blessed God deserves to be preached better than that, and I'll try to do it." Strait was the gate to the pulpit in those days. Many a church had a jealous guardian of the way in the person of a rigorous deacon who was a terror to the timid aspirant, for "whom he would, he slew, and whom he would, he kept alive." However, the golden rod was extended towards David Morgan, and his first text was, "For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

Eighteen months afterwards another wave of spiritual revival rolled through the Ystwyth valley. There is definite though scanty evidence that the ministry of the young Ysbytty preacher was a prominent factor in mediating and intensifying, if not in producing, the influence of this movement. His first love gushed in a forceful, if uncultured, ministry.

He was ordained to administer the Sacraments at the Trevine Association in 1857. His sermons were simple and practical. "We shall be called to account to-morrow," his hearers would say; "David Morgan is to preach here." His preaching, while Scriptural and sound, was unimpassioned. His utterances were quaintly described by one as "limestone pebbles unslaked." His voice was baritone

in quality, and of clarion clearness and sonorousness. Contrary to the custom of Welsh preachers, he struck out at the beginning of his discourse with a distinct and high note; but there were in his voice beauties and potencies unused, indeed undiscovered, till the Revival. Physically, he was powerfully built, his robust and symmetrical body surmounted by a shapely and massive head. His countenance, though commanding, was open and ingenuous, and expressive of the admirable *bonhomie* which always characterised him.

What shadows were cast over his spirit by the great events now imminent, we have very little light to throw upon. We have it from himself that he had vowed, when young in the ministry, never to bend his knees in his private devotions without breathing this special petition, "Lord, pour Thy Spirit mightily upon *me*." We were also told in Cardiganshire that for ten years before 1858 a petition for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit was never absent from his public prayers.

CHAPTER III

HUMPHREY JONES AND DAVID MORGAN AS COLLEAGUES

DAVID MORGAN's ministry, like some tranquil stream, had thus pursued the even tenor of its way for fourteen years, fertilising the lands it touched, though unmarked by any startling cataracts or unexpected and wonder-exciting bends. Reports reached him of the extraordinary manifestations of power and rapture which marked the missions conducted by Humphrey Jones in neighbouring hamlets, but his attitude was one of unconcerned and good-natured scepticism. The rustic Calvinistic minister was not free from a degree of prejudice towards a revival of American extraction and Wesleyan mediation. When Humphrey Jones commenced revival services at Pontrhydygroes, at the Wesleyan chapel, David Morgan, whose home was hard by, went to hear him. The second evening, after an address from the young evangelist on the words, "Because thou art neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth," he walked homewards slowly and sadly. The phrase, "neither hot nor cold," rankled like a barbed arrow in his breast.

Finding sleep impossible owing to agitation, not to say compunction of conscience, he sought the young Revivalist in his apartments, and was received gladly. Eager for a colleague, Humphrey Jones had entreated God and watched men for months; and now he heard an inner voice whispering, "Arise, anoint him, for this is he."

They conversed for hours about the forlorn condition of Zion, and Mr. Jones insisted that it was due to the drowsiness and supineness of the watchmen on its walls. At last David Morgan said, "There can be no harm in our attempting to rouse the churches of this region; I am willing to do my best. We can do no mischief by holding prayer-meetings, though there should be no more than *man* in it all." "You do that," responded the other, "and I will guarantee that *God* will be with you very soon."

Throughout the morrow David Morgan was like a man distracted, now wrestling with God in private prayer, and now in consultation with Humphrey Jones. He felt that the King's business required haste, but was afraid to run unsent. Before Saturday night, the C.M. Church at Ysbytty was anxious to secure Mr. Jones's services alternately with its sister church at Pontrhydygroes. This solicitude was not unmingledly spiritual, perhaps, in its motive; an unacknowledged element in it was a feeling of apprehension that the Wesleyan church might steal a march upon them. In any case, it was arranged that Mr. Jones should preach at Ysbytty on Sunday morning, October 3, when David Morgan was present, having been prevented by the perturbed state of his mind from fulfilling his Sunday engagement at a neighbouring church. The Revivalist's text was, "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion." The message was delivered with intense solemnity, but no apparent impression was made on the audience. In the following church-meeting the preacher complained rather bitterly of the frigidity of the religious atmosphere, and turning to the elders, said, "Not one of you helped me with so much as an 'Amen.'" One of them—John Jones, Penllyn—rose, and replied, "It is very difficult for a man, when the ministry condemns him, to cry 'Amen' with it." Overcome by sudden feeling, the

old man burst into tears, and fell into his seat as if in a swoon. He was a man of undoubted piety, and unfailing faithfulness in all departments of Christian work; and when *he* was heard acknowledging his guilt in the face of the sermon, the entire church was struck by an overwhelming wave of emotion, and, as if by a simultaneous impulse, every face was bowed low and bathed in tears.

David Morgan preached there in the evening; and twice on the following day at Llangurig, a village fifteen miles away. Not yet had he received power from on high, and as he hurried home to the united prayer-meeting arranged for Tuesday evening, his bosom was agitated by intense and conflicting emotions. Though he had sought the blessing for years, he was abashed when he realised that it was at hand, awaiting his acceptance. He retired to rest at his usual time on Tuesday evening, and slept for some hours. He awoke about 4 a.m., and was instantly conscious that some strange, mysterious change had come over him. He became aware with awe of a marvellous illumination of his faculties, especially of his memory. "I awoke about four in the morning," said he himself, "remembering everything of a religious nature that I had ever learnt or heard." Congregations were filled with amazement during the coming months, when they heard him pray for dozens of converts and their relatives, each one by name; recapitulating in his intercessory prayer on their behalf, not only their names, in the order that he had spoken to them as they lined the penitent forms, but also the details of their spiritual condition and family affairs and circumstances. To recall a hundred names caused him no embarrassment. He recollected the name of every convert, and every utterance of each one. "So He giveth to His beloved in their sleep." This astonishing endowment of memory was revoked as suddenly and unexpectedly as it was conferred.

One night, in less than two years' time, he went to sleep in possession of it, and when he awoke—it was gone!

But we have anticipated our story. David Morgan rose early on Wednesday morning, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. The united prayer-meetings felt the breath of the south wind, and the spices of the Lord's garden were flowing out. Men and women who had declined into heathenish habits, having neglected the house of God for years, came crowding into its courts from the recesses of moor and mountain. Many an old backslider was heard whispering, "I will arise." Not a service passed but some servant of Satan broke away from his old master.

There lived in the village at this time a shockingly profane and drunken lead-miner. One Saturday afternoon he stood in the middle of the village, "painting the street red" with obscene oaths and maledictions. By chance Humphrey Jones approached, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said to him calmly, "You are not aware, perhaps, that you are a man who will *die suddenly*." The oath halted paralysed on the man's lips, and he slunk away dejectedly, as one who had already found the sentence of death in himself. That night he was present at the prayer-meeting, sober enough; he pressed soon afterwards into the church, and lifted up his voice in public prayer. He held fast his profession through the spring and summer of the Revival, but afterwards his love grew cold and his leaf withered. His old habits reasserted themselves, and his feet once more sank in the mire. A year or two afterwards, one Christmas morning, he was preparing to descend with another workman into the mine-shaft, and though warned that the rope had not been properly fastened, pushing his fellow-workman before him, he leaped with an oath into the cage. The warning had been only too necessary—the rope unwound from around the roller with their weight,

and the two, “with all their imperfections on their head,” were instantaneously dashed to their doom.

In the united services, the power of the Holy Spirit was being felt with gradually increasing intensity. It was in its terrors that the Eternal became a reality to them first. They seemed plunged into depths of godly sorrow; “the waters compassed them about, and the weeds were wrapped around their head.” For some weeks it was the voice of weeping and the sound of mourning that was heard in the meetings. The house was often so full of the Divine Presence that ungodly men trembled terror-stricken; and at the close, sometimes they fled as from some impending peril; at other times, sat glued to their seats, ashamed and afraid to pass out in the presence of the church. Some, in their agitation, would leave their hats behind; and this ere long came to be interpreted as an indication that their owners would be the converts of the next service. After finding their way out, they would return, fascinated, in knots to the doors and windows, pushing them slightly ajar to get another glimpse of the strange scene that they had quitted. When the church members at last came out, like guilty creatures they would all retreat into the shadows, excepting some who would be too sorely wounded to flee. These would need an application of oil and wine before they would revive sufficiently to enable them to crawl home.

Humphrey Jones and David Morgan were walking home, arm-in-arm as usual, from the prayer-meeting one Saturday night. It had been the monthly pay Saturday in connection with the lead-mines, a day given up for years to drunkenness and revelry. Some one met them and said, “There are awful scenes at the ‘Tumble’ to-night. The drinking and swearing and fighting are terrible to witness.” The two ministers instantly resolved to invade this parade-ground of Satan in the name of God. When they reached

the public-house, pandemonium had overflowed out into the highway. Bacchanalian rioting was rampant in every apartment. They pushed their way into the kitchen, and found that the landlord had just arrived at the top of the cellar stairs, holding a tankard of foaming ale in his hand. When he saw his unexpected visitors he was petrified with astonishment. "Mr. Davies, will you permit us to pray here?" asked Humphrey Jones. "C-c-certainly," was the publican's reply. Mr. Jones immediately fell on his knees in the midst of the blasphemous revellers. His resonant voice penetrated into every apartment; then the din of the tipplers and swearers gradually ceased, and the combatants were covered with shame. David Morgan followed, in a voice tense and ringing with emotion, praying by name for drunkards that were present around him. When the two ministers opened their eyes they were amazed by what they saw. The large kitchen was empty but for one sot in an utterly helpless condition on a settle, who wept bitterly as David Morgan expostulated with him, and Boniface himself, who still stood in the same spot, as if turned to stone, with the tankard in his outstretched hand. The parlour also and the entrance-passage were empty, and the house silent as a graveyard. When they emerged into the highway there was not a man to be seen anywhere. The enemy had been smitten hip and thigh. "Let us now go to the 'Mason's Arms,'" said the victorious two. Thither they went, but the terror of them had preceded them, and every tippler had fled. They found the same state of things at the "Black Lion," though it is said that one, who had "tarried too long at the wine," there hid himself in the chimney. There was only one tavern more in the parish, the "Star," and that also had long set—the family had locked up and retired to rest. These pay-Saturday orgies were usually prolonged into the small hours of Sunday; so it is clear that the two Revivalists

scored a glorious victory on the occasion that we have described.

This incident invested the Revivalists and the services with increasing authority and prestige. Special or departmental prayer-meetings were established. It was an unprecedented innovation in the village when the members of the Episcopal Church took to the knee-drill. The lead-miners “cried out of the depths” of the earth unto God. The children who worked on the “flooring” of the mine gathered at mid-day in the “Timber-house” to pray. Women and girls held house-to-house prayer-meetings. At this time the habit of secret prayer flourished eminently. Women would seize every opportunity, when their household duties allowed, and convert their dairies and sculleries into oratories. Men approaching each other on the road in the dark would probably be praying audibly as they walked, the prayer changing into the humming of a hymn-tune when they became conscious of one another’s nearness.

The heavenly dew saturated every portion of the vineyard. Not only did the young men see visions, but also the old men dreamed dreams. It was feared at first, when the services were almost monopolised by the raptures of novices in religion—the new converts—that the spirit of the elder brother would possess those who had borne the burden and heat of the day. It was not so; the hearts of the fathers were turned to the children; old and young sat down together to feast on the same good things. The spirit of counsel fell on aged professors who had always been tongue-tied through diffidence, and they exhorted with an eloquence and an insight that captivated all who heard. The spiritual fervour generated did not evaporate in barren emotionalism. Awakened and re-awakened alike put their hands zealously to the plough of definite Christian effort. The Bride prized the privilege of joining with the

Spirit to say, "Come." Redemptive forces spread with contagious speed east and west throughout the neighbourhood. If one member of a household was converted, it guaranteed the early inbringing of all the rest.

For more than a month the Revivalists confined their labours to the two churches referred to above; but early in November they visited together, evening after evening, a number of churches in neighbouring villages. A few details of this united work will be given in the next chapter. This course terminated after a fortnight. Not every prophet is able to contemplate with serenity the increase of the man baptized by him, while he himself must decrease. Towards the middle of November their alliance was amicably dissolved, Mr. Jones proceeding alone to hold a mission at Cnwch Coch, while David Morgan, clothed with a double share of his mentor's power, prepares to carry the message of the Lord of Hosts "to other cities also."

After a few weeks more in the country, Humphrey Jones commenced work (December 19) in Aberystwyth, at Queen Street Wesleyan Chapel. He arrived with radiant hopes of a deeper and more glorious revival than had as yet been experienced in the rural districts, and the ministers of the Circuit gave him a free hand as to methods. He would do no preaching, and would permit none. He prohibited singing also, at an early stage of the mission. The exercises were sternly limited to the reading of Scriptures and the offering of public prayer. For a season the chapel was crowded every night, and scores of anxious converts craved for admission to the church; but Humphrey Jones refused to receive them, on the ground that the spiritual atmosphere of the church at Queen Street was not favourable for the nurture of new-born babes. Under the influence of these rigid methods the services began to droop; music was already dumb, and prayer by and by became

paralysed. Early in June the leaders were forced to the conclusion that the young Revivalist's mind had lost its balance. Whether this was the result or the cause of the miscarriage and failure of the Aberystwyth mission is difficult to decide. Led astray by light that he accepted as from heaven, Mr. Jones's activities pursued a most deplorable direction, and he began to "prophesy." He predicted at last that at 11 o'clock on a certain morning the Holy Ghost would descend in visible form in Queen Street Chapel. There are points where the religious enthusiast's exaltation of spirit and mental aberration seem almost to touch, and there were hundreds who still believed that Humphrey Jones was deep in the secrets of the Almighty. From early morning on the predicted day the streets of the town hummed with the excitement of agitated groups of men and women, many of them awe-struck, all curious. Queen Street Chapel was crowded with spectators; Humphrey Jones, kneeling in the "big seat,"¹ calmly awaited the advent of the critical moment; and when the clock was on the stroke of eleven, he lifted his arms with a sublime gesture, and cried, "*He is coming! He is coming!!*" When nothing happened, the mortified Revivalist wept aloud and fled to his apartments. Thus did the morning star of the Welsh Revival of '59 set in darkness denser than that of death! Yet his name will not be forgotten in the annals of the "Land of Revivals." After many years' seclusion he returned to America; and after preaching for some years, he died at Chilton, Wisconsin, May 8, 1895.

The force of the Revival did not abate with Humphrey Jones's departure from Ysbytty. The whole population of the district did not exceed a thousand, and two hundred adult converts had been won before the end of 1858.

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¹ In Welsh chapels the pulpit is partly surrounded by a large seat where the deacons generally sit.

About this time David Morgan established meetings of a different type, in which definite religious instruction was imparted, and the converts became catechumens. In January a hundred more converts were brought to the Saviour. The fire burnt brighter than ever. The veil seemed to be lifted higher and higher, and at times there was manifested an almost intolerable weight of glory. Stalwart fellows from the mountains would moan as if crushed beneath stupendous burdens or pierced with swords. Some would weep as if their hearts were breaking, others fall into ecstatic swoons. Waves of power often overwhelmed them, and most extraordinary physical effects accompanied their impact. Many leaped and danced in the exuberance of their rapture. The Lord made their feet literally like hinds' feet, and made them walk upon their high places. When the breeze blew strong from the eternal hills, the established formalities and proprieties of a religious service were cast to the winds; all the Lord's people became prophets, and the ordinary barriers of diffidence and reticence having been swept away, began to speak, sing, or pray as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Such simultaneous outbursts have been characteristic of most Welsh Revivals. There is a tradition in Wales that it was a similar demonstration which he witnessed at Llangeitho that suggested to Handel the idea of the Hallelujah Chorus in his "Messiah." A service which culminated in such a demonstration might be expected to become a chaos, but a "chorus" would be a fairer description of it. The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the tempestuous waters, and the storm was instinct with spiritual melody. Perhaps the 1859 Revival was marked to a greater extent than any other in Wales by this feature. It is described in Welsh by a variety of words, such as *gorfoleddu*, "rejoicing"; *mwynhad*, "rapture"; and

moliannu, “praising.”¹ At its best, this “praise” would be characterised by a delightful spontaneity and abandon, and illuminated by a glow of spiritual insight and passion that lifted it to the highest levels of that worship which is spirit and truth. Sometimes it would be a soliloquy addressed to the speaker’s own soul, dilating upon one’s hopes and fears, triumphs and defeats, experiences and prospects, solaces and aspirations. Not seldom it would be a doxology of rapturous homage to the power and the beauty of the Redeemer, when one would vie with the other in selecting the choicest gems from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to place in His crown. Sometimes a cry of despair would arise from some sore-stricken soul, when another would throw out the life-line and proclaim with unhalting accents where and when and how his guilty soul had found peace and safety, and would urge his forlorn neighbour to flee to the same refuge. Some would wail as if the pains of death had got hold of them, insisting with horror that their sins towered threateningly, like dark mountains, over their guilty heads. Others would answer them triumphantly that the crystal waves of God’s mercy were flowing — were rising—*rising*—RISING in a tide of oblivion, and covering for ever the highest peaks of human shame and guilt. The reader should remember that the popular mind did not recognise that the Revival, *par excellence*, had broken out in a place until religious emotion had reached this point of ebullition in open rapture. As a rule, these times of “praise” were the ripe and mellow fruit of the summer of the Revival. In many a church the trees of the Lord were full of the new sap for weeks, sometimes for months, before it blossomed in “praise” on the branches. The course of the Revival at Ysbytty Ystwyth

1 When the reader meets with these words enclosed in quotation marks, let it be understood that the reference is to this characteristic feature of the Revival.

was typical of its course in a multitude of places. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. First the thawing of the ice, then a breeze touched by balmy spring, then the time for the singing of birds.

We have said that the Spirit was poured on every age and condition, as promised in Joel. At the same time the Gospel words, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," were strangely verified. "The disciples rejoiced when they saw the Master, but some doubted." We may relate one instance of astonishing insensibility in the face of forces that shook and swayed giants of the forest, as reeds are shaken in the wind. The man we allude to had wandered into the farthest haunts of the far country. One summer Sunday afternoon he lay in a dry ditch, ostracised by his flagrant vices from respectable society. How a torn copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" came to be in his pocket is a mystery of salvation. He began to turn its ragged leaves, and before leaving that ditch he also had turned his back for ever on the City of Destruction. After returning to his father's house, he wore the best robe and the ring with grace and dignity. The Lord made him a pillar in His house, and committed to him the word of reconciliation. No one attended the Revival meetings with greater faithfulness; yet he confessed with tears, years afterwards, that his heart was as callous as a stone throughout the whole season of refreshing. Oftener than we think, perhaps, prodigals have to pay the expenses of their wanderings in the Far Country. "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance of their inventions."

If the tongue of the dumb sang under the influence of the Revival, it caused the tongues of blasphemers to cleave to the roof of their mouth. This tribe was very numerous formerly in the district, but when the air began to ring with thanksgiving and prayer, the harsh voices

of men who cursed and swore were shamed into silence. In an evening service, a coarse and callous farmer was strangely affected. Previously the dialect of Gehenna contained no shibboleth too difficult for his tongue. In the morning he was alarmed by the consciousness of a mysterious and revolutionary change in himself. *He was unable to swear*. He said to himself like Samson, "I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself." But his evil strength had departed, and he was weak and was as another man. He sought his servants at their work, imagining that he would there find sufficient reasons for the exercise of his cherished habit, but for the life of him he couldn't rap out a single oath. Then he realised that his ailment required a drastic remedy, and thought, as a last resort, that if he could see some neighbour's sheep trespassing on his pasture the lost faculty would be recovered. So he climbed a hill that was near, but nothing availed. He began to tremble in every limb. "What is this?" cried he. "I can't *swear*; what if I tried to *pray*?" He fell on his knees among the furze-bushes, and continued a man of prayer as long as he lived.

Ofentimes the minister's discourse would be interrupted, and perhaps brought to a premature conclusion, by an outbreak of "praise" on the part of some one in the audience. Preachers with a gift of ardent speech especially had to reckon with this informal accompaniment. Some would be embarrassed by it; others would convert the response into fuel to feed the fire of their own eloquence—Among the converts one evening at Ysbytty, there was a woman who was not considered *compos mentis*. She cried appealingly, "Shall I stay,¹ Mr. Morgan?" "Certainly, my sister," responded David Morgan; "there is room for

1 A person impressed in the service, and desirous to join the church as a member, remains for the after-service, and is said to "stay behind."

you in the heavenly mansions, and a plain road all the way. 'The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.'" A short time afterwards, the Revivalist was preaching at a chapel about four miles away, and this poor woman had followed him there. For a while the service was hard, and the minister seemed to make no impression. "I don't know what is wrong here, my brethren," said he, "but the road is very hard to traverse to-day." "Never mind, Mr. Morgan *bach*,"¹ cried Catherine, the "crazed" woman; "He shall dip thy foot in oil. Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." This word in season, from such an unexpected quarter, came as a breeze from heaven over the lifeless service.

The Revival cut deep into the *moral* as well as the spiritual life of the inhabitants. Captain Collins wrote as follows to Dr. Phillips, Hereford, at the end of *March* 1860: "I have been here eleven years. Almost all the miners used to be drunkards and Sabbath-breakers. They would come to their work on Monday with bruised faces and black eyes. The change is beyond anything I ever knew. I saw great revivals in Cornwall, but none to compare with the present awakening in these parts. They work here in companies of four, six, eight, twelve, and twenty. There is no company without its prayer-meeting underground before commencing work. They sing beautifully. On Saturday they gather together underground to render thanks for the mercies of the week. There is scarcely a house without its family altar."

1 A diminutive term of endearment.

CHAPTER IV

THE REVIVAL GRADUALLY SPREADS

THE power with which David Morgan was girded early in October was not ostentatious in its action; it was applied for many weeks to intensify the influence of the Revival in the home district, and not to extend it abroad. The Revivalist tarried the Lord's leisure. In those days there was no press in Wales to endanger the natural development of the movement by means of sensational reports and a daily recurring blaze of publicity. The first reference to the Revival in the vernacular press was not made until February 19, 1859, *eight months* after its beginning.

Any reader who may wonder at the very slow and gradual extension of the Revival should also keep in mind, as a material factor in the situation, the immeasurably greater isolation of Welsh districts and counties from one another in those days, compared with present facilities for mutual intercourse, provided by the multifarious means of intercommunication characteristic of our day.

On the first Sabbath in November (1858), David Morgan had an appointment at *Soar-in-the-mountains*, the most remote and isolated house of worship in the whole of the Principality, frequented by shepherds from a radius of seven miles around. Not the slightest inkling of the Revival beyond the hills had reached those solitudes, but when the preacher arrived very late, they were amazed by the strange and transfigured look of his countenance, and one shepherd nudged the other, asking, "What has come

over our old friend?" He explained his unpunctuality by giving an account of the assault of the previous evening upon the public-houses in his own neighbourhood. It was understood later that he had not revealed to them his whole secret. He had left his home with the dawn, but in crossing the mountain he had come to a desolate place that might be called Peniel, for there, secluded from mortal eye by barren knolls, a man wrestled with him. The dust of this mysterious encounter was on his clothes when he entered Soar. The service made a deep impression. One of his hearers, seeking next day to drown in drink the terrors of the Lord, burst out at the tavern in a cry, "The judgment day is coming! *The judgment day is coming!*" The shepherds gathered from their distant homes on the Monday again at ten in the morning, but the Revivalist could not be prevailed on to preach. "*Pray!*" he urged; "it is *prayer* that is needed."

On the following Sabbath he preached in a village on the northern border of the county. Here a foul-mouthed youth was converted, and his lips touched with a live coal from the altar. All his people were practical heathen, and the lad immediately began work as a home missionary. He besought his elder brother to attend the House of God, and he for the sake of peace gave the missionary a severe thrashing. The old folks were moved with compassion towards the boy thus persecuted for righteousness' sake; and as ointment upon his wounds, they consoled him with the promise that they would accompany him to the next religious service at the chapel. They went, and the Lord laid His hand upon them both. The old man had been fiery in temper and foul in speech in the past, but the grace of God enabled him to fight a good fight against his easily besetting sin. Sometimes, when irritated in the fields, an oath would escape his lips almost unawares to him. Immediately he would take in hand the work of

self-discipline. In his efforts to quell his passionate moods, the turf beneath his feet would be stamped red; but he would not depart from the spot, except as victor over himself. On such an occasion he was heard to say to himself with a sigh, "Ah! the *old* sparks! the *old* sparks!" A few days afterwards David Morgan visited *Pontrhydfendigaid*, a village near Strata Florida Abbey. We find that he had already introduced an innovation in the method of conducting the service which he clung to throughout the Revival. As a rule his discourse would dwell upon truths specially applicable to church members. Then, before giving out a hymn to be sung, he would ask the whole congregation to remain for a short time after singing, as he had a further message for them. He would then leave the pulpit and take his stand in the "big seat." This message would be a fiery and urgent appeal to the unconverted portion of the audience, when he would ply them with homely arguments and telling illustrations to bring them to the "valley of decision." All the converts who "stayed behind" with the church members would be invited to come forward to the front seat. Here the Revivalist would converse with them individually, inquiring with friendly interest about their family connections and responsibilities, and after winning their confidence he would proceed, like a skilful surgeon, to probe their spiritual wounds, and administer the cordial or corrective which his diagnosis of the case enjoined as necessary. Then he would kneel and commend the converts to God, individually and by name, *however numerous they might be*, his petitions moulded with minuteness and detail upon his conversations with them. These conversations with the converts would be carried on in the hearing of all the members; if the replies were inaudible through modesty or diffidence, David Morgan would repeat them, so that all might hear, suppressing nothing that was of general

interest and edification, unless he recognised that some whispered confession should be withheld for the penitent's own sake. Many hold that the Revivalist was at his best in these colloquies with the converts, while others would give the palm to his prayers on their behalf or his addresses to the unconverted.

It is a rather remarkable fact that he now developed a faculty of dramatic description and action that was an absolutely new element in his oratory. It was a discovery, if not a creation, of the Revival power. New notes and cadences appeared in his voice also—musical strains and sinuosities whose sweetness and pathos electrified his audiences, or threw them into a delirium of joy. This quality was higher than even sanctified art; it was a new song that the Spirit put in' his mouth. It appears to the writer that it was only under the inspiration of his most exalted moods that the production of these thrilling, melting shouts was physically possible to him. "At these moments," said one, "there was a curve in his voice as delightful to the ear as the rainbow is to the eye." This remarkable capacity in his voice had not been discovered before the Revival, and never reappeared after it.

In the same neighbourhood, an incident occurred which illustrates the homespun garb in which some of the converts clothed their religious experiences. David Morgan noticed an odd character, called Dick, leaving the meeting with faltering steps. He found him later in the street, and said to him, "Why don't you stay behind in the church meeting, Dick? Haven't you had enough of your old master yet? What have you ever had from him worth mentioning?" "Nothing but his worst," was Dick's response. "Why don't you leave him, then?" "He isn't willing," said Dick. "Why don't you fight him over it?" "To tell you the truth," answered Dick, "there is a battle going on between us now." The Revivalist saw

that Dick was a “prisoner of hope,” and left him. Shortly afterwards the old fellow joined the church. When he next met him, David Morgan told him how glad he was to hear that he had changed masters. “How did you get rid of the old enemy in the end, Dick?” “Oh, I twisted his neck for him at last,” was the answer.

Not until the last week in November did the Revivalists advance together farther afield than Ysbytty. They commenced a short mission on Monday night at *Tregaron*, a town of a thousand inhabitants, nine miles distant from Ysbytty. Llangeitho is only three miles away, where Daniel Rowland had exercised for fifty-five years his powerful ministry, culminating periodically in widespread revivals. Some of the aged saints at Tregaron remembered Rowland and his power, and would scorn to be easily moved by any modern prophets prophesying unto the wind. It was not until the last meeting of the third day that there was any stir in the valley. David Morgan burst out in prayer, “We thank Thee, O Lord, that there are indications of a rising cloud. It is but a little one, like a man’s hand, but it is a *cloud*, and it arises from the *sea*. Let the whole sky grow black! *Let the whole shy grow black!* Let the whole sky grow black!” Then a final hymn was sung before dismissing the congregation; but David Morgan broke out in prayer once again with intensified and invincible fervour. Another hymn was started, and suddenly a very quaint scene was witnessed. Between the big seat and the pews there was a clear space, some yards across, in most chapels in Wales at that time. A godly old woman, named Nell, eighty years old, who had failed to attend the afternoon service owing to very severe rheumatic pains in her limbs, and had only crept painfully to the evening meeting, advanced briskly across the open space and put her hand on Enoch Davies, a lame and decrepit deacon of seventy-two, who sat in the “big seat”.

This was high-backed, and a seat ran around it outside as well as inside. As if electrified by Nell's touch, Enoch stood on his feet, and with one vault cleared the high obstacle between him and her; and the two, soon joined by others, began to leap and dance, as if the days of youth had returned to them. The ark of God was returning from Philistia, God was again visiting His people, and it was thus that the ripest saints at Tregaron celebrated the return. It is easy to scoff at the emotion that manifested itself in these saltatory movements, and to stigmatise those so moved as Welsh Jumpers; but it makes one pause to find that the subjects of these physical manifestations were frequently, indeed generally, men and women of piety and spiritual-mindedness; and when they were moved in this manner, they were swayed spontaneously, irresistibly, and often unconsciously. In one neighbourhood a respectable middle-aged lady, the sister of an eminent Welsh minister, when intensely moved by the truth in sermon or prayer or hymn, would leave her pew, walk gravely into the clear space in front of the big seat, and there she would literally fulfil the Psalmist's injunction and "praise the name of the Lord *in the dance*." After leaping and dancing with rhythmical movements for a few minutes, she would cease and return to her pew, not one word having been uttered by her throughout the whole scene.

Their visit to Tregaron over, the two Revivalists went on the following morning to an adjacent village. They found here a prepared people, and the service was a memorable one. Humphrey Jones could not continue to preach for weeping—gracious and glad weeping on his own part and that of the congregation. David Morgan took his place in the pulpit, but who could preach to showers of tears? Beholding the glory of the Lord overpowering the multitude, the countenance of the preacher grew white and luminous with solar light, and like one

that saw heaven opened, he cried, "*Oh, the Divine Shechinah!*"

In the afternoon, in another village, Mr. Jones requested all the elders of the church to offer public prayer on his behalf before he would enter the pulpit. After taking his text and preaching for a few minutes, he desisted, saying that the impassiveness of the audience paralysed him, and coming down to the "big seat," he commanded the elders who had already prayed to fall to the same work again. This stem dispensation had to be accepted, and after they "had bowed their necks to the yoke," he re-ascended the pulpit stairs, and finished his sermon with marked effect.

At night, in another church, the conditions were still more unpropitious. Meeting utter failure in the pulpit, Mr. Jones "fled to another city," and insisted on converting the service into a prayer-meeting. Here again he directed the deacons to engage in prayer successively, but not a leaf stirred on the mulberry trees. The preacher struck the railing of the "big seat" with his hand with tremendous force, and said with deliberate solemnity, "*Verily, verily, God is mt in this place.*" David Morgan endeavoured to mitigate the alarm produced by this anathema, but the congregation dispersed with dismay in every bosom. The time of figs was not yet.

Before the tidings of the change in David Morgan had spread abroad, he arrived early on a Saturday evening at a distant village for his Sabbath duties. "Couldn't I do something for my Master to-night?" thought he. A tavern was near, and he went in. Bidding the publican and his amazed guests good-evening, he courteously asked permission to read and pray with them. A bewildered consent was given, and as he prayed the tavern kitchen was felt to be none other than the gate of heaven. Having thanked them, he withdrew; and one by one the drinkers arose,

and leaving their glasses half-emptied, with dazed steps they sought their homes. The Sunday morning audience was small, but, to the surprise of the saints, the publican and his customers of the previous evening were there to a man. Their wonder grew when they heard the minister announce an after-meeting, and saw the whole band, inn-keeper included—and none but them—remain behind to offer themselves to the Lord and to His people.

When David Morgan went to *Rhydyfelin*, a number of brethren from Aberystwyth drove over to hear him for the first time. These ministers and laymen were among the “pillars” of Methodism in the county. One of them confessed afterwards that they were an unbelieving, indeed slightly frivolous, band. Persistent rumours had reached them of strange happenings up among the mountains, and the idea that “David Morgan, the Mill” was the pioneer of a powerful revival was too good a joke to miss investigation. The meeting had begun before they arrived; and as they stood in the lobby, they could hear the preacher’s voice, and it pierced each heart like a knife. “They were conquered before they saw his face, and henceforward he was to them as an angel of God.”

When asked, in the after-meeting, why he had remained, one of the converts stated that he had tried, but failed, to find room to go out. “Thank God!” cried David Morgan. “The broad way has been closed!”

When he preached a few days afterwards at Bronnant, the only converts were an Irishman and his wife, who knew hardly any Welsh. At this time the Irish Revival was not so far advanced as the Welsh, but it had commenced, and perhaps it was the prayers of some awakened heart in Ireland that availed for these two surrounded by alien faces, and an alien language.

December the 23rd, the Revivalist went to *Penllwyn*. In the middle of his sermon he startled his audience by

suddenly exclaiming, "If any of you here to-night deny the Deity of the Son, I have nothing better to tell you than what Morgan Howell, Newport, shouted on Lampeter Bridge, 'Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor.' He. became poor when He came to Bethlehem; tell me, when was He rich?" This remark was utterly irrelevant to the preacher's subject-matter, and no one could conjecture whence it came, and whither it went. The mystery was solved in the after-meeting, for among the converts were three Unitarians, journeymen masons from a distance of forty miles, whose presence in the service was quite accidental, and certainly unknown to the preacher. This was the night when the Rev. Thomas Edwards, Penllwyn, brother of the Rev. Lewis Edwards, D.D., Bala College, received that baptism of fire that made him henceforth an apostle in zeal and power.

On the 30th of December we find David Morgan at a hillside chapel, preaching at mid-day. "There was nothing remarkable in the service," writes one, "but at the end he told us, 'Make an effort to come to the evening service, every one of you; for the Lord will do great things to-night. You will have experiences to-night that you never had before.' 'How could the man dare to declare such a thing!' said my father on the way home. After he had preached at six he gave an address to the unconverted; then he prayed, and *it was then that his word at mid-day was fulfilled.*"

When the news of the Revival at Ysbytty Ystwyth came to Llanilar, eight miles away, the church longed for a visit from the Revivalists, but the deacons showed no sign. A number of young men, on their own initiative, invited Humphrey Jones to preach in the neighbourhood, who went, but the hour was not yet come.

David Morgan visited them on December 31, and twenty converts were enrolled. He was due next morning

at Devil's Bridge, nine miles away; and when the New Year's Eve service was over, he attempted to ride thither over a wild and lonely upland called Llanerchpentir Hill. He was on this mountain for hours; whether in the body or whether out of the body, he hardly knew. Beyond a doubt he went through experiences unspeakable and full of glory. He was ever extremely reticent with regard to the profoundest secrets of God's dealings with him at this period, and the veil was only slightly lifted, even for his bosom friends. One of them told us that David Morgan disclosed to him that on this strange night on the hill he grasped and clung to the furze-bushes, because he seemed to feel some mystical forces lifting him, as it were, body and soul from the earth. We cannot but think that One whose Name is Wonderful came out of the darkness to meet him, and that His Hand was marvellously laid upon His servant before the breaking of the dawn of 1859. When he let go the Divine Sojourner, and awoke to his terrestrial surroundings, his puzzled beast was standing by him. Giving it the rein, he arrived home with a countenance so strange, and garments so soiled, that his people hardly recognised him. When questioned, he replied, "I have been wrestling for the blessing, and I have received it."

A parallel experience is recorded of an occasion when he held with a tight grasp the sides of the pulpit at Tregaron, thinking that he saw a bright light above his head, and some one in the light gradually drawing him upwards. Still another instance is related. When riding through the Rheidol valley, he was constrained to twine his fingers in the mane of his horse and to clutch at the bridle, because of some mysterious magnetic attraction exercised upon him from the empyrean. These experiences can be matched, it may be, from the lives of the Mystics, but it is certain that David Morgan at this time had never even heard of their existence.

Our record has now reached the close of 1858. A strip of sparsely populated country, twenty miles long and ten wide, has felt the breath of the Divine flame. The match has been applied to isolated tufts, but the heather is not yet on fire. The conflagration is impending which will consume the indifference, formality, materialism, and iniquity of the land, as a prairie fire licks up pampas grass. We do not propose to dilate at present on the general characteristics of the spreading Revival. The description already attempted of its course and features in Ysbytty Ystwyth may be taken as a representation, in miniature, of the movement in a multitude of other places. The incidents which we now proceed further to relate will illustrate the infinite variety of expression assumed by the Divine life surging in the awakened Church.

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CHAPTER V

THE REVIVAL IN CARDIGANSHIRE

ON New Year's Day, David Morgan held three services at *Devil's Bridge*, the power intensifying in each. An old minister writes: "The evening service was terrible. So near was the Revivalist to his God, that his face shone like that of an angel, so that none could gaze steadfastly at him. Many of the hearers swooned. On the way home I dared not break the silence for miles. Towards midnight I ventured to say, 'Didn't we have blessed meetings, Mr. Morgan?' 'Yes,' he replied; and after a pause, added, 'The Lord would give us great things, if He could only trust us.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'If He could trust us not to be thieves; if He could trust us not to steal the glory for ourselves.' Then the midnight air rang with his cry, at the top of his voice, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto *Thy* name give glory.'"

Strange scenes were witnessed at *Pontrhydfendigaid*. One evening, when David Morgan was speaking to a large band of converts, the thought of the mystery and the glory of the power that was attracting so many into the Kingdom overwhelmed him, and he fell prostrate on the floor, and lay for a space as dead. James Morgan, who was at a table recording their names, fell likewise, and lay unconscious on the floor. "Mortal flesh," wrote one who was present, "can hardly endure these strange and terrible forces."

In this village a Christian family grieved over an unconverted son. He was a reckless collier, the black sheep of the flock. He had taken his journey to Glamorganshire, and in that far country he wasted his substance.

"Oh that William was home to be saved!" sighed his sister. He had not sent them his address, so they joined to pray for his return. A few evenings later David Morgan was to preach there, and who walked into the house in the afternoon before the service, but the wanderer! "O William! where have you come from?" cried his mother, falling on his neck. They were now almost ashamed that their faith had not placed a cup and saucer on the tea-table in expectation of him. "Is everything all right here?" asked William. "Three days ago at Fochriw, a presentiment that I couldn't shake off came to my mind that I was wanted here, and here I am!" They said not a word to him about the Revival, but William was one of the first to go forward that night to the penitent seat.

An open-air prayer-meeting was held on a plateau two miles away. Irresistible forces swept over the mixed multitude that gathered there. Strapping shepherds and stalwart farmers from the highlands beyond rolled on the grass, as if seized by the pangs of mortality. Thomas Williams, a fuller, lifted up his voice, "Hold Thine hand, Lord; slay us not; we can bear no more."

It was in this boggy, hilly district that David Jones prayed, "Make us all wheat, pure wheat, Lord; no one but Thyself would ever have thought of raising wheat on this mountain."

Pontrhydfendigaid is a village of less than 800 inhabitants, but during the Revival more than 400 converts united themselves to the Calvinistic Methodist church.

At *Tregaron*, the red-letter day of the Revival was Sunday, February 20, 1859. The preacher (unordained)

was David Morgan, Pontrhydfendigaid, a calm and unimpassioned speaker. Early in the morning service, when singing a hymn referring to the Atonement, the congregation burst into thunders of "praise," not ceasing for two hours. Similar scenes marked the evening service, and eighty-seven souls found salvation.

Two poor herd lads, twelve years old, felt a great longing to hear David Morgan. They worked hard seven days a week, but by great sacrifices they won a Sunday holiday; and without a penny in their pockets between them, they walked to Tregaron, a fifteen-mile journey. Having settled themselves in the chapel for the evening service, they waited patiently for the moving of the waters. The Revivalist read and prayed quietly in the "big seat"; then entered the pulpit, and read his text: "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life . . . and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations"— Suddenly and unexpectedly, before uttering the next sentence, the preacher's eye flashed and his bosom heaved, as if he were enraptured by a glorious vision. With a sublime sweep of his hand, he burst into a melodious and triumphant shout, "*And there shall be no more curse; but the throne.—*" That was more than enough. It was as if sparks had been cast into a powder magazine. There were explosions of emotion on all sides. Scores leaped from their seats. Text and sermon were swept away on the flood. The two herd boys went home fasting but saying to one another, "We have seen strange things to-day." The Rev. John Rees, Tregaron, related the following in 1859: Near Tregaron there lived a pious woman, whose son was an incorrigible scapegrace. On the way home from a prayer-meeting, a verse flashed through her mind, "I will bless thy sons." Entering her closet, she took the promise and spread it before the Lord, saying, "Lord, here is Thy

promise. ‘Oh that Ishmael might live before Thee!’” That very night, hearing something stirring in his room, she entered, and found her Ishmael on his knees sobbing for Divine pardon.

A converted publican in this place poured his whole stock of intoxicants over the bridge into the river.

After David Morgan had preached in a village hard by, an aged man pushed his way forward to the “big seat” and asked, with a wild look, “Is there any hope that an old sinner like me may find mercy?” The young people were massed in the middle of the chapel, and instantaneously answered him with one voice, “Yes!

‘While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.’”

It was here, after preaching on the parable of the Ten Virgins, and dwelling specially on the *Five* that came knocking too late, that the Revivalist was disturbed by a tumult near the door. *Five* young women were there, who had gone a part of their way home, but were constrained to return with streaming eyes. “Not too late! *Not too late!*” cried the Revivalist, amid general rejoicing.

We were assured that not one meeting was held here (Blaenpennal) for ten months, when the fervour of God’s people did not overflow the prescribed order of the service in spontaneous outbursts of “praise.”

There was at *Swyddffynnon* a man named Thomas Davies, who was a giant in stature and in sin, but his sister Mary was one of them that are peaceable and faithful in Israel. Finding him on the penitent form, the Revivalist cried joyously, “Where are you, Mary? The lion is caught.” In his address to the unconverted the minister had said in a general way, “There you are—you have five children, and you have never prayed for one of them.” When he asked a man named Evan Evans what made him

remain behind, the answer was, "I am the man with five children who has never prayed for any of them."

Over 200 converts were received into this little village church.

There were influential leaders at *Cwmystwyth* who set their faces against the Revival because of the novelty of its methods and manifestations. This antagonism melted away in a church-meeting summoned to discuss the situation, when the Rev. Thomas Edwards, Penllwyn, conversed with the members. "What has your experience been?" said he to James Ball. "Until I heard of the Revival," answered Ball, "my path to the copse was green, but by to-day it is *red* once again," "And what have *you* to tell us?" asked Mr. Edwards, turning to one of the deacons. "I was never before," was the reply, "in the corner that I found myself in this morning." "What happened this morning?" "Well, it was at family worship.

My friends know that I have always plenty of words at my call to express my desires, but this morning I was reduced perforce to three words—'*Answer by fire*.'"

A striking incident is related in the memoir of the Rev. Thomas Edwards, *Cwmystwyth*. A young fellow from this village worked in Glamorganshire, and when the Revival broke out he was powerfully moved to unite himself with the disciples. Returning home from the prayer-meeting, a frivolous woman scornfully criticised in his hearing a prayer that had been offered by a simple Christian. "It wasn't a pipeful," she sneered.

This contemptuous epithet poisoned his mind, and destroyed his desire for Christian fellowship. Later he emigrated to America and devoted himself to serve Mammon. After many years in that land, he was tortured one day by sudden pangs of uneasiness about the state of his soul. Heaven poured upon his head the old truths of the Sabbath-school in *Cwmystwyth*, while Hell gave

resurrection to the gibes of the scoffer in the Rhondda Valley. During this spiritual crisis he returned to his native place. His mother was dead, and his father related to him the incidents of the funeral. "Before the procession left the house," said he, "Mr. Edwards prayed with striking earnestness for you, William, 'the absent son beyond the waters.'" "When did this happen?" asked William excitedly; "what day and what hour was it?" An investigation was made, and it proved that the funeral in Wales and the awakening in America were simultaneous. We should add that William Moses became an active member in a Wesleyan church.

As we stated, the firstfruits of the Revival in *Bronnant* were two monoglot Irish. David Morgan's next service there was one of the most marvellous in his experience. He says in his Diary, "As the converts moved forward, some infinite power fell upon the audience, darting around like wildfire." Two wayward young farmers, starting from home to attend this service, were told by their pious mother, "Well, my boys, you will not come in to-night as you go out." Neither did they; before they returned the "great transaction" was done.

There lived here a weaver, diminutive in stature but nimble-witted. When rebuked for his indifference to religion, his excuses were most sophistical. The Revivalist knew him well, and when he saw him seeking the penitent form he cried delightedly, "Blessed be God! the net was woven fine enough to-night to catch Evan the weaver!" The critics were divided as to whether the allusion was to the dwarfishness of the weaver's body or the elusiveness of his mind. Another to throw down the weapons of rebellion at that service was Daniel Evans, an ungodly cattle-dealer with a very pious wife. "Here is Daniel escaped from the den of lions," said the Revivalist genially. A few months later Mrs. Evans confessed to

a crony, "Daniel's piety shames me." The last shall be first.

Thomas Davies, a roadside stone-breaker, would offer prayer in public before, when invited, but no one ever understood him except his Heavenly Father. In the Revival the unintelligible mutter was changed into eloquence that amazed his fellow-worshippers. Some of them told him, "We knew you possessed religion before, but we didn't know you possessed a voice. What has happened to you?" He replied immediately, "Before, I carried my religion; now, my religion carries me."

On the occasion of David Morgan's second visit to *Llatigwryfon*, he had a wonderful service. He relates in -his Diary: "Power ineffable descended a sat Bronnant and Borth, but more sweeping. One young man was completely blind, and could be led wherever his guide desired. They clutched one another as if afraid of toppling over some fearful precipice. It was with great difficulty that we released their clutch of one another." Thirty souls found light. Not one in the audience went out refusing salvation. A substantial farmer, who had foiled for half a century the mightiest anglers in Wales, left his seat, but the Revivalist met him in the aisle, whispered a word or two to him, when he meekly returned to his place. "Glory to God!" cried the preacher, "here is a fine, sleek, slippery old salmon caught, and the net has not broken!"

Two heathenish old people dwelt in this neighbourhood, but the old woman found Christ in the Revival. Shortly afterwards the old man remained in the church-meeting. Thinking he had misapprehended the nature of the meeting, a deacon asked him, "What do you want?" "The same thing as the old woman," was the answer. "What did *she* get?" "I don't know," said the old pagan, "but it was something that has made her very cheerful and happy. She is singing all day now, instead of the old moping; and

I want the same thing as her.'Tis you ought to know what it is, for it was here she got it."

One day the Revivalist was on his way to a prayer-meeting at *Penuwch*. "Are you coming to the prayer-meeting?" said he to an old man working by the roadside. "No, not I," snorted the stone-breaker. "Come! come!" "I will *not* come to your prayer-meeting. I can't understand how you chapel people find time to attend so many meetings. I can't afford to lose my work." "What would your loss amount to if you came?" "If I gave an hour I'd lose sixpence." "Well, here is a sixpenny-bit for you; come now to the service." "I don't want your sixpence or your service," was the irascible response. "Well, I must pray for you," said David Morgan. "You have a soul worth more than the world, in danger of eternal death." He knelt on the heap of stones, and pleaded with God to melt the stony-hearted old rebel. "Stop! Stop! I'll come with you," cried the veteran, grasping the minister by the arm. "What is it you want?" said David Morgan to him in the after-meeting. "Mercy for my poor soul," he replied. "I have grown too old for Victoria" (he was a discharged old soldier), "but perhaps Jesus Christ will enrol me in His army, and succour my poor soul."

An incident occurred here which the Revivalist related at Beaufort. Preaching there on the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, he said, "Where did the labourers hired at the eleventh hour come from? I don't know; but I was preaching a while ago at *Penuwch*, and the brethren told me there were only five unconverted people in the whole neighbourhood. When the after-meeting was announced, though, *thirteen converts* remained behind, and *their five went out*."

In his Diary the Revivalist records a remarkable service at *Llanilar*, February 1, when thirty-six converts were

received, "some of them the most drunken and reckless young men in the village. My mind was powerfully exercised as I prayed for God's blessing on the gentry of the Ystwyth Valley."

One of the gentlemen prayed for was Mr. Parry, Paith, who angrily resented it. "Who is David Morgan, Ysbytty," he roared, "that he should take liberties with my name? When next I see him, I'll teach that malapert a lesson." He was shooting in a cover by the roadside a few days afterwards, when his servant said to him, "There comes David Morgan!" The squire stalked to the hedge with a scowling countenance. While the Revivalist was far distant, the affronted gentleman stood with menacing brow, but as the rider drew near the great man began to bend at the knees, and as he approached he crouched lower and lower, until he was completely hidden from sight when the preacher came opposite. "I couldn't say a word to him," said the squire to his man. "His countenance was different from usual to-day."

A week later David Morgan came again to Llanilar. On the way he frequently deserted his companion, retiring for private prayer when a gap in the hedge gave him an opportunity. "We shall have a wonderful meeting to-night," he averred; "many will be saved to-night." This presentiment was verified, for fifty-one sought salvation. Among them was a man by the name of Taylor, a gardener at Castle-on-Hill. He was practically a heathen, though he sometimes attended the parish church. He was swept into the Nonconformist service by the flood of the Revivalist's popularity, and the light of life dawned upon the Cimmerian darkness of his heart. Whenever David Morgan gave the right hand of fellowship to a man who was the head of a household, he urged and insisted that he should forthwith begin to conduct family worship. Taylor shrank from this heavy yoke, until he remembered

that he had at home a copy of the Book of Common Prayer. His wife, rejoicing that her partner was no longer an enemy to her Saviour, placed the big Bible on the little round table after supper, and she was astonished by her husband's unfaltering approach to it. She little guessed that he had already secretly secured the Prayer Book, and having found an appropriate collect, had turned the leaf down and hid the book in his pocket. He calmly drew the Bible to him, and having opened the book, he found the place where was written the story of Christ's last hours in Gethsemane. As he read his heart melted within him; there distilled upon his soul an unction from the Holy One, and unbidden tears glistened ere they fell on the sacred page. When he closed the Book there was a lump in his throat; he fell on his knees, and poured forth his soul in strains of penitence and praise. Then he retired upstairs, musing abstractedly and sweetly on what God had wrought within him, and it was when he felt the volume in his pocket as he undressed that he first remembered the provision he had made for facing the ordeal of family prayer. When this incident was related shortly afterwards to the eminent preacher, John Jones, Blaenannerch, he enjoyed the recital hugely. "Do you see the secret?" he cried. "If he wanted formalism, he should have avoided Gethsemane; *he went too near the Blood.*"

One convert resolutely refused to move forward to the penitent form. "I am shattered," he sobbed; "if I move I will fall to pieces; speak to me here, if you please."

A young man in this church was so overwhelmed with mental anguish on the occasion of his conversion that jets of blood spirted from his nostrils, staining his garments. David Morgan approached him, and lifting up his hands, like a priest unto God and the Father giving absolution, he cried, "*In thy blood, live!*"

Spiritual religion mightily prospered here. Earthy elements in the church melted with the fervent heat. A hundred and fifty souls were gathered into the fold in the first six weeks of 1859. What wonder that one quaint brother should in a prayer-meeting twit Satan with his defeat. "It's all up with you, Old Harry!" he affirmed triumphantly; "you have lost all the field already; you have only the headland left you now, and you'll be thrown over the hedge one of these next days!"

It was in a meeting here that the Revivalist whispered in the ear of a beautiful girl—a church member—"What is the name of your lover?" and the answer shyly escaped her lips with modest reverence, "Jesus." When he proclaimed her reply, so that all the brotherhood might hear, "Her lover is Jesus Christ," an ecstasy of adoration overwhelmed them, and all present joined to acclaim Him whose countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as cedars.

"We had a strange, a very strange meeting at Pantglas," records the Diary. "The heavenly influences descended on all present at the same time as at Bronnant and Llangwryfon before." This means at the same point in the service, namely, when the converts began to move to the front. Pantglas is a little schoolroom connected with Llanilar. There was a boy of seven in the service, who, witnessing the scenes alluded to above, was on tenter-hooks of distress because his younger brother was at home missing the memorable drama. At last he broke through his mother's guard. He arrived home ready to drop, and cried out, "Come to chapel! Jesus Christ is in Pantglas!" His enthusiasm was contagious; and his brother asked excitedly, "Did you see Him?" "No," was the answer, "I didn't; it is in the heart of the people He is, and they are all doting on Him, singing and weeping every other."

When fourteen converts had gathered on the front seats, David Morgan said to the elders, "Look again; there is another to be." They looked, but in vain. "Look outside," he suggested. They went outside, and saw some young people leading Morgan Rees, a blacksmith, by the hand. He was an old, callous, lifelong hearer of the gospel. He had been struck in the service with blindness and astonishment of heart. He groped at mid-day like a fool, and wandered into a quarry hard by. Some lads found him there, his clothes soiled by falling over rubbish-heaps. "Where am I?" he asked. "In the quarry." "Lead me by the hand to the chapel door," begged he, and they complied. On the threshold he vociferated with uncontrollable emotion, "Is there hope that I may have life?" "Here is *father!*" shouted his children to one another. "*Morgan* has come!" shouted his wife, greatly moved; while David Morgan answered his question, "*Hope?* There is *certainty*, *Morgan bach.*" Morgan pushed his way on to the penitent form; immediately he received his sight, and a light greater than that of the sun streamed into his soul.

His diffidence would not allow him to offer public prayer as many converts did, and only once was he prevailed upon to wear this yoke. After much urging he fell on his knees, and this was his prayer: "O Mighty God! I don't know what to say while all these folks hear, but when there is only You and I, we understand each other all right; forgive my sins. Amen."

The first time David Morgan went to *Ponterwyd*, thirty rebels accepted the divine amnesty, around one of whom, a companion of his youth, he threw his arms lovingly as he welcomed him to Christ. The pastor conversed in a church-meeting a few weeks later with the new members. One pleaded that he had nothing to say. "*Nothing?*" protested the minister. "Are you able to pray?" "I

am not, indeed, Mr. Oliver.” “Not able to pray! How is that, William?” “I do make an effort,” said William, “but when I try, *I can’t with weeping.*” This electrified the brotherhood. “Will you keep on trying, William?” “Yes,” answered he, “as long as there is a throne of mercy.”

CHAPTER VI

THE REVIVAL IN CARDIGANSHIRE (*continued*)

AT *Ffosyffin* the resident minister was one of David Morgan's bosom friends. His housekeeper was his young niece, Ann. She studiously avoided the Revivalist on the occasion of his first visit in 1859. The uncle explained, "She is afraid of you." "Why?" "Because of the fire." Hearing this, he fetched her in, telling her, "Don't keep away, Ann. If I have gone nearer to God, I have not gone further from men."

In a service here, the unceasing "praise" of an old lady disconcerted the preacher. "Try to hold your peace!" he requested. She replied triumphantly, "It's *His* fault. It was He loved first. 'We love Him, because He first loved us.'"

In the first Revival meeting at *New Quay*, an old man, ragged and filthy, stood in the middle of the chapel. When the church-meeting was announced he darted out into the street, but returned in a few minutes. When the eye of the Revivalist fell upon him he fled out again, but came back the second time. David Morgan started towards him, and this caused him to retreat the third time; but the cords of mercy were around him, and inch by inch he was drawn back into the pavilion of God. "What is the matter, my friend?" said the minister. With a hoarse outcry he replied, "I have served the devil for thirty-eight years, and I want an hour in the Vineyard." "What is your name?" "Oh, I'm only an old ragamuffin about the town."

In his concluding prayer the Revivalist pleaded, "Lord, remember the old ragamuffin about the town; place him among those who have a better name than of sons and of daughters."

David Morgan visited *Penmorfa* early in 1859, and scores joined the church within a few months. Yet they were conscious that the great rain of His strength had not descended. They watched the clouds with anxious eyes for many months. A powerful and eccentric preacher, Thomas John, Kilgerran, supplied the pulpit the first day (Sunday) of 1860. In the morning service he stood on the frowning slopes of Sinai, the thunders only hardening the hearers. The breeze blew milder in the evening service, and while the concluding hymn was being sung, the audience could hear in the musical intervals the preacher's voice in earnest prayer. He descended the pulpit steps slowly, never ceasing his pleading. He wearily reclined on a form below, still praying loudly and solemnly. As he sank exhausted on the bench, still praying, the whole audience rose to its feet with one simultaneous impulse, and every eye fastened on the man of God travelling in prayer, the multitude vented its pent-up emotion in a great incomparable shout that will never be forgotten by those who heard it. Thomas John now lay prone in the "big seat," uttering only one sentence from an overcharged heart. "A happy new year to Thee, glorious Jesus!" This oft-repeated greeting fell on the waves of spontaneous thanksgiving and prayer now surging through the chapel, as the recurrent tolling of a mighty bell might impinge on the hum of a busy street.

In May 1858, David Morgan had preached at *Tanygrots*, and inadvertently repeated a sermon he had delivered in the same chapel a few years previously. This had given mortal offence to a pedantic old schoolmaster, who swore he would never cross the threshold of the chapel to hear

him again. Yet he reluctantly came in 1859, and as the Revivalist read Isaiah lv. tears streamed from his eyes, making his linen waistcoat a sodden rag. "What do you say now, David Jones?" asked one of the elders on the way home. "I can only say that the Lord He is God and doeth what He will; He has done something wonderful to that man at any rate."

A servant girl called Eliza was a wonder to many in this neighbourhood. Her raptures were so disconcerting that Dr. Owen Thomas, preaching there, bade the deacons take her out of the service. She returned to the gallery stairs, and for a whole hour she incessantly uttered one prayer, "Lord, cast me not away from *Thy* presence." Thomas John preached here in the afternoon of the first Sunday in 1860 already referred to above, and pleaded earnestly for the Penmorfa church, which formed part of the Sabbath journey with Tanygroes. Time after time the preacher pleaded, "Lord, remember *Penmorfa!*" At last, with a cry that thrilled every one, Eliza said, "Lord, *remember the world!*" "You have beaten me hollow, Eliza," responded the minister, suddenly ceasing to pray, and the whole congregation joined their voices with Eliza.

On the way to the Monthly Meeting (or Presbytery) at *Blaenannerch*, we are told that David Morgan groaned in spirit, filled with a humiliating sense of unworthiness. He was heard crying a number of times, "Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house that Thou hast brought me hitherto?" Neither sun nor stars had in many days appeared to the saints at *Blaenannerch*, but they had heard of God's work in North Cardiganshire, and some were looking for redemption; for when the Revivalist rose to address the meeting, one old sister gave utterance to their feeling by asking, "Where have you been so long, Dave *bach?*" An evening or two afterwards one brother said in the prayer-meeting: "In those countries where the night is

very long, they go in crowds to the mountain-tops to welcome the day. We have come here to-night to look for the sun." Sixty souls found healing in less than a month after this. "I hope," remarked the minister who received them to the Lord's Table, "that they will never go back." An old pilgrim interposed confidently, "Back! Never! It is *terrible back!*"

The fervour spread. A Welsh proverb says it is easy to kindle a fire on an old hearth. There were many such here. It was the aged sisters that ignited first, but soon the blaze was general. The church was like a volcano for months; alarums were constant and eruptions frequent.

The minister of this church was the celebrated John Jones, Blaenannerch, whose mighty evangelical preaching and organ voice made him the idol of Welsh audiences. Strange to say, he remained dubious as to the reality of the Revival until it had attained the climax of its power in the county. There was a passage of arms between the sceptic and the Revivalist at the Monthly Meeting in January. "What is this that I hear about you, David, my boy?" said John Jones. "What have you heard?" asked David Morgan guardedly. "What have I heard? What means this lugging of people into church fellowship without giving them time to sit down and consider and count the cost before they begin to build?" "What time ought a sinner to get to consider, Mr. Jones?" "More than you give them, by all accounts." "You are criticising my method; what is your idea of a reasonable period for considering this great question?" Accepting the challenge, John Jones retorted, "A month is not too much, at least." David Morgan saw that his enemy was delivered into his hand, and replied, "Well! well! God's Spirit says, 'To-day'; the devil says, 'To-morrow'; but the old evangelist of Blaenannerch says, 'A month hence will do.'" As he retreated worsted, John Jones fired a

Parthian shot—"A flash, my boy; the whole thing is only a flash." "Very well, Mr. Jones, if you will so have it; but there are hundreds in Cardiganshire who have started the heavenly journey in the light of that flash."

Still, a man is seldom converted by having the tables turned on him. Not till September did John Jones break asunder the last fetter of misgiving. While he was still neutral, the fire was not stayed; when he set himself to fan the flame, the conflagration of rapture and spiritual rejoicing became indescribable in intensity.

The Rev. Robert Owen, Rhyl, "the Children's Apostle," catechised them one Sunday, afternoon in the history of Christ. "And He was buried in a grave, was He?" "Yes," replied the little ones. "And is it in the grave He is now?" "No; He is alive." "*Alive?*" "Yes." "Yes, yes," echoed an aged pilgrim, eminent in spirituality, whose name was Daniel Jones. "Are you, children, *sure* that He is alive?" asked the minister emphatically. The little ones were silent at this personal appeal. "*I am sure,*" volunteered Daniel Jones. "What makes *you* so certain?" asked the minister, and the old saint answered simply, "Didn't I see Him by the stone-heap this morning?"

There was in this neighbourhood a farm-servant who had a fine presence and was well-favoured. His clothes, especially on Sunday, were of a superior cut; he not only brushed his hair, but brushed it back and covered it with a silk hat, while he adorned his feet with Wellington boots. All these were things that the Gentiles sought in South Cardiganshire. In a certain service his lost condition was revealed to him, and he was tossed about by powerful convictions under which he hoarsely shouted the opening words of an old Welsh hymn (which may be rendered):—

"I am rescued on the way
To Gehenna."

He cried repeatedly, "I am rescued." His brother, fearing he would inflict injury on himself by the poignancy of his feelings, seized him by the arm to lead him out, but he resisted, crying the next two lines of the hymn:—

"Let me then my song repeat,
Halleluia!"

A few weeks afterwards a puritanic old deacon in a neighbouring church inquired of a Blaenannerch lad, "Does Evan —— still brush his hair back?" "Yes." "Does he still wear the bell-topper?" "Yes." "And the Wellington boots?" "Yes." "Well, you shall see, raptures or not, that he is a disciple whose backbone has not been broken." This criticism proved too true; the rustic coxcomb died a backslider three years later.

Seven prayer-meetings were arranged for the Sabbath concluding the Week of Prayer at the beginning of 1860. These commenced at 7 a.m., and as they ran into one another, continued without intermission till late on Sunday night. Towards the close, the Rev. John Jones was asked to lead in prayer. He refused, saying he was ill and his chest sore. Other brethren were called to pray. In the next pew to Mr. Jones, a pious old pilgrim, whose name was Nanny, "praised" God, being full of the new wine. By and by the volcano began to smoke, and then to belch lava and flame.

"Disperse the clouds concealing," pleaded Nanny. "My Father's House from view," added John Jones. Nanny's flute continued, "And of the great Salvation," "Give daily visions new," rolled out John Jones's organ. Then organ and flute in unison:—

"And to my wounded spirit
Speak Thou a healing word
Of full and free forgiveness
Through Jesus Christ my Lord,"

“Blessed be God!” cried Nanny, “for the Righteousness of Christ, which is sufficient to clothe me, a guilty and poor old creature, with eternal beauty.” This brought John Jones leaping to his feet. He clapped his hands and lifted up his voice in the highest and most melodious notes almost ever heard from his mouth. “It is also *free*, Nanny *fach*.” Then for fifteen minutes, with his glorious voice at its highest pitch, and with the most impassioned declamation, he proclaimed and illustrated the Scripture predictions of the triumph of the Gospel. Suddenly he ceased and sat down. As suddenly he rose again, shouting, “I imagine that I see an angel at this moment with a chain in his hand. What is he doing? He is binding the devil. Lord, hasten the day!” The Amens of the congregation rent the air in response to this ejaculation. The minister sat down, but arose the third time, and in still higher strains cried, “I behold another angel! What does he say? ‘The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ and He shall reign for ever and ever.’” Such was John Jones once caught in the flood.

“If the kettle splashes over,” said he in Aberystwyth, “blame the fire. You have heard stories of ‘old Blaenannerch’ leaping in his clogs, and praising God. Don’t blame me. Blame the fire that makes me boil and splash over. ‘We love Him because He first loved us.’”

David Morgan called at a prayer-meeting at *Rhiwbwys*. He asked one of the six converts, “Have you been long in the service of the old master?” “Over sixty years,” was the answer. “Were you fairly faithful to him through that long period?” “Yes, very.” “Why do you break away from him now?” “I have quite failed to live with him any longer; I have tried my very best.”

Daniel Herbert was a judicious, intelligent old man of seventy-eight, faithfully attending all the means of grace

but not professing religion. In one service he wept like a child. He held in his hand a large silk hat, but long before the meeting was over he had squeezed it flat. When the after-meeting was announced, he staggered like a drunkard towards the door. His sister was watching for his soul, and before he disappeared she cried with thrilling accents, "Slay him, Lord; *slay him*." Daniel tottered and spun round as if hit by a bullet. David Morgan went across and asked him, "Are you ill?" "Not in body, but I am soul-sick," groaned Daniel. "Here is spoil!" cried the preacher. "A soul-sick man! This is sickness unto death—that is, death to sin, and death to live for ever."

A decrepit old sinner named Harry left before the church-meeting, and climbed a part of his hilly way homewards. He was found later hanging about the chapel door, and explained falteringly that it was too dark to go home without company. He entered and walked straight "to his own place"—the bench of the penitents. "Well! well!" said David Morgan to him, "your hair is very white." "Yes, it is," acknowledged Harry. "Did you once have black hair, tell me?" "Yes, black as jet." "And who got the black hair from you?" "The old

devil, every hair," answered Harry. "Oh! the pity of it!" lamented the Revivalist. "The black curls of youth a gift to the devil, and only a few withered wisps of white hair for Jesus Christ! But God will accept the white hair from this to the end." "Thank Him 1" sobbed Harry.

Meeting the wife of one of the converts, David Morgan inquired, "How does Daniel stick to it, Margaret?" "Wonderfully 1" was the answer. "He is like the Wandering Jew at family prayers, but he never fails to find his way to the Fountain before he finishes."

A respectable farmer in this neighbourhood apparently

stiffened his neck and hardened his heart more and more against the divine influences of the Revival. At last he refused to attend the services. "What for?" he would ask. "To hear silly people bawling? They won't let me hear the preacher." In reality it was a case of the stricken deer deserting the flock. At his wife's urgent request he went with her to chapel one Sunday night. The audience was a multitude keeping holyday. After reaching home he tried to hide his wound with a show of indifference, but they noticed that he left his supper untouched. He sat at the end of the table leaning his head against a tier of books—the topmost a Bible—on the window-sill. Listlessly, as it were, he placed his hands behind his head to lean against. By and by one hand moved among the books, and accidentally, so to speak, took hold of the Bible. He opened it like one who counted it as a strange thing; then he left it unregarded but open on the table for a few minutes. Presently he read a verse audibly, as if he had nothing better to do, then turned away with an affected yawn. After an interval he read another verse with an air of great unconcern, then pushed the Book on one side and took another long rest. This respite over, a third verse was launched out for the benefit of the family sitting around the fire. This tragi-comedy proceeded on the same lines until the Psalm was finished, when the farmer stood up with the air of a man who was tired of an uninteresting performance, stretched himself wearily, yawned sleepily (?), but his knees were staggering as if under a tremendous weight. What wonder? Was not the hand of the Eternal Spirit laid upon him pressing him down to the dust of penitence and self-abasement. "Down with them, John *bach!*" said his shrewd partner; "down is their place." And down plumped the tottering knees on the hearthstone, and there the now undivided family remained, praying and praising God till morning light.

CHAPTER VII

THE REVIVAL IN CARDIGANSHIRE (*continued*)

DAVID MORGAN did not visit *Aberystwyth*, the most important town in Cardiganshire, till the middle of February. Out of deference to the feelings of the Rev Humphrey Jones, who laboured there at this time, he had refused invitations to conduct a mission there. It was with Mr. Jones's cordial acquiescence that he went at last, accompanied by Thomas Edwards, Penllwyn. "After a most extraordinary address by David Morgan," recorded a contemporary newspaper, "a society meeting was called, but something seemed to tie the people to their seats, so that they couldn't go out. Sixty converts went forward. Saturday morning, some brother thought of having a prayer-meeting at three in the afternoon. He rejected the first impulse to send the bell-man around as too commercial, and all that he did was to inform his next-door neighbour. The Tabernacle, holding 1200, was full by three."

By the end of March, the accession of new members to the Tabernacle church alone was 400. Half-a-dozen religious services were held daily, frequented by all classes, especially by a crowd of sailors who were a curse to the town before. These were now incandescent with the holy fire, and their prayer-meetings in the streets were memorable. Altars to God were reared in almost every house. Taverns were closed, their signs dismantled, and the "unclean thing" poured into the rivers. Long-standing bad debts

were paid. The Gogerddan popular horse-races turned out an ignominious failure. The militia men held a prayer-meeting before morning parade, at mid-day, and in the evening. A flag exhibiting the device "Worship" would be unfurled in the harbour, and a daily service held on board the ship on whose mast it floated. There were showers of blessing, and the iniquity of the land was removed in one day.

While Captain Williams of the *Peggy* was praying one evening in a service in a schoolroom, one of the vilest reprobates of the town rushed in under the influence of drink. The reverent solemnity pervading the meeting checked his roistering insolence. He listened and scanned the scene for a few minutes, then suddenly dropped on his knees, shouting with an exceeding bitter cry, "O God, be merciful unto Dave the bully!" Then he moved to the front, mingling his supplications with those of the captain, and making his wife the subject of his prayers. "Betty is in the house, Thou knowest, O Lord; go there. Lord, and if the door is locked, unship it off the hinges, and save Betty, Lord!" In a short time, Betty too came in with a wild look, and cried immediately, "Lord, have mercy on me, the biggest sinner in Trefechan." Their reformation was lasting.

One night in the same place, heaven burst as in a shower of coruscating sparks on the young people assembled. Several dropped as dead. One went home at a late hour making the streets re-echo with the apostolic charge, "*Be ye reconciled to God! Be ye reconciled to God!*"

Preaching at the Tabernacle on Ezekiel xxxiii. 7-9, the Rev. Morgan James quoted, "Their own way have I recompensed upon their heads, saith the Lord." He compared the life of the ungodly to a man binding sheaves on the cornfield. The sheaves of his own acts would be placed on the head of the ungodly in the Judgment, and

under that terrible burden he would sink eternally! Two of his hearers became temporarily insane. There was no improvement in their condition after days of medical treatment; they perpetually moaned, "*The burden, the burden!*" The Tabernacle and the schoolrooms were filled by men and women imploring God on their behalf; and as they prayed, sanity returned to the sufferers, and the peace of the gospel in its train. "This is the finger of God!" averred the doctor. "I gave one of these men four times the normal quantity of narcotics to induce sleep, but all in vain."

Another seaside resort in North Cardiganshire well known to English visitors is *Borth*. Eminent ministers preached there at special services on January 25th and 26th. David Morgan and his bosom friend and colleague in the Revival work, Thomas Edwards, Penllwyn, were invited there for the second day. As they rode early thither through a neighbouring village, they were told that the most influential of the special preachers was antagonistic to the Revival. The two friends soon afterwards tied their beasts to a fence, and retired to a secluded place in a copse hard by. Having preached in the morning service, the Revivalist asked the unconverted hearers not to leave, as he had another message for them. On this he picked up his hat and went out. He was out a long time. Many feared he had taken his horse and departed; but it seems it was for private prayer that he had retired. When he returned to the waiting assembly, his face glowed with unearthly radiance, like that of Moses when he came down from Sinai. His eyes flashed around with lightning glances, and when the singing ceased he commenced, "Do you know what is our errand here?—we have come to search for gold dust in the sands of Borth." Every sentence that he uttered went straight and swift as arrows into the hearts of the King's enemies. "As the converts stood up

to come forward," records the Diary, "some divine power fell on the hearts of scores, and many burst out crying for their lives; that is, some of the old members, not the converts. These were weeping and trembling. These influences lasted like Greek fire for five minutes." "Something like a cloud-burst took place," writes another. In the height of the tumult David Morgan cried exultingly, "The walls of Jericho are falling in heaps of ruin!" Then he went down among the converts. One of them was a young man named James Enos, on whose account there had been great searchings of heart because of his talents and the religious traditions of his family. When the Revivalist saw him, he leaped over four feet into the air with a shout—"The silver vessels are being gathered out of the rubbish-heaps."

One morning at eight, little children held a prayer-meeting on behalf of an aged sinner of eighty-four who was locally known as "Old Aberleri." That same day in the afternoon service the old rebel yielded, conquered by love divine and human. "Bring forth the best robe," cried the Revivalist joyfully; "his Father has seen him." He was absolutely illiterate, but as a new-born babe he desired the sincere milk of the Word. He obtained it in halfpenny-worths by giving coppers to any children who would read a chapter to him.

David Morgan's text one evening was, "Thou art weighed in the balances." An old thatcher asked his neighbour at intervals, "Dost thou think He will come to-night?" *He came*, as the unconverted were departing, when the minister appealed to them, "How dare you go out, and *God weighing?*"

One old sailor decided that he had better hide in the harbour when these hurricanes were sweeping the ocean. He avoided every meeting held by the Revivalist. He was left alone one evening when a service was on, and in the

silence he felt *something* passing through the house. He could not define the experience more precisely, but his changed life proved it was that Wind which bloweth where it listeth that swept through the stubborn sailor's home, verifying the word, "I was found of them that sought me not."

The whole prayer of a convert on one occasion is recorded thus: "I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou gavest me grace this week to plough the hill fields without cursing the horse, or the old rock, or the plough. Amen."

Many of the sailors who found salvation at Borth were called home in the storm of October 26, 1859, locally termed "the Royal Charter breeze." They perished before the ardour of their first love had begun to cool.

At *Penrhiw*, the Revivalist in his address to the unsaved used an illustration describing a man collecting sea-birds' eggs on a rock-bound coast. While his friends above hold the rope which was tied around him, he descends on his perilous quest. It is a stormy day; the winds swing him in the void, and the rope rubs against the teeth of the rocks. To his consternation, he observes that the sharp precipice above has already severed one strand of the rope. He shouts apprehensively to his mates above, but his cry is lost in the whistling of the wind. "Haul me up! haul me up!" he shrieks as he swings, horror-struck to see another and yet another strand sundered by the jagged crag. "You hang by a frail and fraying rope over the abyss of eternity. What means that shooting pain in your head? A strand of the rope is gone. What is that crick in your back? Another strand has parted. You lost your sleep the other night! Another fibre severed! The last strand will snap one of these next days. You may be raised to safety to-night and your feet set upon a rock."

The arch-swearer of the parish was in the service, listening with such an insolent and offensive air that some

of the deacons “thought he ought to be asked to leave the building. When some overflowing saint broke out in “praise,” old Isaac would burst into contemptuous laughter. When David Morgan was in the midst of his conversation with a bevy of young women who had that evening chosen the good part, Isaac rushed in with a distracted countenance, every hair on end with excitement. “What has brought you *back*?” asked the preacher quietly. “I failed to go *on*,” was the reply. After finishing with all the others, the Revivalist asked again, “What made you return?” “I was afraid to advance,” said Isaac. “The abyss you described gaped before my feet; I could see devils, and hell ready to swallow me alive. When I turned back the road was clear. I turned homewards again, and the mouth of hell immediately yawned in front of me. Here I am, but I don’t know in the world what for!” “Would you like to enter the society?” “No; I haven’t thought of that.” “Why have you come back, then?” “Man, haven’t I told you it was because I failed to go on?” “Why shouldn’t you join the church?” “I am a fearful swearer; I have oftentimes cursed and swore out of fun just to shock these deacons.” “You must give up swearing.” “Oh, I couldn’t possibly do that.” “Will you do this, then? Each time you swear, drop on your knees and say, ‘Lord, help me not to swear, for Christ’s sake. Amen.’” “I will by ——” promised Isaac. Having asked the church to give the right hand of fellowship to the seventeen young women, he brought before them the case of Isaac as a special sinner. “Isaac has failed to go on, but he has come back. He has been eminent in blasphemy; he intends now to become eminent in prayer. Are you willing to receive Isaac, once the great swearer, henceforth the great in prayer?” All wept save Isaac, whose every gesture testified, “I’m but a stranger here.” The converts of ’59 generally bowed their heads, weeping—Isaac sat

bolt upright, staring around. When the Revivalist asked for the usual show of hands, Isaac leaped to his feet, and looked around sharply to see whether every one signified willingness to accept him; then he turned towards the deacons' seat, and when he saw that they all held their hands up in his favour, the surprise made the strain insupportable, and he began to moan like a wounded animal, and he could not be silenced. The habit of swearing disappeared like a pricked bubble, and soon his gift of prayer became one of the assets of the church at Penrhiw.

CHAPTER VIII

THE REVIVAL IN CARDIGANSHIRE (*continued*)

UNTIL February, there had been no formal, official recognition of the Revival on the part of the denomination in which David Morgan was a minister. The ministers and deacons of the county met to transact connexional business and to discuss religious questions in the churches in rotation once a month. The policy adopted in reference to the Revival was that of waiting the course of events, until it should become abundantly clear whether the movement was of God or not. It was referred to in a non-committal way at the January Monthly Meeting, and David Morgan records that the movement was appreciated by most of the representatives present. However, its course was not to run smooth through the ecclesiastical court. The February Presbytery met at Aberayron, and the non-contents thought it was time to challenge the unauthorised programme of the obscure minister from Ysbytty. It was not to be thought that the chariot of God had entered the county along an avenue not prescribed by them. The Rev. Evan Phillips, Emlyn, shall describe the issue of events: "The group acknowledged as leaders in the Monthly Meeting were antagonistic, and even menacing. It seems that they had come there with fists clenched and teeth set, and their new ropes ready to bind the half-crazy preacher, as they esteemed him. They thought they were doing God service. Many, therefore, had anxious forebodings as to the Revivalist's fate. By

the evening service, it was clear that he needed no earthly champion. God's presence filled the place. Those good brethren who had proposed to defend the ark had vanished already. The intense glow pervading the place vindicated itself as God's fire." A number of Revival addresses were given. The audience was moved like a tropical forest in a hurricane. David Morgan struck the table with his hand, and cried with electrifying force, "BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN, IS FALLEN."

At two next day another Revival meeting was held. The Rev. Evan Phillips writes: "Calvary was near, and the green slopes of the Promised Land lay smiling before our view. The Revivalist stood in the pulpit and glanced around the audience, gazing more especially at the crowd of young people in the gallery. That gaze was terrible. Hardly any one in the gallery could endure it. With one impulse they bent their heads like sensitive plants touched. 'The world's sin is great,' he says. The words fall like lead on the hearts of the multitude. 'Christ's atonement is greater,' he adds; and a shower of tears falls through a bright sky of joy."

There was at *Lledrod* an influential deacon who disparaged the Revival, and set little store on the many converts he heard about. "I prefer an empty purse to one filled with spurious money," said the cynic. Only a few came to the first Revival service. Preaching from the words, "Ephraim is a cake not turned," David Morgan asked the elders, "When did the Lord give you a turn in the big seat here?" He came again a week later, when all felt he was a man sent from God. His every word thrilled the people like magnetic shocks. Forty-seven souls escaped from the fowler's snare. One remarkable character was Stephen Parry, a mason, a blasphemer and a persecutor, and injurious. In his second address the preacher said that certain savages had an effective way

of decimating wild beasts in their land. With poles they made in the forest a gradually narrowing road, terminating in a pit full of water. Then they beat the woods for miles around, driving their victims before them towards the wide entrance of the trap. At first the wild beasts gambolled sportively, and it was only the sight of the pit that alarmed them, but no way of escape could be found. Similarly devils plotted to drive men to the broad way. Men made light of sin and death at first. They wouldn't consider their latter end. It was the view of "deep Jordan" that first startled some sinners. Gripped by the terrors of judgment and the pains of death, they saw no way of escape. Esau found no room for repentance. By devoting themselves to self-indulgence and vice, sinners placed legions of devils between themselves and deliverance. In the chamber of affliction, and on the deathbed, the narrowing walls of the hard way crushed all hope out of them, and they found themselves driven of the devil into a pit of destruction. Turning suddenly to Stephen Parry and fixing him with his eye, the speaker cried, "And you remember, Stephen Parry, that the terminus of the road you are on is not a pit of *water*, but a pit of *fire*!" Had a shell burst at his feet, the profane mason could not have been more terrified. As he confessed afterwards, he was so blinded by the tumult of his feelings that he failed to find either his hat or the catch of the pew-door to leave. The preacher asked him, "Have you fallen out with your old master?" "Yes." "You'll make peace with him again, perhaps?" "Never!" "Do you intend to leave the habits prohibited by the Bible, and become a total abstainer?"¹ "I will do *anything* and everything for Jesus Christ's sake." "Have you ever prayed?" "No, never." "What would you think of praying with

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¹ David Morgan invariably insisted on a total abstinence pledge from all the converts.

your family to-night? Shall these knees," touching them, "bend to-night in the dust before God?" "They shall *try* to-night," answered Stephen. This man lived for forty years a bright, consistent life of prayer and virtue.

David Morgan preached at *Garn* on a Sunday afternoon in February on the words, "Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not." As soon as he had finished the address, he said, "Clear this front seat, and make room for the converts." "Where have you got them?" said the Rev. John James incredulously, who sat in the pulpit with him. They streamed forward, filling the front bench. "Clear the second bench again," he commanded. "Come down," he cried, lifting his eyes to the gallery. A number came, filling the second bench, and making thirty in all.

Fifteen yielded to God at a service when the Rev. Richard Davies, Taliesin, preached. He asked one of them, "What is it you want?" "My life," cried the young woman eagerly. "What made you think your life in danger?" "I saw myself a great sinner." "Did you see anything else?" "I saw a great Saviour in Jesus." "Which did you see the greater—you as a sinner, or Christ as a Saviour?" She burst out in a cry full of exultation and melody, "Where sin abounded, *grace did much more abound!*"

One Sunday afternoon, at *Blaencefn*, the young men studying a Bible lesson found the Word as a burning fire in their hearts, and became weary with forbearing. They were still "rejoicing" when the older people gathered for a prayer-meeting at six, and even the blowing out of the candles at midnight did not extinguish their songs.

There were many old folks in this congregation. One of them, on the night of his surrender, was asked what made him decide after neglecting so many opportunities. His reply was that he had discovered his last refuge was

on fire. William Thomas, a man of blameless walk, a great reader, a fine theologian, the best teacher in the Sabbath-school, and a man who conducted family worship regularly, was the last of the veterans to bend. One evening he rose in his pew to leave, halted for a space by the big seat, then hardened his face and proceeded as far as the door, turned back, hesitating, but finally passed out into the court in front. He pulled up there again for a few minutes, then dragged his unwilling feet as far as the gate leading to the roadway. Once again he stopped short, listening to the music within. Stepping forward, his white locks floating on the breeze, he was heard soliloquising despairingly, "Oh! there is no one on the road but the devil and myself!" A few moments later he added, "This is the most terrible war I was ever in!" Before daybreak David Evans, shoemaker and deacon, heard a loud knock at his door, and a peremptory cry—"David Evans, how can you sleep in such a storm as this?" The distracted veteran was admitted, and after the reading of Scripture and prayer, the tempest-tossed soul found Him who is a hiding-place from the wind.

One Sunday morning at eight, the leader of the prayer-meeting called forward first an old deacon; next William Thomas, who could hardly kneel owing to rheumatism and decrepitude; then "Uncle James," who moved forward upon two crutches; and lastly a white-haired pilgrim with one foot in the grave, who had only just commenced the heavenward journey. The sight of these almond-blossom-crowned heads bowing successively before the Ancient of Days was more than the audience could bear. Their emotion found an outlet in cataracts of "praise," immediately drowning the voice of the patriarch-priest.

A number of sailors from a neighbouring church, *Aberporth*, gathered in the village smithy after a service by David Morgan, and as they chewed the cud on the good

things he had said, they began to "praise," and the rafters of the smithy rang with the strains of their jubilation. "Yes, my lads!" said the godly old blacksmith, "it is summer weather now; it is easier to be religious than not; but you mark, my boys, you will see a different time after this. You will pass through such desperate times for religion that you will have to *hold to it with your teeth* or lose it."

One of the converts at Horeb (which was truly a mount of God in 1859) was an old naval pensioner. Seeing him bowed beneath the weight of eighty years, the Rev. David Rees said to him, "Well, Robert, you've left it very late." "So I have," assented Robert. "It's gone eleven, Robert." "Yes, but it isn't twelve," retorted the veteran. "No," responded Rees, "He receives no one at twelve; but it is half-past eleven. You will have little time to do anything in the Vineyard. Your term of service is only half-an-hour, and the Master will only give you a halfpenny." "No fear, sir," replied Robert, "He never gave any one a *halfpenny*; even *I* shall have the *penny*."

The last day of February, the Revivalist preached at *Newcastle-Emlyn*, the net enclosing a draught of fifty-four souls. He asked one of them, "Have you been with religion before?" "No, not exactly *with* religion," was the hesitating reply. "Have you been under religious impressions at any time?" "I followed John Elias when he preached around here forty years ago, and I have been hiding wounds ever since that time."

The Rev. John Owens, *Llannarth*, exercised a powerful and fiery ministry before 1859. It was of him that some one remarked, "He has plenty of fire"; and another retorted, "Yes; it is a pity he hasn't a better grate to hold it." We cannot say that the grate was improved, but certainly the fire was intensified sevenfold at this epoch. At the conclusion of his sermon one afternoon in a little

hillside church, the sacrament of baptism was to have been administered. The usual bowlful of water had been set on the Communion table. The preacher's ardour in the pulpit resulted in thirst, and lifting the baptismal bowl to his lips, he drained it dry. This would have been a small matter had not the well been half a mile away. When Mr. Owens was reproachfully informed of this quandary, he exclaimed, unmoved, "It is not the baptism of water we need nowadays, but the baptism of fire." The only comment worthy of this incident was made by a London Welsh minister, who quoted gravely, "Have ye never read what David did when he had need and was an hungered, &c."

It was Mr. Owens who said at this time that thirty life-lines had been thrown out towards the Royal Charter. "But it isn't *thirty* life-lines," he cried, holding up the Bible, "that are thrown by God to a perishing soul.

'Sweet promises, a *thousand*
Within God's book are found,
Distilling heavenly manna
And myrrh upon the ground;
All these are thy possession,
Their treasures freely thine;
Their ground and their fulfilment
Rest in the Blood divine."

The tide reached high-water mark at the village of *Llechryd* in the Presbytery meeting. A "society" was held at 8 a.m., the young men of the district filling the centre of the floor, and the young women sitting, in tier behind tier, on the gallery. One of the speakers—Thomas John—contemplated the possibility of such "solemn troops and sweet societies" being led astray, once the Revival was over, by the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Then he shouted at the top of his terrible voice, "Put on you the

whole armour of God!" With the word a chorus of Amens overwhelmed him, as a river bursts its banks in high flood. The inundation continued in ever-swelling torrents of rapture till ten at night. Some could not so much as eat bread until the waves subsided. Most conspicuous was a pious, ardent young schoolmaster. Where the wind blew strongest, was it on the gallery, or in the big seat, or on the floor, there would he be found, revelling like the stormy petrel in the tumult of the elements. A brawny exponent of muscular Christianity undertook to persuade him to seek some refreshment. "Come for food, Mr. Pierce," said he. "The Bread of Life, man!" cried Pierce. "Yes! yes! but we must have the bread that perisheth too." "The waters of salvation!" exulted Pierce. "Tea, now!" retorted his unsentimental friend, taking him by the collar and removing him by main force. Preaching the next evening, David Morgan described Joseph led to jail between two officers. "Where is your coat, Joseph?" cried the crowd derisively. "What does it matter where my *coat* is?" replied Joseph; "I've got my *character*."

The Rev. John Richards, Llechryd, returning from a Sunday engagement at this time, saw a woman washing fleeces in a brook. He conversed with her about the Sabbath exercises. "Oh!" she said, "the preacher proclaimed beautiful things, blessed things." Testing her further, he found her unable to reproduce any remarks from the sermons. He exhorted her to give the more earnest heed to the things heard, and not let them slip. She answered mildly, "If I have not gripped the truths, the truths have gripped me. The water of the brook does not remain in this wool; still the wool grows whiter with every rinsing that I give it. I felt yesterday that the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, was cleansing me from all sin. If I don't hold the things, the things hold me at any rate."

On another occasion he stopped to speak to a stranger. "What sort of services did you get yesterday?" "Wonderful!" she replied. "The heavenly dew was falling very heavily." "What is the name of that farm yonder?" inquired the preacher. "Yes, delightful meetings," continued the woman. "The great Master was very near yesterday." "Who lives in the mansion among those trees?" queried Richards. "Oh yes!" she pursued, "yesterday was a great day. It was a market-day for the soul here. Half-a-dozen joined the 'society' last night." And Mr. Richards had to carry his topographical researches elsewhere. So the Revival made many leave the care of the asses, having neither eye nor ear nor tongue but for the things concerning Jesus of Nazareth.

It was at *Turgrwyn* that we were told of a father, flanked by two daughters on the penitent form. "Are these all the children?" asked David Morgan. "No; I have five sons in the South." "Where there?" "Two at Aberavon, and three at Maesteg." The Revivalist then engaged in intensely earnest prayer for their conversion.

He was at the time on the way to Glamorganshire, and among the fifteen converts at Aberavon were the two brothers. Identifying them, he prayed again for the three still outside the fold. He preached at Maesteg next morning, and among the twenty-four who threw down their weapons of rebellion were the remaining three.

"We had a wonderful prayer-meeting last night," said a sister to a farmer who had missed it. "What was going on?" he asked eagerly. "Oh, John the gardener plucking the golden apples from the Tree of Life and throwing them into our laps, and the fruit was sweet to our taste."

One of those who capitulated here was illiterate, and had been utterly impious. One of the elders suggested to the Revivalist that to catechise such a blindworm would be absolutely unprofitable, and would only serve to provide

the young folks with amusement. But David Morgan well knew the art of turning a deaf ear to men who would like to tie the hands of the Holy Spirit. "Well, John," he exclaimed genially, "you have stayed with us; there is something troubling your mind, I suppose?" "Yes, there is something here," replied the old painter. "Perhaps some word from the sermon, or the hymns, or the Scriptures has stuck to you. If so, let us hear what it is." After a short silence John whispered huskily, but audibly, "*Sinner!*" "Do you hear, my people?" cried the minister; "John has found the word '*sinner*,' and the word '*sinner*' has found John. Come again, John *bach*; tell us, has any other word from God's Book gripped you?" "Yes," said he a little more boldly. "What is it?" "Salvation!" "Do you hear, my people?" cried the elated evangelist. "Here is a sinner who has seen the word '*Salvation*.' Thanks be unto God! for a Book that proclaims the word '*Salvation*' after thundering the word '*Sinner*.' Well done, John! it was not flesh and blood that revealed these things to you. You are led step by step. Come again, John *bach*! has your soul grasped some further word?" The old fellow had by this gathered strength and confidence, and cried with electrifying effect, "HALLELUJAH!" "Glory to God!" exclaimed the delighted Revivalist. "Come again, John, you are teaching us all; is there any other word?" However, the extraordinary effort had exhausted John's inspiration, and he pleaded, "Let me be now, good sir, I beg of you."

One of the most remarkable meetings of the Revival was held on July 12, 1859, on Frongoch Hill, three miles from Ysbytty Ystwyth. It was a thanksgiving service for the salvation of so many thousands. When the people gathered in the morning the heat was intense, the sky like a furnace above, and the earth a hotbed beneath. An old saint named Isaac Rees besought God to draw the blinds

over His window, lest the blaze of the physical heat should counteract the power of the spiritual heat. "A cloud of thick mist," says the Diary, "came over the mountain; it shadowed the sun, and the earth cooled pleasantly, and heaven's influences descended so wonderfully that scores were rapturously 'rejoicing.' The cloud of mist remained till half-past three; extraordinary heat prevailed for the last half-hour of the service. There were 3000 present. It was a most striking scene, when they all (at my request) fell on their knees for five minutes' silent prayer. Heaven manifested its pleasure in the service in a marvellous way. Those present will remember it while on earth." This thanksgiving prayer-meeting was repeated on the same spot annually till 1899.

Many prayer-meetings were held underground at Frongoch Mine. Not an oath was heard within the confines of the mine. At the name of Jesus every knee bowed of "things under the earth." One morning a prayer-meeting was commenced as usual on reaching, their work at six. Heaven penetrated into the pit and earth was forgotten. When the worshippers awoke from that sacred trance, they found it was two o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER IX

THE REVIVAL IN CARDIGANSHIRE (*concluded*)

THE last church we shall refer to in Cardiganshire is *Llangeitho*, memorable for its association with Daniel Rowland. A resident wrote in 1859: "Before the Revival this church was in a sleepy state. It was rich and needed nothing. Some were very prejudiced against the Revival because it was not of the same type as the great *Llangeitho* revivals. Twenty-seven years had elapsed since the last upheaval, and the leaders spoke as if the time of revivals was past." Mischievous and foolish youths gathered in the secluded corners of the gallery, turning God's house into a bear-garden. Exhortation and rebuke having proved unavailing, the church decided to rail in the desecrated angles; but the outbreak of the Revival saved them the expense. The thaw set in on a Sunday in February, when Thomas Edwards, Cwmystwyth, preached. "There's a preacher!" said a quaint critic. "Most preachers stand on the bank when a man is drowning, and pipe in a sweet voice, 'Come to the bank—come to the bank,' but this man leaps into the flood up to his neck, and drags the drowning to shore."

The Rev. Robert Roberts, the resident minister, was rather cool in his attitude to the Revival in its early stages, but the people were so anxious to hear its pioneer that the opposing barrier of the pastor's feelings had to give way. When David Morgan came, Mr. Roberts with a ministerial friend sat beneath the pulpit. After the address, the

Revivalist as usual announced an after-meeting. From his point of vantage, Roberts could see that none remained who did not already profess religion. When he heard David Morgan asking those who sat on the benches by the big seat to move back to the pews to make room for the converts, he whispered to his friend what he had noticed, and they both bowed their heads and hid their faces from very shame, thinking that the Revivalist was making himself ridiculous. However, he cried, "Throw the doors open." This was done, and men and women streamed in, seeking with tears a place in the church of Christ, and filling the vacated benches. "It was a strange service," says the Diary, "and forty-one joined anew." It was the cold attitude of the pastor that explains a petition offered by one member on his behalf—"O Lord, teach him to hold the breast less awkwardly!"

A captive delivered one evening was a farmer and cattle-dealer, one that neither feared God nor regarded man. He was blessed with a religious wife, and the Lord had given her a season of special refreshing through David Morgan. When she returned home from hearing him one evening, her reception took the form of a shower of churlish and profane words. When mother and son drove away next evening to another service, the father fired another volley of curses after them. The young man was convicted in the meeting, and on the way home his mother sought to lead him into the light. When they sat down to supper the farmer began again to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against that way. The son rose and said resolutely, "I will not allow you to speak disparagingly of David Morgan; or, if you persist, I leave this house for ever." The old man was staggered and silenced by this threat, and when the Revivalist came to Llangeitho he said surlily he would drive that night, so that the horse might not suffer from the neglect of foolish fanatics. After

hanging about the stable for half-an-hour, the tedium of the situation induced him to approach the chapel door. Having listened in the lobby for a while, he opened the door and peered in. Poor fellow! it was all up with him then. The Spirit of life was in the wheels, and irresistible forces drew him into the grip of the invisible machinery. When the Revivalist conversed with him in the after-meeting, the whilom persecutor pressed so closely to him that his head almost leaned on the preacher's bosom. He soon gave up his cattle-dealing, because its temptations made it distasteful to him.

A correspondent wrote to a contemporary magazine in August 1859: "We have had experience at Llangeitho of four revivals within a period of fifty years, but this is the most powerful. Dozens of old folks who had stubbornly resisted all these revivals have been forced to bend now. We have received three hundred new members within the first five months of this year."

The South Wales Quarterly Association of the denomination was held at Llangeitho, August 3, 4, 1859. Three boys had gone up from Lampeter to see it. They sought shelter at a neighbouring farm, but there was no room in the house, which was already packed with guests; and they gladly accepted the offer of the hay-loft to sleep in. After resting a while on the fragrant hay, one of the lads suggested a prayer-meeting. "We must be as quiet as mice about it, though," insisted another, "lest we should disturb our kind hosts." In the midst of their devotions they were thrown into consternation by a loud knock at the door. It was the farmer's son seeking entrance, and a share of the feast. As soon as he came in he kneeled to pray, and before he had concluded, all the inmates of the farmhouse—parents and children, servants and strangers within their gates—were with them. These had brought candles, and praise and prayer ascended from that loft till daybreak.

On Wednesday, at mid-day, in the sederunt of the Association, Thomas Edwards, Penllwyn, gave an account of the state of religion in the county; and David Morgan presented statistics showing that the accession of new members to the C.M. churches in the county since January 1 amounted to 6200; 3595 received into full membership from the world, 1931 from among the children of members, and 1474 as members on probation. These unprecedented figures roused unbounded enthusiasm, and when the Venerable Evan Harris was asked to address the assembly, all he could do was to repeat, with uplifted hands, the words of Samuel, "Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things He hath done for you."

In the evening, the Revs. John Morgan, Newtown, and Ezekiel Thomas, Swansea, were to preach. The former read his text: "And the Lord God called unto Adam." Having read the words with a loud voice, the preacher ejaculated plaintively "Oh, thank God!" With the words, the great crowd joined in the cry, "*Oh, thank God*"; and the sudden outburst of "praise" brought the sermon to an end before it was well begun. A little later in the day, the ingenuous preacher said naively to a ministerial friend, "This Revival has been in me for years, only John Hughes,¹ Pontrobert, wouldn't allow me to give vent to it."

Thursday was the great day of the feast. Thousands assembled in the field before 6 a.m., many of whom had been "praising" till midnight on the previous day. While the Rev. Daniel Rowlands (Llanidloes) preached, a young man in the audience began to tremble like an aspen leaf, presently falling prostrate on the ground. Some of the handy "ambulance men" of the Revival rendered "first aid" and carried him off the field. In his swoon, the youth poured forth a succession of sublime sentences.

1 A stern, stoical, influential old divine in Montgomeryshire.

Thomas John, Kilgerran, followed him, leaving the service, and excusing himself later by saying that he was anxious not to miss the ministry of the man whom God had suddenly ordained on the field.

At the end David Morgan announced that a prayer-meeting would be held on the field at eight o'clock, as only a fraction of the multitude could find room in the chapel for the Ordination Service. This was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable prayer-meetings ever held in Wales. There were 20,000 present, nearly all "rejoicing." As the Severn stream is met and engulfed by the flowing tide, so the prayers offered on the platform by selected brethren were submerged by billows of "praise" sweeping up from the sea of worshippers surging on the field. Four young men were called into a waggon to lead in prayer, the youngest of whom was a young farm-hand of seventeen or so, in uncouth garments inches short at the ankles and the wrists; but he might have been a young seraph to judge by the spiritual force which overwhelmed the worshippers as, with uplifted arms and melting voice, he pleaded, "May the Heavenly Dove descend now on this meadow!" Having prayed himself, the Revivalist requested the vast host to spend two minutes in silent prayer. With bowed heads and streaming eyes the thousands responded, and the solemn and intense silence of those moments was as full of eloquence as any episode of this notable Association. David Morgan again offered prayer, commending all the servants who were to preach during the day to God, and beseeching especially that the North Wales brethren should be baptized with the Revival fire and carry it home. The throng seethed meanwhile like boiling oil. One of the prominent ministers exclaimed rapturously, "Mr. Morgan *bach!* I am ready to go to heaven this moment!" "I am very glad," he coolly rejoined, "to find *one* in this world prepared to go there."

After the Rev. Robert Roberts had made the announcements, he added: "Hundreds of you have come from distant shires to see Llangeitho, a small village, but not without lustre in the religious history of Wales. It is no wonder that strangers resort hither—heaven has been in the habit of coming here, and angels have made this place their rendezvous. Be careful; they are in bands on their wings above your heads at this rhoment. I had a strange dream three weeks ago. I dreamt that I had gone to heaven to solicit a delegate to the Association. A bright being with a gemmed crown on his head came to me, asking where I was from, and when I told him, he cried, 'Llangeitho! It was at Llangeitho I got this crown and these pearls.' Then I recognised Daniel Rowland, and told him we were anxious that the great King should send a representative to our approaching Association. Rowland took the crown from his head, and casting it at the feet of the King, he presented the suit of the Llangeitho suppliant. 'Tell him,' answered the King, 'that I will not send any one; *I shall be there myself!*'"

A few minutes later, Thomas John, Kilgerran, walked in a field near by lost in reverie. A friend stopped him, and said, "What a glorious sight that was, when the thousands were engaged in silent prayer at Mr. Morgan's request! Did you ever see anything like it, Mr. John?" He answered solemnly, "I didn't see one of them: I saw *no one but God*. I am going home," he said suddenly. "'How terrible is this place!' It is too terrible for me. My flesh is too weak to bear this weight of glory."

In the morning service on the field at ten, John Hughes (afterwards Dr.), Liverpool, preached on "Life more abundantly." He was followed by Owen Thomas, London (afterwards Dr. Owen Thomas, Liverpool), who took as his text, "We beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." He praised God for the manifold

signs that the Cardiganshire people had not received the grace of God in vain. He repeated a pithy hymn enumerating some of the choicest blessings of redemption, introducing as a refrain after each line or couplet, "'Twas not in vain." A spectator wrote: "The scene that followed was beyond the power of human imagination to describe. Let it be understood that the rapture and the rejoicing were rational and unconfused. Those who would frown upon it are men with little feeling if they have any religion, or with no religion if they have any feeling." In the evening service in the chapel, the first preacher was Evan Harris, Merthyr. After him Dr. Owen Thomas preached on Hebrews ix. 14: "How much more shall the blood of Christ . . . purge your conscience from dead works, &c." He compared the conscience to a tablet receiving a record written with invisible ink. The sheet is white to all appearance, but hold it before a fire, and every sentence, every word, every letter, and even the small dot above the emerges distinctly into view. He described their guilty conscience arraigning Joseph's brethren in Egypt; and gave an account of a maniac in an American lunatic asylum, who had been seen by a friend of his constantly firing imaginary pistols and screaming alternately, "He is dead! *He is dead!*" It was a man who had slain his opponent in a duel. He characterised hell as a madhouse where the lost for ever live their sins over again. With overpowering effect, he lifted up the cry of the lost soul—"How have I hated instruction? *How?* HOW?" The whole crowd leaped on their feet like a panic-stricken army, and a profound, despairing groan burst from every breast. Now were callous men, who had hitherto been insensible to the full force of the Revival, seen with blanched faces; and maidens that had before indulged in wanton levity, throwing their aprons over their faces, broke into loud and unrestrained weeping. The

preacher continues his awe-inspiring shouts—"How hath my heart despised reproof? *How?* How? How have I not obeyed the voice of my teachers? How? It is the voice of an awakened conscience! Is there anything that can silence an accusing conscience? Is there anything that can appease and purify a guilty conscience? Blessed be God! There is; the Blood of Christ!" In the centre of the chapel sat a farmer who had begun to sigh and moan in the early part of the sermon, sinking deeper and deeper towards the floor of the pew as the preacher proceeded to enforce the condemnatory truths of his discourse; but when the minister proclaimed that the blood of Christ purified, he sprang from his crouching posture on the floor to the top of the seat, crying, "*God be thanked for the Blood!*" A mighty chorus of "Hallelujahs" and "Praise God" broke out all over the building. The trumpet-voice of the preacher—the most penetrating in Wales—was instantly drowned. Like a lion whose prey had slipped from his grasp, he made a mighty effort to master his audience again, but in vain. The "rejoicing" lasted for hours. David Morgan moved about the aisles and the pews administering spiritual cordials to those exhausted souls who were "faint yet pursuing." Many of them were so spent that they had to be conveyed in carts and waggons to their homes. So ended "the Association of the great Revival" in Llangeitho. It has been maintained that it was the most remarkable ever held in South Wales. A leading article in the premier Welsh newspaper of the day states that its most striking feature was a pervading and overwhelming solemnity, convincing even the most stoical that eternal realities had come into intimate contact with the men and women present.

CHAPTER X

THE REVIVAL IN CARMARTHENSHIRE AND PEMBROKESHIRE

HAVING dealt in detail with the characteristics and episodes of the Revival in Cardiganshire, its spring-head and the region of its intensest development, we must curtail our account of its manifestations in the remainder of the southern half of the Principality to a few pages. The first place visited by David Morgan outside his native county was *Closygraig* in Carmarthenshire, the last day of February 1859. No converts disclosed themselves, but the preacher declared, "I hear the sound of a troop coming." He preached at Emlyn the next evening, and about forty of the converts were Closygraig folks. Thirty more were added in the course of a few weeks. Yet the new movement, though kindled thus early, was but smoking flax for months. Contact with the Blaenannerch blaze towards the end of the year produced a marvellous intensification of the spiritual atmosphere, and this church became like a hearth of fire among the wood, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf. After the first outburst of "praise," one might think that heaven and earth had met in their several tracks, and were continuing their orbit of flame together. The most vehement storm-centre among dozens was a brother to the Rev. J. Harris Jones, Ph.D. (eloquent orator, and erudite professor at Trevecca College). One Sunday morning an elder rose to speak, and his first remark was that the God they worshipped was without

beginning and without end. "*Amen!*" exclaimed a young girl in the highest notes of a lovely voice; "blessed be His name for ever." This cry might be compared to the touch on the electric button that shivers a quarry into a thousand hurtling fragments. Scores leaped from their seats, and gathering in the vacant space in the centre, they gave vent to their pent-up emotions in outcries that were almost agonising in their ardour and intensity.

Let us visit them another Sunday morning. The chapel has been full of worshippers offering sacrifices of joy since before seven. At ten Dr. Harris Jones enters the pulpit. Before his sermon is half through, Henry, his brother, leaps to his feet and begins to expatiate in burning words on the same subject. Each strives to excel the other in the congenial work of extolling the great Redemption through Christ; but by and by the fire and force of the preacher in the big seat prevail over the eloquence of the great pulpit orator. Dr. Jones leans on the pulpit desk; big bright tears roll over his cheeks as he listens to the inspired layman on whose lips such grace has been poured. Straightway the contagion spreads from the big seat into the little pews: all the Lord's people are prophets, and speaking with new tongues, they declare the wonderful works of God. Now the service undergoes another change; it becomes a prayer and experience meeting combined. "O Lord," cries one, "what dost Thou intend to make of us after these things?" "If I fall into hell," cries another, "I will praise God in the devil's teeth!" The lips of yonder lady hardly move, but she prays like Hannah in Shiloh, and those nearest her can hear her breathe—"O Lord, I want to touch the hem of Thy garment!" Look at this young girl standing up with the dignity of a prophetess and proclaiming with authority, "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous." Her words pierce like

tidings of doom, and a number of irreligious men fall to the floor, struck by the arrows of the Almighty. When the congregation disperses, the valley so rings with thanksgiving and the voice of melody that one old woman, hearing the echoes on the hillside, called to her husband, "Come out, John; the end of the world has come, and Christ has arrived on earth!"

The Diary records that the Revivalist had a very refreshing service at *Conwil*, March 1. In his discourse he urged the members to adorn their profession by integrity in business. "A man went to the fair to buy a horse. 'What is the price of this horse?' '£20.' 'If I was certain it was sound I would buy it.' 'The horse is thoroughly sound,' the vendor replies. 'You know me, and you can take my word.' After reaching home he tells his neighbour, 'I got rid of the old horse.' 'For how much?' 'Twice as much as I expected.' 'How was that?' 'Oh, I met a soft old fool who knew nothing about horses.' And do you know who the vendor was?" thundered the preacher. "He was a *Methodist deacon*! If his innocent victim had met a disreputable horse-dealer he would have been on his guard. And such a scoundrel as that thinks he'll get to heaven! Heaven indeed! he'll be in a lower depth than Satan—trampled upon by the devil for ever."

At *Cross Inn*, the Revivalist after preaching requested all to stay, and then went around asking each one personally whether he was a religious man. On one bench there sat* two old pensioners who had fought at Waterloo. He asked the first, "Are you a Christian?" "No." "How old are you?" "Seventy-eight." "You have been sustained by God's mercies for nearly eighty years; you have had deliverances from death on fields of blood; you have been permitted to spend your declining days in peace in your native land, and yet you have never rendered your

Creator an hour's service. Is there as heinous a sinner as you anywhere in the land, tell me?" "Here is one," retorted the wicked old wag coolly, pointing to his crony by his side. David Morgan turned to the second veteran, and saw that the hour of his *soul's* Waterloo had arrived for him. The joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. "Would you like to enter the Vineyard?" asked the preacher gently, placing his hand on his head. "If He will accept me," was the humble response. "Look at Him!" cried the Revivalist. "These are the people I like to see, and these are the people that God likes to see. 'To this man will I look, saith the Lord, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and *trembleth* at My word.'"

He asked a middle-aged convert, "How long have you been anxious about your soul?" "Ever since I can remember," was the reply.

"You have been rather long in the service of the devil," said he to an old seeker for salvation at *Llangathen*. "Too long a great deal," was the sad answer. "Don't you think that your old master will be very angry with you for deserting his service?" "He ought not to be," was the answer; "I gave him *notice about twelve months ago* that I meant to leave him."

At a farmhouse near here, where he preached, the servant maid was one of the penitents. "What a beautiful apron!" cried the Revivalist. Some brethren lifted their brows at the irrelevance of the remark; but he proceeded, "It is not the cut, nor the colour, nor the material that has attracted my eye, but all of you cannot see that *Ann's apron is soaking wet with tears*."

The Revivalist preached at *Bethel* (Baptist), *Cayo*, on March 7. He gives his own impression of the meeting in his Diary: "It was a very hard service I had at Bethel to my feeling." The account as given by the minister of the

church is a striking commentary on the above pessimistic estimate. "It was a remarkable service. The appeals of the preacher were extraordinarily powerful. I was at Bethel next Sunday morning, and forty penitents joined the church. None of the hearers who went out proceeded beyond the graveyard. The deacons went out among them urging them to surrender, and forty more obeyed. In my next service at Salem, the sister church, thirty-nine joined! They were baptized in the Ddolwen brook, and the first to be immersed was Dr. Timothy Richards, China. These converts formed the strength of the church in ten years. I attribute this great upheaval to David Morgan's sermon on 'Ephraim's grey hairs.'"

David Morgan and Thomas Edwards visited *Kilgerran*, May 24. The Diary says: "In *every* place on our journey we urged the Societies to attack the drinking evil, and also the habit of courtship in improper hours." Thomas John said some time afterwards that the thunders of the Revival had turned the beer sour in Kilgerran.

At *Fishguard*, the herald of the Revival was a storm of weeping which swept suddenly one evening over a children's meeting. The sound of a going remained in the tops of the mulberry trees as far as this place was concerned, the grown-up members of the churches not bestirring themselves at the Divine signal.

The Revivalist asked a young convert at *Woodstock*, "Are your father and mother religious people?" "No," said the boy sadly; "*no one in our family is.*" The preacher told him that his conversion might prove a blessing to all his relatives. A voice came from the far end of the chapel, "There is a woman here who has remained behind." When she was spoken to, it transpired that she was the lad's *mother*. It was immediately announced that there was another penitent in a secluded corner of the chapel. When he was raised

from his prostrate attitude, it was found that he was the lad's *father*.

It was at *Trevine* that the fires of the Revival burnt most brightly in the whole of Pembrokeshire: no new members were added to one church in the village. It was noticed that one little boy persistently avoided his naughty companions with whom he had often been active in mischief before the Revival. When asked why, he replied, "I am a brand plucked from the burning, and I mustn't go too near to the fire, for fear, the sparks should kindle on me again."

When David Morgan preached at *St. David's*, only one convert came forward. "Well," said he, "perhaps one is quite as much as this church can nurse at present." This proved a fruitful beginning. A little later John Richards, *Llechryd*, visited them, and one of his converts was a publican, who immediately pulled down his sign, and when Mr. Richards came next a church-meeting was held in the room once desecrated by an altar to Bacchus. In another "Society" meeting, the Rev. William Morris rallied some young converts who expressed doubts and fears in relating their experiences. "Don't shake your boat," said he, "and then complain that the sea is rough. If your religious feelings are cooling, take a walk to Gethsemane and Calvary: you will find fire enough that way."

The most notable character among the converts was John Williams, the shoemaker. He was one of three children. They had a godly mother who ceased not to counsel them, and often did she retire to pray for them in an old disused quarry near the house. The eldest, William, was a reckless sailor, who had a record of many hairbreadth escapes on sea, but he always declared he had no fear of drowning as long as his mother was alive. Strange to say, a very short time after her death, he fell

overboard and perished. John had an excellent memory, a great gift of speech, and an ardent love for Wales. His memory was saturated in the romance of Welsh history, with which he regaled the frequenters of public-houses in the city till the small hours of the morning. In these associations he learnt to love drink, and ere long he had deteriorated into a degraded drunkard. He now sought to make a livelihood out of fishing, and had many remarkable deliverances from death. On one occasion there was a line of ships in the quay waiting for a fair wind. In a state of intoxication John Williams tumbled out of his boat while seeking to board one of them. He was an expert swimmer, and, sobered by the plunge, he made an effort to come to the surface, but found that he was below the ship's keel. He dived in another direction, but became entangled in some ropes. Freeing himself with difficulty, he shot upwards again to find himself beneath another ship. He now tasted the bitterness of death; and all his sinful, chequered life flashed in a panorama of scenes before his inner eye. With a last despairing, exhausted effort he blindly dived and rose once more, this time to reach air and life successfully. This narrow escape did not produce a change in his habits. If there was a probable son of perdition within the city it was he; yet in the Eternal Purpose he was a chosen vessel destined for glory. The Lord hedged him in with thorns; all his children died, and poverty as an armed man overtook him. One day he appeared in the house of God, and then the house of Bacchus knew him no more. It was a memorable occasion when William Morris gave him the right hand of fellowship. The shoemaker pleads his unworthiness, and the old pastor extols the riches of free grace; John Williams exposes his wounds and bruises and putrefying sores while William Morris pours in oil and wine. The audience wept and laughed. This man became forthwith

a trenchant temperance orator, and great in prayer. A crowd would gather in the evening around his cottage window, periodically replaced by another, and then another, while he conducted family worship within. Yet they never heard the conclusion of his prayer, and it was popularly believed that he continued all night. He was faithful in all his house. Giving his testimony one evening, he said that the Christian life was a hard struggle to him. "The devil is impudent enough to tempt me still to drink and blaspheme." A deacon expostulated, "Doesn't John Williams give place to the evil one? Why should he blame Satan all the time. The devil never troubles *me!*" Now William Morris leaps to his feet. "I am old enough," he says, "to remember the wars of Buonaparte, when French privateers attempted to destroy the commerce of London. Those big men-of-war never wasted their powder on limestone luggers, but they would lie in wait for weeks for an East Indiaman with its precious cargo." There was no need to enforce this parable.

CHAPTER XI

THE REVIVAL IN GLAMORGANSHIRE

THE Independents held their Monthly Meeting at Hirwaun in March 1859. "Speakers and hearers were in tears; and as its result the youth of the congregation came seeking a place in God's house." About the same time the Lord visited His people in the Llanharan district in the Vale of Glamorgan, and a hundred and twenty souls were won for Christ. The succeeding Monthly Meetings at Aberdare in April, Aberaman in the beginning of May, at Mountain Ash in the end of the same month, were similarly blessed. Before the end of July the Independent churches at Dowlais, Merthyr, Llantrisant, Maendy, Landore, Glyn-neath, Pontypridd, and Groeswen had been touched by the Revival flame.

We find David Morgan at *Maesteg* at the end of August 1859. This neighbourhood was troubled by a band of hooligans, who were a nuisance by day and a terror by night. Their ringleader was a fellow named Jack Piper. The points of the Revivalist's address centred around an illustration describing the bursting of a reservoir among the American hills. He emphasised the reprehensible unconcern of the inhabitants of a village in the valley beneath to the repeated warnings of men who had perceived ominous indications of weakness in the dam of the reservoir, and the suddenness with which the descending flood swept them into destruction. Before he could make the application, some broke into shouts, "Thank God for an Ark in the Deluge!"

others, "Thank God for Soar to flee to!" and others, "Praise God for a refuge from the avenger of blood!" There dwelt at this time in Maesteg a man named John Rhys, of irreproachable morality, but going about to establish his own righteousness and not submitting himself to the righteousness of God in Christ. He wept like a child in the above service. When his father, a venerable elder, heard of it, he rejoiced as one who had received his dead raised to life again. "Praise God!" he exclaimed in the Monthly Meeting, "He has wrought more through David Morgan than all the pulpit giants of Glamorganshire; He has floored Saul of Tarsus, He has saved my son John."

A converted old reprobate could not be prevailed upon to pray in public for a long while, but fell upon his knees one night, his face streaming with tears; and beating upon his breast like another of old, he chokingly uttered this prayer: *Pardon! Lord, Amen!*"

It was an inspiring spectacle when the colliers of Number 9, the chief level in Glamorgan, streamed to a prayer-meeting on the Garnwen mountain. The leader of the crowd is Jack Piper, the whilom captain of the hooligan gang, who now bums with zeal for the way that he once persecuted.

At *Pencoed*, the Gospel gripped a woman whose youth and innocence had disappeared as she fluttered through the butterfly career of a singer and dancer for the amusement of the gentry of the Vale.

Two other converts of the Revival here were a sexton of seventy-nine, who was callous enough to swear and blaspheme in the graves that he was excavating in God's acre; and another veteran of eighty-one, who had a quaint story to relate of his experience on the morning following his conversion. He was on the way to the thicket to cut spars for thatching; but when half-way across the field he heard a

voice commanding, "You must kneel and pray!" He proceeded a few steps, when the behest came with more authority, "Pray!" "Let me get into the plantation, and I will," he pleaded. "You must pray now," enjoined the voice within. "Let me get to the dike at least!" begged the old man, striding on. "*Now*," thundered the *fiat*. "And I was compelled to kneel in the middle of the meadow in sight of the whole village," he continued.

When the Revivalist preached at *Taibach*, a very exciting scene was witnessed. A young man named Llywelyn lost control over himself, and endeavoured to make his way to the preacher over the front of the gallery. Having been forced to desist, he rushed down the stairs, pushed his way through the crowd, leaped into the big seat, stepped on the Communion table, and clambered into the pulpit. "No one need be alarmed," said David Morgan. "See! he embraces the Bible." Then, with a dignified and sacred gesture, he kissed the young fellow. With this kiss, the agitation of the audience and of the young man disappeared as if by magic, and in the hush that followed the Revivalist conversed with twenty-nine penitents.

Two old sisters at *Neath* compared notes about David Morgan's sermon at their chapel. "My cup was full, and running over," said one; "I was compelled to ask Him to hold His hand." "Ah, Mary *fach*! you missed it there," protested the second. "You should have asked Him to enlarge your cup, that it might hold a little more."

A stocking-dealer named Enoch Evans was so fascinated at this time by his Master's glory as to make him

"Forgetful stand, of home and land,
Desiring fair Jerusalem."

His oratory was the cavity formed by one of the lowest arches of the railway-bridge. One morning the signal-man

above heard some weird sounds, and after creeping with his lantern into the grotto, he called and even shook the man that he found on his knees within, but failed to attract his attention. Enoch walked with God beneath the arch, and so engrossing was the fellowship that earthly sights and sounds could not reach him. As the official crept into daylight again, he could hear the suppliant breaking into song:—

“When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold.
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong
And streets of shining gold?”

At *Taff's Well* a penitent told the Revivalist that she was a great sinner. “What is your greatest sin?” he asked her. She blurted out in reply, “I have oftep set this whole village on fire with my tongue; and often set all the women and girls here by the ear—I have been a scurrilous and lying old tale-bearer.”

At *Morganstown* one of the converts was an ignorant old woman. “Have you a husband?” asked the preacher. “Yes—John.” “Is John a religious man?” “God help you! not he!” she replied, lifting deprecating hands. “Well, dear sister! pray much for John, that he too may obtain religion.” “Indeed,” she retorted, “I have no time to pray for him; I have quite as much as I can do to pray for myself. Let him pray for himself; he has a precious sight more time than I have.”

The Revivalist came unexpectedly to *Bridgend* on market-day. The crier's announcement of a morning service emptied the market-place. Many farmers' wives left their baskets of butter and eggs in the angels' care and hurried to the Tabernacle. One lady, more worldly-wise, loitered to safe bind her parcels, and failed to enter beyond the lobby. She told us that the gallery stairs were crowded

with weeping folks, though they could hear little of what transpired within. The subject of the discourse was "Elijah on Carmel," and when the preacher proceeded to test the meeting, he said, "We shall now see who are followers of Baal, and who take side with Elijah. Let all who love Jesus Christ kneel, and let all who don't, go out." Many knelt, but not all, and no one went out. Some who were clustered at the top of the gallery stairs started down, but before reaching the bottom step they would invariably burst into tears and fall on their knees. The preacher made another attempt to test and divide the audience, but in vain, for the crowd was a tumultuous sea, and the unconverted would not leave. He prayed again, and endeavoured the third time to "draw in the net," but nothing availed. "Never mind," said he to the nonplussed elders; "if this be the Holy Spirit's work He will complete it; He will not allow them to dwell in the world." It was said that scores were added to the churches as the fruit of this service.

A young Christian from Aberystwyth settled in *Cardiff* early in 1859, and his relation of what he had seen there made the Revival the burning topic of Welsh religious circles. Canton Chapel was full on one occasion at a seven o'clock Sunday morning prayer-meeting. A raw young convert went forward and gave out a hymn expressing the wonder of redeeming mercy. "A big lump filled my throat," relates one, "and I turned my face to the wall. After a prolonged, inexplicable silence the precentor struck the tune, and in a strange voice went on singing a solo. Amazed, I turned to look for an explanation, and saw an unparalleled sight. The great crowd was bathed in tears; no sound, no excitement, but weeping, weeping, heart-felt weeping. The singing broke down, and the succeeding prayer, and the next. So was the service spent—a little singing, a little praying, many spells of silence, but ceaseless weeping."

Preaching at *St. Mellons* one Sunday afternoon, David Morgan obtained from one of the converts, Thomas Baker, a Cardiff man, a promise that he would not cease to pray for his unconverted wife, and the preacher himself offered prayer on her behalf at the time. Baker went straight from *St. Mellons* to Zion Chapel, Cardiff, without calling at home. "And who are you?" was, the Revivalist's question to one of the converts. "The wife of Thomas Baker," she replied. Not having observed her in the audience, this occurrence was so sudden and astounding to Baker that he was struck all of a heap, and fell like one dead to the bottom of the pew.

John Haddock was found in the waste, howling wilderness. Before his conversion he was an ill-tempered, cruel man, whose wife and horses went in terror of him. The avenger of blood overtook him on his canal-boat; but he found the horns of the altar on a heap of stones in the stern. This fractious churl found mercy and became merciful. As a Christian worker he would visit the lowest slums in Cardiff; he would grope in its filthiest gutters and ditches for pearls to place in Immanuel's crown.

When David Morgan preached at *Pentyrch* he stood in the chapel window (whose sashes had been taken out), as there were hundreds outside. An impious young engineer, Thomas Austin by name, in a spirit of braggadocio went to the tavern half a mile away. With a few congenial companions he stood smoking by the inn-door, when the breeze bore to their ears the preacher's ringing invitation, "Ho, come ye to the waters! *Ho, come ye to the waters!*" "I am going," said Austin to his pot-companions. He became a Christian conspicuous in virtue and generosity. In the chapel the spirit of praise moved in mighty waves over the people. Finding himself inaudible, the preacher went down amongst those who "rejoiced"; and moved by the glory of the scene, he leaped on a bench, crying

exultingly, "The Lord Jesus is going to take possession of this countryside!" An indescribable scene ensues. The voice of the Lord is powerful, and in His temple doth every one speak of His glory. One of the converts was a backslider in whose bosom some supposed offence had rankled for years. "Why did you turn your back on the house?" asked David Morgan. "Was the Master to blame?" "Oh no!" protested Shadrach. "Did you find fault with the table?" "Oh no!" "Was there any fault with the work?" "Oh no!" "Was the brotherhood to blame?" "No; the whole fault was *mine!*"

When the Revivalist left the floor to go to the converts on the gallery, a deep hush pervaded the place, and one who was present told us that each footfall of his on the gallery stairs seemed to send a wave of electricity over the listening audience.

Before he left the village the elders took him to see a young woman, whose sun was setting while it was yet day. Her family had abandoned all hopes of her recovery. She is still alive, and is looked upon in the neighbourhood as a monument to the efficacy of prayer.

A very remarkable service was that held at Whitchurch at mid-day, September 13. A publican's wife was swept away on a flood of remorse, and tearing her hair out "in skeins" from distraction and despair, she besought the Lord to pardon the sin of her youth. "Visit not the sin of the mother on the child," she cried, referring to her son born out of wedlock.

In his address, David Morgan had used the illustration of the egg-gatherer on the cliffs, already referred to. The Diary relates: "Before the end of the meeting, as the unconverted went out, a man of thirty-two began to shout in tones of terror, 'Draw me up! draw me up!' about ten times. He walked through the crowd, bewildered, and shouted, 'Where is mother?' many times. Then his

mother elbowed her way through the people to him. He grasped her and cried, 'Draw me up, mother dear; I am sinking to hell from your arms again.' Then he roared, 'Oh, my dear, dear mother, I cursed you, and consigned you to hell a hundred times; never will I do it again, *never*; will you forgive me now, dear mother?' He would not be pacified for some time, but at last he sat down with his head on his mother's bosom, sobbing and shouting, '*Draw me up*; I am sinking to hell through everything.'"

This young man's name was Thomas Llywelyn. The power of the Cross drew him up beyond the reach of danger. Henceforward he lived to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour. Not only was the brand taken out of the fire—the fire was also taken out of the brand, and it budded and bore fruit. He perished in a colliery explosion in 1877, and though only a common collier, the church at Pentyrch felt that one of its pillars had fallen.

Merthyr Tydfil was thoroughly shaken by the "Cholera Revival" in 1849, but by 1859 wise and foolish virgins alike had again fallen asleep. The moral condition of the neighbourhood was very low. On the Sabbath day hundreds gathered to witness cock-fights, and to play games of chance, such as "pitch and toss," for money in the open air. The favourite rendezvous for this was the dry moat of Morlais Castle. One afternoon, fortified by the first throb of Revival power, a number of young men ventured to build an altar for God in the midst of their idols. The enemy scoffed, smoked, and jeered during the singing of the first hymn, but when the Bible was opened, Dagon began to tremble, and soon fell prostrate on its face before the Ark. This place, that had been for years the headquarters of blasphemers and gamblers, was seized and permanently occupied by the soldiers of the Cross, thousands gathering there for the prayer-meeting at six every Sunday morning. It was among the Independents that the power of the

Revival was chiefly felt here, though Pontmorlais (C.M.) received seventy-seven new members. The Rev. Evan Harris was told triumphantly by a Congregational brother that *they* had received *such and such* a number. The sarcastic old minister retorted, "We don't receive them by number at Pontmorlais, but by weight." It was to the same old minister that some one made the remark after David Morgan's service at Pontmorlais, "The Revivalist was receiving the converts into the Society very unceremoniously, wasn't he?" "Yes," said Mr. Harris, "and we'll turn them out of the Society quite as unceremoniously if they don't behave." The reader will have gathered that the veteran preacher was not a very enthusiastic partisan of the Revival. That explains the following parable of his in a sermon on John iv. 14. "On a journey I passed a little spring no broader than my hand, whose waters welled out in a limpid stream. Farther on I saw a big pond, which poured out its superfluous waters in a spout whose roar resounded through the valley. Returning after a five weeks' drought, I found the big pond dry and empty, and the spout silent. 'Well, poor little spring!' said I to myself; 'since the pond is dry what has become of *you*?' But when I came to it, I found the little spring as full as ever, bubbling up between the rushes."

One of the converts at *Pontypridd* was a man by the name of Elias, who lived on his own bit of land. David Morgan began with his favourite question, "Do you want to change your master?" Elias answered innocently, "I have no master; I am a freeholder."

One evening an old backslider returned from the wild, and appeared in the prayer-meeting, near the door. During singing, Noah Morgan, a man on whom the Revival Spirit had come down as rain upon grass, went to converse with him, now putting his arm round his neck, and now patting him on the back. When the hymn was finished, the

shepherd-elder straightened himself, and said, "Indeed, brethren, there is a *little wool* still left on him."

Two friends went from *Aberdare* to Aberayron, in Cardiganshire, to "see the Revival," and they returned to put the cornfields on fire, like Samson's foxes. Until mid-summer the blaze was confined to the Independent churches, and they received an accession of over 1400 in *Aberdare* alone.

There was a nook on *Hirwaun* common where the baser sort resorted on Sunday—drunkards, blasphemers, and gamblers. The police had utterly failed to disperse them. Four young Christian workers, with no weapon in their hand but a Bible, confronted this gang of evil-doers. They were received with rounds of derisive laughter; but the Word of the Lord proved quick and powerful, and the foe recoiled in dismay from its double edge, and slunk away leaving the gambling money on the ground. One of these young men, Evan Bryant, became a missionary.

On Tuesday evening, September 27, having already held three meetings during the day, David Morgan preached at *Lantwil Major*, where the windows had to be smashed for ventilation purposes. The crowded service was a jubilee of joy. Next day the Revivalist's iron constitution gave way temporarily. "I was very ill till mid-day." A rumour spread over Wales that he was dying, and threw thousands into an agony of solicitude. "We had a meeting at night with extraordinary effects. Many swooned, and prayed very strikingly when they woke. One girl prayed remarkably for her father. He was outside the window, listening and weeping bitterly." There was one among the penitents whose house had been a den of moral corruption. She seized the preacher's hand when he had finished with the others, and cried, "I am the last and the worst!" "Have you a husband?" "No, I never had a husband, but I have a son." The Revivalist offered a

prayer on behalf of this Samaritan woman and her boy, and though many predicted that Nancy's shop would be open as usual next Sunday evening, they were wrong, for both mother and son continued to seek the things that are pure and of good report.

The sudden and severe illness which overtook the Revivalist slightly disorganised his plan, but it appears that powerful redemptive influences pervaded the services which he missed. It was this that gave rise to a saying which is yet current among the saints of the Vale, that "there was healing in David Morgan's shadow, as in Peter's." At *Laleston* there were thirteen converts, one a roguish urchin of thirteen. A mother in Israel took him by the scruff of his neck, and turned him out, saying, "Out with you! you have stopped behind to indulge your mischief." The youngster thus cast out of the synagogue became a preacher, while another of the converts forsook his vows, marrying a worldling, and making shipwreck of the faith. In the 1905 Revival, at Resolven, this backslider, after years of heathenism, was again convicted and brought back into the fold by a sermon from the preacher, who, as a little lad, sat by his side in 1859 on the penitent form at *Laleston*.

The Peninsula of *Gower* received refreshing drops from the 1859 cloud. The Rev. William Griffiths, the unmitred bishop of Gower, became very insistent on the Revival doctrine of Assurance. "Is your pack ready?" he asked an old sister in the Society. "I am afraid not," was the response. "It ought to be after all these years," was the minister's stricture. "Is yours, Mr. Griffiths?" she inquired. "Yes, this five years." "Well, if I were you, Mr. Griffiths *bach*," she retorted, "I'd open it again, for fear you have not remembered everything."

The window was taken out at Bryntirion chapel that the crowd in the graveyard might hear. When the church-

meeting was announced, all went out except the members. After an interval, one of the elders moved towards the door to close it. "Don't shut the door," said the preacher confidently, "there is *a score* to come." They began to flow in, and it was *exactly twenty* that returned.

The Rev. Evan Phillips, Emlyn, who accompanied David Morgan on one of his tours during the Revival, wrote: "He recognised the wounded in an audience before they revealed themselves. He whispered in my ear a number of times approximately how many converts had remained behind. Once he said there were twelve, and twelve they were."

Considerations of space will not permit any reference in detail to the Revival in Radnorshire and Breconshire, and a short quotation from a letter written by the late Rev. Thomas Rees, D.D., must suffice:—

"The 'Treasury' for August, 1906, says that Radnorshire did not feel from the 1859 Revival. As an eyewitness, I know better. Radnorshire felt more from that Revival than any since the time of Howell Harris. I know that scores were added to the churches at Penybont, New Radnor, Rhayader, Tanhouse, &c. They gathered to Sunday morning prayer-meetings from eight miles around. . . . Breconshire did not experience it as a whole, especially the district below Brecon. But the rest of the county—from Brecon up—felt powerful things—influences as gratifying to me as any in the present Revival, and the fruit was very glorious."

CHAPTER XII

THE REVIVAL IN MONMOUTHSHIRE

THE first manifestations of revival power in this county must be associated with the Congregational Association held at *Beaufort*, June 29 and 30, 1859. Preparatory prayer-meetings had been held for seven weeks. In the ten o'clock service, the second day, (Dr.) John Thomas, Liverpool, preached a magnificent sermon on the subject of "revival" from Ps. cii. 13.

David Morgan and his friend came to Beaufort on a Monday afternoon in September. Many ministers had gathered, all curious, many prejudiced. While Daniel Evans preached, David Morgan sat with him in the pulpit, his eyes glancing incessantly like a flame over the audience. As soon as the sermon is over, he springs down into the big seat, eager for his work. His apostrophe on this occasion is the fullest report that we have recovered of his addresses, not a single paragraph of any of them having ever been reported; so we insert it as we received it, asking the reader to keep in mind that the process of filtering for forty-six years through the memory of an intelligent but uncultured layman who was present may have modified its form to some extent. "My brother has preached; I only intend to put a few questions to those of you who have not embraced religion. 'Don't you intend to say anything to those who are Christians?' Not a word to-day. My questions are for the unconverted, and I demand a straightforward answer to each question. This

is the first: What is your opinion of Jesus Christ? What think ye of Christ? Answer me! You have heard and read and thought about Him; let us hear what is the conclusion you have come to with regard to Him. Will none of you reply? Well, allow me to reply for you, and if I say a word too much, contradict me at once. 'He is the best we have ever heard of.' The next question is this: Do you follow Him? 'N-no, we don't.' You follow *some one* at any rate. Let us hear his name! 'No, we d-don't like to utter his name in a place like this.' Oh, come! come! If he is worth following, he is worth owning. 'Then if we must say, his name is the devil.' Oh, the devil? 'Yes.' Let us hear, then, what sort of a being is the devil. Will none of you answer? Then I will answer for you, and if I say a word too much, contradict me at once. 'He is the worst we have ever heard of?' Is that correct? Christ the best and Satan the worst, and you choose to follow the worst and not the best. Do you do such a thing as that in any relation besides that of religion? If there are two contracts in the pit, a profit of five pounds attached to this, and of eight pounds to that, which do you choose? 'The best.' Of course. If I offered you your choice of a shilling or a sovereign, which would you take? 'The sovereign.' Yes, of course, that is what every sane man would do. 'We see sense in what you say, viewing it in that light, but we must take time with such an important thing.' It was the devil who suggested that to you; don't believe him. The finest Christians I have read about were folks who accepted Jesus Christ the first time He was offered them. One day Christ finds Matthew at the receipt of custom, and says, 'Come, follow Me.' He rises, and goes the first chance he ever had. 'Stay, Matthew, the auditors are coming round next week, and it is very probable that you will receive promotion at their hands.' 'Promotion!' cries Matthew; 'what is promotion to me?

Jesus Christ for me!’ ‘Stay, Matthew; a fortnight’s wages are due to you; don’t forfeit your hard-won earnings; wait to draw your salary.’ ‘Salary!’ cries Matthew; ‘what is a salary to me? Christ for me!’ One day he calls the two sons of Zebedee, and away they go the first opportunity. ‘Wait a minute, lads, don’t be so precipitate; it is only the beginning of the fishing season, and the prospects are excellent this year. Stay till the end of the season, at least.’ ‘Season!’ they cry; ‘what is the season to us? Jesus Christ and His kingdom for us!’ ‘Yes, but our circumstances are very different. We are a mixed audience this afternoon, and you, a stranger, know very little about us.’ I shall know who you are, and the most important fact about you, before ten minutes have passed. ¹ What are you going to do?’ Well, all who have chosen Christ will remain behind, and you who follow the devil shall leave. ‘If we stay,’ says some weak voice, ‘you will ask us hard questions.’ No, I will not. What have you to answer? What answers can a new-born child give? I have no licence to pry into your history and character. I don’t intend to ask you anything further back than twenty past four to-day.”

An opportunity was given to any who wished to leave to do so. Some of the vilest characters in the district were converted, one of them a notorious fighter. A woman had stayed behind at Ebbw Vale the previous day, and had told the Revivalist that her husband was a very ungodly man, and as his custom was, he had prayed for him. This was he. Observing him, one of the deacons whispered, “Beware of that man, Mr. Morgan; he is the bully of Beaufort, and is here, I am afraid, for some base purpose.” David Morgan went to him, and quietly asked him, “Are you the bully of Beaufort?” “*I was*,” answered he, meekly and modestly. This reply condensed a volume into two words, and

was vindicated in a life of fearing God and departing from evil.

“How many were they?” asked the Revivalist, upon returning to the big seat. None of the pillars had counted the converts, for they were many, and excitement ran high; but he kneeled and prayed for each one by name. The colliers held a prayer-meeting every morning at five in the Presbyterian Church. One of them was a trophy of saving grace. He had been the champion fighter of Beaufort Hill, a daily terror to his family, and always in trouble with the police. When he came home from the public-house, his wife and children fled from his fury until the morrow, and his first proceeding in the morning was to go through every room in the house, trembling with misgiving lest he had murdered one of them during the night. This son of Belial was brought to God during the Revival. By and by he approached the Lord’s table. At this time non-intoxicating wine was not used, and on the Monday he said, “I felt all the devils of Gehenna stirring in my bosom after drinking the wine. If there had been a tavern in sight when I came out, I would have plunged headlong into it.”

He was elected an elder in a few years, and died full of days and honour.

David Morgan had preached at *Ebbw Vale* some years before the Revival. A deputation waited upon him at the Llangeitho Association in 1859 to invite him to visit Ebbw Vale and district. They were headed by David Hughes, who had arranged his previous tour in the days of his comparative obscurity. The Revivalist expressed a fear that he could not arrange a tour in Monmouthshire. “Look you, David, my boy,” expostulated the quaint old deacon, “we at Ebbw Vale were dealing with you when you were carrying a basket on your arm and trading on a small scale, and now that you have opened an emporium,

don't you think that you can turn the cold shoulder to your old customers." This arrow found a joint in the Revivalist's armour, and he yielded at once.

The Rev. Joseph Jones, Lampeter, preached, at Penuel, Ebbw Vale, on Sunday, September n, and the breezes blew balmily from Calvary. "We thank Thee, O Lord," said one brother in the after prayer-meeting, "for remembering us *to-night*. We were expecting Thee, but it was on next Sunday, with David Morgan, that our eyes were fixed. We thank Thee for *to-night*." "Next Sunday came," wrote one, "and dozens were added to the church. The burden of the Lord was taken on its heart by the church, and the stale old prayers disappeared. Yet we expected greater things, and we received them in the prayer-meeting on Sunday, November 20, at 8 a.m. The following Wednesday evening David Morgan preached. There was fire before; the furnace was now heated seven times. There was an outburst of 'praise'; giants in ungodliness wept and groaned distractedly, supplicated Heaven for their lives, thanked God they were on redemption ground, &c."

Often in the days of darkness had one of the converts, David Thomas, been seen on a Saturday, stripped naked to his waist, and frenzied with drink, making a clean sweep of High Street from top to bottom, policemen as well as ordinary folks conceding his right of way without staying to argue with him; often afterwards was he heard reciting a chapter before the sermon instead of the usual lesson. He met many tribulations, but claved to his religion to the end. An elder visited his ill-stored cottage one wintry morning. "How are things with you?" he inquired kindly. "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Hannah is grumbling a little about the diet," answered the old man, "but we had water, and we had a crust, and we had Jesus Christ; and that is enough of a heaven for me eternally."

The elder already quoted continues: "Every Sunday gave birth to new wonders. David Morgan came here again on January 8, 1860. The evening service baffles description. More terribly powerful influences pervaded the place than were ever witnessed here before. The most godless men in the neighbourhood were massed together, clutching the seats, believing that the Day of Judgment had begun, blanching with anguish, and thinking the Judge was in sight. Converts came in at every Society for months, a dozen or two together sometimes."

Before the Revival, a blind old fiddler called Levi Gibbon was led about the country by his daughter, fifteen years old. His songs, composed by himself, were worthless and obscene, but amused many whose taste was depraved. The Revival wave cleansed him, and afterwards, led by the same daughter in neater garb, he accompanied himself to new songs of his own composition, pure, edifying, and religious.

David Morgan was at *Tredegar*, September 20 and 21. Some of the most impious characters in the town were brought in. A contemporary Aberdare newspaper records: "In connection with the Revival, it was resolved to hold united prayer-meetings on the Square every Sunday at 7.30 a.m. At this time Richard Rees (Liverpool) arrived, and began to lecture on Temperance. Very soon nearly 7000 had signed the total abstinence pledge."

CHAPTER XIII

THE REVIVAL IN NORTH WALES—MERIONETH-SHIRE

IT is at a little church of eight members, in the village of *Maethlon* in Merionethshire, that we find the first gleam of the '59 Revival in North Wales. Certain men from *Trerddol*, Cardiganshire, worked in a lead mine in the neighbourhood, and these were obsessed by Humphrey Jones and the Revival. Also a young *Maethlon* farmer visited his people who lived in Cardiganshire, and it was he who actually carried the coal of fire from the blazing altar in the county of his birth, over the Dovey, to the land of his adoption. His servant-men had not the fear of God before their eyes, and scornfully refused to remain in the kitchen for family worship. One afternoon one of them, in his hearing, was guilty of shocking profanity on the field. Hereupon he retired with fear and trembling to a forest hard by to plead for help to rule his household, and in that leafy *Peniel* he felt his soul entering into possession of power with God and with men. To his amazement, the men all stayed for worship next morning, and as he prayed, such an overwhelming weight of convicting power fell upon them that they rolled across the kitchen floor, as if racked by bodily anguish. A prayer-meeting was held in the chapel next Sunday morning, before the preaching service, and the officiating minister, who walked in from *Aberdovey*, declared that as he was crossing over the bridge near by he felt some mysterious, and as it were magnetic, thrills

creeping over him. Soul-subduing forces were operative at that very moment in the little chapel, and a number yielded to God at the end of the service, the profane farm-hand being the first to bend. For ten years, *every male member* of the church would go forward, when called upon, to take part in the prayer-meetings, which are a prominent and vital feature of the church life of Welsh Nonconformist communities.

Aberdovey felt the vitalising breath of the Divine spring-time early in February. The resident minister, the Rev. Robert Williams, became one of the most conspicuous and honoured flame-bearers of the Revival in North Wales.

David Morgan came to *Aberdovey*, March 24, when he received eight converts. "Don't let this hand touch the intoxicating cup," said he to a woman of their number. She was, it seems, addicted to drink, and she replied cheerfully, "Mr. Morgan *bach*, God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham." This church had already received sixty-one converts of the Revival.

At *Barmouth*, Evan Phillips, Emlyn, preaching on Luke xvi. 26, remarked that the conscience of a careless sinner carried within itself the materials of eternal woe. "There is a guilty conscience asleep in the sinner's breast, as a man carries a match-box in his pocket without thinking of it; but in a day to come, I behold Justice striking the match across the throne of God, and the guilty soul is a flame for ever." In the crowd sat a shoemaker of superior intellectual capacity, but irreligious. Pulpit admonitions fell as unheeded upon him as anvil sparks on the blacksmith's dog. He was fifty years old, and had a crop of black hair. The remark quoted above crashed into his soul, like an explosive bullet into a soldier's breast. He gave himself to God and to His people, but passed through bitter experiences before entering into peace. In that storm of soul, his black hair grew snow-white in two

nights; then every hair dropped off, until his head was as bare as the back of his hand, and after a short season of baldness another crop of white hair grew on his naked pate. This again dropped off, and was replaced by a crop of black hair such as he had at first. He became eminent as a praying man, and when he saw Mr. Phillips some years afterwards, he told him, "You pulled all my hair out, my boy, but God gave it back again, and the hope of eternal life has grown along with it."

"Is your husband a Christian man?" asked David Morgan of a woman named Mrs. Freeman. "Alas! no," was the response. He prayed for him; and when Captain Henry Freeman came home, it was discovered that, synchronously with that prayer, he had casually strayed into a service at Mostyn at which he had been cut to the heart. Husband and wife consummated their profession by approaching the Lord's table at the same time.

The Barmouth sailor lads used to join their ships in spring, and return to the town for the winter. When they came home in October '59 from their various vessels, it transpired that each one had been disquieted and haunted in the isolation of his ship by some mystical spiritual influences. They resorted to the hollows of the sand-dunes for prayer, and often did the tide of divine favour flow up, strewing the beach with the treasures of the deep.

A young sailor, who was preparing for his certificate examination, went home from divine service one morning, and began to "rejoice" in the house, clasping the Bible to his bosom, and crying, "Here is my '*Chart*'! here is my '*Epitome of Navigation*'!"

Preaching on the text, "The long-suffering of our Lord is salvation," the Rev. Edward Morgan, Dyffryn, said he had asked a friend one day, "What is the excitement around that old hulk on the beach this morning?" and he had explained, "It is springtide to-day, and unless she

floats to-day, she must rot on the shore." "Some of you have resisted all the forces of the Revival; if the high-water passes, and leaves you without religion, it is most likely that you'll remain stranded for ever." He related an incident, when some small ships ran for shelter to Purple Bay, but in the night the wind changed to the north-west, and their refuge became their death, for the wind dashed them on the rocks that had screened them before. "The long-suffering of God is a hiding-place for sinners now, but not for ever. By and by the wind will shift, and unless you have a shelter like the Holyhead Harbour of Refuge, where the vessels are safe, let the wind blow from what quarter it may, your soul will suffer shipwreck.

'Oh Lamb of God! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide."

The Rev. John Griffiths, Dolgelly, had an overpowering service at Barmouth (and at many other places in this period), founding his discourse on Romans viii. 34. "If you want shelter," he cried, "here is a sea-wall for you! '*It is Christ that died*'; The death of Christ. If you are not at perfect ease behind that, build another upon it, '*Yea . . . that is risen again*'; The Resurrection of Christ. If you are still nervous and anxious, erect another wall on both, '*Who is even at the right hand of God*'; The Ascension of Christ: and, if there be yet any one not in perfect peace, rear a fourth to crown the whole,

'*Who also maketh intercession for us*'; The Intercession of Christ; and now you have a sea-wall over which not a drop of Divine wrath can ever splash."

It was in March, 1859, that God's children in *Fennal* began to weep between the porch and the altar. David

Morgan preached there early in April, on the green between the chapel and the river. On the bridge in the distance stood a stalwart, rubicund publican who had driven a party from Barmouth in, and who behaved during the service as a fool who had come to scoff. The Revivalist referred to him in his concluding prayer: "Lord, remember in mercy the big man on the bridge—even he is too good for devils. Even he has a soul; and he will be in the Judgment; but *that* day he will not be allowed to stand at a distance scoffing; some tremendous, irresistible compulsion will be behind him, forcing him to the front. 'We *must all* appear *before* the judgment seat of Christ.'" These arrows, on their rebound from the divine throne, reached the heart of the King's enemy; his huge limbs trembled under him, and he finally fell all of a heap against the battlement of the bridge.

In the evening, amidst surging excitement, the preacher described Joshua pursuing the Amorites, and lest he should lose the fruits of victory, crying unto God, "Sun, stand thou still." "'What is the matter, Joshua?' says God. 'Why do you cry?' 'We are in a crisis, Lord; and unless we have light, the majority of the enemy will escape.' And it is an hour of crisis at Pennal too; if the church gets the light of the Sun she will be completely avenged on her adversaries, but if the sun disappears she will lose the spoil. '*O Sun I stand still!*'"

The victory filled their mouth with laughing, and their lips with rejoicing. At the Monthly Meeting soon afterwards, the tide of joy ran so high that Robert Williams could not preach. The Venerable Richard Humphreys, Dyffryn, appealed for quietness. One of the firebrands of the Revival volunteered his aid to achieve this end. "I'll take care of this patch," he said, "and woe to the man who begins to disturb! Go on, Mr. Williams." By frowning on one, and shaking a second, and threatening a

third, he kept the most noisy in check, until the minister led his audience to gaze at Calvary; when, feeling his charge slipping from his grasp, he repudiated his self-imposed responsibility, addressing the preacher, "Oh, well, if you are *going that way*, between you and them!"

The whole population of this hamlet, three excepted, were won to Christ.

A convert at *Llanegryn* stood with his back to the chapel wall, while David Morgan spoke to him. There was something unsatisfactory about his demeanour and testimony. "Well, John," said the Revivalist to him, "if you are lost, you will remember this wall to all eternity."

Visiting this church some years afterwards, David Morgan related an interesting anecdote. "When Evan Phillips and I were crossing the mountain from here to Dolgelly in 1859, Mr. Phillips in holy exuberance began to shout detached verses as we descended the lonely slopes. In the distance, behind a hedge, there was a woman cultivating her potato patch, and one of the verses reached her ear on the breeze. That verse was the instrument of her conversion, as she testified in one of our meetings shortly afterwards. *There was Salvation in the air in those days.*" The leaven worked silently in the meal at *Dolgelly*, from April to November, but it leavened the whole lump. "A message came," wrote the pastor, "that the young people were in great distress in the vestry. I saw there the most terrible spectacle of my experience; some on their knees, some on their faces completely overpowered. The succeeding week was a strange one, and the following Sabbath was unparalleled to me, and terrible to the Dolgelly congregation. There were loud outcries from souls in agony, and thirty-five sought a place in God's house."

One evening the door of the vestry opened, and the sneering countenance of a young scoffer appeared. He

was an irreverent scion of a God-fearing household. He was invited forward, and, strange to say, went. "Give a hymn out, my boy," said the leader. He grasped the hymn-book in a mechanical and dazed manner, but his hand trembled so that the volume dropped on the floor. At the same time he fell on his knees, and a brother shouted above his head:—

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me—"

"Yes, William *bach*," interrupted the now prostrate penitent, "but did He bear it for *me* is the point?" The excitement became more intense; the youth continued to kneel in agony, streaming with perspiration. At a late hour his father came seeking him, but perceiving the state he was in, he would not disturb him. "Shall we carry him home, Mr. Jones?" asked the young men. "No; let him alone," answered the old man. "I never saw him in such good hands before."

The hand of God had touched him, and he was turned into another man. A Bala student said one Sunday morning, "I realise that you are breathing a different atmosphere to what I am, but I urge you to listen to what I have to say." John Jones responded cordially from the audience, "Take a short cut to Calvary, and all will be well." Another Sunday morning the preacher remarked, "It is not by means of military weapons that Christ intends to conquer, but by means of His sufferings and His Cross. Jesus Christ thinks highly of His Cross, my friends." A servant-maid on the gallery rose and said, "I also think the world of the Cross." This was to pour oil on a glowing fire; the congregation suddenly blazed into rapture, and the preacher had to sit down.

There were some who thought that these outbursts of public "rejoicing" transcended the limits of propriety, and the chapel-keeper's wife quaintly rebuked her daughter with a verse—"It is good that a man should wait *quietly* for the salvation of the Lord."

At the Association held at Dolgelly, June 13 and 14, 1860, it was reported that the Revival had added four thousand members to the C.M. churches of the county. "Praise" broke out at night in a *hotel*, where a hundred delegates were assembled, and continued for hours. On Thursday afternoon, Dr. John Hughes, Liverpool, had the most remarkable service of his great career, preaching from Matthew x. 37. He described the Church in Solomon's song, laying the splendour of Nature under tribute for metaphors to adumbrate the glory of her Beloved, and, dissatisfied with all, breaking forth, "*He is altogether lovely!*" The scene was indescribable as the preacher cried, "All glories and beauties are concentrated in Christ to satisfy the love of the beautiful in the human soul; the lily and the rose, the whiteness of heaven and the blush of earth have met in Him. There is no one to compare with Him. 'Glory as of the Only-begotten.' He is like—like *Himself*."

At *Parsel*, the Revivalist related an incident about a miner in his home who was injured in an accident. He neglected his wound, imagining it would soon heal of its own accord. By and by his condition grew serious, and the doctor was apprehensively summoned. "It will take his life," said the physician to David Morgan. "The flesh has putrefied, and I can't get my plasters to stick." "I saw lately," continued the preacher, "a soul in a similar plight. I was visiting an invalid who had neglected salvation in the face of many warnings. At last his conscience was aroused, but verse and hymn and exhortation and prayer went all in vain. The poor fellow could not

take hold of anything I proffered him. The plasters wouldn't stick. Oh, beware of leaving it too late, before you call in the Doctor!"

One night a sailor lad was giving out a hymn in a prayer-meeting here. A worldly butcher happened to be driving past, and the words came to his ears through the open door. He could not drive away from the stanza, and it remained with him, the power of God unto salvation.

"Will you take the total abstinence pledge?" "No, not *to-night* was the half-evasive reply of a man who had stayed behind at *Dyffryn*. The Revivalist pressed him further, "Do you expect Jesus Christ to receive you *to-night*? As long as you indulge in intoxicants, you are a prop beneath the devil's kingdom."

David Morgan and his friend had a service adamantine in hardness at *Tanygrisiau*, and no converts. The quarrymen of Merionethshire are notoriously stoical. The members were sharply rebuked by the Revivalist for their indifference, and urged to betake themselves to prayer. One of the elders retorted testily, "We *do pray*, but we don't believe here in an artificial breeze instead of the work of the Holy Spirit." Mr. Phillips made a scathing rejoinder, saying that he would not think of impugning their culture, but there was a kind of prayers that would be found some day paving hell. Another member said, "You are quite right, sir. Our record here is going to the shops to buy without thinking about paying. How can people like us hope to be visited by the Holy Spirit?" On the way to their host's house, Mr. Phillips said sadly, "We have spent our strength for nought; we have laboured in vain." "Not so," answered David Morgan cheerfully; "that is the best meeting we have yet had in Merionethshire. It will leave its mark upon the church." This confident augury was abundantly justified by the course of events at *Tanygrisiau*.

There were no manifestations of open rapture and praise in Festiniog until October 1859. Five hundred had already been added to the churches, so that the fuel was dry for a blaze; and the torch was applied by a young quarryman from Bettws-y-Coed, who worked at Festiniog. That quaint old preacher, David Rowland, Bala, found this young man on his knees in the Gorddinen Pass at early dawn on Monday morning, and passing by a farmhouse, he shouted to the tenant, "Look out; *it's coming!*" "*What is coming?*" "*The Revival,*" returned the old preacher. On Tuesday morning William Jones, Bettws-y-Coed, wandered restlessly about the quarry, exchanging experiences with the pious, and warning the wicked, until he at last infected the whole quarry with his own spirit; work became dislocated, and the men began to pour up the hillside to pray. The quarry was soon emptied, and a second which heard the news was soon drained likewise of all its men. A tram was sent down to Portmadoc with this device inscribed upon it, "Not another slate will come down to-day, as the quarrymen have gone up to the mountain to pray." There were 2000 present, and the praying lasted till six in the evening.

This populous neighbourhood basked for months in the heavenly sunshine. God's people began to think that its sun would no more go down, and that the days of its mourning were ended. Some one cried in a meeting ebullient with joy, "O'er those gloomy hills of darkness—" "Gloomy?" interrupted an old deacon. "No, no! the gloom has been dispelled long ago." "Blessed Jubilee, let thy glorious morning dawn," persisted the first, not to be repressed. "*Dawn!*" remonstrated the elder. "Glory to God! isn't it broad daylight?"

At *Rhiwspardyn*, a pilgrim of ninety-eight plunged into the stream of salvation; and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child and he was clean. He lived to pray as a centenarian in the little chapel.

At *Llanfrothen*, David Morgan urged professing Christians to remember that they were Christ's epistles—God's letters to men—and to aim at a consistent life in little things as well as great. Christians were the world's Bible. To be zealous in great matters, and careless in trifling things of everyday life, would be like giving men a Bible with all the little words left out. He opened the Bible and read aloud, "Separate—tribulation—persecution—nakedness." Such a verse would be useless; and quite as ill-qualified to be God's Bibles to the world are religionists who are enthusiastic on the Sabbath and the Festival, but careless of the claims of righteousness and love in their common life.

There lived at *Llanfachreth* at this time an unsophisticated old exhorter, called Lewis Williams, one of Mr. Charles of Bala's superannuated schoolmasters, now eighty-six years old. When the Revival took the capricious and incomprehensible course of breaking out first in the Independent chapel, Lewis Williams was disconsolate; but the very next evening it visited Hermon also, making the bones that He had broken rejoice. "I had believed," cried Lewis Williams, "that Thou wast going to pass us by this time; but feigning Thou wast, as though Thou wouldst have gone further."

Thomas Edwards, Penllwyn, visited *Bala* the first week in April, 1859, and his fire-filled ministry left its mark, especially on the students. David Morgan came June 26, and at the end of the afternoon service one of the old deacons, tenacious of his prerogatives, stood up to ask if any one had remained behind anew. There was no immediate response, so he continued in the time-honoured set phrase, "Well, it seems not, but let us not be discouraged—" "Oh dear! yes," exclaimed the Revivalist, leaping to his feet. "Oh dear! yes. Come forward, dear friends. Come on, you on the floor; and you on the

gallery, come down.” To the amazement of all, especially the old deacon, men and women rose on the floor and the gallery, and came striding to the front to the number of twenty-two. At night the net had thirty-three souls in it. They returned again, taking on Thursday a draught of seventeen, and of thirty-three on Sunday evening. Mr. Phillips has described the after-meeting: “It was so crowded that Mr. Morgan had to move around the chapel in search of the converts. One of them was a man from Park, where Mr. Morgan had preached on the previous Saturday. Mr. Morgan asked him if he would read and pray, morning and evening, with his family. ‘I do that already,’ was the answer. ‘Since when?’ ‘*Since Saturday night.*’ At this reply a wave of pleasure went over the audience, and smiles and tears were seen. In the press, the Revivalist happened to pass by a boy of fifteen without observing him. He felt his coat grasped from behind, and turning around, he saw the lad looking at him through tears. Having bent down to listen to his whisper, Mr. Morgan said, ‘It is a little boy that is here; I had passed without seeing him, but he took hold of my coat and told me, “I also, sir, am without salvation.”’ The audience was electrified, and a heavy shower of tears fell through sunbeams of joy.

“When Mr. Morgan began his expedition through the crowd to seek the lost sheep, who could be seen following him, about four yards behind, but Dr. Lewis Edwards, a sigh escaping him now and again that could be heard through the chapel. What moved him to follow around in the wake of David Morgan no one knows, but his silent action deepened the spirituality of the service. All knew that his sighs ascended to God, and the spirit of the great audience soared with the sigh up to the throne of God.”

On no one was a deeper impression made than on

Thomas Charles Edwards, then a student at the Theological College, and a candidate for the ministry; afterwards learned Principal and expositor, and great preacher whose epoch-making ministry combined the fire of the cherubim with seraphic luminosity. We quote his own words in David Morgan's memorial service: "Ever since he was at Bala in 1859 he has been very dear to me. I was in College at the time studying great matters, but never having realised them in my experience as living truths. I knew Butler's arguments for a future state, and Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity.' I felt their force as arguments, and could not controvert them; but I was in a state of doubt with regard to it all. But here come two plain men from Cardiganshire to Bala, and preach Jesus Christ simply and unaffectedly, without much culture or eloquence, but they had more. Eternity pervaded the service, heaven was in the place. The chapel was full of eternity, full of God. The place was terrible no one needed Butler's arguments or Paley's evidences. Man himself was an adequate demonstration of a future state. The change that I experienced was ample evidence to me of the divinity of Christianity. Before, I was a mass of damnation, and in the service I became a new creature. I never doubted that that revival was of God. It was God raised Mr. Morgan to rouse the church, and to shake the world out of its slumber."

In a sermon commemorative of the deceased Principal, the Rev. William James, D.D., Manchester, made the following remarks: "In the beginning of his way as a preacher, the Spirit came upon him as a mighty, rushing wind. Some yet remember how he cried and leaped, wrought upon by such powerful influences, kicking against the sharp pricks. This incident was a crisis in his history. He was saturated in the Spirit, and the dew kept his heart and ministry fresh and green the rest of his days."

A certain service was overwhelmed by the "rapture" of the students. Later the minister asked, "Why in the world did you make such a commotion to-night, boys? What was the matter with *you*, Thomas Charles?" "Mr. Hughes," he replied, "had you offered me a thousand pounds a month ago for shouting like that, I couldn't: but to-night, if you had placed a thousand pounds on my hand for being silent, I could not refrain from praising God."

Principal Lewis Edwards, D.D., accorded the Revival movement his fullest sympathy and co-operation. The golden vessel was filled to the brim with the new wine. His whole household were swept off their feet by the flood. One of his sons, who clearly had not inherited his father's theological genius, prayed passionately on one occasion, "Lord, save the devil!" Another feared greatly that he was not one of the elect, and cried in supplication, "Lord, elect me *now*." When this was reported to his father, the Doctor said, "Llewelyn is nearer the mark than many on the subject of the Election of Grace. *Though* it is, or rather, *because* it is eternal, it is present."

The gentle rain from heaven dropped upon the town throughout the summer and autumn, but in December the clouds returned after the rain. The flood poured through every sluice. People's faces on the streets bore marks of weeping. The children were mobilised by means of juvenile prayer-meetings, stilling the enemy and the avenger. The students blazed in every service.

One Saturday night, on the way home from a prayer-meeting, a certain man dropped into a tavern. While there he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and a sharp spear of conviction driven through his heart at the same time. He slipped out to go home, but in the middle of the principal street he found that the terrors of God had cut him off. He frantically locked his arms around the trees, roaring "Mercy! *mercy!*" as if gripped by devils.

He was borne away by gentler hands than his fears had pictured, but after reaching home his agonising shrieks did not cease for hours.

The "children of the Revival," as all who had received the fire were called, were full of missionary spirit. They went praying and evangelising in every dark corner. They arranged in one service that on a certain evening family worship should be conducted in every household in Bala. This was accomplished with three exceptions—a hotel, a lawyer's house, and one other residence. The voice of prayer was lifted in ten public-houses. In that day there was an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt.

Some amusing stories are on record of some aspects of the Revival here. A brother returned to the C.M. Society who had long sojourned in the Episcopalian community. "Why do you turn your back on the Church?" asked Dr. Edwards. "There are good people in the Church." "Very good for looking after the body; but they are not in it with you for looking after the soul." "I understood," added the Doctor, "that prayer and society and revival meetings were held yonder in the Church now." "So there are," said the witty renegade; "and do you know what verse they bring to my mind? 'Now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.'"

A lad prayed one evening, "Lord, strip the devil this winter, and starve him." That same night a reprobate tailor joined the society, and giving his testimony, said, "That young brother's prayer about *stripping* the devil is being answered; and what is more, he will not be able to get a new suit—he has lost his tailor."

Many of the students were worn out with work and intense emotion. One of them hoarsely prayed, "Lord, give us a new body!" As soon as comparative quiet prevailed, Dr. Edwards said, "I would advise you, my

boys, to be as careful as possible of the body you've got, because you will not have another while you are on earth at least."

It was the same student who, when Dr. Edwards cried in prayer, "Remember us, Lord, *for the sake of the Blood of the Cross*," ejaculated, "Yes, yes; *he* has only the *same* thing as ourselves after all."

Another evening the Principal lifted up the following petitions: "Lord, save the ungodly of Bala! Save them for the sake of other ungodly men! Save them for the sake of society! Save them for the sake of their families! Save them for their own sakes!" The silence that prevailed suggested that the doctor was traversing apparently unevangelical regions, and when he continued, "Save them for the sake of the *Atonement*!" a sigh of relief escaped from the same student's breast, and he blurted out, "Ah! that is *something* at last."

At *Ysbytty Ifan*, the converts numbered nine. David Morgan cried, "I see the whole neighbourhood at the door." The audience in a body turned round to look. "These nine are Gad—a host cometh," he continued. This prophecy was amply fulfilled.

Many of the farmers went on horseback to the Festiniog annual fair in November, and in past years had always returned in a state of intoxication. In 1859, sixteen of them came straight from the fair to the prayer-meeting. "We thank Thee, Lord," said a deacon in the concluding prayer, "for fulfilling the old prophecies—it is manifest to-night that on the bells of the horses is HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

Of the one hundred and forty converts received into this church, only two or three became backsliders.

When the after-meeting was announced at *Llangwm*, and the unconverted were asked to leave, every person in the crowded audience sat glued to his seat. A local minister

was asked to pray, and another opportunity was given for those who were not yielding to depart. Not a soul stirred. Mr. Phillips prayed, and a third effort was made to get the unconverted to disperse, but again in vain. Another minister prayed, and then David Morgan peremptorily insisted on knowing whether any present were surrendering that evening to Christ. Like men awaking from a swoon, a number now languidly rose, and walked out as if heavy weights were attached to their feet. Before they had gone fifteen yards from the chapel they stopped. David Morgan stepped to the threshold and cried, "My commission allows me to come out after you into the highway and compel you to come in; but lest any one should think that I am applying unwarranted pressure, I will come no farther; still, if any one of you repents withdrawing from God's house, let him now come back." Before he had reached the big seat four or five of them followed him with a rush, like sheep chased by dogs into the fold.

When the preachers left the chapel, they saw a man with his face bowed on a wall hard by, sobbing bitterly. When asked the cause of his grief, he replied that *he* "had a soul like anybody else." He was a man whom his neighbours considered feeble-minded, and had discouraged from offering himself as a church member. It was in a prayer-meeting here that a publican's son thanked God for the voluntariness of Christ's sacrifice. "There were not enough nails," he affirmed, "in all the shops of Jerusalem to hold Him on the Cross, had it not been for the glorious nail of His own will."

An old pilgrim, bidden by a hypercritical minister to examine herself lest the spirit that prompted her to "praise God among much people" should be a deceiving one, retorted calmly, "I mean to do my best to take hold of eternal life, John Hughes; and if I fail, I shall be good enough for the devil afterwards."

A *Cefnddwysarn* man would not pass beneath the rod of Total Abstinence. "I go to England on business sometimes," he adduced as a final excuse, "and it is impossible for a cattle-dealer to be an abstainer in England." Failing to force a capitulation on this point, the Revivalist tried a flank movement. "Let us leave *England* alone, then; between you and England and one another, will you be a teetotaller in *Wales*?" This geographical pledge was not given either; but his brethren were satisfied that the *root* of the matter was found in the cattle-dealer, though the tree did not bear the entire twelve manner of *fruits*.

On the way to chapel one evening, Thomas Ellis, Cynlas (father of the late Tom Ellis, M.P.), said, "I hope we shall have a quiet service to-night. It beats me to know what in the world makes the people shout." Before the service was over his voice was lifted higher, and his "rapture" was more irrepressible, than that of any one there. Mr. Ellis was charged with the above fact in our hearing, and he meekly confessed it and denied not.

"At *Llanuwchllyn*," writes the Rev. Hugh Roberts, Rhydymain, "the net was drawn to land full of great fishes, twenty-five in number. 'There is another here somewhere,' said David Morgan. 'It was shown me before I came this morning.' A woman stood and said there was a young convert prostrate on the floor of her pew. His name was David Jones, the Prys."

When David Morgan and Evan Phillips came in sight of *Cafel Celyn*, the former said to his companion, "You'll have a good time this morning"; and so it proved. Later, Phillips asked the Revivalist, with a measure of awe, on what grounds he had prophesied about the morning service, and he archly replied that he had observed that the scenery was wild and romantic. A few Saxons will

need the explanation that Evan Phillips, who is still amongst us, a green and flourishing octogenarian, is the poet-preacher, *par excellence*, of Wales.

On a Friday night, a deputation of two elders from Llanfihangel Glyn Myfyr interviewed them at Tymawr, importuning them to hold a service on the morrow at their chapel. This involved a detour of ten miles, as they were due at Bala early. Mr. Phillips thought that it was absurd to entertain such an inconvenient request, but his colleague took him aside and told him he felt induced to consent. Having perfect confidence in his friend's intuitions, Mr. Phillips immediately sacrificed his personal objections, and they returned to the deputation. "How will you get a congregation for us, as we have not been announced?" they asked. "Promise to come, and we'll see to that," was the eager reply. "Very well; we shall be with you at eight to-morrow morning." Away hastened the delegates, and from cottage to cottage over those lonely moors and hills, messages sped throughout the night announcing the early service. The chapel was crowded with worshippers at eight. "The meeting was not on *our* plan," said Mr. Phillips to the writer, "but we saw in less than five minutes that it was on the eternal plan of God." "How?" we asked. "We had only taken hold of the hymn-book when the elders in the big seat were melted into tears; and before the hymn was all read, the weeping had spread to the congregation. Both young men and maidens, old men and children, and mothers in Israel wept unrestrainedly. Stalwart farm-hands were struck all of a heap by the mere reading of the hymn. God filled the place!" The dew of heaven had fallen heavily on the barren hillsides of Llanfihangel during the night. Distressing scenes characterised the testing of the congregation at the close of the service. Only nine yielded, but the arrows of truth had transfixed many others, who left the service literally *shrieking*

with mental anguish. They could be heard screaming in paroxysms of agony as they climbed the heights in the distance towards their homes. When the preachers were mounting their horses, a man came to them, shaking with sobs, and said, "I went out this morning, but I have decided to join the society *to-morrow*." Before they had proceeded a hundred yards, a husband and wife with tear-stained cheeks hailed them, and said, "We turned our backs just now on Christ, but we will give ourselves to God's people *to-morrow*." "Stranger than the service," wrote Mr. Phillips, "was to see people crossing the fields in ones and twos to meet us, and all telling us the same story that they were going to join the church on the *morrow*. By this time David Morgan was blind and oblivious to his surroundings; his eyes shone like stars and his body trembled; his whole nature dilated with emotion. At last we came to a solitary spot, and there his pent-up feeling found vent in a shout that cannot be forgotten—"Thou, O God, seest me," &c.; and with many similar utterances he made the place ring for a long time. That was the strangest spot that I ever stood on."

One evening in November an old deacon asked all the church members at *Tregeiriog* to promise that they would give five minutes a day for a month to pray for a divine visitation. All promised. As the sands of the month were sinking, the old deacon's anxiety grew into positive alarm. Often in the day did he look out at the window, and cry through the lattice, "Why is His chariot so long in coming, and why tarry the wheels of His chariot?" The final society of the term arrived. "My dear brethren," cried Richard Morris, "we must stick to it; if we give up now, a month's prayers will be thrown away. How many will promise five minutes daily for another month?" All hands went up again; and long before the second month

had elapsed, the Chariot had arrived, and the shout of a King was among them.

Overpowering "rapture" prostrated the young men in their own special prayer-meeting one evening. "They are almost at the last gasp," cried one who had climbed to the window, for the door was locked. "We must burst the door." "Let them be," said an old sister placidly; "if they kill themselves they'll go to heaven straight; no one ever went to hell off his knees."

A number of *Dolyddelen* quarrymen, working at Festiniog, went one evening to a prayer-meeting near their home. The little chapel was crowded, and every male in the congregation engaged in prayer in succession. They refreshed themselves after leaving with a cup of tea, but passing the chapel, they discovered that another prayer-meeting had been started, and were beguiled in. Once again they started homewards, but by the Roman Bridge they entered a cow-shed, and held another service of praise and supplication. Here the local friends bid them good-bye, but half a mile farther on they held another prayer-meeting beneath the Hafod trees. Having reached the Gorddinen Pass, they kneeled together once again, and there the "cold mountain and the midnight air, Witnessed the fervour of their prayer." They turned aside to quench their thirst at the "Little Fountain," and almost unawares bent their knees the sixth time to pray. There our informant left them, the dawn reminding him that he was due at the quarry in an hour.

About five one Monday morning, a quarryman starting for Festiniog with his weekly loaf slung on his back heard a voice in prayer! beyond the hedge. He clambered over, and throwing down his loaf, enjoyed sweeti fellowship with God and the friend he found there. When they opened their eyes, they found themselves surrounded by dozens of quarrymen, luxuriating in green pastures of devotion, and

a small cartload of loaves in the dry ditch. The feast lasted till mid-day, and not one quarryman went over the Gorddinen Pass that day. At twelve they adjourned to the chapel for prayer and praise, and it was midnight before they dispersed.

CHAPTER XIV

THE REVIVAL IN MONTGOMERYSHIRE, FLINTSHIRE, AND DENBIGHSHIRE

IT was at Machynlleth, the nearest point to Cardiganshire, that the Revival took hold of Montgomeryshire. The Divine blessing came in freshets rushing down from the heights of eternity, and flushing the streets clean of social defilement. The moral results were quaintly summed up by one woman in response to a question by a visitor: "It is a new heaven here on the Sabbath, and a new earth all through the week."

Near *Dinas Mawddwy* there lived a gifted but uncultured old preacher called David Davies (Cywarch). He was aflame with spiritual zest at this time. In a united service of the denominations he cried, "There is only a barrier of straw dividing us—let us put a match to it to-night." Another time he said, "This Revival is working gloriously. I hear that some *lawyers* have been saved at Aberystwyth." "What do you think of these children and their noise?" asked a carping old deacon. "I think very highly of them," said David Davies; "they possess a spirit that would do you good." "There is a lot of flesh about it," still cavilled the critic. "Of course there is," retorted the old preacher; "I wouldn't like to see a spirit in this world without any flesh about it." Another brother pessimistically whined that he was afraid the Revival was only a "flash." "Very likely," rejoined David Davies; "the Millennium will be only a 'flash' compared with eternity." He urged

the converts to make a good start. "This business of religion is just like marking sheep; unless the stamp is properly imprinted at the first attempt, it will only be a botch with a second and third attempt." In one service a young man exulted that his life was hid with Christ in God. "Yes!" cried David Davies, "there's a strange way of hiding for you, my boy—*hiding, and divulging where!*"

It was among the Wesleyans that the Revival fervour first manifested itself in *Meifod*. Their Calvinistic brethren looked askance at the stir among them for a season, confessing afterwards, "We were so much afraid that it was strange fire you had, that we nearly froze rather than draw near to it." When they understood that the Wesleyan friends were not moving the hands of the timepiece forward mechanically, but that the Spirit of life was in the wheels, united meetings became popular and successful. When David Morgan came in 1860, it was ebb-tide. He invited Christian brethren to bear testimony. A veteran arose, and fluently expatiated on the great things the Lord had done for him and *through* him. When he had finished, the Revivalist remarked quietly, "I am glad that this brother has such a good opinion of his own religion—I should like to hear also his wife's opinion of it." It seems that this bullet hit the bull's eye, for the orator was what the Welsh proverb describes as "highway angel, hearthstone devil."

There was at *Mallwyd* a lazy and lubberly fellow, who, though a married man, frittered his time away with hobble-dehoys. When he became a man in Christ Jesus he put away these childish things. Hiding his bill-hook and gloves in the hedge that he had been trimming, he went straight to service one evening. The devil was at his ear throughout the meeting whispering that some one had stolen his tools. His patience was at last exhausted, and rising in righteous wrath, he roared, "What business is it

of thine, O devil! what happens to the bill-hook and the gloves? are they not my property?"

On the second Sunday in March, 1859, David Morgan was due at *Llangurig*. He says in his Diary, "In the morning unusually heavy rains fell. I nearly went with the river, trying to cross it."

A convert at *Adfa* was a taciturn wight, but his voluble partner by his side kept up the average. It was to her that the Revivalist spoke first. "And what is on *your* mind, Mr. Jones?" he asked, turning to the good man. "Same as Mary," was the laconic response. "You have wandered long; what way do you intend to take for the rest of the journey?" Again came the succinct echo, "Same as Mary."

When entering *Gleiniant* chapel, the anxious resident preacher said to the Revivalist, "Do your best to-night, Mr. Morgan." "My *best!*" he rejoined abruptly. "I can do *nothing*, but what is given me from above."

David Morgan did not come to *Carno* till February 1860, twenty months after the first outbreak of the Revival in Cardiganshire. Twenty-three were converted, and there were showers of blessing. It was not the cedars only whose roots were now watered; the field-flowers also drank in the refreshing drops. The children of *Carno* pressed into the temple, crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Here lived that pulpit giant, Joseph Thomas, mighty in the Scriptures and master of metaphor. He once took up his parable against some whose "rapture" was, he feared, nothing but empty sound. "The other day I watched a lark winging his way from the heather to the sky, and heard him break into song in the azure. He was so high I couldn't see him. 'He has gone to heaven,' said I to my friend. 'He will never come down again.' 'Yes, he will,' he replied; 'his nest is down.' You might think by some of these Revival lads, whose song is so lofty, in the

heavenly places, as it were, that they will never come down again. Yes, they will come—their *nest* is down.”

On another occasion, referring to those professional evangelists who, when the angel does not come down to trouble the waters, wade in to lash the pool themselves, he said that the great danger of some brethren was to try to do something of themselves. “But David Morgan was free from that,” he continued. “He held a service in a certain place one evening, and was to be entertained at the house where I was staying some distance away. He arrived long before we expected him. I inquired what the result of the service had been. “Nothing, nothing,” he replied. “How was that?” I asked; and he answered, “There was *nothing* there, and I can do *nothing* under those circumstances.” I saw at once where the hiding of his power was when he avowed that he could do nothing of himself.”

In FLINTSHIRE, we find the cradle of the Revival in the little village of *Pentredwr*, where iniquity spread like a green bay tree, while the cause of Christ was as a lily among thorns. In less than three months seventy had been added to one little church alone. Prophets of evil croaked that they would not persevere longer than Llangollen Fair; but only a few went there; and these returned home, and the smell of fire had not passed on them.

The, preacher at *Ruthin* on the occasion of the outbreak of the Revival was “the *least* of all the saints,” viz. Samuel Jones. As one said, he was “*interestingly* small.” The ardent rapture of the young people, when the tongues of fire fell, was noised abroad, and “the noted loan Jones,” who had gone home, returned eagerly, and waving a wooden porridge-spoon above his head, cried, “Glory! I began my supper at home, but I’ll finish the feast here.” Later, the “old parliamentary hand” said to a friend, “I *recognised* it at once.”

Two or three eminent ministers had preached at Ruthin at this time, which explains the oft-quoted saying of Ioan Jones that the Revival did not come to Ruthin on a prancing hunter or a well-fed draft-horse, but riding on an ass.

On Monday morning, the servant-girls in a tavern in *Llandegla* felt an irresistible inclination, the house being quiet, to pray together in the bar-room. While one of them was praying after they had sung and read, the landlord crept in, and knelt, and it was his hearty "Amen" that betrayed his presence.

A Bala student preached here on one occasion, and as he developed the solemn message of his text, a weight of awe fell on the audience, and before the sermon ended not a face was visible to the preacher. One by one they had bowed their heads beneath the pressure, and a hush like that of the grave prevailed.

It is at *Llanrwst* that we trace the first indication of the '59 movement, as far as DENBIGHSHIRE is concerned. When the Young People's united prayer-meetings were initiated in June, only two young men could be found to take part in them. The storm gathered slowly, breaking upon them towards the end of July, shaking all the trees of the forest, and uprooting many a gnarled oak. The C.M. chapel was the third in size in North Wales, but it was easily filled for prayer-meetings. A Cyclopean jail-bird, six feet three in height, came in the crowd one evening, intent on mischief, but soon he was roaring with distress, like a wild beast in a snare. He was urged to pray. "I can't," he sobbed. "Tell Him you can't." "Lord!" he cried, "I don't know the way to pray; teach me. Amen."

The wheels of business were almost stayed in the town by the counter-attraction of prayer-meetings, public and private. One young man fled to Liverpool to break the

spell, as he could not afford the jubilee of rest which Llanrwst seemed disposed to celebrate.

The feebleness of Christ's cause at *Trefriw* made the enemy scoff, but there were a few who were grieved for the affliction of Joseph. A new and strange note in their devotions awed them one Saturday night in October, for they knew it was no finger of theirs that had struck it off the harpstring. They parted saying, "*He* hath put a new song in our mouth." The morrow's preacher was one of "the great unknown." "Make bare Thine *arm*, O Lord," prayed one brother. "We know that the sleeve is only homespun cloth this morning, but what does that matter?" One of the hearers went out weeping, and on the road in front of the chapel he burst into a great and exceeding bitter cry, "O my precious soul! *my precious soul!*" His outcries continued till he came home; and in the after-meeting that night he testified, "God has saved me; *He has saved me at the eleventh hour.*" This last intimation puzzled his friends, for he was hale and comparatively young; but manifestly the shadows of the Divine purposes had fallen athwart his soul, for the record on his tombstone is "Aged 34 years."

It was in a Young People's meeting that the great feast was first spread at *Denbigh*. The adults were at another service, but, like eagles hasting to the prey, they came flocking in to the Capel Mawr Vestry to share the spoil.

Thomas Gee was heart and soul in the movement, casting himself into the flood, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim.

A poor woman one evening found her reckless, drunken poacher of a husband on his knees in the kitchen; and when he arose he gave her his gun, the weapon of unrighteousness, telling her to sell it and buy a shawl, that she might attend the services.

A similar character informed his wife that he had been

served with a summons. "By which of the 'bobbies'?" she asked, with an obscene oath. "No more of that!" he said solemnly; "it is Jesus Christ that has taken me up, and I shall be His prisoner for ever!"

An honoured elder vouches for the following. One evening a young man on the gallery, in Capel Mawr, with intense ardour thanked God for His presence on the preceding evening, when twenty-nine converts had yielded up their rebel swords. "We want more to-night, Lord. Forty to-night! *Forty to-night!* FORTY TO-NIGHT!" When the net was landed, it was found to enclose *exactly forty*.

The Mayor of Denbigh declared publicly on February 13 that the magistrates had only been troubled for over three months with one case, and he a strange tramp. In little more than that space of time 614 converts had been enrolled, 254 in Capel Mawr alone.

In a society one morning at Saron, in the Vale of Clwyd, two non-professing farmers were observed. "We are delighted to see Mr. So-and-so here," said the leader. "I came by mistake; I thought it was a prayer-meeting," said the farmer referred to, picking up his hat and leaving hastily. "Was it by mistake *you* came?" the other was asked. "Yes, really," he replied; "but if I may stay with you, I will." He was welcomed, becoming an excellent Christian; the other was only embittered and further and finally alienated by his own unfortunate mistake.

As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so came the power of '59 to *Abergele*. It was a Sabbath morning, and Joseph Evans, Denbigh, a young preacher, frail and wan, was present. His intensity of spirit was remarkable, and, too soon, the sharp sword wore out the fragile sheath. In the church-meeting he rose to speak about the Revival. "It will come to *Abergele*," he declared. "It is abroad in our land. It

will come. *Oh! HERE IT HAS COME!*" With these words, while his blue-veined, attenuated hands were thrown up with a gesture of exulting welcome, a rushing sound like that of a fresh, strong breeze passed through the chapel.

Mr. Edward Roberts, C.M. deacon at Abergele, said that he had heard the same sound on two other occasions, both memorable in the story of Calvinistic Methodism. Once at Liverpool, in a great missionary meeting, Morgan Howells, Newport, rose to speak, and his first words were:

"O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, *be still*, and gaze——"

At the words "*be still*," a rustling sound traversed the large building, filling every bosom with alarm and awe, and making it necessary for the Rev. Henry Rees to intervene to quell the ensuing commotion. On the other occasion, William Roberts, Amlwch, that burning and shining light, was preaching on the field at Carnarvon Association. He was describing the Christian's "abundant entrance" into the heavenly kingdom. "O my friends!" he cried, "you have had a life of toil and trial on earth; but your first glimpse of heaven *at the entrance*—" The sentence was broken short by a rustling wave of sound which seemed to strike and agitate the whole throng on the field. How can these things be? "There are more things in earth and heaven than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

One of the most fiery of the Revival preachers in the county was William Jones, *Talywaun*. It was his sermon on "A feast of fat things, full of marrow," that kindled the flame at Moriah. "Another *dish* for you, my friends," he would cry with every new point. The morning service lasted till one, the audience relishing the old preacher's dishes so much that dinner was forgotten.

A remarkable convert of this service was David Jones. When a servant lad, he had been cut to the heart by a

sermon from the rare old thunderer, Daniel Jones, Llan-degai, on the words, "On the ungodly will He rain snares of fire and brimstone," &c. He spent the following morning in agonised prayer on the field, his work forgotten; and when his employer called him to account, he sought to escape by concocting a falsehood about the roller. "And do you know?" he declared after his change, "the Lord never touched me after that till I came to Moriah, fifty years after the lie."

He began his new life on the sunny heights of assurance, but a change came over the spirit of his dream very soon. "What is the matter?" asked a friend, noticing his glum face, one Sunday. "The old devil," was the answer. "He has come, then, has he?" "Yes. He taxed me yesterday with not harrowing the oatfield clean, and said that it was full of crows. I turned to look, and there wasn't a crow on it. I do regret that I turned my head to look, *at his bidding*." In his prayer that morning he said: "I thank thee, Lord, for bringing me here to Moriah. Thou hadst to sell my farm over my head to compel me to move, but it was Mercy brought me here. But I want to ask Thee one thing, Lord; tell me, isn't it within the bounds of possibility not to be troubled by the devil? Thou art his master, but he has the whip hand of us; if I were Thou, I'd *make* him leave *Thy* people alone."

He placed a shilling on the plate when the members' monthly collection was taken up. This was considered at the time a princely subscription from a poor man such as he, and the treasurer said, "Are you aware that this is going to be a monthly call, David Jones? Isn't a shilling a month too much?" "A shilling a month for Jesus Christ too much?" exclaimed the old man. "Why, I used to think nothing of giving the devil *five* shillings to make a fool of me at Eglwysbach fair."

CHAPTER XV

THE REVIVAL IN CARNARVONSHIRE

A VERY interesting Revival movement took place in *Llanfairfechan* and neighbourhood early in 1858. We have no grounds for connecting it in any way with the American movement, which had already attained considerable proportions. It seems to have sprung spontaneously from the religious instincts of God's people, face to face with a crisis in the situation of the kingdom of God amongst them; for Belial was waxing stronger and stronger, and the house of God weaker and weaker.

They realised it was time to supplicate the Throne for reinforcements. One of the united prayer-meetings is still referred to as "the *mute* prayer-meeting." Five men went forward successively to offer prayer, and not one of them was able to utter a single word. The audience dispersed, filled with strange feelings, some to pray by the roadside dykes, others in the fields and on the mountains. Before the end of the year nearly three hundred souls had been translated from the kingdom of darkness.

The next instance that we have traced of Revival manifestations in this county, namely, at *Waunfawr*, is clearly affiliated to the Cardiganshire upheaval, for early in 1859 one of the members received a series of letters from a friend in Llechryd, Cardiganshire, delineating the course and character of the work in that county; and these communications were read in prayer and church meetings to a brotherhood that greeted such good news from a far

country as thirsty souls welcome cold waters. It was during the Whitsuntide Festival that the Lord rent the heavens and came down, the flinty mountains of age-long indifference and selfishness flowing down at His presence. Before the Revival, it was as difficult to bring a young man to his knees as to drag the "devil to the cross," as one old pilgrim put it. "Now they pray in chapel, at home, in the rocks, and in the old tunnels of the quarries." When the Revival flood ran strong, only one resident dared visit a public-house by daylight. Six of the converts became deacons. The chapel was rebuilt, enlarged, and opened in 1864, when the Revival fervour was still unspent.

The 21st of August, 1859, was a red-letter Sunday in the *Llanddeiniolen* district. On Monday morning the amazing news was blazed abroad that overpowering spiritual forces had descended the previous evening on every congregation in the neighbourhood, viz. those of Cefnywaun, Ebenezer, Dinorwic, Sardis, Rhydfawr, Rehoboth, and Llanrug, as an earthquake shock might simultaneously affect a group of villages in a territory three miles square.

After this, whenever one might go abroad, he would hear the rocks redoubling songs and supplications to the hills, and them to heaven. One told us he was passing through Llanrug at three in the morning, and surprised to find the chapel lit up, he went in and found a congregation white-hot with flaming "rapture," like a bush that burned with fire and was not consumed.

Religion had fallen on evil days at *Bangor*, but there was a remnant who redeemed the time. Hearing how the Lord was showing His greatness and mighty hand at Cefnywaun, some of them went over to see if these things were so, and finding that the half had not been told them, were filled with a godly jealousy that Bangor might be baptized with the same baptism.

One of the first converts, named Thomas Jones, said he

had never succeeded in shaking off the influence of a sermon he had heard forty years before from Daniel Jones, Llanllechid, on the words, "If the ungodly will not turn, He will whet his sword," &c. He indulged for a whole fortnight in a drunken carouse, but the spark of conviction was not to be drowned, though he forgot everything *except* Daniel Jones's text. After these forty years the Word of God prevailed.

A veteran saint expressed in a church-meeting his delight that so many were asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward. It had been a dreary task for years to stand in the house of the Lord by night; but the Revival had brought the morning. In his prayer the same evening Thomas Jones said: "The friends have been grumbling, Lord, about standing in Thy house *by night*; it strikes me they were very well off to be in the house at all—to *stand-by night on the devil's common* was the terrible thing." Thomas John, Kilgerran, urged the young converts to be brave and explicit in their Christian profession. Observing some puppies in a hamper on a railway platform, he had asked a porter whose they were. "We don't know," was the answer; "they have eaten their address." "Lads of the Revival! you are booked for the heavenly Jerusalem. Don't hide, don't destroy the address. Declare *plainly*, like the patriarchs, that you are seeking a country, that is, a heavenly one."

It was arranged to hold the North Wales Quarterly Association at Bangor on September 12-14, 1859. On these occasions the services of one or two gifted preachers from the other end of the Principality are generally secured. "Are you expecting any stranger to the Association this year?" asked an Anglesea man. "Yes," was the reverent answer of a Bangor citizen, "we are expecting the Holy Spirit."

At 8 a.m. on Tuesday, the preachers held a conference

at which they discussed the Revival in an unconstrained and informal way. We set before the reader the pith of the reports given by eyewitnesses of the Revival:—

About seven hundred souls had been added in a few days to a dozen or so churches, amongst them many who were leaders in iniquity. Old Christians had renewed their youth like the eagle, and the children of the Church had received a special refreshing. The youth of the church, before the Revival, gave no indications of possessing the power of godliness; they were growing up callous in spirit, and would not tolerate rebuke or advice. But now, behold! they pray in their families and in public meetings till all around are weeping. They are now gentle and easily entreated. Before, intemperance was daily gaining ground, but now nearly all the drunkards of the districts have been sobered at a stroke; religion has dethroned impiety in all the neighbourhoods. Those who have watched the results of the Revival are compelled to say, in Christ's words, "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed"; those who had been ostracised from all decent society, because of their vices have become fellow-citizens with the saints; yea, "the dead are raised"; in many a district there were miserable creatures buried in graves of lust, and all who passed by cast a stone on their grave—now the cairns have been scattered, the graves are empty, and the dead alive.

The Revival is a priceless privilege to the Church; it should be remembered that it needs much pains to foster it, but the trouble will pay well. Means must be taken to nurse the new-born souls. Let us aim at enlightening the mind and edifying the heart, not at pampering the feelings; and by every means let us consecrate ourselves to magnify Christ, to win souls to Him and confirm them in Him.

At ten, seventeen preachers were ordained to the full work of the ministry. The Address on the Nature of

a Church was given by the Rev. Owen Thomas, London, and the Charge to the newly-ordained ministers by the Rev. Henry Rees, on the words, "Do not err, my beloved brethren." At two, a prayer-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, the Association *sederunt* proceeding meanwhile in the adjoining schoolroom. After two ministers had prayed, an old lay brother named Owen Rowlands was called forward, and soon after he had commenced, the mighty rushing pentecostal wind filled all the house, and a tremendous, irrepressible shout arose to heaven from the assembled throng. Owen Rowlands leaped to his feet, and, with uplifted arms, rushed wildly hither and thither, like a man panic-struck in a storm which he had unwittingly and involuntarily himself raised. The business session was abandoned with headlong haste, and the Sanhedrim came pouring into the chapel. By and by the heaving waves subsided; two other ministers offered prayer, but the electric power of the meeting was spent.

At five, on the field, Daniel Jenkins, Monmouthshire, and Edward Morgan, Dyffryn, preached, the latter from the words, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus," &c. He said that religion was like little Moses—it must be shown or slain. "Give fair play to that feeble desire; you will yet need it to lead you through the sea and the wilderness. Have you a faint desire to confess Christ? Do so. Ally yourself with the Church. Those who wait at Dover for the packet to France are able on serene evenings to see the mountains of that land. The prayer-meeting is our Dover, and from thence, some cloudless evenings, we have caught a glimpse of the land that is very far off, and the King in His beauty."

In the last session, at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, a number of brethren continued the story of the Revival from personal observation of it in the counties of Cardigan, Carmarthen, and Carnarvon. The President called upon the

Rev. John Jones, Blaenannerch, who gave an address that delighted and greatly moved the assembly; but so racy of the soil that our bald reproduction of it in another language does it only the scantiest justice. "The Son of God," he exclaimed, "is going to farm the old earth Himself these days; and, fair play to Him! it is His property, every furrow of it belongs to Him; He paid dearly for it, and He will turn its fields of thorns and briars into vineyards of red wine by and by. He has begun to do this in Cardiganshire. The Son of God is carrying all before Him with us, and Satan is going to the wall altogether yonder. It used to be otherwise with us also. It was the devil that used to gather the harvest—the great sheaves—while the Crucified could only glean a few straws. But—and I feel a desire at this moment to shout '*Glory*'—things have changed there. The Son of God takes all the sheaves now, and the devil only gleans any stray straws that he may, in His tracks. The devil is almost left to his own company yonder nowadays. He has to go alone to Vanity Fair. He is left by himself in the public-house. The jolly convivial companies go in troops to the Association, the prayer-meetings, and the societies in our country now; and Jesus Christ is going to take possession of the whole world soon."

In a crowded prayer-meeting at Hiracl that night, there was an outburst of "rapture" that lasted till the lamps were extinguished at midnight, and many paraded the streets till dawn, singing hymns and "rejoicing."

Thursday morning a grand circus processioned the streets with fanfare of trumpets and beating of drums. On the field, Edward Morgan urged the crowd to avoid it, and make the occasion a holyday unto the Lord.

From 6 a.m. till midnight, the proceedings on the meadow, where the preaching stage had been reared, might be described as one vast religious service with

abundant variety of incidents; but to record them were such a task as to depict on canvas the infinite play of the ocean when wind and tide bear down upon it. There were 30,000 present, many of them never leaving the field throughout the day. A more remarkable concourse never assembled in Wales. The weather was fine, and the windows of heaven wide open. The moment the preaching ceased, prayer-meetings would begin around the wagons scattered over the field. Those who led in prayer were rustic youths, as a rule, whose words were unpolished, but their souls anointed with the oil of gladness. With every striking petition, a great shout from the throng rent the welkin, now at this point of the field, now at another. At other moments prayer would be universal over the field. Any one arriving from an uncongenial atmosphere might attribute their extravagancies of gesticulation and utterance to intoxication or insanity. "These men are full of new wine." Taking one another by the hand, they would at times dance, leap, sing, pray, exhort, shout, and "rejoice," incessantly working their several ways through the maze, like a hive of bees that have discovered a virgin bed of flowers. Suddenly, perhaps, the social bond would be dissolved, and each one would become absorbed in the contemplation of his own treasures. If a chair became empty for a moment, some one would immediately jump upon it, and from that coign of vantage shout a hymn or a verse at the top of his voice. Many were cast into trances or swoons, when, unconscious of their surroundings, they would declaim or soliloquise with unintermitting fluency, even as they were borne out of the field by their friends. A farmer's wife, weeping copiously, said to a neighbour: "It is lovely to see them, but if the Revival lasts long we farmers shall be ruined. I sent the man to plough yesterday, and looking out, I saw the horses standing. They were still standing when I looked after

another hour, and going up, I found the ploughman on his knees by the dike, oblivious of his work, his horses, and everything." The evening services in the chapels were crowded, but thousands remained in the field, heaven showering its influences upon them, prayer and praise ceaselessly rising, like the fragrance of a flowery meadow ascending through fine rain.

The preachers in the morning at ten were John Jones, Blaenannerch, and Henry Rees, Liverpool. The anticipation of the service weighed heavily on the former throughout Wednesday night, and as the last straw he was told that the Lord Bishop had arranged to be present. When he came in sight of the immense multitude on the field his spirits sank to zero, and his limbs would hardly bear him. The Rev. David Jones, Treborth, discerned these signals of distress, and striding forward to meet him, embraced him in sight of all. The preacher read his text in a low and trembling voice, and for ten minutes it seemed doubtful whether he would not sink beneath his burden. "Is that your great gun from the south?" asked a burly scoffer. "I don't see anything special in him." "Yes, that is he," was his neighbour's answer; "if there are any devils in you, look out! he will get them out of you, every hoof of them; he is aiming at you." At this point the preacher finds refuge from the fear of man and of the Lord Bishop in his Lord's countenance, and his sentences begin to ring like nails driven home by a master of assemblies. His text was, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone," &c. "'A *tried* stone,'" he cried; "this stone has been tried very severely. I see the world and hell assaulting it. The sun grew black, rocks rent, and graves opened when the stone was under the test, but it bore all without a flaw. Build on this stone. I behold riches taking wing, health failing, friends departing, but the Stone does not move—a SURE Foundation." The preacher places

the palm of his hand now to his ear, a certain indication that he was become master of himself and of his subject, and, as a result, of his audience. His sweet and sonorous voice now reaches a pitch that wakes the echo in a neighbouring cliff, and every rapturous shout in praise of the Stone of Israel is redoubled with quaint effect by the Bangor Rock. "Salvation is of God. 'Behold *I* lay.' God Himself handled the square and the compass in shaping and laying this Stone. Every inch of it bears the stamp of heaven. Wouldn't you like to try it, you lads of the quarries? You must come to *Zion* to find it. The Son of God will not be found in the theatre; the Stone is not in the taverns, my boys; life is not found in the palaces of iniquity. If you want to build on the Stone, make the best of your way to *Zion*."

"This Stone is God's appointment. 'I lay in *Zion* a Stone.' 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation'; 'I have found a ransom.'" "What a glorious word for an Association, *Ransom*," cries the preacher, and the rock responds, "*Ransom*." "This word fills a field, *Ransom*." "*Ransom*," echoes the rock. "This word fills the world, *RANSOM*." "Fills the world—*RANSOM*," redoubles the rock. "It fills eternity—*RANSOM*." "Fills eternity—*RANSOM*," echoes the old rock with equal rapture. The preacher's magnificent voice, every inflexion ranging to the utmost confines of the crowd, was steeped in heavenly unction, and it made the multitudinous souls under its spell like the chariots of Amminadab. For some time the minister had been preaching to an accompaniment of many voices in the audience, like ominous drops that herald a cloudburst. Then came his mighty, melodious shouts of "*Ransom*, *RANSOM*, *RANSOM*," and—*after that the flood*. Some who were present told us that the rapture and the thunder often arose on the fringe of the vast host, travelled like an irresistible wave towards the preacher, its course

marked by lifted hands, hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air, swoons and outcries; and broke at last in spray, as it were, over the platform, where the ministers sat. Archdeacon Howell said, "That was the most glorious service I was ever in—I will remember it, and thank God for it for ever." It was the means of bringing scores, if not hundreds, to build for eternity on the Rock of Ages. Scenes of similar power, and even greater intensity, were witnessed in the afternoon, when Owen Thomas, Liverpool, preached the memorable sermon from 2 Cor. vi. 1, that he had already delivered at the Llangeitho Association.

Though the writer interviewed many who were present at the above Association, the tremendous sweep of its general characteristics seemed to have obliterated the impression of particular incidents, as one might return from Niagara with an empty cup; therefore we must thus conclude this account of one of the most memorable landmarks in the religious history of Wales.

The sigh of approaching rain was heard in the breeze at *Dinorwic* about August 21st. The children began to slip furtively into the woods to pray. On the following Thursday morning, robust youths in the quarry were seen weeping freely with heads bowed over their work. At ten a prayer-meeting was held at a place called "The Smoky Hole." Instead of proving an escape-valve, this made the weight of emotion intolerable, and the quarry poured itself out and up the slopes of old Elidir to relieve the strain. Three would be found kneeling behind this stone, five in this hollow, ten beneath yonder precipice. The mountain burned with fire, and guilty souls heard the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words. Many such, who had followed the praying throng either to mock or from curiosity, were overcome by the terrors of Sinai, and, prostrated on the ground, they wildly clutched the short mountain grass, like men in imminent peril of slipping over some appalling

precipice. By and by God instilled His peace into their hearts, and they participated in the feast which the Lord of Hosts had spread in that mountain—a feast of fat things full of marrow and of wine upon the lees. They all returned to their burdens in the quarry about two, but other troops from the village and district took their place, feasting, as it were, upon the fragments that were left, and finding enough and to spare until daylight faded.

Another Prayer-Festival was held on the heights of Elidir on the 1 st of September, when three thousand worshippers gathered.

The *Bethesda* quarry district was described by one writer of the period as a place where religious carelessness and callousness had attained their climax before the '59 Revival. Troops of youths loafed about on the Sabbath who jeered at all reproof and could not blush. The cause of temperance was under an eclipse, the land bore thorns and briars, and the members of the churches were, too generally, hand in glove with the world. It was about the beginning of September that the Lord drew nigh to break the gates of brass, though October had arrived before the churches, as a whole, were led into liberty and joy. Throughout the first week in October the prayer-meeting was as a river whose streams made glad the city of God, and on Saturday night it broke in a crystal flood over the banks.

There were two large C.M. chapels in Bethesda at this time—Carneddi and Jerusalem. The same minister officiated in both on Sunday, October 9, preaching at the former in the morning, and at the latter at night. That morning, sixteen young men sat on the railing of a bridge, waiting for the opening of the public-house door opposite. One of them suggested going to hear Evan Williams, Morfa Nefyn, at Carneddi. Another proposed that they should toss up to decide between the tavern and the chapel. The die being cast, it fell to the lot of eight

to go to chapel. They went, and the eight were saved in that service.

The text was, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." He compared the verse to the pillar in the wilderness, which presented a dark side to the Egyptians and a bright side to the Hebrews. He portrayed with startling vividness the dark side which the text showed to the ungodly, "The wages of sin is *death*." The audience felt it had been brought to the mountain that might be touched, unto blackness and darkness and tempest; and so terrible was the sight that the most hardy and defiant exceedingly feared and quaked. When the preacher, with the fine dramatic skill of a true orator, suddenly turned the shining side of the text on his audience, it leapt wildly to its feet, and the air was rent by a universal shout of joyful relief. The tumult was so great that the church meeting for the reception of converts was postponed to the afternoon. At that service sixty-eight yielded, and twenty-four in the evening meeting.

The same sermon was preached at night at Jerusalem; and when the preacher cried, "Don't you want to see me turning the leaf? There is something here besides *death* — *Eternal life!*" the morning scene was paralleled, and twenty-eight souls saved.

In a prayer-meeting at Carneddi that week seventeen penitents remained, each confessing that he was the chief of sinners. The resident minister exuberantly asked, "Dare we bring so many *great* sinners to Jesus Christ at the same time?" "Yes," responded a jubilant voice in the crowd, "He is *mighty to save*."

Another memorable discourse was that of the Rev. John Phillips, Bangor, on "The Barren Fig-tree." As he enumerated the reasons for cutting down the tree, the audience cowered and groaned as if they saw the axe descending on themselves. Each Divine attribute in succession can only

recommend "Cut it down." Mercy only has not spoken. "Mercy! Have you any remedy to propose? What shall we do with the barren tree?" A man named Owen Williams leaped up and cried with overwhelming results, "Try *Blood* to its roots!"¹

Burning with missionary zeal, some young men invaded in the name of God a cottage whose inhabitants were a benighted, illiterate old woman and her son Evan, a brutal fighter and a ribald drunkard. The onset resulted in leading Evan in the triumph of Christ, but repeated services seemed to affect his mother no more than morning dew dissolves granite. By and by Evan began to read the New Testament to her, and she astonished the company one evening by asking, "What is this Jesus Christ you've got? He's a rare good sort, it seems to me." A few evenings later a preacher asked her, "What do you think of Jesus Christ?" "Indeed, He is a caution," she cordially answered. "Is that so?" "Yes, when He could save our Evan." The Bible became as the sun to Evan. He was heard one evening privately reading the story of Christ before the High Priest. Angrily moved, he jumped up, and stripping off his coat, exclaimed, "D—, if I had only been there!" The old woman, when dying, was asked whom she loved best, and her reply was, "Jesus Christ and Evan."

At this time Queen Victoria visited Bethesda to see the quarries, and the men were given a holiday that they might have leisure to see her Majesty. However, what they did was to utilise the opportunity by crowding into a series of prayer-meetings. Another instance may be given of the influence of the Revival. A certain bookseller disposed normally of a hundred and fifty copies of *The Welsh Punch*, a humorous journal of the period; but with the

¹ Many vineyard-keepers believe in the efficacy of this treatment.

Revival its circulation dropped to vanishing point. At the same time the Revival itself was not without its humorous incidents, and perhaps these should not be totally suppressed. A young fellow, in despair of soul, cried out in one service, "My sins are beyond forgiveness!" "Stop your

twaddle!" said the Rev. Morris Jones, locally known as "the old prophet," to him; "your sins by the side of the Plan of Redemption are but like hitching a porridge-pot to the stern of a man-of-war." An obscure Bethesda preacher having moved his congregation mightily in one service, a brother thus alluded to it in the next prayer-meeting: "Thank God for the Revival! It is changing 'locals' nowadays into 'strangers from South Wales.'"

A settler from another county (which need not be specified) prayed in the following naive terms: "What is it, O Lord, that hinders the progress of the Revival amongst us? If it is the deacons, remove them to a better land. If the teachers or the stewards are obstacles, remove them to heaven. If I am the obstacle, remove me—to *Anglesey*."

We find David Morgan at *Llanllyfni* early in November. His ministry was wondrously melting, the emotions of the saints flowing in the wake of his cadences as the ocean follows the moon. He spoke of the "Two Ways," saying that the Narrow Way broadened as it advanced, and that walking it paid gloriously *at the terminus*. A young man in the audience cried, "It pays *on the nail*, Mr. Morgan." On the gallery stood "Cyrus," a literary character, who had backslid and denied his Master years before. To-day he tasted forgiveness, and cried incessantly, "'Tell Peter! Tell Peter!'" (Mark x. 7).

An old woman of eighty "stayed behind" at *Nebo*, the preacher being "the old prophet" from Bethesda. As he well knew, she had been a persecutor of God's people, especially of her husband, but now she is abjectly penitent.

"Where is she?" asked the preacher. "Here on your right," answered a deacon, pointing to her. "*That old thing?*" asked Morris Jones, a note of scorn keen as a knife in his voice. "*That old thing* wants to join the society? How old are you, tell me?" "Eighty." "Shame!"

exclaimed the stern old man. "You've been the devil's dishclout for eighty years, and now you have the face to offer yourself to Jesus Christ. He won't have her!" Suddenly the scowling, contemptuous countenance of "the old prophet" broke into a smile, like the sun bursting through a thundercloud. Mercy rejoiced over judgment, and he cried, "Yes, He will receive her. '*This man receiveth sinners.*' There is no one in the universe but *Him* who would receive *her*."

Owen Humphreys, an octogenarian, turned to God at Nebo. When dying, a friend asked him how old he was. "Four," he faintly whispered. "You mean *eighty-four*, of course?" "No—four," he insisted; "I have only *lived* four years of my time on earth."

When David Morgan preached at *Talysarn*, one of the converts was a haulier in the quarries with a reputation for brutality towards his horses. One of the elders remarked, "Robert Williams has come to Christ. *The old horses* must hear about this, Robert."

David Morgan came to *Beddgelert* on Tuesday, October 11. There was in this place an ungodly, brazen-faced farmer, who made it his pastime in the house of God to stare God's servants in the pulpit out of countenance; and he often boasted to his boon companions that he had never lowered his eyes before one of them. When the Revivalist ascended the pulpit, his gaze ranged as usual over the congregation; and as a mighty warrior in the onset selects the foeman worthiest of his steel, so his eyes became fixed on this man, sitting in the seat of the scornful. The audience recognised at once

that an eye-to-eye struggle had commenced between the preacher and the farmer. The preacher, too, recognised that the bold, defiant eye glaring at him must be put to shame as the necessary preliminary of a victory over the audience; and the scorner realised that he must extinguish that rebuking flame burning in the preacher's eye, or lose a reputation confirmed by a hundred contests. It was a singular duel, and for a minute or two the issue was not certain. It was the sword of the Lord that drew first blood; for a moment the farmer's eyelids dropped, but he immediately regained his impious strength, and again lifted his insolent looks to the pulpit. However, the flame in the eye of the man of God was more than flesh could withstand, and the scorner's recovery was only momentary; his heart became as water within him, and a flush of self-contempt covered him. Once again he made a desperate effort to rally, but the ordeal of facing the preacher's frown was too terrible for him. He trembled from head to foot, grew pale, then dropped his forehead on the seat, and so remained till the service was ended.

"What is your name?" said the Revivalist to a middle-aged man among the penitents. "John Roberts, Brynmelyn." "You stuck for many years to the old master. I suppose you got a lot out of him. He gave you many a suit of clothes, I suppose?" "Never a thread," said honest John. "Do you expect much from the new Master?" "It was He who gave me *all* before," was the reverent reply. Shortly afterwards he found Mrs. Catherine Roberts, Brynmelyn, among the converts, and still another said that she was "Gwen Owens, servant at Brynmelyn." "You Brynmelyn folks must have prearranged this for to-night?" said David Morgan. "Had you, Gwen, told your employers that you meant to join to-night?" "No, sir, I hadn't breathed a word about it, though it had been on my mind for some

days." "And you hadn't told any one?" After a slight hesitation she replied, "I had told my Father." "Oh! you had told your father. And where does your father live, my girl?" "*In Heaven*," was the answer. After adorning the doctrine for twelve months, and before winter had touched the bloom of her piety, Gwen Owens went to live in her Father's House.

From here David Morgan went to *Bethania*, the cradle of the great Beddgelert Revival. In the after-meeting, the chapel being packed, the deacons were sent around to look if there were any converts. They returned reporting one by the door. "There is more than one here," said the preacher confidently. "Search again." They did so, but fruitlessly. "There must be more than one here," he insisted. "Go around again." This time he was discovered, an old man of eighty-two, who had escaped detection in a secluded corner of the big seat, where he generally sat owing to his deafness. "Will you begin to hold family worship at once?" asked David Morgan. "I began a fortnight ago," was his answer. "Dear me!" cried the preacher. "And an old man of eighty-four that I received some time ago had begun three weeks prior to his public confession of Christ."

Returning to Beddgelert, the Revivalist had a very powerful evening service. He had told them at Bethania in the afternoon that many wounded there would drop at night in Beddgelert, and so it befell. A certain young man shouted distractedly, "Oh! friends, what shall I do?" "Why didn't you enlist this afternoon at Bethania when you were sober?" said David Morgan to him. His conviction was so poignant and profound, that it cost him three weeks in bed to get over the physical effects of it.

The floodgates were lifted high in this neighbourhood, and the tide swept gloriously in. The old hymns of the

Beddgelert Revival were resuscitated, and they had the dew of their youth on the lips of the '59 converts.

When David Morgan preached at Moriah, *Carnarvon*, one of the twenty-one converts was a sea-captain. "What have you to say?" he was asked. "Nothing," replied the bluff sailor, "only that I mean to try a new tack for the rest of the voyage."

Speaking of "The Two Ways," the Revivalist said one was very broad at its entrance and very short. The first mile was the counsel of the ungodly; the second, the way of sinners; the third, the seat of the scornful. The other way was very narrow at its entrance and also short; the first mile, out of self; the second, into Christ; the third, into glory. Having touched the words, "I will sup with him," he said: "The flesh gives a man breakfast, and the world spreads a dinner for him; but no one offers man supper but Jesus Christ. God only says, 'At *eventide* it shall be light.' Christ only says, 'I will *sup* with him, and he with Me.'"

A profane prodigal came to the service at Engedi, and while prayer was being offered, he, being in drink, began to rave and disturb. Perceiving his condition, the Revivalist addressed him sharply, bidding him go out into the open air to get sober. The drunkard blenched at the rebuke and retreated; but before passing through the door he turned and said, "I am going, but remember that Moses the potman has a soul like yourself." Audience and preacher were staggered by this Parthian shot. "Let us pray for him," said David Morgan. It seems that Moses halted also in the porch to listen to the prayer, and some one heard him say as he moved away, "O blessed prayer! Remember Moses the potman again!" The Revivalist went to seek him on the morrow, and ceased not to pray for him publicly until he received the welcome news that Moses had escaped from Satan's snare. "Though he had

lien among the pots, yet was he as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." This service resulted in forty-seven converts.

Moses built for himself a house of turf on Snowdon, where he prepared tea and coffee, &c., for visitors. One Sunday two strangers in drink broke the peace on the mountain. In the times of ignorance, Moses had been a champion fighter on the streets of Carnarvon; and though he had deserted the trade, he had not sold the tools, as the two Sabbath desecrators found to their sorrow, when he knocked their heads together, informing them at the same time, "You are under the law of *Moses* here."

During this visit, David Morgan offered a moving prayer on behalf of the sailors of Carnarvon, bereft of the privileges of the Revival owing to their profession. A Carnarvon boat, timber-laden, was making its way from Quebec at this time. One day Captain Elsby called all hands but two into the cabin for worship, which was usual; but on this occasion some extraordinary power fell upon them, resulting in rapture and rejoicing; and the Captain announced a "society," when every one remained to offer himself to God, a number of them never having done so before. When they made this known at Carnarvon, notes were compared, and the hour of the prayer on land was found to correspond with that of the "rapture" on sea.

A party from *Caeathro* were on the way to Bangor Association, when the train stopped with a jerk in the tunnel near that city. Many were terror-stricken finding themselves in total darkness, but one lady began to "re-joice," saying, "I am in a train that will never stop in the dark. 'He that believeth in the Son shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.'" At this time the Revival had not touched *Caeathro*, though such a sudden flash of a swallow's wing through the air heralded the impending arrival of summer. It was about

a month later that a brother at the opening of a prayer-meeting gave out with striking authority and light a few quaint lines to sing (which may be rendered):—

“Once more with trumpets let us go
Around the walls of Jericho;
Who knows 'tis not this very hour
The Lord will shatter gate and tower.”

Fourteen were convicted of sin in that service according to the augury of the initial hymn, for the Lord knew what He was about to do.

An able musician belonging to this church was sorely tried by the “confusion worse confounded” which the enthusiasm of an unmusical old brother wrought in one of the tunes of the sanctuary. “You haven’t got the right measure, Richard Jones,” he protested. “Never mind the metre, Humphrey *bach*,” replied the old man, swaying to the rhythm of his own soul; “I am not singing by measure to-night, but by weight.”

The brotherhood at *Capel Uchaf* prepared for the Revival by enlarging the chapel. They proved their faith by building bigger barns for the anticipated harvest. When faith and works co-operate, the windows of heaven will not remain shut. Perceiving the valley made full of ditches, the Spirit of God descended like a flood from the eternal hills, replenishing them with fulness of blessing.

The mother of the Rev. John Jones, Brynrobyn, was an old lady of remarkable spiritual characteristics. Apostrophising the Saviour in a high hour of rapture, she cried, “O my beloved Child! We are afraid of Thy Father, but *we love His Son!*” Is not this even finer than Olive Schreiner’s famous saying in “The Story of an African Farm”?

There was among the converts at *Clynnog* a young man of a handsome appearance, with a crop of curly golden hair.

“Are your parents alive?” asked David Morgan. “No.” “Did they die in faith?” “Yes.” “How many brothers and sisters have you?” “Six.” “Are they Christians?” “Yes.” Lifting up his voice, the Revivalist cried sweetly, “Here is the last in the Ark, let the deluge come when it will.” Drawing his fingers through the lad’s yellow ringlets, he added, “It would be a pity for the devil to get these. He always wants the young and the lovely. Thou art a beautiful lad—too beautiful for hell to get thee.” On this, the youth leaped upon his feet, threw his arms about the neck of the Revivalist, and kissed him. This scene threw the whole church into a delirium of rapture. David Morgan approached an old sister, who was like Miriam among the women. “You then have cause to praise Jesus Christ, have you?” “Thank Him for ever, I have,” she replied. “What has He given you? Has He ever given you a fine coach or a pair of horses?” “No.” “Has He given you a palace?” “No.” “What has He given you, then, that you praise Him like this?” “*To know Him*, my boy,” replied the old saint.

One evening a backslider returned to the fold at *Port Dinorwic*. The ring of genuine penitence was absent from his testimony, so the archers did not spare him, but sorely grieved him. Stung into self-defence, he retorted curtly, “I am nothing worse than a *sinner*.” “Man!” thundered the old minister at him, “there is nothing *worse than a sinner* in the depths of hell!”

A milkseller was converted at *Pwllheli*, whose street cry had always been, “Cream! cream!” It was observed that his call on the morrow of his conversion was “Milk! milk!”

Nearly 400 new members were added to Penmount C.M. chapel alone. A weekly class was established to read Dr. Lewis Edwards’s “Doctrine of the Atonement,” and it was those converts who underwent the mental

discipline of that class that developed into pillars of the church.

At *Edeyrn* lived an eminent minister, the Rev. Griffith Hughes, who wrote as follows in his Diary: "I have experienced in this Revival much of the joy of religion, more than since 1832, and none of the troubles of that time. This is the third Revival within my memory; the others, 1819, when I joined the church, and 1832; but this is the greatest of the three."

When David Morgan preached at *Edeyrn*, a large number were brought in. "I don't know how in the world I'll manage to shepherd them," said Griffith Hughes. "It will be easier for you to shepherd them in the fold than on the common," retorted the Revivalist. One of the deacons said later to Mr. Hughes, "The Revivalist was very successful to-night, was he not?" "Yes, he has a fine time of it," said the old pastor; "he only catches the fish, it is we that will have to salt them."

The subject of the Society at a Monthly Meeting at Fourcrosses during the Revival was Psalm xv. Thomas Williams, Rhyd-ddu, was called upon for a five minutes' address. "'Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?'—to *dwell* there is the great thing," said the old preacher. "I live on the slopes of Snowdon. Many visitors come there in summer, but we don't see a sight of any of them in winter. But I *dwell* there in the *winter*. There are many visitors to the Hill of Zion in the sunshine of the Revival, but to *dwell* there, summer and winter, is the great thing."

When Captain Griffith "remained behind" at Llwyndyrus the old deacon told him, "We have long expected you; what made you stay to-night?" "It was that verse which came to my mind, 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'" "What did you find in that?" "I thought if I could but have that well within me, I'd never go on fire."

A servant lad at *Brynmawr* went out betimes on a wintry morning to cut gorse. A couple of hours later another of the men took the cart to fetch what was cut. He found the gorse unchopped, and the boy under the bushes on his knees. He touched him to recall him to his duty, and the contact seemed to magnetise him into the same state of rapt devotion as his friend. About mid-day the farmer grew anxious, and went to see what had happened; and he also was anointed with the oil of rejoicing. Neighbours gathered, and all who came found the gate of heaven on the gorse-heath.

CHAPTER XVI

THE REVIVAL IN ANGLESEY

THE heart of the Bride was awake in Anglesey before her Beloved appeared. She had received tidings of Him skipping upon the hills of Cardigan and leaping upon the mountains of Arvon, and sat wistfully expectant of the high hour when He would lead her forth to behold the flowers appearing on the earth.

It was about the beginning of October that a number of pious young men residing at *Newborough*, deeply disappointed that the conflagration of Bangor Association had cast no glowing sparks across the Menai Straits, instead of waiting longer for the fire, resolved to fetch it from a district where they knew it was raging. When this was proposed in another church, the minister quaintly objected, saying, "It is fire from *heaven*; let us go there for it." It was to Llanrug the six from Anglesey went, and seeing the grace of God, they were soon aflame with rapture; but alas! the firebrands were extinguished by the time they reached Newborough. Yet a brand, though black, is sooner ignited than a green branch, and in about a fortnight they burst again into flame at a Young People's prayer-meeting.

One evening the Rev. John Davies, Llanfaircaereinion, preached at Newborough. He asked a pious but phlegmatic brother to conduct the introductory devotional service, who read the Gospel incident of the visit of John's messengers To Jesus. The stoic was strangely moved by

the sacred words. When he had read the phrase, "The blind receive their sight," he was overcome by a paroxysm of weeping. "And the lame walk," he added after recovering a little; and then his tears again gushed unrestrainedly, blinding him for another space, the audience generally weeping with him. The next two sentences, "the lepers are cleansed" and "the deaf hear," were punctuated in the same extraordinary fashion. Still he struggled on. "'The dead are raised up.' Oh, thank God!" he cried. "'And the poor have the gospel preached to them.' Glory! Halleluia!"

The preacher urged those who had not come under powerful impressions in the Revival not to slight, but rather cherish, fainter impressions. "One day a farmer saw a beautiful bird in his field which he chased in vain. Another morning he saw a nest of little brown fledglings at his feet. He took them home and tenderly reared them; and when they grew he discovered, to his delight, that they belonged to the same family as the lovely bird that he had failed to secure. Nurse your faint impulses, and as they grow, their hidden beauty and power will emerge into sight, filling your bosom with joy and content."

It was at this interesting moment, when these events were occurring at Newborough, that David Morgan commenced his preaching journey through Anglesey. His first service was at Llangoed, where he spoke from the words, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" He described Justice as an officer apprehending the transgressor and carrying him before the Judge. Taking hold of a man sitting near by the finger, he said, "You will not escape, O sinner! Justice will take you to the bar *by your little finger* easily enough. 'We *must* all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.'"

The Rev. William Pritchard, Pentraeth, who was pre-

sent, has favoured us with an account of the Revivalist's service at Pentraeth on the following morning, which we now give in a condensed form:—

“Nazareth Chapel was overcrowded long before the hour for Divine Service. Some who never came inside the house of God except on the occasion of some funeral were present, one of them, ‘because of the present distress,’ having pushed his way into ¹ the big seat.’ The Pentraeth congregation had heard of strange spiritual forces in operation in Cardiganshire and elsewhere. No parallel upheaval had ever been experienced among them, and the possibility of any violent interruption of the even tenor of their way was laughed to scorn. They had definite preconceptions also of the Revivalist's features, physical and moral. They expected to behold a tall, emaciated man, with a religious-austere countenance, whose strength had been dissipated by religious excitement; groaning dolorously, and crushed to the ground by the burden of the Lord. Instead of that, a robust and powerfully built man mounts the pulpit, a man whose frank and cheerful countenance indicates the possession of a larger measure of common sense than the bulk of mankind is blessed with. He has no peculiar mannerisms, and the singing is heavy. He reads a chapter calmly, then prays. There was something in the prayer to be felt but not described; something new, vivid, natural, putting us in mind of the ‘still small voice’ that Elijah heard at Horeb; yet nothing that we reckoned as ‘revivalistic.’ The singing before the sermon again was dull and lifeless. The preacher looked a disappointed man, and glanced scrutinisingly at every portion of the audience. The sermon was only similar; sound, strong, good, but ineffective. Then descending to the big seat, he began to speak more directly, seriously but calmly, the atmosphere still heavy as before. The preacher appeared like a man who knew he had missed his mark. He looked around

for a place to sit, yet continuing to speak; when all at once, like a bolt from the blue, the powers of the world to come were in the place 'with energy divine.' Speaker and hearers felt it simultaneously. Some wept as if stabbed; others lifted cries of terror because God was so manifest in the place; others stood on their feet with surprise and doubt, as those on the day of Pentecost, asking in attitude if not in words, 'What meaneth this?' others bowed their heads to pray or to—we can hardly say what for, if they knew themselves. No one raised a cry of rejoicing—the place was dreadful in very truth! In the midst of the tumult, Mr. Morgan's tenderly-penetrating voice could be heard, yet not intelligibly; but I remember his last sentence, 'You shall sing triumphantly when the Isle of Anglesey is hovering like a crow in the vault of heaven.' The converts numbered twenty-one. I can only compare what took place to the action of the quarryman, who perforates the rock with his wedges, places dynamite in the hole, shuts it down, ignites the fuse, then retreats to wait the result; and instantaneously the rock is split and shattered to pieces, and in half a minute all is over. It was only for half a minute that the overwhelming power described above continued that strange Sabbath morning at Pentraeth. Mr. Morgan told me years afterwards, 'I saw nothing more remarkable in the whole course of the Revival. I was on the point of giving up all hopes of success. As soon as I felt that God was in the place I sat down.'"

David Morgan's address at *Carmel*, near Llanerchymedd, dealt with the prophet Elijah on Mount Carmel. He compared the strength of the solitary prophet and the moral weakness of the mob of heathen priests. He said, "Wickedness is feeble when attacked; 'Resist the devil and he will *flee*.' The ungodly people present now are the weaklings of the neighbourhood. 'Yes,' says some one,

'you can talk finely there in your coward's castle with the deacons around you; you come with us to the tavern, and you will see whether we are strong or no.' Very well, I'll come;" and with the word he left the big seat, and in the heart of the congregation took hold of the arm of a muscular, smart young carpenter, and said to him, "Come! come! come!" We were told that this man's face revealed no traces of dissipation, though he had fallen under the fascination of drink some months before. He sought salvation shortly afterwards, but not that day.

"Look around again," said the Revivalist to the deacons, after they had finished enrolling the converts. "You'll find another piece of silver in the dust." They found another in a secluded corner.

A lad at Carmel, whose parents were aliens from the commonwealth of God, was heavily laden with the burden of their lost condition. He was called forward to pray one evening when they were present, and his concern was so urgent that he mingled prayer with the usual preliminary giving out of a hymn:—

"Seek for a rock to build on (O Lord, save mother!),
 My soul, with earnest care (O Lord, save mother!);
 The great and sure foundation (O Lord, *save mother!*)
 Thy precious weight to bear (O Lord, *SAVE MOTHER!*)."

At this point a whimper from the old lady indicated that the Sword of the Spirit was dividing between the bones and the marrow, and the lad proceeded:—

"How welcome in the River (O Lord, save father!)
 A rock beneath will be (O Lord, *save father!*),
 When all the Valley's tempests
 Are sweeping down on me (O Lord, *SAVE FATHER!*)."

There was at *Parc*, near Amlwch, an old reprobate who habitually arrived at the chapel too early, and spent the interval outside relating dubious and obscene tales to the

callow lads that flocked around him. At David Morgan's meeting, the Lord drew out this wallowing leviathan with a hook. "I wonder," said he, "if He'll receive a big old sinner like me, whose whole life has been spent in Satan's service." "He will," the Revivalist assured him; "the Saviour's promise is in your favour, and though your life is almost spent, He will give you a penny like those who have borne the burden and heat of the day." "My dear man!" exclaimed the old fellow, "if He gave me a *halfpenny* I'd be more than satisfied." "Is there anything else on your mind?" "I should like to be allowed to say my pater-noster," he replied. He plumped down on his knees, and repeated the Lord's prayer with startling effect. He then said he was still doubtful whether God would receive a sinner like him, who had withered in wickedness, and was only fit for fire. "Go in peace," cried David Morgan "He forgives the five hundred pence like the fifty." "O sir!" declared the penitent, "it is no use whatever to talk about tens and hundreds in my case; He must begin with the *thousands* at once." His reformation was a wonder and a proverb. Having been forgiven much, he loved much, and served devotedly to the end.

Having preached at *Nebo*, on Wednesday evening, October 26th, David Morgan records, "There were powerful influences on the minds of many." During the night the *Royal Charter* was wrecked on a rockbound coast, visible from the house where he slept, but the Diary contains no reference to the calamity. In the morning he saw many bodies brought ashore, and the silence of the Diary with regard to the catastrophe vividly reveals how completely obsessed he was by the Revival.

One of the most tuneful of the "birds of the Revival as they were called, was a copper-miner named Hughes, who was, soon after the above service, immured in the mine by a dangerous "fall." When the rescue-party

approached the place where he was cooped in by rocks and rubbish, they could hear, as they thought, the sound of a cheerful conversation. This convinced them that other miners shared his peril, and they shouted, "Are you safe, John Hughes?" "Yes," came the reply. "Is there any one with you?" "Yes, there is One, and I feel very happy in His company. Push on," he added, discovering that they had paused, perplexed; "*I am the only one in danger; and indeed even I am perfectly secure. He has given His angels charge over me, to keep me in all my ways. Glory!*" He was released, safe and sound, from a rocky cleft on Saturday night, and on Sunday he went to three different chapels, calling upon God's people in each to rejoice with him. It was David Morgan's text in the neighbourhood that he made use of to celebrate his marvellous deliverance. "He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay. . . . And He hath put a new song in my mouth." This little church increased during the Revival by 165 members.

The great Anglesey preacher, William Roberts, Amlwch, and other ministers gathered at Amlwch Port to hear David Morgan, and an elder said to him as they entered, "I hope, Mr. Morgan, that the presence of these notabilities will be no snare to you this afternoon." "Not at all," he replied with dignity; "this has not cost me so little that I need fear men, great or small."

This was a terrible day at Amlwch, for the neighbouring beach was strewn with corpses, and the rustle of Azrael's wings had not yet died out of the awed air. The Revivalist's text was, "Awake, awake, Zion," &c. Morris Roberts had sown his wild oats in youth, and one night, intoxicated, he had cast himself into the Red Lake, bent on suicide. The ice-cold waters sobered him, and henceforward the way of sinners knew him no more. He would break into "praise" in the services in periods when the harps of all

his brethren were hung upon the willows. His solitary song rebuked the dumb spirit in them and often embarrassed the preachers, so at last he was frowned and threatened into silence. When the multitude became like a cauldron of boiling water in David Morgan's meeting, the old man looked around with incredulous astonishment. "Oho!" he cried, "old Morris has had his jacket laced in the past, but thank God! they are all Morrises to-night." When he heard the name of a profligate and desperate character announced as one of the converts, he cried again, "Glory! the net of the Gospel has caught a *crocodile* to-night."

The Revivalist stayed overnight in the pastor's house, who wrote: "I shall never forget his prayer at family worship. When I told him that I had a distant engagement on the Sabbath, he said, 'Hurry home! There will be a *great* work waiting for you.' It was so; fifty converts came in at the next church-meeting, and many hundreds altogether in Amlwch."

The following incident was vouched for in every detail by an honoured minister, the Rev. Robert Hughes, Gaerwen: A lady among the converts informed David Morgan that her husband was unsaved, and with his ship at Calcutta. Praying for her, he cried three times with earnest feeling, "Lord, remember the captain!" Twelve months later he returned home, his air subdued and gentle, not boisterous and headstrong as of old. "Are you ill?" inquired his wife. "No," he answered; "but twelve months ago, in my cabin at Calcutta, a verse came into my mind with great force, and I have not been the same man since."

One evening a number of foppish scoffers gathered in the chapel porch, to whom the Rev. William Roberts said, "Come in, gentlemen, to see—you have come to see, I suppose. This is not *our* work that you observe. We had failed to bring it to pass throughout the year s—it is the finger of God."

Llanfechell is interesting to us as the place where John Elias long resided; and also as a place where David Morgan's ministry seemed an absolute failure. He was now in the zenith of his power, driving through the island in a chariot of fire. At Amlwch the previous evening, at Garreglefn in the morning, and at Cemmaes at night, the power of God was present to wound and to heal; but the afternoon service at Llanfechell was utterly ineffective. The land around was dew-drenched, but this fleece was desert-dry. At last one of the deacons despairingly appealed to the *non-professing hearers* to pray for the little church. The following Tuesday night the young men were gathered into a secret prayer-meeting, one door being locked and the second barred. These youths had never prayed before, but did so readily this evening, their petitions being full of grip, salt, and fire. The leader had brought in one old stager, as a reserve force, in case of need. He was called forward last. As a rule, it might be said of this brother in his public devotions, "he casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?" Neither had the ice melted on this occasion, yet before his prayer was through, the lads began to moan with mental anguish. When they strove to stifle their moans, a remarkable transposition took place, and they changed into songs of joy. Their joy was heard afar off, and the amazed villagers came crowding around; some forced an entrance through the windows, while others, with less patience, or less aptitude for climbing, hurled themselves against the doors, bursting through lock and bar.

A deacon's son at *Cemmaes* was at sea during the solstice of the Revival, and on his return laughed to scorn his old companions, who had been prostrated by the heat wave. He went to a prayer-meeting, and as his chums prayed, the influence from on high suddenly marked him for its own. Folding his arms tightly over his bosom, he

endeavoured with might and main to suppress his surging emotions, but they would out, and he was found wiping two jets of blood that spirted from his nostrils.

Prayer-meetings were held every evening for months. "I didn't lose one," said the precentor of the singing. "I am surprised my business didn't go to rack and ruin." "Did it suffer much?" we asked. "Not a whit," was the reply. "Neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord, thy God."

At *Elim*, David Morgan's address was on "Elijah and the prophets of Baal." "The followers of Baal are still in the land," he exclaimed; "there are some of them here this morning." Pointing with his finger to an individual a few seats from him, he added, "*There* is one of them—a follower of Baal. Now, my friend, worship your God. Here is a fine opportunity for you to acknowledge your Master before a crowd. What do you say? That I am not dealing fairly with you; that this is not the temple of your god? 'You come with me to the public-house; I will worship him there.' I am not afraid of coming. My brother, Humphrey Jones, and I went among the drunkards at Ysbytty Ystwyth on the great day of their feast, and that was the weakest position that I ever saw Baal's battalions in; they fled helter-skelter out of their temple the moment they heard the name of the God of Israel."

The converts were nearly all from Garreglefn. "Many have gone out that will yield in the church-meeting to-night," said the preacher encouragingly; "the old man who sat in the corner on the left here will be one of the first to yield." The man referred to was William Hughes, the Castle, who offered himself that very evening for church membership, along with many others.

At Llanfwrog, the Revivalist asked, "Are there any here anxious for salvation? Not many, perhaps; and if there be some, they are to be pitied, for this church is terribly

cold, and I am afraid that they will freeze amongst you.” When four girls declared themselves as converts, he asked again, “Has any one here been praying for these young women? If so, let him raise his hand.” No one gave a sign. “Have *you*?” asked the preacher suddenly, turning to a white-bearded old gentleman. There was no response. “Oh! what a cold hearth for new-born babes!” exclaimed the Revivalist. However, this plain talk kindled a flame that burnt unabated for six months. One Sunday evening, after singing the dismissal hymn, many remained to pray, and souls were quickened and given the right hand of fellowship. A few still remained in the chapel-house, holding a thanksgiving prayer-meeting for the converts. Many who had retired to their beds, in distant homes, rose again at the impulse of an inexplicable, heaven-kindled instinct, and wended their way to this private prayer-meeting.

Thomas Owen, the *Bryngwran* blacksmith, decided at the dawn of the Revival that no evening work should be done in his smithy when any service was held in the village chapel. This involved damping down his fires frequently in the week throughout the winter, and he expected to find his winter’s income substantially reduced; but he assured us that he found himself, when his accounts were made up, £3 to the good over any preceding winter.

The *Llanfaethlu* children went to Llanfwrog to school, and held three prayer-meetings every day on the way—whether going or coming, we omitted to inquire—the first in Trelywarch field, the second in a sheepfold, and the third under a spreading willow. Those who prayed climbed the tree, “singing among the branches,” while the lay order knelt on the grass beneath.

At *Bodedern*, a convert told David Morgan that her father was alive but without religion. “I’m here to-night,

Jennie *fach*," bawled the old man from the other end of the penitent seat. "Where have you been so long?" asked the Revivalist of the eighty-two years old peasant. "For all that, you'll get the penny, and on it you'll live a gentleman to all eternity."

One of the twenty-three converts was a girl who had strayed from the paths of innocence, and the Revivalist has recorded the following incident in his Diary:—

"While I spoke to a girl among them, a man sat near, his face hidden in his hat, who exclaimed excitedly, 'Oh! thanks! Blessed be God!' I asked, 'Does she belong to you?' He jumped to his feet, crying, 'She is my sister, and the wickedest of us. Her sins are too vile to utter. Come, girl, fall on your knees and cry for mercy!' She tottered towards him to kneel by his side." David Morgan whispered to her, "Do you want to join the church of the pure and sinless Jesus?" She replied with broken utterance, "I am ashamed to stay here because of my unworthiness; and I wouldn't have dared to do so, had I not remembered that old hymn:—

*'Magdalen was washed though sullied,
And Manasseh, pure and bright,
In the stream of blood and water
Welling forth on Calvary's height;
Who can say but I shall also
In that flood be washed, and live?
God has grace in boundless measure,
And His Heart delights to give.'*

She was washed and justified, and lived to stand faithfully by the cross of Jesus.

At *Holyhead*, the converts numbered 1149 by the beginning of February, 1860.

Conversing with an aged convert at *Gad*, the preacher asked, "Is the old man a Christian?" "No, sir; quite the other way about," she replied. "Was he here to-day?"

"No." "How was that?" "He was indifferent." "When you go home, tell him that David Morgan, Ysbytty, sends him his kindest regards." The message was faithfully conveyed to him; and in spite of his past unconcern and obduracy, he also was found to be a son of peace, and David Morgan's peace rested upon him.

The solitary convert at *Bethel*, when David Morgan preached there, could not be prevailed upon to build a household altar. His wife was appealed to, and she also shook her head. Addressing the church, the preacher said, "You feel like myself, no doubt, that William Jones is rather lukewarm and sapless. *He is exactly as you are*" When he preached at Bethel a few years later, David Morgan called William Jones to account, and finding that family prayers had not been established, he succeeded in extracting from him a promise to delay no longer; and that very night the ice was broken by the old man, and the altar reared on the hearth.

So few frequented the weekly prayer-meeting at *Llan-gristiolus*, in the summer of 1859, that the church was on the point of giving it up. On Sunday evening, October 8, David Morgan preached, and after the final address asked, "Is there to be an after-meeting?" "Yes," replied one of the deacons, looking glum and disappointed. "Yes, there will be an after-meeting," announced the Revivalist; "but I don't urge any one to remain behind anew, unless your burden is heavier than you can carry; this church is too frost-bound to receive you—you will but starve here. Let us try Heaven," he added; "it is hard enough here." Having prayed, he dismissed the hearers, who went no farther, though, than the chapel-yard-; then he went and closed both doors. As he did so, a verse shot like a bolt into the heart of a woman who stood in the yard—"And the door was shut." She forthwith joined the society. "Your attitude has overcome me," said the Revivalist to

the church. "Those who have gone out have felt the gospel appeal, but you have felt nothing. You are disappointed because there are few converts—what would you do with them? You have no food for them; yet if any have remained we had better speak to them, lest they be discouraged." Seven had remained: after conversing with them, David Morgan invited addresses from the brethren, and one of them betrayed his mortification at the result of the service. "I anticipated this result when I climbed into the pulpit," said the Revivalist. "I could have preached in such a way as to capture fifty converts, but that would wrong them and you. The present result is best for the church. I want you to get something that will help you for ten years. Some of you say that you long for the Holy Spirit. I should like to know if you have so longed for Him as to sacrifice a night's sleep to pray for Him." Then he went all around the chapel, asking all present, individually, if they had lost a single night's rest in yearning prayer for the Holy Spirit. The answer was "No" from every mouth, until he came to an old man by the door. "No, I never have," said he, "but I have determined that I will." "Here is one who promises to sacrifice a whole night's rest to pray for the Holy Ghost," cried the preacher. "Who will join him?" A dark-browed, pallid lad raised his hand, saying, "I will." His name was Richard Owen.¹ "Is there any one else here?" Another old gentleman having signified his resolve to join also in this self-denying ordinance, the Revivalist said: "I will ask for no more; if only these three perform their promise, they will draw heaven down on your heads in less than a fortnight." "Then he knelt by the converts," wrote an eyewitness, "and having prayed for them and the three volunteers, he began to pray for the church. I feel that I am treading on very sacred

1 The eminent Revivalist of after years.

ground in describing what followed. We have sometimes seen a thunder-shower fall very unexpectedly. While Mr. Morgan was praying for the church, suddenly, 'there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.' The place was truly awful to be in. Nearly every one there was crying. I was within two yards to Mr. Morgan, but such was the tumult in the chapel, that his words, in spite of his sonorous voice, were unintelligible to me. This spectacle only lasted a short time, but it was certainly the most real thing that I ever saw."

In his prayer referred to above, David Morgan declared that none need be ashamed to own the Son of King Alpha. This brought Richard Owen to his feet, who rushed forward to the Revivalist shouting a quaint hymn:—

"I'm never ashamed of confessing
My Saviour, who died on the tree;
Though multitudes scorn and deny Him,
He's lovely and precious to me.
He opened the gates of my prison;
I shall ever remember the day;
He rescued my soul from destruction—
Who'll blame me for loving Him, pray?"

The last thing that David Morgan said to his host, the minister of the church, was, "Prepare thy chariot, for I hear a sound of abundance of rain." Nearly 200 souls were won in the village within a few weeks.

"At *Brynsiencyn*," records the Diary, "powerful influences fell on all, as the unconverted went out, and the doors were being shut. Eighteen converts remained. Some were praying, some 'praising'; some were on their knees, some standing, others sitting. I listened for ten minutes to one girl praying for her father; she was seated, and bathed in perspiration. 'O Lord,' she cried, 'remember my father, with his poor grey head, save my

father with his poor grey head; his head is whitening fast. I have never seen him on his knees, never heard him pray; remember him with his poor grey head. Thou didst hear me once before; hear me this time, and save my father with his poor grey head.”

There remained behind also a foul-tongued old baker, whose head had grown hoary in wickedness. “Will you pray at home with your family, to-night?” “I am afraid

cannot,” he replied. “O sir,” he added, “there is a terrible place yonder to go to.” “Do the best you can,” urged the Revivalist. John went home, and asked for a Bible. His wife jeered at him, and his son and daughter cursed him for an “old hypocrite.” Yet he persisted, and having read a chapter, the notorious Brynsiencyn blasphemer falls on his knees, scoffed at by them of his own household. He burst out in a shrill cry: “Thou knowest, Lord, that I am a sinner, who has deserved to be damned.” With a still louder outcry, he repeated, “*Who has deserved to be damned.*” He continued with deafening clamour, “*Who has deserved to be damned, who has deserved to be damned.*” The mockers were awed and horror-struck by the sound of these pains of hell, and the neighbours who had gathered about the door could hardly say which of the four now roared the loudest. The old man continued his supplications: “I want mercy, Lord. Let me not perish. *Let me not perish.* Let me not perish.” The living coal touched and cleansed his lips; and when he died, he faced the last enemy with full assurance of faith.

One morning, while the schoolmaster at *Gaerwen* was putting up the morning prayer, a vehement tempest of “rapture” swept over all the classes in school, and continued till mid-day. A woman who was among the scoffers the preceding evening in the chapel was attracted to the school door by the outcry among the children, and peep-

ing in, the strange scene completely overpowered her, and she remained to pray and "praise" among the little ones. There was in this village a sot who was so enslaved by his foe that, after exhausting his capacity for drinking another drop, he would buy more beer and beg some bystander to throw it over his face. His fetters were snapped in the Revival, and he became a fine fellow.

When David Morgan preached at *Llangefni*, thirty-nine converts found Christ, a number of them notorious reprobates. Among the thirty-nine was a woman to whom the Revivalist said, "You keep a public-house, don't you?" Astonished by the preacher's prescience, the woman answered, "Yes, sir." "Then," said he, "it must be either the public-house or the church-meeting." The woman's face revealed her perturbation. "You understand, don't you?" he continued. "You must choose between the tavern and the society. You can't be a member of the church and sell intoxicating drinks." "O sir," she replied, "then I will pull the sign down this very night."

"What has made you stay?" said the Revivalist to a man named Williams. "I have felt more powerful influences on my mind several times before," he answered, "but I felt to-night that I was in danger of being left by God."

At the village of *Talwrn*, a *middle-aged* man was spoken to, and the Revivalist explained: "Richard Owen has never been with religion before, but resolves to be for ever henceforth. He promises to hold family worship to-night, *if his mother will let him.*" "Here she is," cried some one. "Mrs. Owen, do you see where Richard is?" said David Morgan. "Thank God!" ejaculated the old lady.

At the end of the society, the Revivalist exclaimed with irresistible unction, "O Sun! stand above Talwrn! And *it will stand,*" he added, "till every inhabitant is in the church." This prophecy was literally fulfilled.

A convert at *Llanfair P.G.* was one of Lord Newborough's stewards. He was old. "Only the lees of the life for God!" exclaimed the preacher. "Remember the lady who went out with tears in her eyes!" prayed the Revivalist later. This was Mrs. Jones, the steward's wife, who reaped in joy in the next church-meeting.

A woman who was a member already went forward to the penitent form. "Catherine has blundered," thought the deacons. "Have you been with religion before?" inquired David Morgan. "I am with religion now," was her reply. "Why are you sitting here, then, if you are in the society already?" "I am in *the Sunday night* society," she explained, "but I have come forward to-night to offer myself as a member of *the Thursday night*¹ society also."

A convert at *Menai Bridge* was named Naomi. "Is this Naomi?" cried the Revivalist. "We hope she has left the land of Moab for ever."

The local policeman was summoned before the Chief Constable and reproved for attending prayer-meetings. "Well, sir," he replied, "the taverns are empty, the roads are quiet, and if there is a tumult anywhere, it is in the chapels it is." "Yes, but I hear that you pray in them," said the great man. "I only wish I could, sir," was the reply. "Indeed," added the Chief, "I am told you are a ——— good hand at it." The upshot of it was that a notice, printed on a red sheet, was sent to all the constables, that they were not to pray in the Revival meetings. A few nights afterwards the Gaerwen and Menai Bridge constables met at a prayer-meeting, and when called, the latter went forward to the big seat with the crimson page in his pocket, "fearing not the wrath of the king."

¹ The society on Sunday night, at the close of the preaching service, is attended by the mass of the members, who are already in the chapel; the week-evening society often only draws a few pious and spiritually-minded souls.

CHAPTER XVII

GLEANINGS

IN the previous chapters, the incidents narrated have been attached to the places where they occurred; a few episodes are appended below without indicating their precise locality, this being in some instances impracticable, in others undesirable. They have been derived either from the contemporary press or from first-hand witnesses.

As David Morgan, in a certain place, moved from pew to pew among the converts, he placed his hand unexpectedly on the shoulder of a minister seated in the audience, saying to him pointedly and peremptorily, "Wake up, my man!" This minister confessed afterwards that his attitude towards the Revival had been apathetic up to that time, but the word of warning went home, and he averred that the weight of David Morgan's hand was not removed from his shoulder for two years.

One Sunday morning, David Morgan on his journey observed a cottager drawing potatoes in his garden. "Man! don't you know that this is the Sabbath day?" said the preacher to the transgressor. "Yes, very well," was the surly reply. "But you have forgotten to keep it holy," added the minister. "What is that to you?" retorted the cottager. "Nothing now," was the calm reply, "but it was something until I had reproved you." The offender sought out the preacher that evening, and the twofold influence of law and gospel was blessed to his salvation.

An eminent pulpiteer preached in a certain church in Monmouthshire a week after David Morgan's visit. One of the elders recounted to him what marvellous effects had accompanied the visit, and what a large draught of fishes had been taken up. "Nothing at all but exciting emotions," averred the great preacher; "it is easy enough to get people into the church in that way." "If it is so easy," retorted the deacon, "why don't you try your hand at it? You will have a fine opportunity to-night, if the trick is as simple as you say." "We shall see," responded the preacher.

In the evening service he exhausted all the resources of his eloquence and fervour in the effort to lead sinners to the valley of decision, and in the after-meeting a dozen converts declared themselves. With triumph in his heart, the preacher went to converse with them. "What was it that prompted you to remain?" he asked the first. "David Morgan's story about the wild beasts in Africa," was his answer. "David Morgan's prayer a week ago," said the second. "A remark in David Morgan's sermon," replied a third. And so they went on till the last, and the great orator found, to his mortification, that not one of them was the captive of his bow and spear. He went home a sadder and perhaps a wiser man.

A girl of seventeen was among the converts in a place in North Wales, to whom David Morgan, taking hold of her hand, said, "You have a cruel enemy to fight, my girl—your hot temper. You will have to struggle hard to master your bad temper." All who heard were astonished, for the girl's tantrums were notorious in the neighbourhood. The Revivalist's fellow-guests at tea, some of them ecclesiastical notabilities, were on thorns for a solution of the mystery; some of them evolving fantastic explanations, philosophic and scientific, of his prescience. The Revivalist at last cut short their speculations by telling them that he had inferred the girl's character by looking at her finger-nails.

In another place he whispered in the ear of the mistress of a girl on the penitent form, "There will be no need for you to lock the cupboard against Mary in future." It appears that the nail was hit on the head this time also.

The Revivalist was officiating on one occasion at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As was the custom in Wales, the non-professors sat on the side seats. The minister's hand shook, and a portion of the wine was dashed over the cup on to the white table-cloth. Here-upon an old man among the non-communicants shouted excitedly, "*Oh, the blood is spilling!* so there is enough there for me also." He straightway asked for admission to church fellowship.

Speaking at an Association in South Wales on the subject of "Religious Revival," the Rev. Thomas Job, Conwil, said: "Some declare that these revivals are only fits. Well, let it be so; I'd as soon see the devil die in a fit as go off in a consumption. These revivals are strange things. I saw David Morgan work a *miracle* once. He preached for us, and thirty were converted. Then he prayed for each of them by name. Could you do that, Principal?" asked the speaker, turning to Principal Edwards. "Certainly not," replied Dr. Edwards hurriedly. "Could you, Dr. Harris Jones? Could you, Dr. Saunders?" Both gentlemen deprecating the suggestion, Mr. Job went on triumphantly, "Then it must have been a *miracle*."

When David Morgan preached at Manchester, a father and son sat together on the penitent form. The Revivalist asked the young man, "What is on your mind, my lad?" "This is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," replied the young man. "Are you a sinner?" "Yes." "Are you a great sinner?" "Yes." "Are you the chief of sinners?" "Yes," answered the lad unhesitatingly. The old man felt that the boy was giving himself away; so he intervened,

and explained to the Revivalist, "He means the chief *in our family*."

The Rev. Henry Rees was displeased by manifestations of rapture when he preached, as it embarrassed him and distracted his hearers, as he thought. His text on one occasion in 1860 was, "To know the love of Christ," &c. He found it necessary to rebuke an old sister. "You must give up shouting down there, that I may proceed," he said. "You must *give up praising Him* up there, then," she rejoined.

A religious but tongue-tied farmer in Anglesey had a bailiff who officiated as chaplain at family worship. When the Revival breeze began to blow, the young man's prayers waxed very powerful but very long, and he was ordered to curtail his devotions, so as not to dissipate precious harvest hours. The chaplain would not submit to the jurisdiction of his master in the sphere of the morning service, and as a consequence was dismissed. On the morrow, the farmer read a chapter himself. The day following, he ventured to pray also. The powers of the world to come swept down upon his spirit: all present were bathed in tears, and the whole morning passed away before they recovered themselves. The whole family and the servants were converted; and, needless to say, the bailiff was reinstated.

In a quarry district in North Wales, only five of the inhabitants still remained outside the Kingdom. An ardent old deacon summoned a number of converts to a prayer-meeting on behalf of the five slumberers. These had halted so long that few still hoped they would arrive before the door was shut. The prayer-meeting was heavy, for a space, with an overhanging fog of misgiving and despondency, but, inspired by their leader, they persevered and prayed through into a joyous assurance that they had prevailed. The following Sunday, when it was asked whether any one had remained behind, and some one had

replied, "So-and-so is here," the old deacon observed calmly, "I knew he would be here." Three more converts were reported, and their names announced. "Right!" said the veteran, "I knew they would be here." "Is there any one else?" inquired the minister. "No," came the response. "Yes," declared the old deacon. One of the workers went out to the lobby, and found the fifth leaning on the door-frame. Bringing him in on his arm, he announced his name. "All right!" remarked the old pilgrim; "I knew he would be there."

A scoffer in Carnarvonshire had prohibited his wife from worshipping with the Calvinistic Methodists, and his conduct had heathenised her for eighteen years. In a Revival meeting she renewed the vows of her youth. Returning from his distant labour a few days later, her husband was informed of her rebellious act. Insensate with mortification, he threatened to starve himself and let his family starve, if she persisted in seeking the fellowship of the Dissenters; and finding her firm, he nearly fulfilled his menace. Neglecting his work, and lying in an out-house hard by on some straw, he refused food for three days. The villagers watched the development of the drama with interest, and his wife and children and friends prayed. By their prayer and his fasting, the kind of devil that possessed him showed signs of going forth with the dawn of Wednesday, for the man himself began to pray, and continued till the evening. About seven, he was seen dragging his weary body by the aid of two sticks towards the chapel, his face foul with weeping, and on his eyelids the shadow of death. Tremblingly he begged for admission into the society and an interest in the prayers of the brotherhood.

It was a boy of twelve that was awakened first in a certain heathenish family. The Lord having called him by name in the night, like Samuel in the temple, he put

on his ephod, and insisted on conducting family worship. After reading a chapter he knelt, but not a word could he articulate. His sister burst out laughing; this produced a revulsion of feeling in the boy that broke the bands of his tongue, and he cried, "Lord, give grace to my sister Mary!" Then he was able to proceed freely. A few days later he told his mother that he was going to join the society. "I will come with you," said his mother. The father overheard their colloquy, and chimed in, "I will come too." When Mary was told that she was to be caretaker while they went to the church meeting, she burst into tears, declaring, "You shall not go without me."

A godless gamekeeper on a mountain-beat in the dark heard a weird sound behind a dry wall. Approaching stealthily, he discovered a poor sinner who had prevented the dawning of the morning to confess his sins. This secret prayer was the means of awakening the gamekeeper to spiritual realities.

A Methodist lady was yoked to an Episcopalian husband, who disdained to accompany her to the Revival meetings in her chapel, saying he did not believe in revivalistic excitement, and bidding her go alone to her own place. Her importunity finally prevailed, and he accompanied her. The atmosphere of the service was heavily charged with heavenly magnetism, and the Churchman soon grew uneasy. "I'll have to shout," he whispered. "No, don't," she curtly replied. The surge of his emotions becoming nigh intolerable, he said again, "I *must* shout." "Go to your own place to shout," rejoined his wife drily. The rising tide threatening to submerge him, he said, "I must shout or die." "Well, shout if you must," answered the wife. Immediately he began to cry with a loud-sounding, recitative voice, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord," &c.

A number of sketches appeared in *The Welsh Punch*, in which the author indulged in malevolent personal attacks on some of the residents in a certain neighbourhood. A particular individual was charged with their authorship, but he repelled the accusation with oaths. When David Morgan preached in the district many consciences were awakened; and the suspected scribbler broke into anguished prayer, saying, "Lord, forgive the great sins of my life; if Thou wilt forgive me, *I will never write another line to the 'Welsh Punch.'*"

An elder in Cardiganshire was asked if they had been visited by any harbingers of the Revival before it appeared. "We observed," said he in reply, "that the church was swelling the O more and more every week; "O—may that sacred fire, Descending from above, &c." "O——come, great Spirit, come."

A deacon related to us that he was returning from town one night, when a man sprang from the hedge, seized his horse by the bridle, and in a menacing tone bade him "Stand and deliver." Spurring his horse forward, he shook himself free, and his assailant's cap fell off in the scuffle, revealing the features of a young fellow in the neighbourhood who had been going downhill for years. The young farmer never breathed the slightest whisper about the occurrence; and when the Revival came, he often knelt side by side with the amateur highwayman, who passed through a time of agonising conviction, and died many years afterwards supported by the consolations of religion.

CHAPTER XVIII

EVENTIDE

THE reader has observed that the course of the Revival and many of its characteristic incidents are inextricably interwoven in our narrative with the work and personality of "David Morgan, the Revivalist." This is not the result of any arbitrary selection of episodes on the part of the writer; he has only endeavoured to convey faithfully the impression made upon his mind after two years of painstaking effort to get into personal touch by interview, as a rule, sometimes by correspondence, with the eyewitnesses of the Revival who still remained alive. The author has incorporated in the present volume the reminiscences of considerably more than a thousand such. The literature of the '59 Revival is meagre, even in the vernacular; the memory of David Morgan would have been lost, even to the student of ancient files, had its perpetuation depended upon the contemporary press. It was the "children of the Revival" that kept all these things in their heart. Those readers who have tracked the footsteps of the Revivalist with interest through the strenuous years of the Revival will be glad to be made acquainted with a few salient facts respecting the years that supervened between that and his death. We have sometimes seen a day whose earlier hours lapsed slowly under dull and grey skies; in the afternoon the mists cleared, and brilliant sunshine flooded dale and hillside; then mists and clouds slowly gathered again,

gloomily escorting the sun to its setting, which we see for a moment, as it dips over the horizon, a blood-red ball crimsoning the west with the prophecy of a glorious morrow. Such was the life of David Morgan, which we have already set forth briefly in its morning obscurity, and more fully in the sudden radiance of its afternoon, and whose course, sometimes chequered and sombre – skied towards dusk and death, we now proceed to indicate. Unfortunately the Diary breaks short before the end of 1859, and we cannot survey the ebb of the Revival from the Revivalist's point of view. He told a brother minister that one of the most agonising experiences of his life was to find crowds still flocking after him, when the_ convicting and saving influences of his ministry had declined into comparative insignificance.

A remarkable old blacksmith at *Aberffrwd* addressed some quaint remarks to him at this time. “Well, David *bach*,” said the veteran, “you have lost your warrant, haven’t you? I was an officer of the press-gang at one time, and my warrant allowed me to seize whom I would. My warrant lapsed in twenty-four hours, but I could renew it upon application. The Almighty gave you a commission, and really you *had* authority while it was in force—you could lay your hand on whom you would. Perhaps you could renew your commission. Go to the King, David *bach*, and get it renewed.” He did not fail to do this, for he said sadly to a friend who made inquiry, “I am an ambassador in bonds, praying often that my chain may be lengthened again.” He meekly accepted the revocation of the special Revival gifts with which he had been clothed, as the mandate of divine sovereignty. As he had not betrayed any symptoms of being overmuch exalted by his sudden prominence, neither did he manifest a mortified and humiliated spirit when he became as others. Not that the contrast was not distressing to him. Sitting in a vestry

in Anglesey with a number of deacons, the company saddened by memories of the power that had accompanied his previous visit, he said to them with tears, "I am well aware, brethren, that my locks have been shaven off; but, believe me, I never placed my head on the lap of Delilah, as far as I know." "What about the Revival now?" he was asked in another place. "The converts," he replied, "are striking deep roots below, and bringing forth fruits above." A fellow-minister inquired, "When will you begin again, Mr. Morgan?" "I would go out again as before, did I not fear my God," he answered. An elder in South Wales referring late in the 'sixties to his '59 visit, he ejaculated, "Ah! that man was not this man!" Many years afterwards, on the occasion of a visit to Anglesey, he was entertained at a house from whose lawn the Snowdonian range was visible across the Menai Straits. Pointing to the peaks, he said to his host, "There was a time when I had sufficient faith, had it furthered any spiritual end, to ask God to lift those ancient mountains off their base and cast them into the sea, *and He would.*" It was a day or two afterwards that he visited a pious, invalid old gentleman at Llanfair P.G., who went to meet him, crying, "If Jesus Christ Himself had come in, my joy at seeing Him would not be greater." So was the mighty apostle welcomed; "Ye received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus." During the same tour a deacon related that a man joining a neighbouring church, a short time prior, had told the officers that he had been shot by David Morgan in 1859. "Shame on you!" cried an elder, in disgust, "that you should have kept flying so long before dropping"

It was interesting to hear, both in North and South Wales, that his preaching during these later tours far excelled his '59 preaching, considered from an intellectual and homiletical point of view. Power and impressiveness

were not wanting either, but it was not the old Revival power. Neither did he pose as a Revivalist, though he was universally known till his death as "David Morgan, the Revivalist," and the movement labelled "David Morgan's Revival." He was surrounded for years by the afterglow of the Revival, and he carried his honours with dignity and simplicity.

In the spring of 1865 he was married to Jane, the youngest and orphan daughter of the Rev. Evan Evans, Aberffrw'd, a Cardiganshire minister, universally honoured for his Puritanic saintliness and his preaching, full of fire, force, unction, and spirituality. They made their home at Glynberws, Ysbytty Ystwyth, where seven children were born to them. David Morgan was formally called in 1868 to the pastorate of the local church. His public work was not confined to his church and denomination; he was looked upon as a Liberal stalwart, standing foursquare to all the winds that blew in a time when political oppression was rife and ruthless. It was during the General Election of 1874 that the "cloud" arose which darkened the later years of David Morgan's life, and threatened to eclipse his honoured name. The antagonisms of the political circle obtruded their baleful presence into the precincts of the church, which should have been inviolable; and in their trail they brought streams of bitterness which swept away peace and amity for years. The elder who stood in the forefront of the adverse party had been his bosom friend and a colleague in the Revival work; he was a man of inflexible will, great' gifts of speech, and immense influence. It is not the writer's intention to fix the odium of this unhappy episode upon a particular individual; he has only heard the story from the point of view of David Morgan's loyal friends, which makes a just judgment difficult to arrive at. It makes one's heart bleed to think of the man who led the hosts of God to victory in 1859

dragged through the thorns and briars and dust of this church feud. It must be remembered that his was an indomitable soul; his affability and geniality were not heather and moss growing on a bog, but woodbine and wild rose trailing over a rock. He certainly believed that his rights as a citizen, a church member, and a minister were threatened. "The servant of the Lord must not strive," but does he establish the right by submitting to the loss of his rights? The attack upon him was so determined that one brother dared to suggest an ecclesiastical censure upon him. This was immediately demolished by Principal T. C. Edwards, who rose and said, with flaming face, "God forbid that I should touch the Lord's anointed."

When he was returning one Monday morning in June, 1878, from his Sunday appointment, his horse was frightened, and he was thrown out of the trap, alighting on his back on a heap of stones left in the dry bed of the Ystwyth river. The old minister was seriously injured, and when he became convalescent, the once powerful shoulders were sunken and bent and inches had been taken from his height.

In October, 1881, he went on a preaching tour through Anglesey. On his way home he preached at Carnarvon, and his older hearers thought that there were reminiscences of 1859 in the service. Having called a church-meeting, he referred pathetically to the fact that he had long lost the power that he was once clothed in. "But to-night," he added solemnly, "I thought that the old endowment was coming back. I heard the old echo in my own voice. I don't know what it means; but I didn't care to leave without letting you know this—pray for me."

By this time the wounds of the fray in the home church were healing; peace and goodwill were returning. David

Morgan's spirit was refreshed by a plentiful shower of second grace; the Lord began to restore to him the years which the locust had eaten and the cankerworm. His friends thought, and so did he himself, that he was being girded for a new campaign. In a Monthly Meeting, the brethren were utterly despondent because of the deadness of the church in the county. "Lift up your hearts," cried the Rev. Thomas Edwards, Cwmystwyth. "I called at Ysbytty yesterday, and do you know, brethren, David Morgan's hair is beginning to grow again." However, the scene of his next campaign was not to be the Principality, but Eternity. He was being girt for "the vast concerns of an eternal scene."

He preached at Tabor, Llangwryfon, the first Sunday in October, 1883. His morning text was, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ"; and his evening, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." When he returned home he was seized with severe pains, and it became manifest soon that he had stood in a pulpit for the last time. His pastor writes: "A day or two before he died he told me that he was leaning on Him whom he had tried to preach, and enjoying the peace that He had bequeathed to His disciples." Almost his last words to his beloved wife were: "The old covenant made with God at Cwmystwyth holds as firm as ever." When the last enemy approached, he feared no evil. He had promised to preach at Llangwryfon again on Friday night, October 26th. While the flock at Tabor gathered for the uncanceled service, the old Revivalist was treading towards the gates of death with a victor's swing. His face was radiant and his voice clear; and for hours the valley of the shadow rang with triumphant Bible verses and the old Revival hymns. His cry was not more melodious, nor his spirit more rapturous on the loftiest summits of '59, than on the night of his dissolution. At break of day he lifted

up his voice for the last time in the exulting words of a Welsh hymn:—

“Yr hyfryd wawr yn torri draw
Sy’n dweyd fod bore braf gerllaw.”

“The dawn now breaking o’er the land
Foretells a glorious day at hand.”

His remains were interred on Thursday, November 1, 1883, in the wind-swept churchyard of Ysbytty Ystwyth; and the simple stone marking the spot bears this appropriate inscription: “They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

THE END

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

HANES DAFYDD MORGAN

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