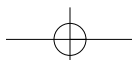
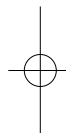
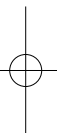
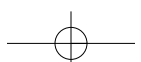
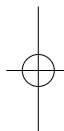
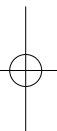


EVAN ROBERTS
THE GREAT WELSH REVIVALIST
AND HIS WORK





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BY THE
REV. D. M. PHILLIPS, M.A., PH.D.,

TYLERSTOWN
AUTHOR OF
Mental Philosophy;
Principle of Moral Harmony;
Commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans;
The Gospel of St Luke;
St Peter's Epistles; &c.

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FIFTH EDITION

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LONDON:

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**THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED
TO THE
CONVERTS OF THE REVIVAL**

Note

Mr Evan Roberts has no part whatever in the bringing out of this Volume. He has permitted me to publish his First Sermon, his Sayings, his Letters, and his Poetry, and that is all. The Author, also, will not derive any financial benefits from its publication. Should the volume return any profit, it will all be given to the Foreign Mission, or some other deserving religious cause.

Introduction

Evan Roberts is a phenomenon. On this there is but little diversity of opinion. Only a man with something extraordinary belonging to him could have attracted the attention of the religious world as he has done. People have travelled from Australia, Africa, Asia, America, and various parts of Europe to see him and the Movement of which he is the central figure. Yet, owing to his humility and positive unwillingness to be thought of as possessing any superiority, he has unconditionally refused to see most of these visitors, notwithstanding the high position of many of them as religious leaders. Even the antagonists of the Christian religion admit that he is a strange and inexplicable person, and very few of them dare to doubt his sincerity. His life in its various aspects before the public during the last eighteen months has proved his motives to be pure and holy, and that he is not governed by any principle, but a burning desire to save souls and glorify Christ. His great influence and success

cannot be attributed to anything but his goodness and the fact that the Holy Spirit is upon him.

As to his goodness, there is a consensus of opinion among those who have had the privilege of knowing him, his comrades at Loughor, his fellow-workmen, and his masters testify that there was never anything doubtful in his character; the churches of Moriah and Pisgah where he brought up bear witness to his unblemished morality, his liberality and faithfulness; other denominations looked at him as an exemplary young man, and irreligious people respected him greatly. This testimony is confirmed by the students with whom he came in contact at

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Newcastle-Emlyn, and three of them who have replied to the writer in answer to enquiries say that he is the holiest person they have ever met; and one of them affirms that Evan Roberts has been the means of changing his life entirely. Although he will not give any facts concerning his life and work to correspondents who have come scores and some of them hundreds of miles with the intention of having materials for articles on him, yet they honour him. Yea, they honour him all the more, because they can see that he does not court their influence and their help. True, they are disappointed, because of his reservedness; nevertheless they admire the purity of the man. I have seen as many as ten correspondents of the leading papers of England, Scotland, and Wales endeavour to see him after some of the meetings, and he declining absolutely to be interviewed. He must have a certain proof that a correspondent will adhere strictly to facts without magnifying them before he will entertain the idea of supplying him with anything concerning his Life or the Revival. In less than six weeks after he left Loughor, letters reached him from different countries, from important publishing firms, asking for biographical facts, but he definitely declined to answer in every case. Since the Movement commenced, nothing has grieved him more than an occasional exaggeration in the papers of his importance as a force in it. In his opinion, that takes the glory that should be given to God. But be it understood that the said importance given to him by correspondents was due to the idea they had formed of his sincerity and goodness. In a few days after he left Loughor a correspondent of high standing said of him:—‘Wherein lies the charm of the man and his power? Perhaps the best answer is that he has an indefinable something in his manner and style. His joyous smile is that of a man in whom there is no guile. His

genuineness is transparent, and he convinces people that his belief in what he preaches is impregnable.' Another wrote—'Evan Roberts is real. This

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realness is most likely the chief source of his power. He is probably far more real than he himself knows, or than any of his critics and would-be teachers and admonishers believe. No one man in a million, perhaps, dare be as honest to himself and to others as Evan Roberts is without daring and without effort and without design. He knows without learning what other people have to spend years in acquiring and are then imperfect. He sees and feels what they do not believe even exists, and so he does his work, and will do it as long as his strength holds out and he retains his spiritual vision unimpaired. After careful observation and investigation since the paper took up the Revival, I have found that the above quotations represent the opinion of all the correspondents who have had the privilege of personal knowledge of Evan Roberts. It is simply surprising to think of the place newspapers and magazines have given to him. There is hardly any daily paper or a periodical in England and Wales that has not published long articles on him and the Revival. Even the rationalistic as well as the secular and religious press has taken special notice of him, and in some instances has highly estimated him. This is sufficient evidence that there is some moral and spiritual atmosphere surrounding the man which makes itself felt, and convinces people of his good motives.

Again, the consensus of opinion as to his motives is not less general when we come to some of the most religious men who have made his acquaintance.

The Rev. F.B. Meyer, B.A., London, says of the Revivalist in a letter to the writer—'I have the privilege of personal friendship with Evan Roberts, and greatly thank God that he will not go in front of the Divine Spirit, but is willing to stand aside and remain in the back-ground, unless he is perfectly sure that the Spirit of God is moving him. It is a profound lesson for us all.'

Mr Arthur Goodrich, B.A., London, makes these remarks in an article on Evan Roberts and the

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Welsh Revival in the *Homiletic Review* for March, 1905:—'He does not consider himself an inspired prophet or a magnetic preacher. He spoke to me one day with evident anxiety of a newspaper report which spoke

of his personal magnetism. There's nothing in it, he said, in substance. 'It's not my magnetism, it's the magnetism of the Holy Spirit drawing all men to him.' He considers, I believe, that God has given him work to do—great work; and he is confident that he will help him to do it. Whether his share in the work is great or little I think Evan Roberts cares as little as any human person can care, as long as the work is done. No one of all those who have watched him more closely and continuously than I have, has seen a single sign of any tendency in him to place himself ahead of his co-workers. Personally, I think I have never met a man who appealed to me as being so completely consecrated to his cause as this young man of twenty-six years trained in the colliery and at the "smithy". When one thinks of it, no young man of his years and native environment could have endured against a tide of personal success *unless he had an enduring grip upon mighty moorings.*' These quotations only echo the opinion of hundreds of others who have had fellowship with him. Shortly after the Revival broke out, the leading ministers of the various denominations in Wales and the Welsh Bishops showed their deep sympathy with him and his work, and many of them did their utmost to further and direct the current of the mighty religious wave. They did this because they thoroughly believed in his sincerity and the Divine origin of his message.

True, a few disagreed with him, and in the severe test he has been put to, his invariable replies to his critics have been:—'Let them alone'; 'Pray for them'; 'Fear not'; 'My feet are on the Rock'.

Often it has been said that Evan Roberts is not the author of the Welsh Revival. Well we know that, and we thank God for it. Had Evan Roberts been its author,

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we would rather be without it. The efficient cause of the Revival is to be found amid the everlasting hills in the heart of God. The movement bears the marks of its origin, and the most spiritually-minded people are agreed that these marks are Divine beyond dispute. Without the intervention of the Divine a true revival is impossible as we shall see presently, there are sufficient evidences that the Holy Spirit is the dynamic force in the Movement. But it must be borne in mind that the Movement has its human side. It can be said that it has a human cause or condition as well as Divine. That is subject to psychological and moral laws. There could be no greater error than to think that the Revival is outside the domain of these laws. God does not give an outpouring of his Spirit except in

accordance with the great general principles of human nature. A Revival otherwise brought about would be unnatural. To find the condition of this moral and spiritual upheaval we must take in all the Christian work done in Wales since the Revival of 1859. A revival is similar to letting out the contents of a reservoir. When all the contents have run out it must have time to fill before another outpouring is possible. Now since 1859 what the Church in Wales has been doing is filling a moral and spiritual reservoir in the heart of the nation through different means. In the mental, moral and spiritual world there is a law of conservation of energy similar to that of the natural world. This conserves all the labour of the church. It secures that no chapter read, no prayer offered, no hymn sung, no sermon preached, no temperance lecture delivered, is lost. All are treasured in the minds of the hearers. The different religious sects in Wales have had their general assemblies, unions, and conferences annually, quarterly meetings and associations, anniversaries once or twice a year, in most of the churches in populous districts, and preaching twice every Sunday during the year. These saturated the mind of the nation with religious ideas. Again, all the denominations have their annual singing festivals, and in

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virtue of these the young people commit the hymns to memory without any effort. Great endeavours have been made to further the temperance cause by men and women's unions. Add to these the excellent Sunday School organization in Wales with its system of Bible classes. Annual Sunday School examinations are arranged by the different religious bodies, and people of all ages sit for them, and they are trained all the winter to that end. Many between fifty and seventy pass these yearly, as well as young people and children. To give one instance, the Presbytery or Monthly Meeting of the Calvinistic Methodists of East Glamorgan passed over two thousand candidates in 1906. Then there is the great reading of English religious books in the Principality especially during the last twenty-five years. Let me note another great factor, namely, the innumerable prayers to God from hearts longing for a religious awakening. Between these different branches of religious work, the moral and spiritual reservoir mentioned had filled, and it only required the right man under the guidance of the Holy Spirit to turn the tap to let its contents run forth. And it pleased God to pass the learned and the great in human estimation, and call a consecrated, timid young man from the Grammar School to

perform that function. Fair it is to say, that the greatest scholars of the nation said in the face of this, 'Glory be to God in the Highest'. For at least two years people of strong religious intuitions had noticed that the reservoir was overflowing here and there, and they hoped for great things. As will appear in a future chapter, a marked awakening had taken place in South Cardiganshire. Many other places had experienced similar things but on a narrower scale. Everything was ready, only to have the breathing of the Holy Spirit. The seed was in the ground, and it only required the Spring rays of the Sun of Righteousness to bring it forth with power and splendour.

It seems to me that a powerful revival is impossible without long preparation on lines similar to the above. There

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must be a deposit of material for it. Take the revival in Egypt when the Hebrews fully realized that they were a nation, and you will find it was due to a long preparation, and so of the national revival in the time of King David. After reading the history of revivals in Europe and America, we find that the same is true. The revival that gave existence to the Calvinistic Methodist Denomination in Wales was due to a great awakening brought about by schools planted all over the principality by the Rev. Griffith Jones, a clergyman of the Church of England, to teach Bible reading. The same principle holds good in the case of other revivals in Wales. A grand illustration of this principle is supplied by the Revival which broke out on Khassia Hills in February, 1905, as a result of reading the account of the Welsh Revival. The missionaries had laboured hard for over sixty years to sow the Gospel seed there. This seed had in it spiritual vitality, and the Holy Spirit used the accounts alluded to as means to quicken the people and that has resulted in over five thousand conversions on the mission field in Khassia.

We observe that this is God's general method. Take the Spring for instance. Is it not due to a course of preparation? Certainly it is. The earth has been prepared by the great forces and processes of nature in Autumn and Winter, and man has been at it busily doing his part in ploughing and tilling the land, sowing the seed, and weeding the tares. When all is ready the Almighty breathes his life into every grain, every blade of grass, and every flower, and they burst forth with wonderful originality and spontaneity. In this way the work of preparation on the part of God and man is crowned. Had the human race not to undergo

a long process of preparation to receive the Incarnation, which brought about an epoch-making revival in the history of the world? Were not the disciples trained by the great Master to be instruments in the hand of the Spirit to

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bring about such a moral revolution on the day of Pentecost? The people were prepared by the preaching of John the Baptist and Christ in the same way; and that preparation had much to do with the day of Pentecost. Were this principle not the true explanation of the human condition of revivals, there would be no encouragement for all the endeavours of the Church throughout the ages.

Is there not a certain amount of extravagance and emotionalism displayed in Evan Roberts's Revival? True there is. Had it not been so, it would not be a revival. When the vilest characters see their sin in its real nature, they cannot be cool. Their conscience gets too intense. Church members cannot be emotionless, when their worthless past life is ploughed, and their deceit and hypocrisy are revealed to them. When the pangs of true repentance writhe the soul, it is a relief to shout. Without deep emotion no great thing can take place in the soul. Emotion under proper control is the grandest thing in existence, and the great power that moves the world in its upward march. All epoch-making men are men of strong emotion. Yea, more, it was the emotion of God's heart that moved him to perform the greatest act of self-sacrifice, which has and will issue in the salvation of a great multitude. To condemn emotion is to condemn one of the most glorious powers that the Creator has implanted in our nature. But well we know that it is dangerous power unless kept under control. In this Revival a few lost control over it; but that was only repeating the history of all previous religious revivals. Copious examples of this are to be found in the history of the Reformation, the American, and other revivals; and according to the nature of things it could not be otherwise. The nature of the materials God has to work upon in a revival is such that it cannot be different. Hence it will be the same in the history of all future awakenings. Nevertheless, that does not make a revival less valuable. There is an enormous amount of weed produced by the most glorious Spring, but what is that

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compared with the corn, fruits, and other products? In a great outburst of life like the Spring the venomous germs are developed of necessity

the same as the precious seed. So in a spiritual Spring like a revival, the spiritual warmth is an occasion to draw out evil possibilities to an undue measure. No person of sober mind would be offended with the Spring, because of the weed it produces; no man of true wisdom will think less of the revival because of the moral weed that it grows. A broad-minded man will overlook these small imperfections, and see that the nature of the case necessitates them. We are far from justifying the extravagant cases of emotion produced by the Revival, but history, experience, and the Bible show clearly that they accompany all true revivals, owing to what man is, and not because anything in God calls for them. Physical concomitants of the Revival are not to be taken as a sure sign of the working of the Holy Spirit, nor on the other hand that the persons in whom these concomitants appear are not undergoing the process of true conversion. We must wait for results to know that.

Many of the converts will backslide. There is no doubt about this. But does that prove the Revival to be less divine? It does not. Did not many hypocrites enter the church in the Apostolic Revival? And did not Judas Iscariot who adhered to Christ for years betray him? Yet that did not make the conversion of the other disciples less valuable and real. Does not the Great Teacher indicate plainly in the Parable of the Sower that only twenty-five per cent of the seed will fall into good ground and bear fruit. And I say that if only twenty-five percent of the converts of this religious upheaval were truly converted, it will be a glorious movement.

The results of it have been great and far-reaching. It has done great things to one class of Church members. Religious work had never been more strenuous in Wales among the most faithful members than before the Revival broke out; but there was another class doing nothing. Hundreds of these have been aroused, and are

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now indefatigable workers. Talents were discovered in the church that no one thought of, and these talents are full of activity at present. The salvation of others has come to be of great importance, and people have realised that they are their brother's keepers; the services are better attended than ever; family worship has been instituted in thousands of homes; the demand for Bibles has been such that booksellers in some cases found it difficult to supply it; some of the finest hymns have been composed in the heat of the Revival; total abstinence is believed in more than ever, hundreds of people have paid debts, which they were not compelled to

owing to the Statute of Limitations; many who had stolen things fifteen and twenty years ago have sent the full value with interest to the persons from whom they stole them; hundreds of old family and church feuds have been healed; triumphant joy has filled many churches; the different religious sects have come nearer to each other, and small differences have been minimised, and thousands of those who have joined the churches are energetic workers, and do much to influence others. Among these are some agnostics, infidels, prize fighters, gamblers, drunkards, as well as theatricals, and they are as enthusiastic if not more in their new sphere as they were before their conversion. Hundreds of homes have been entirely changed, and where there were poverty and misery before, there is plenty of all the necessities of life now, and happiness. A movement that can produce these results cannot but be divine in its nature. It has changed the whole moral and spiritual aspects of many districts, and its future effects must be great. To quote again from the above letter of the Rev. F.B. Meyer, B.A., regarding the results of the Movement, he says:—
‘Judging by the fruits, in the vast multitude who have been truly converted and have joined the churches, and the transformation wrought over wide districts of the country, it is impossible to doubt that there has been a real and deep work by the Spirit of God, similar to that which

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accompanied the labours of the Wesleys and their contemporaries. For this one cannot be too thankful.’ Mrs Baxter, who twice visited Wales to estimate the Movement, remarks in the ‘Eleventh Hour’ for January, 1905:—‘The Revival in Wales has undoubted marks of Divine power and working.’ This Revival will not result in the formation of a new denomination like the one that produced the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, and we do not want that; neither will it produce as rich a hymnology as that perhaps; it may not give us so much theology as the revival of John Elias, Williams of Wern, and Christmas Evans, nor be such an impetus to the formation of a system of education as that of 1859; but we believe it will do more than any of them in creating high moral and spiritual ideals and aspirations, and that is what the nation stands in need of now, and not so much the things produced by the former revivals.

May this revival spirit spread and kindle many nations, and bring multitudes to the Saviour.

More space could not be given to the third and fourth journeys as the size of the book had swollen so much, owing to the addresses, articles, and letters. The writer hopes to deal with these fully in a future volume.

It is my duty to acknowledge the kindness of the Editors of the South Wales *Daily News* and the *Western Mail* for giving permission to use the valuable articles that appeared in their papers on the Revival, as well as the Editors of other papers, articles from which are reprinted in the volume; also persons who have kindly sent me their impressions of Evan Roberts and the Movement. I am specially indebted to the Rev. W. Margam Jones, Llwydeoed, who has so ably translated Evan Roberts's poetical productions into English; to the Rev. Thomas Powell, Cwmdare, and Mr David Williams, School Master, Tylorstown, for valuable help, and the Rev. David Davies, B.A. Miskin, Mountain Ash, who aided in reading the proofs and in transcribing. I wish to

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tender my sincerest thanks to all who have supplied me with information, and also those who readily let me have the letters of Evan Roberts to be published in the book.

Few errata have crept in, but are not of a misleading character.

Now, may God, the source of this awakening, make the history of Evan Roberts and his work, which has been written without avoiding any trouble to verily the facts contained therein, and with strict regard for truth, a means of grace to thousands is the earnest prayer of the Author.

D.M. PHILLIPS,

TYLORSTOWN, 24 *July* 1906

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The Preparation of the Revivalist

The Letter of Dr Torrey, The Renowned Revivalist, To Evan Roberts

32, London Grove,
Princes Park Gate,
Liverpool,

29 November 1904

Mr Evan Roberts,
Abercynon,

Wales

Dear Brother,

I have heard with great joy of the way in which God has been using you as the instrument of his power in different places in Wales. I simply write this letter to let you know of my interest in you, and to tell you that I am praying for you. I have been praying for a long time that God would raise up men of his own choosing in different parts of the world, and mightily anoint them with the Holy Spirit, and bring in a mighty revival of his work. It is so sadly needed in these times.

I cannot tell you the joy that has come to my heart, as I have read of the mighty work of God in Wales. I am praying that God will keep you, simply trusting in him, and obedient to him, going not where men shall call you, but going where he shall lead you, and that he may keep you humble. It is so easy for us to become exalted when God uses us as the instruments of his power. It is so easy to think that we are something ourselves, and when we get to thinking that, God will set us aside. May God keep you humble, and fill you more and more with his mighty power.

I hope that some day I may have the privilege of meeting you.

Sincerely Yours,

R.A. Torrey

Chapter I

The Birth-Place of Evan Roberts

I. THE IMPORTANCE OF A MAN'S BIRTHPLACE

Great importance is attached to the place where a man of fame is born. Should the place be unknown, it becomes the subject of close investigation and much theorising, and people seek for facts to confirm their suppositions regarding it. What is there in ones native place to create such interest? Its connection with him who was born there. When a man, in virtue of his character, his work, his heroism, his liberality, or his efforts in the uplifting of men, sinks deeply into their hearts, everything associated with him becomes dear to them, they love the path he treads. For the same reason the place where he was born becomes dear to them. The degree of interest taken in a man's native place is always in proportion to the degree of his greatness in a country or a nation's history. This is very plainly seen in the desire of men through the ages to see Bethlehem, the birth-place of the Saviour of the world. In a smaller degree, this is shown in the history of Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Bunyan, and Howell Harris, Daniel Rowlands, and W. Williams, of Pantycelyn, three great Welsh Revivalist's. Those who have read the history of these men, and are in sympathy with them, long for a view of their native place. To one class of people there

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is another thing that creates interest in the place where a man is born. It is this—the place partly conditions the form of a man's train of thought. As well might a man seek to escape from his own shadow as to escape from nature's scenes in the neighbourhood in which he is brought up. They give a colour to all his thoughts, and play an important part in the tone of his feelings, and the strength of his desires. A careful study of the neighbourhood in which a great man is raised would enable us to find out one condition of the characteristics of all his thoughts, and the modes of his mental developments. This is one of the branches the psychologists of the future will emphasise, for this must be done if we are to understand

all we can about mental forms and mental distinctions. But it is not our part to do so in this connection. To give a picture, as real as possible, of the neighbourhood in which Evan Roberts was born, is our object. Truly, can it be said, that Loughor has been immortalised in virtue of his birth therein, and the momentous birth of the Revival. Henceforth, it will be named along with the most famous names of Wales. In ages to come pilgrims will journey to obtain a view of Loughor, and especially of Bwlchymynydd, and Island House—the home of the Revivalist's parents. Keen interest will be taken in the surroundings, and in every nook and corner of the house itself. No doubt great value will be set upon the stones and the wood of the house, and, who can foretell, to what regions of the world its photograph will reach—though it be but the photograph of an ordinary workman's cottage. All this is due to the fact that Evan Roberts has found his way to the dearest spot in the hearts of so many thousands in the land, and has caused a thorough moral and spiritual revolution in them. The history of the Revivalist will be handed down to the ages and the children of the generations to come, with warm hearts will hear and learn it from their parents on the hearth. They will be desirous of knowing all they can of the neighbourhood and the house where he was born;

and their parents will strive to describe them, until their hearts will be on fire with a yearning to see them. Look down across the generations of the future and you will behold godly people on their way to see the place in which was born the hitherto greatest Revivalist that Wales has produced. In saying this we are not unmindful of the Revivalist's of undying fame that the nation has raised in the past. Yet, having given them all due consideration, we must admit that the country was not stirred by any of them to such an extent as it has been by Evan Roberts of Loughor. In the whole of its history, Wales has not experienced in six months such a mighty moral and spiritual upheaval as that brought about though his instrumentality. For this reason, none can tell the measure of men's desire for seeing Loughor and Bwlchymynydd in ages to come.

II. ANCIENT LOUGHOR

Looking into the primitive history of the town, we find that it was a place of no small importance in the time of the Roman Conquest. The ancient Britons had a strong fortress here, the town being called Tre'r

Afanc (Beaver's Town). That it was a place of note under Roman rule is shewn by the fact that it was the fifth station on the Roman road called Vià Julia, and the 'Lecarum' of Richard of Cirencester. Later on we find it possessed by the Kymry; then by the Irish under their Prince, Gilmor Rechdyr. The Irish, however, were not destined to a long rule. The Welsh summoned King Arthur of Caerleon to their help, he defeated them, and made Urien, his nephew, Prince of the district, which was now called 'Rheged.' He was followed by Pasgen, Morgan Mwynfawr, and Owen, the son of Hywel the Good. After the reign of Owen, the place became the scene of many battles, and much bloodshed, caused by the rivalry of the Princes of Glamorgan. Next we find the Normans in possession of the town, and they build a fortress there. Again the town

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falls into the hands of the Kymry, only to be retaken by the Norman Barons. Eventually, in 1215, Rhys, Lord of Dinevor, attacked and destroyed the fort, together with all the fortresses in Gower. This part of the country was then given to Edward II by Hugh Le Spenser. At great expense and trouble the fort was rebuilt, and the remains of its walls can be seen today at Loughor. From these facts we see that Loughor was once one of the most important places of defence in the land, and a scene of much shedding of blood. But it must be borne in mind that, whereas, Loughor of ancient and medieval history was noted as being the dwelling place of Princes skilled in the cruel art of war, its name now arises from a far different source, it is famous as the birth-place of a man, who is a Leader of the Army of the Cross. His followers number their thousands, and not hundreds, as did the followers of the old Princes who dwelt in the Castle in the days of yore.

III. MODERN LOUGHOR

It is thought that there is a vast difference between modern Loughor and the one described above, men are of opinion that the present town is not built on the same site as the former. Tre'r Afanc is supposed to have been situated on what is now called The Borough, and the church on the spot called 'Story Mihangel'. The present town is small compared with the old; it stands on the highway road from Swansea to Carmarthen, and near the rail-road from New Milford to London. It is 211 miles from London, 50 from Cardiff, and 8 from Swansea. The town and the parish are in the canton of Swansea, in the Deanery of Gower, the Arch-Deanery

of Carmarthen, and the Bishopric of St David. Though the town is not so important at the present time as it formerly was, its advantages today excel those of the past. Now, there is a station here on the Great Western Railway, making it possible to reach the furthest parts of the land from Loughor in a very short time. We find here a Post Office,

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a Saving's Bank, and a Telegraph Office, so that the town is not lacking in its advantages in this respect, small though it is. The means of crossing the large river are greatly improved upon what they once were, the men of former ages crossed in a boat, but now the river is spanned by a fine bridge, two hundred yards long. The railway bridge, a little lower down, however, measures a quarter of a mile. The river Loughor forms the boundary line between the Counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen. The town has a Public Hall and a Police Station. It has three Chapels as well as a Church of England; those belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists, the Congregationalists, and the Baptists. Taking the population into account, these are in a fairly flourishing state. In the last census that we succeeded in finding, the population numbered 2,064 within the Borough, that of the whole parish being 4,196. The part of the parish within the Borough measures 1,159 acres, while there are 48 acres under water when the tide is in. Outside the Borough, and taking in the agricultural district, which comprises Gower, we have 2,489 acres. Though the river has 14 feet of water when the tide is full, the road and railway bridges make it impossible for large ships to enter the port. As early as 1537, Loughor was made a Borough of the Cardiff and Swansea Union, and remained so until 1832. From that time until 1886 it was a Municipal Borough, joining with Aberavon, Neath, and Kenfig, and a part of Swansea, in sending a member to Parliament. Beyond the river there are tin works, while there are several coal mines in the neighbourhood. The number of these works seems to be increasing, but not through them will the name of Loughor be handed down to future ages. Something far different from these will make it immortal, as we have stated at the beginning of the Chapter. At the time when the Castle was last rebuilt, and for centuries afterwards, the neighbourhood was rich in scenes of natural beauty. Then, the picturesque surface of the land had not been

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marred by a railway, neither by zinc works, nor a coal mine. In imagination we can see the leafy groves, the trees laden with fruit, and the beautiful

flowers that cover the ground around the place, the animals grazing in the meadows, the birds on the boughs carolling sweet songs of praise to their Creator. One after another the generations come and go, without the appearance of any one whose fame becomes known throughout his own nation, not to speak of world-wide fame. The centuries roll on, and Loughor is only a name spoken in common with other names in the County. Though the neighbourhood is beautiful, it is not so exceptionally picturesque as to distinguish it from other places in Glamorgan. Situated as it is in the extreme part of West Glamorgan, and being small in comparison with the other towns, its chances of winning fame were small. Passing through Loughor Station the traveller feels no inclination to look out from the window to see any wonderful building or scene. Did one happen to look out he would behold nothing particularly attractive. No one is amazed at the sight of the old Castle ruins, for it is small as compared with some of the large castles of Wales. Now, however, there is a great change when passing through Loughor Station, those who have heard Evan Roberts, those who have read of him and are in sympathy with him, strive for a full view of all they can see. I have seen mother's holding children, three and four years old, out to obtain a complete view of everything they could see from the station. What accounts for such a change? Nothing in the town, nor the surrounding country; but the fact that Evan Roberts and the Revival of 1904, in its sweeping form, were born there.

As has been mentioned, the town is a small one, but some scores of years ago it was important as a port. Large numbers of ships were built here, hence, timber was brought in from different directions of the surrounding country. The lower part of the town stands on a small rising near the railway, as remarked above. It was

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well that it was on a hill in olden times, for the sea came in and completely encircled it. By the present time the sea has gone back. The upper part stands on the slope some distance from the lower part. The town has no form after the manner of towns of late years. We find here a number of old houses, but not more than from two to six of them are joined together. So it may be said of houses built in later years—two here and two there, three in one place and four in another. You would not find a street of twenty houses in the town. From this partly arises the variety that is seen in the place. The sight of an occasional thatched

cottage in the vicinity of the town gives one an indication of what Loughor was centuries ago. It seems that every one chose his own spot to build a house, and sought freedom around it. In passing through, one perceives that variety is the distinctive feature of the town. This applies equally well to the whole neighbourhood. We may look in any direction we please, and we shall not see uniformity in the scenery. Seldom do we find a perfectly quadrangular field in the neighbourhood, nor shall we find an even one. We are compelled continually, owing to the unevenness of the ground, to change the position of the eye-axes in order to obtain a full view of a scene. The parish has no high mountain nor a large plain. On all sides are seen small hills and dales rich in variety. As in the case of the ground, so with the flowers, hedges, and trees: flowers of many different colours, variegated hedges, trees of different sizes, and we behold a good number of them in different directions. As compared with some districts in Glamorgan, we can say that Loughor is woody. Were one asked for a word that sets forth most effectively the characteristic of the town and neighbourhood, Variety would be the best word by far.

Now, let us direct our gaze outside Loughor, what is the sight that meets the eye? Variety again. Towards the south-west, we behold the Loughor River, giant-like in its all-conquering career from its source in the Black

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Mountain, entering the Severn Sea. A little more to the south, across a corner of the Channel, we see the village of Penclawdd with its tin-works; while behind it is that fine tract of land called Gower, where the Reverend Sire W. Griffiths of Gower ministered. The admiration felt by the inhabitants for Mr Griffiths, owing to his undoubted piety, was little short of worship. Looking to the south-east, situated in a beautiful spot, on the rail-road to Swansea, we see Gowerton. Turning our eyes again a little to the north-west, the tall chimney stacks of Llanelly. Tin-works in Carmarthenshire appear before us. In this direction we get an extensive view, full of variety. Looking northwards, Llangennech and Pontardulais, and the valley of Loughor, are seen. The scenery in this vale in midsummer is beautiful. In this pretty dale dwelt David Williams of Llandilo Minor when he composed the immortal hymn—

In the deep and mighty waters,
None can save and succour me,
But my dear Redeemer Jesus,

Crucified upon the tree.
He's a Friend in death's deep river,
O'er the waves my head he'll guide,
Seeing him will set me singing,
In the deep and swelling tide.

A mile and a half in the north-westerly direction stands the village of Gorseinon. This cannot be seen from the town of Loughor, for a hillock stands between them. It is a village of recent growth, owing its existence to the large coal mine sunk close to it. The Revival has made it famous amongst other villages in the county and in Wales. Wonderful things took place here at the beginning of the Revival, as we shall point out in another chapter. Before we can adequately describe the marvellous mission of Evan Roberts, we must ever closely connect Gorseinon with its beginning. To the south-east stands Swansea, but not in sight from Loughor.

IV. BWLCHYMYNYDD

We have named the chief places in the neighbourhood of Loughor, as well as described the place. We now come to Bwlchymynydd and Island House. Bwlchymynydd a mile to the north from Lower Loughor, having the same characteristics as Loughor—a few houses scattered here and there, and variously built. Here we find Pisgah the little chapel in which Evan Roberts worships. It is a branch of Moriah, the Methodist Chapel of Loughor. We shall have more to say of Pisgah again. Having come to the village of Bwlchymynydd, we keep to the left for some fifty yards, then turn to the right, and having walked on a few hundred yards, we arrive at Island House where our subject first saw the light of day. On the way to it we pass the well called 'The Well under the Field', which supplies a great part of the neighbourhood with water. In another chapter will be told an account of a strange incident relating to Evan Roberts in connection with this well. A large brick wall has been now built around it, making it visible a great way off. The writer was present on the spot with the Revivalist Christmas-time, 1904. A man drove up to the well, and was accosted by Evan Roberts in the following words, 'You carry water to quench the natural thirst of people. I do my best to quench their thirst with the living, spiritual water.' As soon as we have passed the well, we are quite close to the house, which faces the west. It is not on a main road, but on the side of a narrow lane that runs before it. It is a few yards from the road, and at the north corner we find the entrance

towards it. In front of the house a few evergreens add to the beauty of the scene. Near the upper part of the spot is a small green, through which a path leads to the back of the house. On this green stands a tree planted by Evan Roberts with his own hand. Behind, and a little to the south, we see a large garden excellently cultivated. As we draw nigh to the house, what strikes us first of all is the absence of every kind of waste. Nothing

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is to be seen save what is necessary to make life pleasant. Things that are absolutely essential, and nothing more, do we see outside the house as well as within. Yet, we find here many things that prove the inhabitants to be possessed of a taste for the good, the lovely, the beautiful, and the sublime. Outside and within can be traced the marks of a desire for neatness and cosiness. We think that neatness is one of the chief characteristics of the father and mother, and the children too. The house is a remarkable instance of what a working man's dwelling should be. It contains eight rooms, which, though not large, are so neat that one feels quite contented and happy as soon as he sits in one of them. As we go to Evan Roberts's Library, which is on the left as we enter, we see at once that the family is one that loves the good. This will become more manifest when we have occasion to speak of his Library. When once seated in the house, perfect silence characterises the place. No sounds are heard except the melody of the birds on the boughs about the house. Let us go out in front of the cottage and over against the way is seen a marshy swamp, and beyond that again, there arises a green meadow, called the Great Island. Some recall the sea at high tide coming up and surrounding this meadow. Such a sight not improbably gave the field its present name. Whichever way we look from the door of Island House, the scenes that meet the eye are characterised by variety. What wonder is it then that he who was born here is so rich in variety in his mind and in his work? At a distance of a few miles from the house, we may behold every scene that Nature can give us; on this side, the surging sea, in the distance behold high-peaked mountains. Nearer to us we see picturesque hills and a broad plain, rich dales and marshy bogs; thick hedges, stout and tall trees; multi-coloured flowers, thorn trees, and gorse, and the smoke of mines. We hear the puffing of the steam-engine; see a large river and little streams; narrow winding lanes, and a main road, almost free from

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so many turnings. It were impossible for a great rich mind not to develop rich in variety in such a place, for it could not but produce in it ideas of different kinds. If we bear in mind the variety in the scenery of the place, it will help us to understand the variety that belongs to Evan Roberts's mind, feelings, and desires. As far as we are able to describe them, these then are the Loughor and Bwlchymynydd where he was born and reared, whom God used in 1904 to move all Wales morally and spiritually.

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Chapter II

The Heads of the Family of Island House, Bwlchymynydd

We described the house in the previous chapter, we come now to the family heads. Henry Roberts, the Revivalist's father, was born at Loughor. His parents were David and Sarah Roberts. He was born in 1844, so that he is now drawing towards 62 years of age. Throughout the years he has worked hard and perseveringly as a pump man and a collier. His effort to bring up a houseful of children so respectably, and giving them all good elementary education, is very praiseworthy. He is rather tall, but not stout. Hard work has left its marks upon him, and we note that he has not so much eaten his own bread through the sweat of his brow, but has brought up a large family through much sweat. His face tells us that he is a man who belongs to the nervous temperament class. It is from this class most often men of great talents arise. They are alive to all their surroundings, and open to deep impressions. The enthusiasm of their nature makes them daring in speech and action, whatever may be the consequences, and they learn much from their mistakes. His eyes and face show that Henry Roberts is of an excitable, lively, and fiery temperament. This temperament is an excellent one, if kept under control, and if accompanied by a high degree of intellect. We must have active and sensitive nerves in order to think rapidly, clearly, consistently, and deeply. This is the temperament that sets the world moving onward. It is the chief element in its development. Henry Roberts may be grateful

that he possesses a lively and electric nature. Without it he would never have found food enough for a family of ten, and to become the owner of his own house as well. He must know what it

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is to be loaded with burdens and cares. Yet he did not let religion suffer as some do. He acted honourably and faithfully with the great cause throughout the years, and his contributions were such as might be expected from one in his position. This speaks highly of his religion, his good nature, and liberal spirit. His two dark eyes point to loving kindness as a characteristic trait in his nature. This is a peculiarity that belongs to the majority of enthusiastic men. From the photograph, we see that he keeps his beard, which like his hair, is now almost grey. Though he has seen his sixty-first birthday, yet his movements today betray the once smart and sprightly youth, who could accomplish much in a short time. His one book during his lifetime has been the Bible, which, with religion, has been the subject of conversation on the hearth throughout the years. What wonder is it then that great things have come out of his family. Not only he has been a great reader of the Bible, but he has committed much of it to memory. When young, he learnt no less than 174 verses in one week. He made it a regular practice to learn a portion of God's word daily in his early days; hence he is well versed in it. Henry Roberts is interested in the topics of the day, but to him religion is the centre of all. Like his son, Evan Roberts, he, too, has an eye that sees the humorous, and his nature is alive to this aspect of life. When I asked him one day, 'How is the family with you?' he answered, 'We are fairly well, we have food enough here, and also an appetite for it. There was an old man here years ago,' continued Henry Roberts, 'who called in a house where the inmates were very poor. He enquired, as you did now, after the welfare of the family. "Very poor", was the answer. "Things could not be worse, for there is not a morsel of food in the house." "O!" said the old gentleman, "you could be in a much worse condition than that. You might have had plenty of food in the house, and none of you having an appetite for it. That would be the time to say that

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things could not be worse.'" Henry Roberts's eyes sparkled with humour as he related this incident.

Hannah Roberts, the Revivalist's mother, was born and brought up the first years of her life in a place called The Smithy, a quarter of a mile

from the main road from Llanon to Llanelly, in the parish of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire. Her parents were Evan and Sarah Edwards, her father following the occupation of a blacksmith. He was of a quiet disposition, had an irreproachable character, and was a spiritually-minded man. He was a faithful member and musical conductor for many years with the Baptists at Llanon. Previous to his marriage, he was a Calvinistic Methodist, as well as his parents before him. But he thought that it was better for him and his wife, who was a Baptist, to go to the same place of worship, hence he joined her. His house was a home from home for all the ministers that came to the place to preach. He refused the office of deacon, because he felt he did not possess the requisite qualifications; the Church, however, felt otherwise, and besought him to accept it. The young people held him in high esteem, and on Sunday evening after the service, they looked to him to learn singing. Soon after Hannah, Evan Roberts's mother, was born, the family removed to the Smithy, Llanon, where they lived for 24 years. About 35 years ago, they came to Pontardulais, and there Sarah Edwards, the Revivalist's grandmother, now dwells. She is 92 years of age and still faithful with religion. Throughout the years, she has acted as midwife, and is highly respected by her friends. She says that Jesus has been so good to her during her long life that she has resolved to hold fast unto the end. It must be said that she is far above the average in mental capacities. Her memory is wonderful for its grasp, firmness, and clearness, considering her age. She holds strong views on baptism by immersion, and this is her only cause of disagreement with her grandson, the Revivalist. In character and conduct, she is spotless and has always been noted for her religious fidelity.

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It was on 8 January 1849, that Hannah, the Revivalist's mother, was born, being the seventh out of nine children. When 14 years of age, she agreed to go into service in Loughor. She did this without her mother's knowledge, for she was not pleased with the place that her daughter was going to. In a year's time, she returned home. Soon after this, she agreed to go to a place called Cwmhowel, to a Mr Peel. At Loughor, she first met her husband, and on 31 March 1868, they entered the bonds of matrimony. She is of a somewhat quiet disposition, and one can easily see that she has a will of great firmness. Not for anything will she say yes, when she ought to say no. She is a woman of meekness and prudence with a moral sense of a very high order. Her talents in more than one

direction are far above the ordinary, as we shall presently point out. In the chief facial lines, we detect a great similarity between the mother and her famous son, Evan Roberts. The more one gazes at her, the more do these lines become manifest. All the characteristic facial lines of her son are seen in the mother's face, but in a lesser degree, especially those that indicate a resolute will and firm determination. As to height, she is not tall, but medium, neither is she stout. She has two lively and loving eyes and a pleasant face, full of thoughtfulness. Words are not wasted by her, though in conversation she is ready, free, and outspoken. She is not very sprightly in her movements, but she is not long in accomplishing the task set before her.

As Henry Roberts is an example of what a father ought to be, so with Hannah Roberts—she is an example of what a mother should be. Although her children numbered fourteen, eight of whom are still living, she brought them up neatly and honourably. The young wife, after her marriage, set about to learn cutting and sewing, so that she has not paid for making clothes for any of her children when in their first years. At the same time, she cared for her husband, and her house was always cosy, neat and clean. Thus to learn about her marriage proves

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that she is endowed with perseverance of the first order. Her children were sent to the services on the Sabbath so clean and becoming that she was not ashamed for anyone to see them. In the evening on the Lord's day, behold the parents with their eight children on the hearth in Island House. They sing a hymn together, and are as happy, nay, more happy, than the Royal Family. A glance at Island House will show us the common sense of Mrs Roberts. Three things are to be seen here that at once point to this. Firstly, nothing is noticeable save what is really necessary in a house to do the work and to be happy; secondly, these things are in their proper places, and, thirdly, everything is clean. On all sides we behold the result of wisdom, hard work, neatness, and order. With her too, like her husband, the Bible is the great book, and she continually makes more of it as the years roll on. Of late years, she has learnt a great deal of it, and the children have followed her example. The many certificates that hang on the walls show that the Sunday School Examinations are high in their estimation. By committing the appointed lessons to memory, the mother drew the children to imitate her. They have also treasured the Bible in their minds. Besides being a mother and a wife of the best kind,

Mrs Roberts has also a strong moral character. When making enquiries with regard to her son, I asked her if one particular thing attributed to him was true. 'It is not,' she answered; 'I hope nothing of the kind is spread abroad. I have always been careful about the truth; but I have never been so careful as at present, being that everything is put in print. I would not like to see a single word appear that was not true, because it is truth that will stand.' What I was enquiring about was a matter that did them honour as a family, and I greatly admired her for rejecting it, as it was not true. Who can measure the moral influence of a mother such as this upon her child. In this respect, Evan Roberts is a perfect reproduction of his mother. He swerves not from the truth though the whole world brought its influence to

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bear upon him. Much of the praise for this is due to Hannah Roberts. Unless the mother respects Truth, only in very few cases will the children do so. Not only has she a strong moral character, but she has clear ideas about principles that require a power to penetrate into the heart of things, before we can fully understand them. When talking to her one day, the conversation turned upon those who opposed her son, and she made one of the most searching remarks that I have ever heard on a matter of this kind. 'It is a great pity for them,' said she; 'it will be to their own loss. I have no fears as to Evan: for I know what he is from childhood. I am certain that he is conscientious, and that whatever his failings are, he does all from pure motives. It is to be regretted that anyone should wrongly explain him. I hope they will see things as they are, and that God will forgive them.' Seldom will we find mother's of such a spirit as is manifested in these words, when speaking of those who without cause opposed her son. It was easily seen that it was for these persons she was sorry, and not for him. Many a mother, however, would speak of them in merciless terms, seeing her son on such a height of fame. Not so did Hannah Roberts deem it becoming to do. No wonder she is so sound in the principles of practical morality, for she acts these in her everyday life.

Notwithstanding the fact that her parents were Baptists, she has never been a member only with the Calvinistic Methodists. She went with her husband to Moriah, the Methodist Chapel at Loughor, and were made members the same night. Since, they have always been faithful with all the movements of their church. Henry and Hannah Roberts are a simple

and humble pair. They lay no claim to an illustrious pedigree nor famous relations. When I asked them whether any men of fame had appeared; amongst their forefathers, they desired to affirm no such thing. Their aim is to let everything stand on its merits, seeking nothing that would for a moment win for them the applause of the public.

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As we have mentioned before, fourteen children were born to them, eight of whom are living; and when we remember this fact, it is wonderful how they have borne up so well. Who knows the care and anxiety of their minds when rearing the eight now living? That their care was great and their anxiety intense is certain. The mother's heart leaped with joy as she informed me that not one of them had ever given her trouble. 'My heart was filled with delight when bringing them up', said she. 'I would stay down late to sew and mend their clothes, so that I might follow my duties in the day.' Without this it would have been impossible to bring up eight children, with no servant to help her. Evan Roberts is the ninth of all the children, and the fifth of those at present living. Two of his sisters reside in America—one married, the other single. In another chapter, we shall have a word to say regarding those in this country. The following are the names of the children in order of age—Sarah, Mariah, Catherine, David, Evan, Dan, Elizabeth and Mary.

And now Henry and Hannah Roberts have lived to see one of their sons the centre of attention and attraction of all Wales, and to a measure of all Christendom. For all that, there is in them no unworthy delight. Rather do they glorify God in His Son for such an inestimable privilege. When the Revival had broken out with power, the father one day, standing at the corner of his house, observed of Evan and his other children who had been fired, 'Here they are in thine hand, Lord; do with them as thou wilt'. Thus, Henry and Hannah Roberts shall be accounted blessed amongst fathers and mothers in Wales, because of the high favour shown to them in letting them bring up a child so manifestly used of the Spirit to give the greatest blow to sin that has been given for many years past. They see their reward for allowing religion to be the chief subject on the hearth, and the Bible the principal object of study. They see the result of setting a good example before the children at home:

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they have happiness in their heart which more than repays them for all their efforts to bring up eight children. Oh! what spiritual delight

there is to these parents at the close of their days on earth! With the Psalmist of old can they say—‘Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.’

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Chapter III

The Day of the Possibility

The 8th of June, 1878, was a great and extraordinary day in Island House, Bwlchymynydd. It was so because on it Evan Roberts was born. In the history of the family, the neighbourhood of Loughor, and Wales as a whole, we can rightly call it the ‘Day of the Possibility’. On that day was born one in whom lay the possibility of creating a religious revolution in a whole nation, with the Spirit of God using him as an instrument. Yet, this was not known to anyone except the Divine Persons, and possibly some of the angels. And so his birth was in the manner of every child’s birth. It did not cause the inhabitants of the place to leap with joy, but angels, maybe, sang. Were they told of his future, then surely they sang and rejoiced, for they could see how much there would be for them to do in connection with him. The parents, no doubt, looked upon their newly-born babe as one who in years to come would be a help and comfort to them; but God regarded him as the embodiment of possibilities to be used in the Spirit’s hand to bring thousands to repentance. A wondrous day, truly, is the birthday of many an one. Untold possibilities come into being at the same time. On a smaller scale, the birth of every morally great man may be likened to that of him who was born in Bethlehem. The birth in the manger in Bethlehem was simple enough and unknown to the world at large, but then, there came into existence the possibility of saving an unnumbered multitude of sinners. Through the birth of Evan Roberts at Bwlchymynydd on that day, there came into being a possibility which will be instrumental before the end of time in bringing millions to the Man who brought into being the possibility of Salvation, by the

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birth in Bethlehem and the death on Calvary. The result of the work of Evan Roberts will go on through the ages, and some of them will be

effective in the end of the world. When his mortal part is buried, his works will go on and multiply forever. The possibilities of every life are wonderful given favourable conditions, they will increase, and so continue their existence. As we ascend in the scale of life, the possibility increases accordingly. The highest life has the greatest possibility. On earth, man is the creature that has the highest and richest life; hence, his is the life with the greatest possibility in it. Among men we find degrees of possibility, in the sphere of mind, affections, and actions. The majority possess but average possibility, and rise to no distinction in any department of life. From this class up to those who possess the highest possibility, we have every grade of intellectual power that we can think of. Those who have the greatest possibility contribute to the world's development in various directions. They make the world move on from the old lines in the different branches of knowledge, religion, morality, and spirituality. They cut out paths for themselves, and will not be governed by public opinion, which becomes disturbed once it sees new ground being possessed. We make bold to say that the babe who was born at Island House, Bwlchymynydd, on the aforementioned day, belonged to this class. He had the possibilities of a spiritual life that were extraordinary, the possibilities of a man of the highest genius in his class—possibilities, as we shall again see, of cutting a path for himself without consulting anyone save the Spirit of God.

Who would think that such a possibility lay within him when a child? Did the midwife for a moment think of his tremendous possibility? No, she saw nothing in him different from other children. She would tremble to hold him in her arms did she know of his possibility and his future. Were his work with the Revival known on his birthday, many of the old saints

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of Loughor and of Wales would have readily gone to his parents house, saying with Simeon of old, Lord, now lettest thou thy servants depart in peace, according to thy word, for our eyes have seen one who will be used of Thee to bring Salvation to thousands in Wales. Many have been the desires, intense the prayers offered up for a Revival, but at last we have its instrument in our arms. Hundreds have journeyed to Loughor during these last months in order to see Evan Roberts, his parents, and the house where he was born; but had men known of his possibility at his birth, the visitors to the place would have been far more numerous

then than now. As is his wont, with every great possibility, God hid this from all. Men wonder at the possibility when it has been revealed. This is what he has done in the case of Evan Roberts.

We see his mother nurse him, a tender child, without seeing anything exceptional in him, save his loveliness. Every mother thinks her child lovely; and it is well that she does. It shows how great a mother's affection is for her child. Hannah Roberts carries him in her arms, little thinking that she has a treasure so great. Gazing at his face in the cradle, the thought of his possibility does not enter her mind. As she rocks the cradle, far from her thoughts is the idea that in it lies one destined in less than twenty-seven years to move a nation in religion and morality. Behold two little hazel eyes brightly gazing at her, whose glance now thrills vast assemblies of men; but she does not foresee this. Lovingly does she kiss her little ones lips, little thinking that the words that would pass from his mouth and lips would hereafter fix the undivided attention of the multitudes upon them. She is quite unconscious of the fact that the lovely face she presses to her cheek will one day be charming men with the heavenly smile that flickers across it. Far from her mind is the thought that the fat little arms that now embrace her will be waving in Welsh and other pulpits, and that multitudes will follow their movements. No, she did not dream that the little feet and knees then too

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weak for walking would again be gliding from place to place to proclaim the eternal gospel; and walking through the chapels to persuade some to receive Christ; to comfort others in their sorrow, and to warn many of their perilous state. Be that as it may, in the birth of our subject there was born to the nation a wealth of moral possibilities to be used by the Spirit of God to do spiritual wonders yea, things incredible to any but spiritually-minded men.

Let us once again look upon him when a babe. What is there in him? Everything that has developed and will develop in him. All the germs of his powers lay in him when first he saw the light of day. Whatever the grace of God has done and will do with his powers, all the possibilities of those powers were in him in his childhood. Wales today can sing 'Precious treasure was found in Island House, Bwlchymynydd, 8 June 1878'. There is reason for saying that for ages long the day of the dawn of the Revival will be commemorated, but there is more reason why the birthday of Evan Roberts should be commemorated. It was this day that

made his connection with the Revival possible. Heaven looked upon the day of His birth in Bethlehem of more importance than any other day in the life of Christ. This is shown, firstly, by the great joy that was there among the angelic hosts, who winged their flight for the first to the Judean fields to sing their carol—‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men’, secondly, the day of the Incarnation made possible the death of the Cross. The Incarnation of Christ contains the possibility of the Atonement. All that Jesus did in his life arose from the possibility that was in him as a babe in the manger. The same truth holds with regard to the works of Evan Roberts, they are all the outcome of the possibility that was in him in the cradle. Were a serious consideration given to the fact that children possess all their possibilities at birth, parents would be far more careful in dealing with these possibilities during

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the first years of their children’s life. The rule is that the entire course of their lives is determined by the treatment given to their possibilities and powers during these years.

When the proper time came, our subject was baptised in Moriah Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, and was named Evan John. This was the name by which he was known by the people of the neighbourhood. By today the name John is scarcely heard; he is known simply as Evan Roberts. He does not any more wish to be called John, but only Evan Roberts. We heard him say at Hirwain that he had written it for the last time. In this too, as in other things, he desires to make use of as few words as possible. His name will go down to future ages as Evan Roberts, and not Evan John Roberts.

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Chapter IV

The Blossoming of the Possibility— Evan Roberts When a Child

In the previous chapter, for particular reasons given there, the birthday of Evan Roberts was called the day of the possibility. For the same reasons can his childhood be called the blossoming of the possibility in this period we find the wealth of his natures possibility beginning to

open out. It is a misfortune that we have not the details of this period in our possession, for they would be of special interest. This is the time when the mind reveals many of the inherent characteristics of its possibility. It breaks forth in the strength of its own energy before it is conscious of the meaning, the nature, and importance of its actions; before it is conscious that its actions are noticed and criticised. The first acts of the mind are a kind of natural and unconscious outburst, but this outburst takes place before a man is able to reflect upon his mental activities. Hence, Evan Roberts knows nothing of this period in his life. His parents and others never thought that his biography would be written: for this reason, they did not carefully note his distinguishing, peculiarities when a child. Yet for all this, we are not entirely ignorant in a general way of our subject during this time, because the Evan Roberts of today is only the fruit that has grown out of that period. Whatever his special characteristics now are, they are only a higher development from the blossoming of his possibility when a child. To seek for all the activities of his mind and the contents of his consciousness in the years of the blossoming of his possibility would only be satisfying curiosity. All their principles will be found in him now, for life carries with it the instincts of its past. In some form or other the whole of Evan Roberts, the child,

is seen in Evan Roberts, the Revivalist. Here we get his thoughts, his feelings, his imagination, his conscience, and childish desires. Without this there would be no unity in life. The only difference is that these things are characterised now by a development higher than when he was a child. The point wherein we are at a loss is that we do not see them in their undeveloped state as they were then. We are assured that there was nothing in him as a child to draw special attention. It may be safely said that the things which marked him out from the time that he began at school until he was twelve years old are before us. These are the interesting things, and not those in him which were common with other children. In order that we may the better see the blossoming of his powers, we can classify them under different headings.

I. EVAN ROBERTS AT PLAY

One of the most effective things to reveal the characteristics of a child is his manner and spirit at play. Evan Roberts used to play like most children do, that is, he was full of the playful spirit, and not timid and

lifeless as some children are. We can imagine him as a boy with light curly hair waving in the breeze playing near the house and in the adjacent fields, and paying an occasional visit to the large island, in order to gaze upon the Loughor river and the sea coming up to meet it. Oft while at play, he would stop in the middle of a game to listen to the birds singing, for this delights him to this day. In his play, we find elements that are not commonly found in children, and these remain in him still. He could not look upon any of his playmates suffering. When this happened, the joy of playing was gone for him. That was no play to him where all were not joyful. To Evan Roberts the essential element in play was that every one shared the same happy feelings with him. His liberality was clearly in evidence in his games, and with a willing heart would he share his good things with his

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companions. He put all his energy into his play; showing his thorough conscientiousness in it all. Deceit and treachery even at play grieved him. At all times he is seen to strive to be consistent in word and action, and one to be relied on. He would willingly lend a helping hand whenever he saw a playmate in difficulties and unable to do anything that he could show him the way. The first two characteristics that his mother remembers in him are helping others and striving to make everybody happy. He was possessed then of the true spirit of a player.

II. EVAN ROBERTS AT SCHOOL

Between four and five years of age, we find him at school. Hitherto, the possibilities were allowed to blossom without any permanent external influence, save that of his father and mother. Now, he is in a sphere where he must conform with fixed rules. We can hardly believe that a child of so independent a nature as Evan Roberts found it easy to bend under these for some time. He is not long before manifesting a capability of learning with rapidity. He stands with the best in his class. One year, a book was offered as a reward to the best in the class, the competition lay between Evan Roberts and another lad. In the final test, he won the prize. But after going home, Evan wept bitterly because the other boy had not received a book too. This shows that while he was yet young, there were in his nature wonderful liberality and magnanimity. One would expect him, in accordance with the natural and common tendency in children, to rejoice, and boast of having won in the contest. But his

heart would not allow of that. It grieved him sorely to think of the disappointment of the young friend going home without a book. This was but the manifestation of the glorious blossoming of the possibility of his nature. It is to be regretted that he was not allowed to remain in school. Had he remained, we doubt not that that he would have become a first-rate scholar. His

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progress in education during the few years he spent at school is enough to prove this. Mr Harris, his schoolmaster, testifies that young Roberts was most fond of his books, and through his close attention to them reached the sixth standard before he was twelve years of age. During this time, he was full of play; but nothing rough characterised his playfulness. A schoolmistress, with whom he was for some time, states that he was her chief defender, when the children were unmanageable he would argue with the children the consequences of being naughty, and as a rule succeeded in quieting them. Owing to circumstances to which we shall again refer, he was obliged to leave school three months before he reached his twelfth year. He did this, as is the case with the majority of children that belong to the working class, in order to earn his living through the sweat of his brow. He was not compelled to do so by his parents, but he wished it himself.

III. HIS BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS HIS PARENTS

During this period the strong and living affection that he still feels towards his parents is manifested. His obedience to them was perfect, springing from a willing heart; and, therefore, was but the expression of his affection for them. He was never heard to say No to either of them. When eleven years of age, a splendid opportunity was given him of showing his strong affection towards his parents. At the birth of his youngest sister, Mary, his mother was dangerously ill, close upon death. This called for Evan's frequent services as a messenger. He would run full speed when sent on an errand, stopping in no place, however much the temptation to play. His love for his mother was stronger than the playful inclination. Of his own accord, unasked of any, would he do this, being induced by the highest motive, namely, love for his parents. We can easily see that his rule of conduct then, young as he was, was

obedience to the promptings of the highest powers of his nature. This is the burden of his preaching today: obedience to all the promptings of the Spirit of God. His willing obedience in the first years of his childhood was an effectual preparation for the time when the Holy Spirit came to invite him to surrender himself completely on the altar of service to Jesus. During this period he nursed his youngest sister a great deal, in order to help his mother. Mary Roberts says that were she then able to think and to speak, she ought to have known much concerning her brother at that time. He was ready to do anything within his power for his parents, whether it were customary for his companions to do so or not. When about eleven years of age he undertook to dig the large garden attached to Island House, in order to spare his father, who was in sore trouble at the time, owing to the illness of Mrs Roberts. In a few days he had accomplished the task, great as the labour was to a lad so young. He clung to the work with the energy and determination of one resolved to conquer.

IV. THE BLOSSOMING OF HIS HABITS

His possibility of forming habits is revealed in these years also, for we discern two very prominent features in this at this period.

1. *Order*.—He delighted in arranging everything that came in his way. His purposes were always neatly planned and executed. This was made manifest in his play and his work about the house.

2. *Cleanliness*.—To be clean was ever one of his chief aims—clean in dress, in words, in work, and in conduct. Applicable is the old adage to him: ‘Cleanliness is next to godliness.’ Those children who are careful as to order and cleanliness in the things mentioned above, as a rule, will not find it difficult to reach true godliness. These were the result of his own nature, and not the fruits of culture. Though his

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parents were strong in these matters, they had not to advise Evan to be likewise, for he was so already. They grew naturally out of him. We may add one more habit to the foregoing—

3. *Gentlemanliness*.—He always replied and addressed people like a gentleman, while his general conduct from childhood was marked with perfect good manners. His elders were always impressed with his excellent

behaviour in their company. We have good reason to expect great things from children in whom habits such as these are seen to blossom.

V. THE BLOSSOMING OF HIS PRESENCE OF MIND AND HIS FAITH

We find him possessed of extraordinary presence of mind when from seven to eight years old his brother, Dan, fell headlong into the well that was near the house, and would have met with immediate death had Evan not been there. Hurrying to the well, he seized his little brother's feet, and pulled him out in a few seconds. He must have had presence of mind to act thus, when there was no one near to tell him what to do. Many a child, would become terrified, and lose all self control at the sight of his brother in such a plight.

When twelve years of age we get a glimpse of the possibility of his extraordinary faith which is illustrated in the following striking incident:— He and another lad named Jenkin Evans, together with several other children, were playing by a stream not far from the house. They had been bathing in the stream, which was several feet deep. Jenkin Evans stood on one side, while the rest were dressing on the other. Some of the children, who were with Evan Roberts, persuaded Jenkin Evans that he could swim across the stream. He was foolish enough to give ear to them, and made the attempt. But ere he had gone half-way he sank. He came to the surface

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again, but soon disappeared. Upon this, Evan Roberts quickly divested himself of his garments in order to try to save him. For the third time Jenkin Evans rose to the surface, shouting, 'Oh! Oh! I'm drowning!' Evan Roberts leaped into the water. Jenkin Evans threw his arms around his neck, and down went both. Evan Roberts, however, kept complete self-control, though he had not learned to swim. When under water with his feet touching the bottom, he firmly believed he could swim. With one great effort he succeeded in pushing his friend to the bank. Then he swam to the land himself. The moment he believed he could swim, he was able to do so without any difficulty. This act reveals the germ of his present strong faith. This great possibility of believing is the one that the Spirit of God works upon in his soul these days. About the same time he saved his brother, Dan from drowning. Dan was bathing in the river when something suddenly seized him, which would have caused him to sink to the bottom and be drowned. Evan saw him in difficulties, and

was only a few moments before running to his rescue. These characteristics are seen in him now in a highly developed state. His strong faith occasionally strikes us with awe, and we wonder at his presence of mind in a great commotion. Tracing his history in detail, we shall find these two elements very prominent in him by nature, apart from what grace has done in his heart. To possess a strong spiritual faith we must have a great possibility of believing. The same may be said of all the virtues of the Christian.

VI. THE BLOSSOMING OF HIS RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES

We cannot but see these in him when very young, if we are careful in our observation. He used to get the children to play a religious meeting, he himself being the leader. At this time is seen in him not only a deep religious tendency, but the religious leader as well. On the long winter evenings, his mother would teach him

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Bible verses, chapters, and hymns, so that he was not lacking in material to play meetings. Yet, we would wish to say that with Evan Roberts, there was no levity in connection with this playing. While thus innocently engaged a characteristic thoughtfulness is seen in him. Even then he undoubtedly felt his religious intuitions to be great powers in his heart. But he, as other children, understood them not. What is at present spiritual joy within him, flowed out of the subconscious regions of his soul when he was twelve years old, as the crystal spring bursts forth from the bosom of the rock. The small stream then is seen, but now the wide, deep river. To change the metaphor, it is the religious blossom that we see in the playing a religious meeting when a child, but the ripe fruit we now perceive in the man who sways the multitude with his hand. It is one of the best signs to see children imitating religious matters in a devotional spirit. It proves that such things have been put in their minds by someone, and that they have affected some of the deepest instincts of their nature. Generally, great things follow in due course. Our subject is a splendid example of the blossoming of the religious life, under the care of godly parents who cultivated the principles of that life by means of example, Biblical instruction, and their great care to send their child to the Sabbath School and other services. His religious instincts must have been strong before the instruction of his parents and the Sabbath School could influence him so much, for he testifies that the temptations of the evil one were very great at this time. But the power of the life within kept

him from breaking out into any presumptuous sin, though the struggle was often very hard.

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Chapter V

The Preparation of the Possibility. Mental Preparation

Evan Roberts the Working Man

Everything in the history of Evan Roberts went, either directly or indirectly, to prepare his possibility as a Revivalist. We have no doubt but that his connection with manual labour played an important part in preparing his mental powers for revival work. And why not? Was not the daily toil of Jesus of Nazareth, until he was thirty years of age, a great factor in the preparation of his possibilities to accomplish his infinite work for sinners? He sanctified physical labour, and made it clear that not only can we live religiously while engaged in work, but also that it helps to accomplish great things in religion. Manual labour brings us into sympathy with the great majority of mankind, and enables us to get a wider view of their life than we otherwise would. In this chapter, we shall endeavour to follow the steps that Evan Roberts took in manual labour.

I. HIS FIRST STEP

It fell to his lot to begin to work when young, as we mentioned before. He commenced at such an early age owing to his father having met with an accident. When Evan was about eleven years and a half, Henry Roberts broke his leg in the Mountain Colliery, Loughor. He was able to resume his work in about three months, Evan being called upon to help him. It was his father's work to look after the water pumps in the above-named colliery, and as the accident to his leg had affected his walking, little Evan was of great service in carrying

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water and oil from place to place. Evan was not long in revealing his alertness, dexterity, faithfulness, and care with his duties, and in three months time (that is, when about twelve years old), he took up the work of door-boy, whose duties it is to look after the doors down in the pit. Vivid is his recollection of the first pay he received at the Colliery, and he laughs merrily when reminded of it. It was a sum of five shillings; but, small as it was, he was proud of it, and it gave him inspiration with his work. At this time, he only narrowly escaped being killed. The shackles that held the trains together broke one day, so that the trains came down with tremendous force towards the door at which he was stationed. He was sitting at the time with his father and one of the colliery officials, about fifty yards away. As soon as he heard the trains approaching, he ran as fast as he could towards the door. When his father realised the situation, he was greatly alarmed, and feared that he should not see Evan alive again. But in spite of the great force with which the trains ran, and the narrowness of the road, he succeeded in escaping without the slightest injury, and did his duty as well. It would have been no wonder had he been crushed to pieces. For one of his age and experience, he showed wonderful presence of mind on that occasion.

II. THE SECOND STEP

Owing to his desire to become a collier in the real sense of the word, he did not remain long as a door boy. He began cutting coal with another, and learned with rapidity. To rise higher and higher was ever his desire; and when sixteen years of age, he and an elder friend undertook the working of a heading. Although he was the younger, the most important part of the work in the heading fell to his lot. This shows his great dexterity and his power of adaptation as a worker. The number of young men who can do this kind of work is comparatively

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small. And were he not a reliable lad, it is not likely that the manager would have allowed him to do it. His earnings at this time were five shillings a day; and savingly did he keep every penny he could. One of the most prominent characteristics in him from childhood is the absence of all extravagance. From the time that he began until he was sixteen, he worked at the Mountain colliery. Work here threatened to cease on several occasions, but while it was going on Evan Roberts was ever at his post.

III. THE THIRD STEP

When he was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, work ceased at the colliery, and he went to seek work at Blaengarw, a place about nine miles distant from Bridgend, and nearly thiiity from Loughor. The journey, meant a great deal to one so attached to his parents, his chapel, and the brethren. Yet he chose to pass through the bitter experience rather than be idle. He worked for six weeks at Blaengarw. Hard though it was for him to leave home at this time, he testifies to his having learnt an important moral lesson by means of the journey, and to have won a moral victory of no small importance. At the end of the six weeks, he was on a Saturday afternoon preparing to visit Maesteg, a place situated a few miles from Blaengarw, when his brother brought him tidings of work having been found for him at home. He at once started for Loughor, with a light heart, as we would expect. We can easily understand his longing to see his parents, for he had not been from them for so long a period before.

IV. THE FOURTH STEP

We find him next working from two to three years at the Broad Oak Colliery, Loughor. The first two years after returning from Blaengarw, he worked a heading himself, and for about another year with a friend.
On

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5 January 1897, a terrible explosion took place in this pit, but, happily, Evan Roberts was not in it at the time. He kept his Bible with him in the colliery, and it was in the heading when the explosion occurred. It was not completely burnt, but its leaves were scattered apart and scorched. What did their possessor do with these? Bury them, probably. No he revered them too much to do that. He collected them together, and took them home. A large number is kept by him to this day, and I have a few before me as I write these lines. His care in thus preserving the leaves shows his unlimited reverence towards the Bible.

V. THE FIFTH STEP

At the end of August, 1899, he journeys to Mountain Ash, a mining town—four miles from Aberdare—in Glamorganshire. He worked in the colliery at this place until the end of December; that is, a period of four months. This journey also was undertaken owing to work being slow at

home. While at Mountain Ash, he was a member at Bethlehem (M.C.), and his faithfulness soon attracted the attention of the brethren. The Lesson for the Senior Class in the Sunday Schools of the Calvinistic Methodists for that year was the Epistle of James. Sections of it were discussed in the church meetings in Bethlehem Chapel, persons being selected beforehand to take part. Young as he was, Evan Roberts was appointed to speak in the church meeting on 'Practical Atheism', based on James 5:15-17. The subject and the verses happened to be quite in accord with the speakers feelings and taste, and his treatment of the matter gave entire satisfaction to the meeting. Those present felt that his remarks were full of common sense, and were direct from the heart. Something in him must have drawn the attention of the elders of the church, else they had not appointed him to speak upon such a subject. He was a perfect stranger to them; and people, as a rule, are careful as to what they put strangers to do. On account of this something

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in him, he could not then, more than now, be hidden. He did not idle away his leisure hours while at Mountain Ash. Most of his time was given to reading and studying when not at work in the mine. It was at this place he produced the poetical composition, 'A Sacrifice for thy sake', and some others of like nature. His religious propensities are clearly revealed in two letters he wrote during this time to a friend of his—John Hughes, Loughor. In these he manifests his great care for the cause at Pisgah, and enquires about the faithfulness of the members, and states that the great loss will be that of the unfaithful ones, notwithstanding that sin is threefold, as it harms the man himself, society, and God. Deeply he feels how little he has done for Christ; and how backward he is. Observations are made by him on the church at Mountain Ash, which prove that he is alive to all the spiritual aspects of it. Although he has some humorous remarks in these letters, religion pervades them. The humorous element in them is a sanctified one.

VI. THE SIXTH STEP

At the end of December, he turns his face homewards once more. Work was given him in the Broad Oak Colliery, and he took unto himself a partner, who worked with him for a year. This one having left him, he was joined by another who remained in his service for close upon two years. Although now earning good wages, this fact did not yield him

unmingled joy, fearing lest he might be holding too fast to the world, and that this may do harm to his religion. Never did he waste his money on anything, but he took care that religion got a continual share of his earnings. He worked in this colliery until September, 1902. Now he gave up the coal-mining, and began to learn the trade of a blacksmith. When in the colliery, he could turn his hand to anything if necessary—driving the horses, or any other work the officials asked him to do, with pleasure. One who worked

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with him during a great part of the time referred to above gave me the following details respecting him.

(1) *Honesty*.—This friend testifies that he never worked with a more honest man in every sense of the word. Whatever might be wanting, Evan Roberts would be honest in every department of his work—honest to his master, his companion, himself, and God. The deepest stratum in his character at work was his being above suspicion as to the honesty of his dealings. This trait was revealed no less in trivial matters than in great things.

(2) *Sympathy*.—His sympathy with his fellow-toiler was so deep that he could not suffer him to bear the heavier share of the work. If one part of the work should be harder than another, that was the part he would take up. And that not only occasionally when he was in a happy mood, but it was his constant habit. This is quite consistent with his character now. All that are in difficulties of any kind at once win his sympathy.

(3) *Contentedness*.—While at work, he never betrayed any wild, unseemly discontent if things were not as desired. He always took matters as they came. When circumstances became unfavourable, his motto was, 'Make the best of it, and be contented'. He was never heard to complain of anything. Quite as happy was he in the midst of difficulties with his work as when things were in his favour. His chief aim was to do his best, whatever the consequences might be. He sang heartily and merrily when engaged in the hardest of tasks.

(4) *Readiness*.—He was always delighted to help his fellow-workman, and it gave him pleasure to be of any service to his friend. He never grew weary of this, even though he were called upon several times in the day. In truth, he sought for opportunities to help. Whatever is his desire of

helping men spiritually to day, it is only the repetition in a higher form of his efforts to do so when at work.

(5) *Obedience*.—Never was he disobedient when called upon to do anything that was reasonable. He

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would joyfully obey his companions call for help, and the more the sacrifice required the happier he was when doing it. His delight was to do a good deed to another.

(6) *Consistency of character*.—Evan Roberts was the same outside the work as he was in it. One of his chief excellencies during these years was perfect consistency in every sphere, and so he is still. He was not two-faced. To know him at work was to know him in the house as well, to know him in chapel was to know him on the street and in every other circle. There were not and are not two men in Evan Roberts.

(7) *Not wasteful in speech*.—Little he talked while at work, but when he did speak, it was with common sense and to the point. He hated empty chatter, which served no good purpose and wasted time. It was on spiritual matters he had most to say. His silence was not the result of any conning watchfulness, but was a natural characteristic in him. This fact sets value upon his silence

(8) *Reading the Bible before going to bed*.—We have already referred to his habit of reading the Bible when at work in the mine, and his friend says that they used to do to every night before retiring to rest. His simple, and concise comments on some of the verses were wonderful, but at the same time original and very convincing. He could give the soul of a verse in a few words. On his way to work he would be in deep meditation, so that he would occasionally so far forget himself as not to know wither he was going, and his brother recalls how once, when in this state of mind, he passed the place where he was to work.

(9) *Thoughtfulness*.—His continual meditation is easily understood. It is not necessary to say what the subject of his musing was, because spiritual things received his chief attention. His mind was occupied with these in all his meditations. But, unlike some, his thoughtfulness did not make him unnatural, but made him of a happy disposition and natural in appearance.

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(10) *Mystery*.—Consistent as his behaviour was, transparent as was his character, he was a great mystery to his friend, who was his fellow-

workman and fellow-lodger at Mountain Ash. There was one thing in him that he could not comprehend. After reading a portion of Scripture and praying at night, his friend would retire to bed. Roberts, however, would not do so. He would draw nigh to God in silence, and would be in His presence for a considerable length of time. His friend could not understand what called for this, seeing that they had already read and prayed. 'I could not understand,' said he, 'what was his message to God again, and some holy fear kept me from asking him. His groans in the silence would terrify me. But I can now understand the mystery. His groans have been heard and answered in the thousands that have come into the church from the highways and byways in these last months, and in the wonderful Revival in the church itself. Of all whom I met he was the most real and truest friend. I have never seen his like, and I do not expect to see anyone like him as a friend in the fullest sense of the word.' The foregoing is a wonderful testimony from one who lived in close touch with him, and knew him so well.

When at work he feared not his superiors to such a degree as not to speak what he meant freely and candidly. When appointed on a committee, he would state his views clearly whoever was present, but he did this in a gentlemanly and not in an offensive manner. He would not take to be led by any party, and would not look at matters through any eyes but his own. Too independent was he to depart from what seemed right to him, in order to please anyone. Because of this element in his character, he won the confidence of his elders as well as of his young companions. As a proof of this, we may mention that on several occasions he represented his fellow-workmen on some of their important committees at Neath and Cardiff.

A very strange thing in connection with him in the

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coal mine was that he did not remember so much as the name of the vein in which he worked.

This shows that though he was an excellent collier, his thoughts were of other things when at work. As soon as he left it, he would forget all about his work, hence, we infer that it never had a firm hold upon him. He became a good workman, not because he lost himself in his work, but because of his natural inherent dexterity for work. He was down late at night reading and meditating. Consequently he was hardly ever very early at the pit. Yet he was never seen to be excited. When the family

had occasionally over-slept, and all was confusion in the efforts to be in time at the pit, Evan would be perfectly calm. So he would be at the pit-head. Whoever would be excited, it would not be Evan Roberts.

Chapter VI

The Preparation of the Possibility. Mental Preparation (Continuation)

Evan Roberts The Working Man

VII. THE SEVENTH STEP—LEARNING THE TRADE OF A BLACKSMITH

(1) *Apprenticed to learn the trade.*—At last he has found a trade that he thinks at the time will give him his life-work, but he does not understand himself. God had purposed that he should do something far more important than striking the anvil. Be that as it may, on 18 September 1902, he began with this work with Mr Evan Edwards, an uncle (his mother's brother), at Forest, Pontardulais, four miles from his home. A three years' apprenticeship was agreed upon, and a sum of money was paid down. He set about it at once to learn the trade. Being that he was already twenty-four years of age, he felt that close application was essential if he was to succeed in the new work. In this as in other things he had no difficulty in putting his resolution into action for a time, and suppress the intense longing of his heart to devote himself entirely to his Saviour's work. But all combined eventually to strengthen his desire, though he was not conscious of it at the time. The desire of his heart was too strong to be suppressed by any circumstances.

The idea that had possessed him when he went to learn the trade of a blacksmith was to go out to America for a number of years, and earn sufficient money to live in it. Having saved enough for that purpose, he would return to this country, and retire to some quiet spot for the rest of his days. But soon his mind underwent a

sudden and complete change with regard to this. One Friday night, when following this new occupation, he had been sending home a friend

of his, Mr W.H. Morgan, who was a student in the ministry. On his way back, Evan Roberts resolved, with unflinching determination, to devote his whole life to Jesus Christ and his work. From that time on, said he, in relating the account, my mind was in a perpetual state of commotion with the desire to entirely devote myself to work for Jesus. It would only be right to emphasise here that this resolution was not made owing to any failure on his part to learn the trade. His future in this respect was perfectly clear, as clear as it has ever been in the case of any man. As to his progress and prospects with his work, his uncle, who is the best authority, shall speak. He testifies that Evan Roberts did his utmost to learn the trade during the fifteen months he was with him. No trouble was too great for him to take, in order to learn well. Once shown the way to do a thing, he would not forget it again. His uncle observes of him in this respect that his memory was wonderful, and he never met a man who could remember things as he could. He paid close attention to everything that was told by way of teaching him. He was careful and exacting in every detail with anything important his memory, keenness, and determination with the learning of his trade were exceptional in many ways. Not only did he take in all that was told him by his uncle, but ever strove to please him, and all who came to the smithy. Although he was only fifteen months with this work, he was well able to shoe horses. This will suffice to show his ability to learn the various branches of the trade. Shoeing, from one point of view, is the most important branch of a blacksmiths work, and the most difficult to learn. Mr Edwards believes that he would have made one of the most skilled artisans in the land, had he continued with the work, for he was admirably adapted to it. The art of the blacksmith is

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not such as every one can learn, it requires strong mental power, great dexterity, and quickness of mind and body. To attain proficiency in it, the brightest talent must be at its best. Another thing that must be borne in mind is this, that to learn the work of a country blacksmith as he was doing, is much more difficult than many other branches of the trade, for it includes so much variety. In many works, one branch only of the trade need be learned, but in a country smithy one must acquire a general knowledge of it. Notwithstanding that, Evan Roberts took it all in with wonderful rapidity. Added to this difficulty was that of age. As we have noted, he was twenty-four before he began. The majority begin with

trades of this kind when from twelve to eighteen years of age. This is the most suitable time to learn. But he spent that period in learning to become a collier. It meant a great effort to free himself from habits that he formed when cutting coal, and form new ones at this age. That he was able to do this, shows him to be possessed of exceptional will power.

(2) *His manner while at work.*—It will be interesting to see him at work in the smithy. Scarcely a minute passes by that he is not singing or repeating Bible verses and other good things. His voice fills the building, and the change is marked after his departure. In a hole in the wall used by the blacksmith to keep small instruments, near the handle of the wheel of the bellows, Evan Roberts has a Bible. Every time he turns to blow the fire, he glances at a few verses of the Bible, which he eagerly reads. Turning from the bellows again, he bursts into joyous song, or repeats the verses he has just read. He was never seen without the Bible being near at hand. He used to speak a great deal about his Bible to the young man who worked with him at the smithy. Often was he heard asking him which would he prefer, to be a skilful blacksmith or a good Christian. Although he was pleasant to everyone who came into the smithy, he spoke comparatively little. He took no part in the

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common prattle and gossip of the neighbourhood. While that kind of talk went on, he would be seen blowing the fire with one hand, and holding the Bible with the other. He felt that there was no food for the soul in such idle talk, and that to take part in it was waste of time. But when the talk turned to meetings, especially religious meetings, his attention was immediately won. It gave him great pleasure to take part in it. After singing a hymn until the whole place resounded with the echo of his voice, or repeating verses aloud, he turns to his Bible in the wall again.

(3) *His habits after leaving work.*—What about him after leaving work. Does he waste his time on the streets? No. Such a vain habit has no attraction for him. He comes home, takes off his boots, sits before the fire with the Bible in his hands, and reads on for hours. Losing himself completely in it, he is deaf to the chatter and clatter of the house, unless the conversation turns to religious things. Let a word be spoken about religion, and he straitens himself up, closes the Bible, and takes part in the talk. During the time that he was an apprentice at Pontardulais, he was seldom seen to take his meals without having his Bible on the table.

He read and ate at the same time. What wonder then that he knows his Bible so well! He so far lost himself in the Bible and other good books at times as to forget to extinguish the light before going to sleep. His uncle one morning when getting up found the lamp lit. From that time on, he used to get up to see if the lamp were put out or not, if he knew that Evan had been down late. When we consider how completely he was taken up by a thirst for reading, it is surprising what progress he made with his daily work. Bearing this in mind, we have to admit that his mental power belongs to the first order. While he was an apprentice his religious spirit impressed itself deeply upon all around, and he was looked upon as one of the best characters. He relates with joy one thing that he did at this time. The young man, who worked

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with him at the smithy, had not been accustomed to pray publicly in the services. Evan Roberts was very desirous that he should do so, but he knew no words of prayer. To meet this difficulty, he wrote out a prayer for him to learn, and pray it in chapel. The recollection of this gives him intense pleasure. What wonder is it? because it was a remarkable deed. Who knows what its effect will be? God only. It is no small matter to teach a man to approach his Creator in public, and it is seldom we find men so desirous of seeing their friends do this, as Evan Roberts was on this occasion.

During his stay at Pontardulais, he attended the weekly meetings, when it was convenient, at Libanus Calvinistic Methodist Chapel. Every Saturday evening he returned home to Bwlchymynydd. Hence he had no opportunity to come into prominence at Libanus. But although he had not much time to attend the meetings there, he left a good impression behind him upon them on the occasions that he was able to be present.

In this chapter we finish with him as a working-man. In the next chapters we shall take up other aspects of his mental and spiritual preparation, and comment upon them. To deal with the whole of one aspect, before passing on to another, will make the history much more intelligible.

Chapter VII

The Preparation of the Possible. Mental Preparation (Continuation)

WE now come to an important period in the history of Evan Roberts—a period that requires a great deal of explanation. In this the great preparation for his life-work was begun. That does not mean that he was not prepared by the blossoming of his possibilities, which we described in a previous chapter, but he was not prepared so directly by that as he was in this period. He himself regards the years from thirteen upward as rich in his history in preparing him for his work.

I. A TEACHER AND SECRETARY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Everything in the life of Evan Roberts in these years points to his having had a real conversion. On 1 January 1893, a Sunday School was opened in the colliery offices, near Bwlchymynydd. Having a mile to walk to Moriah, Loughor, the people of Bwlchymynydd deemed it wise to have a Sunday School in the place. Apart from this, there were numbers of poor children in the neighbourhood who would not go to a chapel under any circumstances. The religious people of Bwlchymynydd longed to get hold of these. Here the School was held until the little chapel of Pisgah was built. When between fourteen and fifteen years of age, Evan Roberts was appointed a teacher over the children. This is a direct condition of one aspect of the preparation of this possibility for his important work as a Revivalist. God, meant him to be a teacher, and this is the beginning of his labour. He was a perfect success with the children,

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and was second to none in bringing his influence to bear upon them by way of keeping order, and getting full attention to the lessons. Hence we can see that his exceptionally great power of winning the confidence of vast multitudes is not a thing that has suddenly come upon him. This is only a full development of his power when a teacher in the Sunday School, and then when he was in a sense but a child himself. He remained a teacher of the children for several years.

At the commencement of the Sunday School, he was appointed Secretary, and he did his work faithfully and honourably for years. Everything worked together to place him in circumstances that conditioned his mental and spiritual development. While performing the duties of this office, his mind was refreshed in the little arithmetic that he learned at school, and he was able to have practice in writing. The fact that the Sunday School appointed him to these positions so young is a proof that there was something uncommon in him that influenced the people unknown to themselves. Were they asked the reason why they put him in these offices, they probably could not say more than that they saw something in him. They would not be able to describe that something. This is the history of many men of great possibilities. When very young they influence the sphere in which they turn, though they themselves, and the people with whom they come in contact, are unconscious of it. Nothing exceptional is seen in them, yet their influence is felt. It is an unconscious influence. In this class Evan Roberts must be placed when from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

II. SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND CONDUCTOR OF THE SINGING WITH THE CHILDREN

Soon he was made Superintendent of the children's school, and succeeded in keeping order in this office, as he had done in the position of teacher. People from the

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place will tell us that he stood alone in his ability to preserve discipline with the children when he was Superintendent. This appointment again shows the esteem in which he was held by his elders. They would never have placed so young a lad at the head of the children's school, though it was a small one, unless they had the fullest confidence in him. To be a Superintendent over children means a great deal of work and wisdom, in order to do it successfully. The classes must be arranged in such a way that the teachers can most advantageously deal with them. Silence and order must be kept, and it must be seen that attention is paid to the lessons. Evan Roberts succeeded in doing all this without any difficulty. Soon he was called upon to lead the singing with the children. Here, again, he was a complete success. There was something in his disposition towards the children that always secured their attention. With this trait in his character he was never below his best. His mottoes were, effort,

untiring work, minuteness, meekness, and conscientiousness. Every position in the School was given to him. What greater honour could a young man of his age get?

Chapter VIII

The Preparation of the Possibility. Mental Preparation (Continuation)

THE OPENING OF HIS POSSIBILITY AS A THINKER

The beginnings of the mental preparation were shown in an indirect way in the previous chapter, but the subject was not viewed in all its aspects. What was said there will suffice until he reaches his thirteenth year. At this stage the mental aspect of things begins to dawn upon him.

I. WRITING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

When thirteen years of age, he began to write an autobiography. We regard this as one of the exceptional things of his life. A curious idea this, to strike the mind of a child. It proves two things. (1) That some imaginations of a strange character passed through his mind. An idea of this kind could not enter the mind of a child who was not subject to flights of lively imagination. At fifteen or eighteen the thing would not seem strange; but it is extraordinary in a boy of thirteen. (2) The inner aspect of his life must have been rich ere he could be so desirous of putting it on paper. He felt there were things and incidents in his mental, moral, and practical life that ought to be recorded. We hardly believe that many such instances as this could anywhere be found. At least I have neither heard nor read of but a very few. A pity it is that we have not what he committed to writing. It would be a substantial addition to the knowledge of the philosophy of mental activities in the period from thirteen as far back as his memory could take him. What became of this autobiography after it was written? Some of the members of the family got to know of it, and spoke

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lightly of it, and began to tease him, saying that conceit had caused him to write it. He feared lest others would think so too, and that it was, perhaps, wrong in him to attempt such a task; and so that none might see it and have occasion to misunderstand the object of his work, he threw it into the fire. Then, as now, pride was hateful to him, and the thought that any deemed him proud was to him unbearable. That biography would be invaluable to us if it were in our possession now, for in it we would undoubtedly find the history of the origin of some of his ideas, the childish feelings of his heart, the longings of his soul, his actions, his hopes and intentions. We must, however, be content without it. From it one thing is certain, that Evan Roberts was a thinker when thirteen years of age—a strange thinker, and different from the ordinary.

II. A GREAT READER

His great book, both during the years before he became a church member and after, was the Bible. It has continued to this day to be his delight. This is proved by his extensive knowledge of the Old and New Testament by heart. But there came a time in his history when he desired a more extensive field, and would read every good novel that he could find. He went through seven of the works of the Rev. C.M. Sheldon, the author of 'In His Steps, or What would Jesus do?' Although it gave him pleasure to read this book, and the six that followed from the pen of the writer, he felt that there was some intense longing in his soul still unsatisfied. They seemed too small for his soul, and he thirsted for something greater. Turning away from them all, he would seek the Book of books. His library shows him to be of a superior taste in reading. It affords an excellent example of what a young man's library ought to be. The books are not numerous, but all are good. At the bottom of the fine mahogany bookcase in the room, we find the 'Welsh Encyclopædia', the king of Welsh books. This in itself is a library. It contains articles

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that cannot be surpassed in any other language. Next comes the Charles's Dictionary, and the *Outlines of Theology*, by Dr A.A. Hodge. To be familiar with the contents of these books is to possess a wealth of theological knowledge. The 'Sunday School Testament' is here too—the best Welsh Commentary on the New Testament, also, the 'Dictionary of the Rev. D. Silvan Evans'—unequaled by any English-Welsh dictionary. The

poetical works of Islwyn, one of the best poets of Wales, are in his bookcase. We have here again several volumes of the 'Lladmerydd' ('Messenger') and 'Cymru' ('Wales') neatly bound; and two of the writers books. Next come English books—'Ellicott's Commentary' on the Bible, 'Blackie's Encyclopaedia'; the 'Popular Educator'; 'History of England' in several volumes, and 'Cruden's Concordance'. A more useful library for a young man could not easily be found. The majority of the books are standard works, covering a vast field of knowledge. He who would make a diligent study of these would be a giant in thought. Many of them are beautifully bound in strong and serviceable leather, which further shows his good taste. These, with the Bible, were the books which were ever Evan Roberts's field of study. This suffices to show the falsity of the statement sometimes made that he is one of only average mental ability. What young man of inferior mental capacity and low literary taste would buy works of this class. No one, surely. These books too, were not bought to be ornaments. We need not converse with him long in order to learn that his knowledge of many subjects is general and extensive, which is ample testimony of his diligent study of books. After confining himself for a long period to writings of this kind, he was seized with a strong desire for reading newspapers; and would go through every column in them. This continued for some time. But in spite of this, he felt a great dissatisfaction with what he read. This created a deep dislike in him for reading, and for a time he read but very little. It

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must have been difficult for him to be without reading, after his close perusal of newspapers. Yet, we believe that this proved a great advantage to him, for it gave him opportunities to reflect upon things. To ponder upon materials acquired by the mind through reading is fruitful in results.

III. LEARNING MUSIC

He commenced to learn the art of music when very young, but at first without any assistance. His sister, on emigrating to America, left the organ she possessed behind, which was fortunate for him, as it afforded him the opportunity of learning to play it. Feeling a desire to become proficient in music, he took lessons for two quarters in the Tonic Sol-fa. By this time he had made marked progress, and was able to play much better. This six months tuition proved invaluable to him, for it gave him a clear view of the rudimentary principles of music. With persistent practice, he

can now play with ease, and run over many tunes at first sight. He takes every opportunity he can of playing on the harmonium, the piano, or the organ, which evidently gives him much delight. His knowledge of music becomes of great service to him, for in some of his meetings he makes much use of it. He understands the spirit and quality of the singing at once; and if it is not up to his standard, he interferes, and immediately corrects the audience. At the beginning of the Revival, he was seen to lead some of the richest tunes himself with the ease of master-hand, and continues to do so now if the singing lacks in spirit. We have no doubt but that he would attain a high position as a musical conductor if he had continued his study. But God had a more important work for Evan Roberts than this. He learned sufficient for the requirements of his high calling, more than that was not necessary. That he will yet make progress in the art is evident, for he is full of the musician. In visiting the various places in the course of his mission, he

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gets the chance to play in houses that possess instruments. When he sees an organ, a piano, or a violin in a house where he stays on his tours, he soon takes to playing it.

IV. LEARNING SHORTHAND

His mind could not be quiet for a day. It was ever at work, and moving continually from one thing to another. The great ruling principle of all his actions was the desire to better himself. When about twenty years of age, he became very anxious to learn shorthand. Characteristic of himself, one of the first things he did was to buy a shorthand Bible. If he was to give time to read anything in particular, he must give the best portion of that to the Bible. His teacher was Mr Torn Morgan, Bwlchymynydd, Loughor. He made good progress in this branch again for the few months he devoted himself to it. Undoubtedly had he continued with the study, he would have become one of the quickest of shorthand writers. Ere long, he felt that he was not using his time to the best advantage in this direction, and so he left this department in order to perfect himself in English. He saw that this would serve him better in practical life. His progress with English has been so remarkable that he can speak it freely and with ease, and can write it correctly and pithily.

V. LEARNING MATHEMATICS

What one would not, perhaps, expect in Evan Roberts is his love of mathematics. With the exception of theology, this is his favourite branch out of all that he has studied. He is delighted with every stage of the art, especially with Euclid. 'I was simply charmed with it', he remarked, when speaking to him about it; and at the mention of it now his eye beams with joy. His study of it sharpened his mind a great deal, and also gave it power and stability. He will benefit for his lifetime by his study of this subject. No doubt the secret of his

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liking for Euclid lies in his love of order from childhood. Order, as we pointed out in another chapter, is one of his characteristics. In this tendency towards order, mathematics had a place to put its foot down.

VI. COMPETING AND WRITING

As we go on, the variety of the Revivalist's capabilities become more and more manifest. Of all people, we find him competing in a meeting for the best love letter. The competitors are numerous, but his letter was one of the best two, and he took half the prize. This was unexpected in a young man of such a quiet disposition, and a man whom one would never expect to see taking part in a contest of this kind. Still, we are glad to know of the competition, for it shows that Evan Roberts is alive to every aspect of life, and has an eye which sees the movements of others around him. We have proof here that he took note of young life in all its aspects, and received correct impressions from it. He was also a competitor in translating at local eisteddfodau. But it was in poetry that he took the chief part in this direction. He won a prize for a poetical composition on 'The Teacher', and another in a competition on 'Judas Iscariot'. If unsuccessful in a competition, he would not be discontented and cherish any bad feeling; but benefiting always from the adjudication, he would turn it to his advantage in the next competition.

In these years he wrote short articles to the Children's Treasury, as well as puzzles for the children. These are of a high taste, and coloured by a strong religious tendency.

Chapter IX

The Preparation of the Possibility. Mental Preparation (Continuation)

EVAN ROBERTS AS A POET

We cannot give a fair treatment to the life history of Evan Roberts without devoting a chapter to him as a poet. When the reader will have glanced over his poetical productions, which are found in this volume, he will see that we are amply justified in doing so. Some of these pieces are full of rich poetical ideas. About the age of twenty, his consciousness was filled with poetical aspirations. He brooded much over the matter, and sometimes expressed his experience in poetical forms. Examples of this are seen among his productions. In 1899, he wrote some letters from Mountain Ash to his friend John Hughes, a large portion of which is written in the form of poetry, and translations of them are given in this volume. Before long he offered one of his productions to the Editor of the bardic column of the 'South Wales Weekly News'—Mr David Jones ('Dafydd Morganwg')—an able and cultured poet, a keen critic, and not easy to please. Unless there were some merit or signs of future development he would unhesitatingly refuse to publish the writer's production. He had the capacity to detect a promising young man at once, and would do all he could to help him. The poet was perceived by him in the first piece of Evan Roberts, and he published it. Closely did he keep his eye on him for the next six years, and published a number of his pieces from time to time. Some of his editorial comments on these show that he thought much of the young poet, and regarded him as a coming man in this branch of

literature. In Evan Roberts's library I found the 'Biography and Work of the Rev. Robert Owen, of London', presented to him by 'Dafydd Morganwg' as a token of esteem and small acknowledgement for his work. He also corresponded occasionally with Mr Roberts until his death, in 1905; and in the last weeks he lived expressed his opinion of him thus

to me:—'If Evan Roberts will keep on, he will be one of the foremost poets in Wales. I am pleased to think now that I did not wrongly estimate him more than five years ago, when I received his first attempt at poetising.'

We see by reading his poetry that his efforts in this respect had much to do with his mental development. In fact, these were very effectual in preparing him for his life's great work. When leading his poetry thoughtfully, we find that it contains all his great and ruling ideas about the salvation of sinners. The salient points in his poetical productions are those ideas so greatly emphasised by him in his addresses in Revival meetings. The piece entitled, 'A Sacrifice for Thy Sake', has in it some of the most valuable and deepest ideas of Evan Roberts. This shows the great ability of its author to enter into the very spirit of his subject, to observe and describe the circumstances set forth in the piece. Scarcely can we find a more penetrative power to describe the feelings of people on board ship going for a voyage than in the first four lines. The spirit of the true poet is revealed in the last of them, where he says that sorrow had lost its existence or essence to the company on board.

It is difficult to find a stronger line than this in poetry. After having shown the different ways in which the happiness of the company had manifested itself on board, the above forms a grand climax. A reflection on this piece in its different aspects will soon convince any unbiased reader that the author is a man of great promise. More, he will be compelled to admit that such poetical genius as is revealed in this is not found on all the pages of even the best authors. The ideas are full of

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moving power, and the description of the whole situation is almost perfect. The application in the last four lines, in which the death of Christ is brought in, is full of force, and indicate that the author has a true conception of the death on the Cross.

The stanzas on the 'New Century' bring out the ruling desires of Evan Roberts. These are the fruit of much meditation and a high degree of thoughtfulness. He shows an ingenious ability to express his ideas about the new century in the most appropriate figures. But what strikes us most is the last two verses. In these the desires of their author with regard to the church are given expression to. By this time he has realised these ideas to a very large extent. The Revival has brought out the spiritual energies of the church, and its light in Wales shines brighter than ever.

Full of beauty and terseness are his verses on 'Neither will they learn war any more'. These reveal his desire for peace in all circles of society, and show also the disastrous results of war. We perceive in his poetry, as we do in his addresses, the ability to put much in few words. The verses on the above subject are a good example of this.

About the most beautiful of all his productions are his verses on 'The Last Black Cloud'. To me they are the crown of all he has written in beauty. The first and last stanzas are rich in real poetical imagination, and cannot be easily surpassed.

The piece on 'The longing of a youth for his home' is well worked out. Faithful is the way in which the experience of a young man from home is described in it. We can gather from the lines that their author has reflected on his experience, and has understood its most sacred elements in this connection. All the verses are powerful and natural, and some of them contain most telling ideas.

The poet is revealed in all the verses on the subjects, 'The Trodden Rose', 'Satisfaction', 'Expectation',

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'But', 'Measure Thyself by a Greater One', 'The Soldiers Welcome Home', 'The Lark', 'The Sunday School Teacher', 'Thy Will be Done', 'Granny', 'The Lost Verse', 'The White Leaf of the New Year', 'Little Johnny and His Pitcher', 'A Father and Mother's Advice', 'Working for Jesus', 'The Strong Drink and Temperance', 'Whosoever will come shall not be rejected', as well as others bound in this volume.

His epigrams are some of the most trenchant things; and as for his hymns on the Holy Spirit and other topics, we may safely say that they contain the cream of the Gospel. Considering the age of the author, some of them are truly wonderful, and will stand side by side with the productions of the greatest Welsh hymnologists.

Unnecessary it is to dwell any further on the poetical productions, seeing that the reader can judge for himself of their merit. However, they are of great interest in many respects, as they—(1) show what ideas engaged the mind of Evan Roberts at the time of their composition. The train of his thoughts are well represented in them. They are the product of seven years meditation on the subjects contained therein. (2) By them we are enabled to see the level on which the author thought in those years; and when we remember his age, it must be admitted that he thought on a very high plane. We do not find terms, thoughts, nor sentences in

his poetry that betray weak and inferior mental capacity; rather, they reveal a strong, clear, and fruitful mind, and one possessing a rare gift of imagination. Only such a mind could produce such works as these. (3) In them we see the high taste of Evan Roberts. A most refined and cultivated taste runs through them all; its superior is not found in the most gifted of young poets. Bad taste in young poets is often met, and is, to a certain degree, tolerated, if talent is detected in their work. Be that as it may, no sign of bad taste shows itself in the work of Evan Roberts. (4) In many of the verses we find some of the most beautiful ideas, and those artistically clothed in

the finest language. They contain true poetry, and will live as long as the Welsh language. (5) Whatsoever may be the imperfections of his poetry from the strict standpoint of poetical rules and small technicalities, this is certain it contains the germs of the sublimest poetry, and a prophecy of the development of poetical capacities of a superior order, if cultivated. The pieces contain a much more important thing than adherence to small rules, namely, the spirit of the true poet.

But we are not so much concerned with the quality of his poetry as with the part his endeavours in this line played in his preparation for the great work he was called by God's Spirit to accomplish in Wales. His efforts in this direction enriched his mind with ideas, developed his imagination, added to his vocabulary, and polished his language. He worked hard on a Welsh book which treated on the grammatical and other aspects of poetry. This study enlarged his knowledge, and strengthened his mind to think. The consequences of his poetical studies are obvious in some of his finest addresses. These contain flights of poetical imagination that cannot often be equalled. If he will continue to compose poetry as he does now, we prophesy a brilliant future to him as hymnologist.

Chapter X

The Preparation of the Possibility, Spiritual Preparation

EVAN ROBERTS IN THE CONDITIONS OF THE PREPARATION

We have had occasion more than once to refer to Evan Roberts's religious life, but it was not dealt with in full. He regards the thirteen years between his entrance into church membership and the beginning of the Revival as a continuous preparation for his work. To find his religious preparation in its beginning, we must go further back than when he was made a full member, as remarked before; but it was at this time that he became conscious of strong religious tendencies. A strange event in his experience during the first few years as a church member was his inability to realise the verity of religion as he would like to do. He longed for this with an anxious yearning. In spite of all that he received in the meetings, there yet remained intense desires unsatisfied in his soul. His religious disposition developed gradually in every direction, owing to the fact that he took care to fulfil the conditions of that development. We may divide the conditions that prepared his possibility in its religious or spiritual aspect into two classes, namely, (1) external conditions; (2) internal conditions.

I. THE EXTERNAL CONDITIONS

They are four in number—

1. *Creation.*—To Evan Roberts God fills the whole of creation. He is delighted with the flowers,

perceiving in them the spiritual blossoms of the love and holiness of God. In the bursting forth of the spring from the bosom of the hill he discerns the streams of the Living Water flowing from the heart of God into the heart of the sinner to quench his thirst forever. To him the mountains reveal the immutability of the God-head. The endless variety and newness of the nature of the Almighty are brought into his mind by

the beauties of Creation. Nature's loveliness in spring suggests to him the attractiveness of the Being who produced it. The sun leads his mind to the Sun of Righteousness, and he is often heard to laugh joyously when beholding the king of the day. Fascinating to him are the moon and stars, and he loves to gaze upon them. The extensiveness of Creation leads his thoughts to the infinity and omnipotence of God. Let us ascend to the world of conscious life and we find Evan Roberts is filled with delight as he listens to the carolling of the birds, and watches the lambs frisking in the meadows. These things at once lead his mind to the spiritual. They caught his attention at an early age, and in the manner already referred to, that is, as revealing God. Some of his sweetest recollections are the way in which he looked upon the various parts of Creation as a revelation of God. Hence, we see that Creation was an important condition in the preparation of the development of his spiritual possibility.

2. *The Family.*—in a previous chapter we stated that his parents were truly devout people. Their religious disposition and spirituality was an effective condition in the preparing of the great spiritual possibility of his mind for the work. We cannot lay too much stress upon this condition, for it begins to show itself early in the life of a child. Whatever Evan Roberts is spiritually today, it must partly be attributed to the faithful example of his parents. Their words, thoughts, feelings, and actions sank deeply into his tender nature when a child, and they could not but develop in him. They

were moral seeds falling into his nature, and they grew of necessity. He was fortunate in being the son of parents whose lives in different directions were conditions favourable to his spiritual growth.

3. *Reading.*—This was an important condition in the development of his possibility. Every book that he read contributed a little to this, but to four books only does he attribute an extraordinary spiritual influence. (a) *The Bible.* We have before mentioned that this was his chief book. As we have shown, in and out of work he was a continual reader of the Bible. The parts of it that have impressed him most of all are the prophecies that tell of God's willingness to forgive, and also the Sermon on the Mount. We get continual proof of this in his addresses. Almost every address bears traces of reading these portions. Although he has heard the best preachers of Wales, he has no hesitation in saying that the sermon which has most of all impressed him is the Sermon on the Mount. The

strength of his spirituality is easily understood when we bear these spiritual conditions in mind. By continual study of the Bible, and parents who ever kept its teachings prominent in the home, his spiritual life could not remain in an undeveloped state. (b) *The Christian Instructor*, by the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala. From a very early age, this has been one of his favourite books. To get a clear conception of the fundamental principles of religion he could study no better book. In it will be found in a short and concise manner all the chief theological doctrines, with a great number of the richest verses in the Bible to prove them. Those who understand the *Instructor* well are always strong and firm in doctrinal knowledge. It sets them on the right lines, and keeps them on the right track, as do the rails with the wheels of the steam-engine. When we hear Evan Roberts speak we at once understand that he has a number of theological principles in his mind that always safeguard him when he touches upon Christian

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doctrines. He is as natural and self-possessed when speaking of God, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, as if he were long since familiar with the doctrines concerning them. So he is, too, when dealing with the work of the Holy Spirit in its various aspects, and he speaks freely and boldly. This is a good instance of the result of mastering the *Instructor*, though it is only an outline of the principles of theology. By a careful study of this, Biblical truths became a kind of system in his mind. When he refers to some of the subjects of the *Instructor*, he can quote verses freely to prove them. (c) *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan. This is a work which he read through carefully. He is fond of the subject matter of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the way the subject is treated, and Bunyan's language. The reading of this book was a powerful condition in the preparation of his spiritual possibility. In it we get a minute and vivid description of Christian's journey, from the time of his regeneration until he reaches the city bright and fair. The way he escaped from the City of Destruction is pointed out, and how he triumphed over hindrances. It gives a dramatic description of the nature of the difficulties, the feelings, and temptations of Christian in meeting with them, and the victories over them. Who can realise the depth of the impression made upon the mind of one, subject to such flights of lively imagination as Evan Roberts? We cannot think of him reading the *Pilgrim's Progress* without weeping much and praying for the same grace as that described therein. The effect of reading

it is often very plainly seen in his language and phraseology. (*d*) *The Calvinistic Methodist Hymn-Book*. There is no need to ask whether this was a field of study with Evan Roberts. To hear him sing the hymns off by heart and repeat them in his addresses at once proves it. He knows by memory a great number of the richest hymns in the language, and can without difficulty recite them. In these we shall find the origin of many of his sublimest

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ideas. Hymns of such depth and sublimity must needs produce a number of thoughts in his mind. The Hymn Book was undoubtedly the means of cultivating the poetical element which is so strong in him. Several hymns of his own composition, found in this volume, could not have been produced by one who had not read and carefully meditated upon hymns previously. Every inclination in a man must have the proper condition before it can be developed, and in this, Evan Roberts is no exception. His poetical inclination was cultivated by the study of the Hymn Book. The importance of learning hymns in his history shows the great duty of parents to teach their children similarly.

4. *Society*.—This condition divides itself into two, namely, the society of friends, and the society in the Church. The young men whom he associated with were the best in the neighbourhood; and the purity of his nature would not suffer him to associate with any one low or of a bad character. The same applies to his elders; he only came into close touch with the most godly and faithful of them. He of necessity received a great deal of the material for his spiritual growth from these chosen companions. The influence of good people is a powerful factor in the development of intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. The Creator meant the society of such people to be an effective condition of spiritual perfection. Again, the society of the Church was a condition in the same direction. If possible, as we have before mentioned, he never missed a single meeting at the chapel. He was an attentive listener, was not forgetful, but one that took everything in. His life and peace were in the chapel and its doings. Hence, it would be impossible to estimate the important part played by the religious society in the spiritual preparation for his Revival Work. Every Sunday School, every prayer meeting, every church meeting he attended, and every sermon he heard, contributed to his culture and spiritual advancement. They did

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this on a larger scale, because he was such a zealous and mindful observer. He grew in these things unknown to himself, for every meeting deposited something in his mind that contributed to his growth. In the various social spheres in which he turned, he heard a great deal about George Muller of Bristol, and this exercised a powerful influence upon him. He did not read the life history of that wonderful man, but to hear about the heroic work done by his faith was always a great inspiration to him. His history made him strongly desirous of being able to rest completely through faith on God. The narration of Muller's faith was undoubtedly an important element in the development of Evan Roberts's trust in God.

II. THE INTERNAL CONDITIONS

The above conditions in a general way comprise all the external ones. We could dwell much on them in detail, but that would be unnecessary, as the reader can see the trend of them from the above. The internal conditions, like the external ones, divide themselves into four, as follows:—

1. *His Spiritual Desire.*—It was in this desire that the external conditions found place to work. He had an intense thirst continually for spiritual subjects, and when understood he took them in at once, turning them into spiritual food for his soul. We have heard him relating of this desire, and the ways in which he tried to satisfy it. He never felt that he had had enough to satiate the craving of it. This is the foundation of his spiritual success. Through it the spiritual life derives its nourishment. The stronger it is, the more powerful it is to draw things into the mind that will aid its development. We doubt whether the soul could develop spiritually without this. It would be difficult to find it in a higher degree than it is in Evan Roberts. We could almost call it in him spiritual voracity. He

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longed and longs now for spiritual food, as does a man who is famishing for want of natural food.

2. *His Spiritual Meditation.*—Spiritual desire is one thing, spiritual meditation is quite another. They differ as much as desire for food, and the process by which the food is turned into nourishment for the body. The want of food makes the man eat, and after eating, other powers turn the food into physical vitality. So it is here, the spiritual desire makes the

soul take in spiritual food, and spiritual reflection makes that food aid spiritual development. Evan Roberts was wont to deeply meditate upon religious things. He often does so to such a degree as to forget everyone and everything around him. Anyone associated with him will know this. Sometimes we lose him suddenly—he has drifted away into meditation on some spiritual matter. This habit of contemplation is the result of at least fourteen years. When but very young, he used to meditate in this direction while at work, and his being received as a church member at once set him thinking seriously on the things of God.

3. *Spiritual Communion*.—This is another internal condition which took an important part in the preparation of his spiritual possibility. We shall again have occasion to point out how his desire and meditations made him one of the most wonderful men of his time in prayer. He fulfilled the requirements of the New Testament in connection with prayer, namely, 'Pray without ceasing', and 'Praying always with all manner of prayer and supplication'. He blessed his Heavenly Father for his goodness, and besought him to sanctify his soul and save the world. Often on arriving home he would have to turn aside into his library to pray, and that before speaking to the family or taking his meal. This was the result of his intense thought while at work. His desire for a closer and more continual communion with God made him exceedingly fervent. In prayer he felt that it was on his knees that he

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derived the greatest pleasure, and often would forget time, place, and everything else when in communion with his Creator. As we ascend from condition to condition, we can easily see that they develop in spirituality. Communion with God in prayer is the most spiritual of the three that we have dwelt upon.

4. *Spiritual Work*.—Without spiritual work, the conditions already named would be insufficient to truly prepare spiritual possibility. This is the down of the conditions. His life was not that of the ascetic. He believed with all his heart that to desire spiritual things, meditate upon them, and hold communion with God in prayer, was not enough without work. He regarded all as a preparation for doing God's work. With every religious movement he assisted. On one occasion, it was not too much for him and some of his young friends to white-wash Moriah Chapel. Many are willing to work in the highest circles of religion, but take offence when asked to do so in the lowest circles. Not so Evan Roberts,

it gave him much happiness, and he would rejoice to labour in any direction that the church asked him. He would have to be engaged in some task or other continually, for it was a precious privilege to him to be able to do anything for Jesus. One of his chief standpoints is to be active with religion. The importance he attaches to the necessity for the church to be alive to its work is one of the most powerful elements in his mission. That his ministry has taken this direction is only the result of having lived up to it himself. He knows from experience the effectiveness of work in destroying the evil of the heart, in developing purity, in strengthening and extending the powers of the mind, and influencing others for good. Hence, nothing is more loathsome in his sight than inactive church members. He realises the great fact that no one can consecrate himself except through spiritual work, and is terrified at the thought that some people profess religion and yet do nothing. In him there was a perfect equilibrium between praying and working. He was as

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great in religious work as in prayer. He was powerful on his knees, but quite as influential on his feet. His desire, his meditation, his prayers and his work were not out of proportion to one another. We often see men who are great in one or two of these, but possessed of none of the others. In our subject the proportion is as fine as we could expect. The reader will understand that we take the work of the Holy Spirit on Evan Roberts's heart for granted throughout the chapter. Without the Divine Spirit the four conditions already named could not be spiritual ones. Their quality is the fruit of the Spirit.

In this preparation, through the above conditions, Evan Roberts grew to be king in the household, all unconscious to himself, his parents, and his brothers and sisters. His piety had a silent influence upon them, and, eventually, his word was law in the house. The younger children testify that they feared him much more than their parents. When they saw him approaching the house, they would say one to another, 'We must be quiet, Evan is coming'. There was no need for him to utter a word, a glance from him would ensure silence. He sits, book in hand, before the fire, and if anything is said of which he disapproves, he has only to take his eyes from the book and look at the speaker. The cause of this was the influence of his pure life. He never said harsh things to his brothers and sisters, neither was he severe in reproaching them. It was the weight of

his character that spoke, and not his lips. This silent influence reached his parents, and they looked upon his word as final on any subject. For this reason, they scarcely ever crossed or advised him. His mother affirms that there was no need to reprove nor advise him when a child, for he endeavoured to do everything right then as he did when older. To threaten is strange to Evan Roberts, as we shall again see. His customary manner is to be gentle and kind, and the fear which possesses some in his presence arises from his personality and the purity of his character.

Chapter XI

The Preparation of the Possibility. Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

His Spiritual Consciousness

I. FEELING THE INTENSITY OF HIS SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS

The growth of the spiritual life in our subject was gradual. In his conversion there is nothing like that of Saul of Tarsus. The date of his regeneration he does not know. Almost the first thing he remembers is the yearning of the spiritual life within him. This life was probably implanted before he became conscious of life's great changes. But when thirteen years old he experienced a great intensity in his regenerate consciousness. This is the time he was received as a member of Moriah (C.M.), Loughor, by the pastor, the Rev. Daniel Jones. They came upon him suddenly in the church meeting one night, and approached him with a view to his becoming a member. This conversation with him and his entrance into membership increased his consciousness greatly, and from that time on he clung steadfastly to religion. He has no doubt that he had the new life long before that; but on the night referred to and from that time on, this life was made manifest in some new aspects. He came to feel so deeply at this time that he said 'I would have been in destruction were it not for the grace of God'. In spite of this, he asserts that he did not then see Christ in all his glory. The

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reason for this, in his opinion, was, that he was not filled with the Holy Spirit. He believed that he was saved, but his salvation was not accompanied by a burning consciousness of God's Love in the heart, and an intense zeal for the Saviour's glory. But from now on, he felt something gradually increasing within him, which more and more brought his passions and feelings into subjection. In every struggle between it and the evil of his heart he was conscious that the evil was overcome. Something continually told him that he was not doing enough for Christ, and the desire to do more grew in him day by day. We are almost struck with wonder that a child so loving, so obedient, so humble and sincere should be conscious of such things until we remember that man is sinful by nature. The light of grace in his soul made him feel the terror of his fallen condition. The more of goodness there is in a man, the more terrible and hateful is his nature's evil in his sight. The sins that troubled Evan Roberts were those of the mind, and not outward ones. Grace and his own good nature kept these sinful thoughts from breaking out into presumptuous sins; but when the Holy Spirit came to work with power in his heart, they revealed their strength, and he experienced a terrible time. He now saw the worth of a soul's salvation, and what would be the importance of being lost forever. What wonder then that at that time he said, I would have been in hell were it not for the grace of God. This period in his history was a kind of conversion, that is, a conscious conversion. Yet, be it borne in mind not the conversion that follows immediately upon regeneration, nor regeneration itself. Conversion in that sense was an old fact in his life, but as for this one, it was a conversion accompanied by an intense consciousness. This, then, will be the place to begin with the treatment of the conscious preparation of the spiritual possibility of the Revivalist in Evan Roberts. We must get spiritual conditions in order to adequately prepare the possibility for spiritual work.

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II. THE FIRST REVELATIONS OF HIS SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS

These revelations were of necessity the result of conversion, for their existence was conditioned by it. Without a spiritual conversion, spiritual consciousness and spiritual experience are impossible. A very clear revelation of this kind, in his history at this time, was the presentation

of a Bible by him to the branch at Moriah. This section conducted its meetings, as already mentioned—the Sunday School and prayer meetings—in the colliery offices near Bwlchymynydd, for Pïsgah was not then built. It became known that the brethren who gathered together to worship there were in need of a Bible and hymn-book. Evan asked his mother if he should supply them with one. His parents consented at once, and it was agreed that his father should give a hymn-book. On the following Saturday night, 16 February 1895, he walked to Gower in search of a Bible, but to his great disappointment, he failed to get one. He returned home through the town of Loughor, and in the shop of Mr C. Harris he saw a Bible which took his fancy. But after entering and ascertaining the price, it was a few shillings more than he was able to give. He only had four shillings, while the Bible was valued at seven and sixpence. Be that as it may, he bought it on the understanding that he would pay the remaining three and sixpence again. He brought it home, and although it cost more than the one his parents had originally intended him to give, they were not unwilling. To them, a few shillings were as nothing compared with their youthful son's desire to do something for the cause of Christ. To this day, this is the Bible used in Pïsgah, and no doubt it will be held in great respect henceforth by the brethren there. When it becomes too torn for use, it is to be hoped that the church will hand it over to the Welsh National Museum

to ensure its preservation. It will be interesting to the children of future ages, and they will be inspired by the sight of the Bible that the great Revivalist of 1904 endeavoured to obtain for the Bwlchymynydd fraternity when he was about sixteen years old. The knowledge of his sacrifice in connection with it may be the means of drawing out great self-sacrifice in many. Possibly, this Bible will be the cause of bringing some to give hundreds of pounds towards religious work, and make them energetic helpers with the kingdom of Christ.

About this time, on the occasion of making a presentation to one of the deacons of Moriah, Evan Roberts's spirituality was clearly manifested. A pair of gold spectacles was given to this brother, and a public meeting was held to make the presentation. Our hero was deeply interested in the service, and its more spiritual aspects touched his heart. On the way home, he remarked to his mother, 'My heart rejoiced when I saw the presentation to John Morgan'. 'This,' said the mother, 'made me think

of him differently from the way I used to think of him.' His attention on this occasion shows that he took in the best things of the meeting. It was the feeling represented by the gift, and the honour conferred upon the recipient that appealed to him. It is no wonder that his mother pondered over it; because it was extraordinary that one so young should notice this view of the gathering. His words reveal the best qualities of human nature changed by grace, for, according to his mother's testimony, one could easily see at the time that his words expressed his deepest feelings. In meetings of this kind, it is the humorous side that boys of this age most commonly see, and they watch their opportunity to speak of it or to do something productive of fun. Not in with Evan Roberts. He was alive only to the most spiritual aspect of the meeting.

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Chapter XII

The Preparation of the Possibility Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

The Struggles of his Spiritual Possibility

EVAN ROBERTS IN THE INWARD STRUGGLES

The reader will recall the fact already referred to that Evan Roberts kept a Bible with him in the pit and the smithy, and read it habitually. The reading of it created self-reflection and continual meditation. The result of this was intense spiritual struggles. He experienced these struggles very often at the thought of the woeful condition of this sinful world. This thought always brought about an intense and terrible conflict in his mind. The ruling passion of his life from childhood was a desire to see men in the possession of Christ. What was the nature of these struggles? His spiritual possibility striving for freedom to act under the influence of the Holy Spirit. The possibility was conscious of its existence, and strenuously endeavoured to free itself from the bonds of carnal inclinations, passions, and instincts which had not been subjected, and natural but undeveloped powers. To give perfect freedom to the spiritual possibility of a soul, it were necessary to have boldness, courage, and unyielding

perseverance, in a highly developed state. In every one of these struggles in the heart of Evan Roberts, his possibility fought for freedom, and gained each time in strength. The influence of the bonds decreases as the strength of the spiritual power increases. Every struggle deadens the evil principles, and strengthens

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the highest powers of the soul, which must reach a certain stage of development to condition the bursting forth of the possibility of the successful Revivalist. After every mental and emotional struggle, young Roberts resolved anew to consecrate himself more fully to Christ and his work. He was anxious to devote himself to his Master's service, but was unable to do so, something prevented him continually. Though feeling now and again that he could sacrifice all to his Saviour, the power of the bonds of sin in his heart would prevent him doing so. Down in the depths of his soul there was a store of desires, which often were as perturbed as a thunderstorm, or as the swelling of the ocean waves in a raging tempest, but the natural bulwarks were too strong for them to conquer and burst forth. Neither the hour of God nor that of his desires had yet come. These two hours must meet ere his possibility is let free. The struggles of his possibility were some of the most important things in the life of Evan Roberts; hence the reason why we have devoted a whole chapter to them. Thus he learned some of the chief lessons of his life—lessons that are and will be lasting elements in his influence. And a good thing about them is that he learned them without knowing at the time that they were lessons. They served the same purpose in his history as the three years that Paul the Apostle spent in Arabia after his wonderful conversion on the way to Damascus. The following are the main things that Evan Roberts acquired through the afore-mentioned struggles.

I. KNOWLEDGE OF THE POWER AND THE EVIL OF SIN

In going through these lessons, we see the infinite wisdom of God manifesting itself when raising a man to spiritual work. What man, who has not experienced what it is to fight against sin in his heart, can speak to others of the great evil of sin? It is impossible for the man who gives way before every kind of sin to understand

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the power of moral evil. To understand this a man must have fought against it, not only in abstaining from outward sinful actions, but in its

inward and most deceitful forms, he must know of the great commotions of a holy nature fighting against the sins of the mind, heart, and will. To know the great evil of sin, one must perceive, through intense meditation, its destructive effects on all the powers of life. Evan Roberts went through these processes between the age of 13 and 25, and his inner, intense experience was so cultivated as to enable him to know the most deceitful forms of sin. These years were not only to him the school of the inward struggles, but also the school which gave him immortality as a Revivalist.

II. SELF-MORTIFICATION

One of the results of these inward struggles was self-mortification. The intense desires that arose in his soul to surrender all to the Saviour prove that the Christ in his heart had won the victory, and also that the evil power had been partly mortified. The winning of a victory implies that the enemy has been weakened. This is true morally and spiritually, as well as naturally. Little by little, these struggles taught him to battle more and more bravely against everything that opposed the expression of his highest and richest possibility. This meant learning the way to subdue self. When we listen to Evan Roberts relating the intensity of his inward struggles and the difficulties in the way of surrendering all to Christ, we can easily realise that he has experienced things that the average man knows nothing about. To destroy sinful self means much more than anyone can conceive until he tries. A man may commit natural suicide under the influence of passion, through lack of consideration, during insanity, or because of an inherent tendency in that direction, but the moral self cannot thus be destroyed. It takes

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time, trouble, effort, and all the energy of the soul to do this, though one is helped by grace. Moral self-mortification is a continual process, and does not reach completion in the history of anyone in this life. The difficulty arises from (1) the fact that the evil self is so dear to us, and (2) its power. The powerful elements of sin in the heart are numerous, and some of them enliven after every struggle and such is the experience of every Christian.

In these struggles, Evan Roberts gained sufficient mastery over self and learned to humiliate it to such a great extent as to be able to let free his possibility as Revivalist.

III. SELF-CONTROL

He must have acquired self-control in his inward struggles, else he had not emerged victoriously. It is one of the most effectual elements in his influence today. His remarkable coolness strikes us with wonder at times. When the congregation is a seething mass, it is strange to see one so taken up—and who is heart and soul—in the work, keeping without losing his balance. During the whole of his meetings, we cannot refer to a single instance in which he lost himself as to do anything unseemly. This is strange in one who feels so intensely, and who gives such a full expression to his feelings. The school of 14 years' experience alone accounts for this. He does not possess a cold nature, but one burning with zeal for the glory of Jesus. These characteristics in his self-control show that it has been obtained by a man who knows what it is to have trouble with his inner self.

IV. SELF-CONFIDENCE

The inward struggles won for him his self-confidence. Having conquered his evil self, he can trust in his new and better self. If this was sufficient to enable him

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to gain the victory over the evil elements of his nature in the past, he can trust in it for the future. He knows that to live the life of the new man will bring happiness to the soul, and enable him to develop in the image of Christ. He can trust in it, too, in relation to other people. If he was able, through the help of the Spirit of God, to conquer self, he concludes that he can be a power in the hands of the same Spirit to turn other men from the error of their ways. This two-fold self-confidence can only be found in a man who has overcome self. To gain the highest self-confidence, we must have had experience of all the different kinds of inward struggles, and come out conquerors from them all.

V. DEPTH OF SYMPATHY

Without the inward struggles, Evan Roberts could not have the deep compassion that he shows towards sinners. The depth of his sympathy forms one of the most powerful elements in his ministry. Notwithstanding his naturally tender disposition he could never enter into the feelings and difficulties of different classes of people were it not for the knowledge he has by experience of battling with all the ordinary forms of sin in his

own moral, inner life. Experience of the same circumstances as those of the one with whom we sympathise is essential to true sympathy. In his own person, the renowned Revivalist knows what it is to be tempted in all things after the same manner as other sinners. For this reason, he can weep with those that weep for their sins, and rejoice with those that overcome them. To have true moral influence over others, one must have this knowledge by experience. It was at a tremendous cost that Evan Roberts possessed it, which must likewise cost dearly to others who will have it; but, once gained, it pays beyond estimation. But what is the price to any man compared with what it cost the Man Christ Jesus. The sacrifice to him was infinite, and we must bear in mind that we cannot secure a true sympathetic power—only along the same lines as he obtained it.

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VI. SELF-DEVELOPMENT

We dwelt upon the fact that these inward struggles were a cause of the self-development of the Revivalist, but not at great length. It is impossible for any possibility in a man's nature to develop without activity. Every faculty must act in accordance with the laws of its own nature before it can attain a high degree of healthy development. When development takes place in the highest powers of a man's nature, it is a proof that they are not in subjection to the lowest powers of his nature, such as his passions and the evil tendencies of his soul. On the other hand, if the passions, etc. are seen to develop and overcome reason, intellect, and conscience, we may be certain that they are free from the control of the highest powers of the mind. In the struggle they have gained the victory over reason, intellect, and conscience, and are become free to act according to their own nature. In the inward struggles in the history of Evan Roberts, the higher powers overcame the lower, but not without energetic action on their part. The result of that action was a substantial self-development in them. Through this self-development they came to have more mastery over the evil of the heart from time to time, and to be able to act with more perfection, power and rapidity, and give a wider expression to themselves. The self-developed Evan Roberts now before the congregations is the result of a process of a self-activity on the part of the highest powers of the soul. This self-development, be it borne in mind, is the child of the inward struggles of his soul, and not an effortless growth of his mind.

VII. SELF-REALISATION

The Revivalist realised the strength and quality of powers through these mental struggles. Many go

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through life without realising the powers of their minds. The reason for this is that they have not experienced any inward struggles. To realise the strength of our rational powers, something must call out their utmost activity. Their intellectual activity can be brought out by the study of profound and difficult subjects; and so a man will realise the magnitude of his intellectual strength, but their moral development and power will only be realised by means of moral activity. A man can realise his moral greatness only by battling with sin in his soul, as well as sin outside of himself, and by practising the principles of righteousness, truth, and holiness. It was in this sphere that Evan Roberts fully realised himself. Although quiet and unostentatious he went through things that made him conscious of his moral energies and powers, and he believed that those were sufficient in the hands of the Spirit of God to disturb a nations conscience. This self-development cannot be obtained either in a day, a week, a month, or a year. It is the fruit of various moral experiences and constant struggles, and increases as moral difficulties are over-come. The deepest self-realisation is always seen in those who battle most with moral difficulties. This is the only path that leads to self-realisation, and by ever following it, our subject attained a high degree of such realisation even at a very early age.

VIII. THE POWER OF GRACE

He saw what a man could do through the help of grace, and by putting himself entirely in the hands of the Holy Spirit. The Divine Spirit acted powerfully upon his moral powers, hence he was able to place himself entirely in his hand. He attributes what he is today to grace, and he can say with Paul, 'I am what I am because of the grace of God'. Only a young man saturated with divine grace could accomplish what he has during the last months. It is because of

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what grace has done in and through him that he believes in the power of grace to save the chief of sinners. Without this belief, no one will do great and lasting work for Jesus. It would be impossible for Evan Roberts to do the kind of work that he does were it not for his complete confidence

in the possibility of grace. He would have been a failure without having grace in his heart, and believing in its saving power to convert the vilest sinner. It must be remembered, however, that experience of the power of grace in the heart of the man himself can alone condition such a belief. In all the inward struggles that Evan Roberts had, he won the victory through the power of grace. When in the struggles, and often fearing defeat, he would turn to the Throne of Grace for strength and wisdom. He always had sufficient to meet his needs in the treasure house of mercy. The above lessons made him one of the most wonderful in prayer, as we shall see in the next chapter.

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Chapter XIII

The Preparation of the Possibility. Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

EVAN ROBERTS IN PRAYER

Evan Roberts is so remarkable as a man of prayer, that a chapter must be devoted to him in this aspect. We shall not presume that he is the most wonderful of all in prayer, but unhesitatingly state that we have never known his equal. He does not know himself when he began to pray for it is one of the first things that he remembers himself doing. From childhood, praying was to him as natural as breathing. Truly, prayer was one of the inherent instincts of his nature. Of all the conditions at work in preparing his spiritual possibility this was the most effectual. What is there that can be compared to communion with God as a means of drawing out the devotional powers of a man's soul? Indeed nothing else can do it to perfection. It is by intercourse between himself and man. God has intended to effectually develop the resources of the soul. The case of Evan Roberts affords a splendid example of this. He testifies that nothing has influenced him so powerfully as communion with God. Owing to the desire that was in him for prayer, he came to take part in the public service when very young, and habitually prayed at home, while walking along the road, and often at work. When at a very early age, he would completely lose himself in prayer, and he affirms that he often

preferred praying to his meals. He felt something drawing him constantly into communion with his Heavenly Father. During the years preceding his entrance into ministerial study, he had attracted the attention of his family by his constant habit of prayer. Often,

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as we have before mentioned, though in want of food, he would not sit at the table ere he had sought the secrecy of his room, and there held communion with Heaven. At times he would spend hours in prayer in his library, when all the others had retired to bed; on other occasions, he would rise from bed in order to pray. He developed in this as time went on, until eventually he used to spend hours on his knees every evening. We shall again have occasion to tell how he spent a long time every night in prayer, when he was preparing for the Provincial Examination. Who would do this except one with the devotional instinct in his heart by nature? He recalls once having been on his knees, until the dawn of day. Gradually, he reached a state in which he could not take his meals before praying first of all. After entering the Preparatory School, this desire greatly increased, and he devoted to it the best part of every night. His prayers as a rule did not take the form of audible words, but silent communion with his creator. This habit seemed so strange to the family with whom he stayed at Newcastle-Emlyn, that they began to feel uneasy with regard to him. He would at times pray for hours downstairs; on other occasions in his bedroom. Mr John Phillips, his master at the School, relates of one very strange petition of his at Bethel, Newcastle-Emlyn, when the Rev. Seth Joshua was there. Mr Joshua asked if there were any in the meeting who could stand up and sing with him, 'O happy day!' Evan Roberts was one of the few who stood up. On the following night, Mr Joshua invited people to confess Christ and bend to him, and Evan Roberts went on to the seat next to the big pew, and prayed with extraordinary intensity. He sent his supplications up to Heaven while on his knees with such yearning of spirit and agony of soul that Mr Phillips had never heard the like of it. His tutor then understood that something extraordinary had taken hold of him. He was convinced that Evan Roberts's 'Oh'

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could not be but the outpouring of a soul in great distress. It came from the depths of his spirit with such feeling as to melt one as he heard it. The great characteristic of our subject in prayer is his intensity of feeling.

I have never known anyone who could, like him, lose himself so completely in spiritual supplication.

Some people cannot understand why he does not pray in the meetings, and criticise him accordingly. It would be well for such to bear in mind that no one supplicates more than he does, although he does not do so audibly. I have seen him engaged in silent prayer in the pulpit for an hour and a half. When quiet and his face buried in his hands, as a rule, he is then praying, and praying so fervently, and with such earnestness, that it tells on his whole constitution. Because of this, the meetings in which he speaks but little, cost him very dearly. They often leave him in a weakened state. Yes, he prays a great deal in the meetings, and I have often been awe-struck with his strange intensity, as I stood near him. At times he stands in the pulpit, leaning on the Bible; but the only intimation we get that he is praying is to see his lips moving.

I stated that his prayers, though silent, were extraordinary in power. Another thing that I wish to add in this connection is the hold that his prayer takes upon his whole body. In this, he is the most extraordinary person that I have ever seen. One would think that every word is the product of his whole being, body and soul. His sighs seem to rise from the depths of his spirit, and pass along every nerve. From this we can imagine how much agony of soul and physical effort an hour or two in a meeting cost him. At the beginning of the Revival, he would utter a short prayer in public, and that often on behalf of those who refused to give themselves up to Jesus. I remember him doing this on behalf of a man who remained obstinate. All the words of the prayer were these: 'O Lord, save J—— D —— for the sake of Jesus Christ, Amen.' As he spoke the last word,

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the man rose to give himself to Christ. At that time his short prayers went through the congregations like electricity, and hundreds when they heard them would seek the throne of Grace.

Some of the strangest things in his career as Revivalist are the prayer-meetings in the houses where he stays on his journeys. They leave a lasting impression on all present, and do not fill people with an unnatural sadness, but with divine joy. In these meetings, he himself is so natural that all those with him feel likewise. When most intense in prayer, he becomes unconscious of everything else. Time to him does not exist. Hours glide away as a moment. He is insensible to all that happens around

him. We have often seen him in the middle of a conversation being drawn away to hold communion with his God.

One of his chief endeavours is to get others to pray. When at home he wrote prayers for many of his young companions, in order to get them to take part in public worship. He cherished in his mind the idea of getting every young man in Pisgah, the branch of Moriah, to join in the prayer-meeting, and he succeeded in all except one instance. It is seldom we see all but one of the young men of a Church taking part in a prayer-meetings. So it was in Pisgah, and that through the instrumentality of Evan Roberts alone. No doubt it is the spirit of prayer that is in him which draws such a flood of prayers out in his meetings. We have often seen hundreds praying simultaneously, only because he has said, 'Where is the prayer, friends?' He does not believe in a definite order and close formality; but in everyone approaching God in his own way when prompted with sincerity and faithfulness of heart, and without a shadow of self in the entreaty. His aim is to reach a stage when his entire life will be one great and continual prayer. This is his ideal. He is rapidly drawing near to it. He prays silently now for hours every day. On 21 February 1905, while at Pontrhydyfen, he told me, 'I would like to reach a state

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in prayer when my life would be naught but one prayer from morn till night. I shall not be content until I experience that. At times now I fail to go on my knees by the bedside at night and morning, because I am in an attitude of prayer constantly, and am continually praying inaudibly. Owing to this I feel there is too much formality in going on my knees.' With regard to prayer, his ideal is one of the highest possible. The aim of Jesus, the Holy One, was in nature the same as this, excepting that his was perfect, as he was sinless in his Person. Evan Roberts's aim is to reach a stage when

Every breath exhaled, shall praise
The wondrous glory of his grace.

One very strange thing in this connection is that he often understands when people are praying for him. In two places where I was present with him, he suddenly said, 'There is a multitude praying for me now', and he could not hearken to the conversation of the company any more. For some time he would listen attentively as though he could hear the prayers, and then he would come to himself again, and converse with us. I afterwards made enquiries, and found out that great numbers were praying for him

at the very moments that he had referred to. This is a mystery that cannot be explained on natural grounds. It seems to me that by soaring near to God some communion between spirits is possible, which otherwise is impossible. From the mountain tops men can have fellowship with one another that they cannot in the valleys below, where the mountains hide them from each others view. But having ascended to the mountain peaks, they see and are able to converse together. It is something similar in a spiritual sense. By ascending to the tops of God's mountains in prayer, spirits in some way perceive one another, and have communion, which they cannot have but through prayer only.

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He is one of the quickest to know whether a man is honest and sincere in prayer. This, perhaps, may be attributed to the fact that he himself is constantly in the spirit of prayer. The tone of his spirit enables him to recognise that of a different kind. When a man prays truly, something particular characterises his words, and they that are in the true spirit of prayer do not fail to recognise it by spiritual intuition. Evan Roberts is so alive to this at times that he has to stop people from proceeding in their prayers, for he knows that they are prompted by false motives. It is as fire to his soul to hear a deceitful man before the Throne of Grace. We have seen his eyes on many an occasion flash with holy indignation when hearing such engage in prayer.

The burden of his prayers as a rule will be one of the following:— Beseeking for purity of heart, for a spirit to do the work worthy of Jesus, to be bent more completely to the will of God, to bend the Church and purify it in its life and conduct, for its members to be filled with the Holy Spirit, so that they shall be made fit instruments to save the world. He lays great stress in his prayers on the importance of having a powerful out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the congregation. The latter was the theme of a prayer that opened the way for the Revival at Loughor. One night, as we shall point out in another chapter, he asked all to pray, 'Send the Spirit now, for the sake of Jesus Christ'. He strongly emphasises the importance of having the Holy Spirit in the services, the impossibility to worship without him, and holds that prayer is the only means to get him. His desire to glorify Christ, and increased love towards him, is also very prominent. He longs for a manifestation of God's love, and for the salvation of the world, and he also prays for all who are in difficulties of every kind.

His faith in the power of prayer is boundless. He believes, and rightly too, that were the Church to go truly on her knees, that the world would be on its feet in

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no time. If the church as a body were to pray honestly, then no power could stand in her way. If Evan Roberts himself has done such wonderful things through the power of prayer, what would the Church of God do if filled with the Holy Spirit? In his faith in the efficacy of prayer lies the secret of his strength. As we have shown, there are many elements in Evan Roberts that are of a superior kind, but above them all is his peculiarity as a man of prayer. We might get many to rank side by side with him in understanding and other things, but it would be very hard to get any to approach him as a prayerful man. He has been saturated with faith in prayer to a more remarkable degree than the most godly of young men in general. We admire many a natural virtue in him, but his unflinching belief in the efficacy of prayer as a means to overcome with God and man eclipses all. It is here we see the highest glory of Evan Roberts. His greatness is manifested when he is linked to the Infinite Trinity of Persons. Looking at the work which he, as the instrument, accomplished during the last months, he can say, 'I was able to do all through God, who was helping me'. He believed in God's readiness to answer prayer, and, like Jacob of old, strove with him for the blessing. If we had one half the Church to think, believe, and act as he does with regard to prayer, the listeners and the world's greatest sinners would soon be swept to the Saviour's feet.

After close observation during the greater part of a year, his experience is that the success of a meeting in saving souls was in proportion to the amount of honest praying that was there. He often calls upon the people to cease singing, as it is far from being so effective as prayer in the salvation of souls. At Bala, he told Dr W Sanday, of Oxford, 'When there is much singing, there is never much saving'. A full account of this interview with the Doctor will be given in another chapter. Evan Roberts perceives that it is by prayer that the power of the Church is joined to the Infinite Power of God to save and to sanctify.

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His belief in the virtue of prayer is very extensive. He does not believe in its power in some directions only, but that all things are possible through prayer that are attributed to it in the Bible. Hence, whatever he stands

in need of, he takes it to the Lord in prayer. He believes that prayer is the most powerful means of perfecting the spirituality of the man himself, and in the saving of sinners; that next to Jesus' Blood, it has the greatest influence on the heart of God. Again, as we mentioned above, he believes in constant prayer. It is not to be occasionally, but habitually performed. Yet, care must be taken lest it become a mere habit. It is to be produced by personal need. Spiritual want ought to drive the man to the Throne of Grace. According to Evan Roberts there are three great needs necessary to prompt prayer:—(1) Personal need, (2) Love towards Christ, and a passionate desire to save the world; (3) a deep yearning to worship God, and have communion with him. When a man is driven to the Throne by these needs, then his praying is in no danger of becoming a mere formality. According to his idea, it is through prayer that we can get the Holy Spirit in these spheres. This is how he himself received the Spirit, and he believes that the Spirit is given in this same way to all.

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Chapter XIV

Preparation of the Possibility. Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

The Revealing of the Revivalist

EVAN ROBERTS BEGINS TO PREACH

His commencing to preach was the realisation of an idea that had long been in his mind, though it had not taken any definite form between the age of ten and eighteen; but the desire was there, and it was one cause of the many struggles to which we referred. Whatever work he took in hand, he was not entirely satisfied with it. He constantly felt that he had no aim in life. This troubled him a great deal at times. He saw everyone but himself, as he thought, with a definite aim in view. I used to be ashamed of myself, said he, at the thought that everybody was working with some object to aim at, while I had none. This made me restless and unsatisfied with everything that I undertook. His idea was to be a missionary for Christ, but he had no clear conception of it. Whenever

he arrived home, he expected some news either by letter or some other way. Sometimes he would expect a letter containing money for him to go to school, and as soon as he came into the house he would ask whether one had arrived. At times he was possessed by some great expectation for a way to open for him to do important work in the world. If he were asked what it might be, he would not be able to give a definite answer. The expectation was as yet only a longing, with no conscious form; and, hence, we cannot give a definite description of it. As this craving increased, the time of his apprenticeship seemed unending to him. He counted the days as they passed, and those that still remained. His vocation was nothing short of slavery now, notwithstanding

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his readiness to obey his employer. He respected the agreement he had made with his uncle, who was his master, and for that reason did not care to break it. On the other hand, there was some irresistible influence at work drawing him to commence preaching. He would now and then try to still the voice of this desire when he beheld all the work it entailed, but back it came with more force than ever. It would not on any account be silenced. At this time, he was between two straits. He had a great wish to finish learning his trade, and a still stronger to begin his new calling under the Banner of the Cross. The latter idea was a thought that had been for years in his mind, and had by this time become so strong that it overcame all other aspirations. Throughout the year 1903, his anxiety and thirst for becoming a preacher increased with great rapidity, and in its last months he was compelled to declare them openly. As he caught the handle of the bellows and blew the fire, he would say to himself, 'Men speak of white slaves, here is a white slave, I in this place'. On 18 November 1903, he wrote a letter to his friend, Mr W.H. Morgan, who was at the University College, Cardiff. The letter shows that he failed to suppress his desire for preaching any longer. Mr W.H. Morgan was raised in the same church as he, and the people urged Evan Roberts to begin to preach at the time that Mr Morgan began, but he refused. His answer to them was, 'No, let Mr W.H. Morgan go first'. The letter and his friend's reply were as follows:—

Forest, Llanedi,
Pontardulais,

Nov. 18th, 1903

RESPECTED BROTHER,—

I know you will be surprised when you understand the message of this note, and I am surprised myself. And without any more ado, the message is this: I have determined to give up my vocation, and join the same calling as you.

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Will you believe this? I have had quite enough of bodily labour, as my soul thirsts for knowledge and a wider sphere of usefulness.

I know I am going on in age. But am I too old? There was a time in my life when the desire was strong, but when I understood that the influence of the 'schools' destroyed the spirit of the ministerial students, I had no heart within me any more to venture there. But now I see no other means whereby I may ascend the Pulpit. And like all the others, I am resolved to tread the same path. But to tell you the truth, I am often on the verge of weeping at my ignorance, and I nearly twenty-six years old. Oh! what a gulf between us. But if this is the Lord's will, 'May it be done', hard though it be.

Remember, I have not mentioned a word to 'Jones' nor any of the Church, I have informed them at home, and it is surprising how glad they are! But is there ground for gladness?

Will you be good enough to send me your *opinion* (*not your feeling*) and your advice. Thanks, if you will.

It will be reasonable for you to ask what is the cause of this. Well, to tell you candidly, I have been with Prof. Williams, Phrenologist, Swansea, and this is what he said. 'That I would (*a*) succeed, and (*b*) excel in electricity, etc. but seeing how strong were my moral and religious capacities, that I could and ought to think seriously of the Pulpit, and that it was folly for me to have ever taken to bodily labour ... On searching, I find the following things urge me to this:—

(1) A passionate desire of my soul for ten years, which I could not destroy. If the desire came when I was sad and low only, I would think *nothing* of the Pulpit, but when on the heights of joy and success, and whenever I heard a sermon, whether good or poor, this was the cry, 'The Pulpit for me'.

(2) The voice of the people. You may not know anything concerning this. While on a visit to Builth, I went to a prayer-meeting, and took part. After the service was over, the minister asked me if I were a student. I answered, 'No.' Then he advised me 'Look here, young man, you have talents for the Pulpit. Do not abuse them. It is a matter for prayer. Yes, my friend, pray over it, pray over it', etc. Others from the

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church at Moriah and Mountain Ash, together with Jones, M. Ash.

(3) The Infinite Love of God, and his promise of the Holy Spirit.

Last Sunday evening, as I was meditating on the greatness of the work and the danger of my dishonouring the Glory of the Lord, I could not refrain from weeping. And I prayed that the Lord is would baptise you and me with the Holy Spirit. I have no sermon ready. I wonder will I be received by the Church at Moriah, and the district after that.

I am, humbly,

And wishing you success and God-speed,

E.J. ROBERTS,

c/o Evan Edwards.

The following is his friend's reply to him:—

18, Longcross Street,

Roath,

Cardiff,

3.12.'03.

DEAR EVAN,

I am profoundly sorry that you have not heard from me sooner. To tell you the truth—the point blank truth—all is due to myself—my procrastination and extreme unwillingness to give my opinion and advice in a hurry.

My opinion is that you have taken a step, which has long been expected of you by many of your friends and chance acquaintances.

Yon are well qualified for it, although it is a step to a higher status—both intellectually and socially, and also from the point of view of religion. To fully qualify yourself for this new status, there is needed intense application and dogged perseverance, thorough integrity in life and thought.

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My advice is this get through the district as soon as possible, say, by the end of March. Then sit the August examination. In the following October you ought to join some School, say Newcastle Emlyn—prepare for the Welsh Matriculation as a preliminary to your taking a degree. Though it needs much time and hard work, yet I believe it amply repays you for all your drudgery and toil.

If such a course seems too long, then there is nothing to be done but to prepare for the Trevecca exam.

I have no more to tell you, but I shall be home in three weeks time, and we can get a talk over things then.

You have made a fine resolution. Now do not break it, but stick on, and there is one at least whose sincere wish is for your success in your new plane of life—a wish coupled with an intense gladness that you have decided on such a course.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. MORGAN.

The struggle between his desires to finish learning his trade and to preach grew fiercer and fiercer, and on 17 December, the battle turned conclusively in favour of preaching. On Saturday night, he went home from Pontardulais never more to return to the bellows, the hammer, the anvil, and the sledge. How to face his uncle was the next thought, after leaving him so suddenly. Evan Roberts could not think of facing him personally but he was too honourable to leave him without a full explanation of the state of things. His mother went instead to explain the circumstances, and to act in the most honourable way towards his master. Mr Edwards felt that it was not fair to lose him in this way without notice, unless he received some pecuniary compensation. A sum of money was agreed upon, and paid in order that everything should end peaceably. On Sunday evening, 18 December 1903, he delivered his first sermon in Moriah (C.M.), Loughor. His text was Luke 9:23,

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‘And he said to them all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow me’. He based his remarks on the former portion of the verse. The subject was, Man’s right to choose the subject of worship. This sermon will be found in this volume as it was written by him. He preached his second sermon from the later portion of the same verse. The subject was, ‘Christ’s right to lay down the conditions of his kingdom’. These subjects were quite consistent with Evan Roberts’s attitude of mind. The ruling passion of life was to get the world to follow Jesus. These two sermons contain ripe and penetrating ideas on the matters taken up. Their clear and sound characterises are surprising, considering they were his first discourses. They could not have been produced by anyone save a man who knew by experience what it meant to follow Christ, according to the meaning of the verse, and one who had seen to the very heart of the gospel.

Owing to some peculiar characteristics in the sermons they attracted the attention of some of the most observant men there, one of whom

after hearing him said, 'Well, if he compiled those sermons himself, there is a brilliant future before him'. This same person further remarked, 'They must have been done by him, for they are not like any other man's work'. The utterances bore the stamp of Evan Roberts, showing that it was in his own mind they were formed.

Having received the approval of the church, the Rev. Daniel Jones, the minister of Moriah, brought his case before the West Glamorgan Monthly Meeting, held in Libanus, Garth, Maesteg, on 30 and 31 December 1903. The request of Mr Jones, that Evan Roberts should go through the Swansea district, on probation, was granted. He commenced his journey on trial through the district on 3 January 1904.

He had twelve churches to attend, and the rule required him to visit every one of them twice. He complied with this regulation, and received the approval of

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the entire district. Several of the ministers and deacons of the churches saw that in some things he far excelled the majority of young men entering the ministry. His case was again brought to the Monthly Meeting, and the following is recorded in the minutes of one held at Lisworney, Vale of Glamorgan, 13 and 14 April 1904.—It was notified that the young brother from Loughor has gone successfully through the district on probation, and the Rev. W. Jenkins, M.A., and Mr Thomas Davies, Pantardulais, were named to go there to examine him.

On the appointed night these two gentlemen went to Moriah, Loughor, in accordance with the decision of the Monthly Meeting, to test the young candidate.

Mr Thomas Davies speaks thus of him.—'I knew Evan Roberts before he began to preach, as he was a member of the Singing Festival. I frequently met him in the singing practice of the district, and especially in the quarterly meetings of the Sunday School. He often took part in them, and on several occasions he read papers in them dealing with Sunday School matters. When I catechised him as a candidate for the ministry, I felt that he was specially adapted for the work. His answers were ready and to the point, leaving nothing to be desired. I asked what prompted him to enter the ministry, whether the idea of an easy life, or the respectable office of a minister, or what? His answer was, "My motive is a passionate desire for the privilege of proclaiming a Saviour to the lost".'

The following are the words of the Rev. William Jenkins, M.A, Swansea, with regard to him an that night: 'The pleasant appearance of the young man who stood before us at once made a favourable impression upon us, for we beheld in him one who had been beautified by nature and grace, and one who manifested a modesty that was becoming a young man facing the ministry. Our impressions were deepened by his simple and clear replies when he was questioned as to his experience and

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knowledge of God's Word. We felt that he was a religious and enlightened young man, in the habit of praying, reading and thinking.

The church voted unanimously for him, and that in a way that showed that he was deeply in their affections; we also had every satisfaction in him, and urged him to prepare for the Provincial Examination, which he did. Mr Davis, and I cannot claim that we foresaw the great and wonderful things which he was soon to bring to pass, nor the conspicuous place that the candidate was to take in the religious history of our country, but, looking back on that society in the light of the Revival which is so full of the Divine, we feel that we did not err in our conviction that there was before us then a young man of brilliant powers, as well as of a winning disposition. We saw an occasional gleam of the great light that is found in his address to the students at Bala, which shows that Mr Roberts is no ordinary man, even apart from the great that is upon him. But to the Spirit who has taken him belongs the praise, and no one is more ready to render it to him than the Revivalist himself.'

The examiners took their report to the monthly meeting, held, at Pentredwr, Llansamlet, 25 and 26 May, and in the minutes we find the following record:—'The delegates who were at Loughor examining the candidate for the Ministry, reported that they had been satisfied in him, and found the church unanimous for him to have liberty for him to proceed, and that was passed.'

The first thing Evan Roberts had to face now was the Provincial Examination, held in August. The subjects for 1904 were—the Doctrine of Sin, and the Gospel of St Luke, 1–8. The text books he studied on them were, Dr Candlish on the Doctrine of Sin in Clarks handbooks, and Dr Farrar's Commentary on Luke in the Cambridge Series. The examiners were the Revs John C. Evans, Borth, Cardiganshire, and Benjamin Lewis, Tenby. During the time he was, preparing, he spent hours every day in prayer. Sydney Evans, who

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was preparing for the same examination, would call sometimes to go through some of the work together. Evan Roberts says that the sinful condition of the world would often drive him to the throne of grace, notwithstanding the great work to prepare for the examination. One day he was in anxiety about the coming test in the above books, and as he was praying for strength to meet it, the words came to his mind.—‘Shall I bring forth the womb without giving strength to conceive?’ After that he did not trouble at all about it. ‘I felt,’ he remarked, ‘that only two things were before me—praying or studying the appointed books, and praying had the greater share.’ On 16 August 1904, he sat for the Examination at Pontrhydyfen, a few miles from Port Talbot. Not an atom of anxiety about passing possessed him this day, but he grieved much because of the world’s pitiful state, and prayed for its salvation several times during the sittings. Fourteen passed in South Wales, and he stood eighth on the list. Considering his educational advantages, and the time he devoted for prayer, he took a very good position.

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Chapter XV

The Preparation of the Possibility. Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

Awful Repetition of the Inward Struggles

Having passed the Provincial Examination for candidates for the ministry, Evan Roberts is now free to enter a school to prepare for the Trevecca College Examination. But the path is not yet open and clear. He is again undergoing a hard struggle. What can it be? A repetition of those already described in another chapter. The cause of it lies in a desire to consecrate himself to the work of Christ. It is entirely an inward struggle, and he tells no one of it. This is one of the elements that makes it so keen. The two sides in the battle are (1) a passionate desire to go out there and then to work for the Master, and (2) a thirst for knowledge, the acquiring of which would mean entering some school. He gave the two sides his serious consideration. The pitiable condition of the unbelieving

world appealed so strongly to him at times as to well nigh make him give up all and venture forth to tell sinners of a Saviour; then again the necessity for education would assert it self forcibly in his mind, and he felt it to be his duty to train himself to the uttermost degree. This feeling was feeling was strengthened by his great thirst for knowledge alluded to. He would spend hours in prayer, seeking light in his great difficulty. Who can describe with the pen all that he, suffered from the August examination to 13 September. His fiery experience during these

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weeks is beyond description. Of the two great inclinations warring in his soul, it can be said:—

This one strong, and that one mighty,
Which will win the struggle keen?

The battle being so fierce, and himself so reticent concerning it, his experience must have been terrible making it extremely difficult for him to decide what to do. Things remained in this state until the time drew nigh for the re-opening of the Grammar School at Newcastle Emlyn. And at last the day for decision arrived—decision between two old desires that had been at least thirteen years in Evan Roberts's soul. They were the desire to work for Christ, and the desire for knowledge. How will the battle turn? It would be an easy way to avoid the trouble and drudgery necessary in the learning of difficult subjects, and do away with examinations—to resolve to go out immediately to work for the Master. The thought of avoiding difficulties did not enter his mind. He could undertake arduous duties like a hero. That the desire to go out to work for Christ had to give way to the other is a sufficient proof of this. When the time to make the decision came, he collected all his energies together, and concluded that it would be better for him to enter school for a course of education. This struggle, however, was not gone through without leaving a deep impression upon him, and one would think that it would be the means of terminating the inward struggles of his soul. But, as we shall see, it was not so. His decision only brought him into a still harder conflict. After entering School at Newcastle-Emlyn on 8 September 1904, under Mr John Phillips, son of the Rev. Evan Phillips, things became much worse in his case. He had difficulty in deciding to enter School; but had much more afterwards. The old desire to work for Jesus reasserted itself anew, and like the unclean spirit referred to by Christ, it brought seven others with it. After the struggle in

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which it was conquered at Loughor, it gained in strength, and is now seven times as powerful. With the desire for self-consecration to the Saviour's work, another thing came in, namely, inability to remain with any book, except the Bible. When engaged with his school books, he was possessed with some strange, unaccountable feeling. Owing to this, he was at times a burden and a terror to himself. The strange thing in connection with this experience was that to seize the Bible gave him perfect peace. Day after day he fought against this, and he would shake his head in the attempt to be rid of it, all in vain. He tried his very best to get his desire for education and the things essential for the college entrance examination to outweigh all else, but his efforts were of no avail. He sought in prayer for strength to overcome in this direction when in trouble, but neither strength nor light was forthcoming. Only by opening the Book of books would he obtain peace. On one occasion he was learning a lesson in Welsh Grammar, and after committing to memory about twelve lines he suffered most terribly in body and mind, and was obliged to throw the book from his hands, and take up the Bible. After opening it, his bosom became calm. Relating his experiences to some of the best, and ablest men, they advised him to cling to his studies, and he testifies, that he made honest attempts to act upon their advice. But when he summoned all his mental powers for this purpose, he was led by some powerful force to dwell upon the world's sinfulness. This brought every other idea into subjection to itself. It reigned as king, compelling all others to be its subjects. Evan Roberts saw that he was himself powerless to overcome this influence that drew his attention from his school books, and hence he would pray for strength to overcome it, and earnestly besought the Lord to help him in this, but his prayers were unanswered. His experiences at school were repeated at home, he would open a book only to find it flaming in his hand. He would at once

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kneel in prayer seeking deliverance from such all awful experience, but on taking up the book again, it would be aflame. But when he had the Bible in his hand, the commotion within him ceased at once. This experience with the school books increased daily, so that the awe that eventually possessed him, made it impossible to battle against it. 'I put,' said he, 'all the weight of my energy and will in the direction of only studies, but something drew me irresistibly to think of the condition of

the lost world.' That he was able to struggle so long with this power that swayed him is a sufficient proof that he possesses an exceptional will power. Evan Roberts affords an excellent example of a man in whom many selves strive for mastery. The self of work, of music, of mathematics, of poetry, of art, of learning English, shorthand, and competition, and others fought hard in his mind for the throne. In the midst of them, however, the self of the Revivalist stood like a giant from his shoulders taller than all. When some other self sought to gain complete control in the mind, this one would appear on the scene. This self was predominant in Evan Roberts from the age of thirteen, and the work of the other selves was but a contribution to its cultivation, its strengthening and development. In the struggles, the self of the Revivalist gained such moral strength and courage as to say 'silence' to all the other. From 16 August 1904, until the end of October, were memorable weeks in his history. Were the world in his possession, many a psychologist would give it in exchange for a clear view of Evan Roberts's mind during this time. What if we could perceive all the activities, subconscious, and conscious of his soul, during this period, as God perceived them. Oh! wondrous sight! One of the most important mental struggles in the history of the Welsh nation would be seen—a struggle which gave birth to the means of a mighty Revival. Here were the highest potentialities of a soul at war with each other, and every one at its level

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best. This struggle was partly a condition in marking an epoch in the history of the nation. It certainly did much in the way of preparing the possibility of the Revivalist in Evan Roberts; it conditioned the development of one great and important step in that possibility. Every possibility in a man's nature must have opposition to develop it, and the greater the opposition the greater the development. Struggles with opposing internal and external powers form one of the chief conditions of the world's moral advancement. And if there be a strong moral possibility in a soul, the fiercer the struggles the better it is for it. The history of Evan Roberts verifies these statements. With these struggles one condition only is necessary to enable the possibility of the Revivalist to break down all barriers. That condition will be dealt with in another chapter. We have already said that the desire to accomplish something for Christ existed consciously in him since his thirteenth year. It was at this time that it took a conscious form, but it was not then that it came into existence.

We believe that its history dates back to a time when he himself was unconscious of it, and his child-life is a proof of this. The desire was as old as Evan Roberts himself, but it could not attain its present magnitude were it not for all the preparations and conditions already mentioned. The great possibility grew from a seed that was ever in the soul, through its being cultivated by Heaven and earth, God and man, and by his own spirit. The developed state in which it now is was reached through struggles, all the phases of which God only knows. Things happened in these struggles, of which the Revivalist himself was not cognisant—things that were crises in his life, as they were activities below the line of consciousness. These were the subconscious actions of his mind. As we shall again see, the appearance of the Revivalist in Evan Roberts was not sudden, but the result of his life-time—a product of a long process, and not chance or accident. It would be impossible

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to explain his development, without taking into account the strange struggles that he endured, and the mental and emotional sufferings that he went through; and amongst them none harder could be found than those described above after his entrance to school.

Lest any one might think that he entirely neglected his studies during the six weeks he was at Newcastle Emlyn, it is necessary to give a short account of his stay there. From the description of his experience while at school, it would be easy for the reader to conclude that he did nothing but read the Bible and pray. But that would be very misleading. I obtained a detailed account of him while at school from Mr John Phillips, his tutor, and to secure perfect accuracy, his remarks will be incorporated in this paragraph. Mr Phillips met Evan Roberts for the first time in his father's house, the Rev. Evan Phillips, and impressed him most favourably. On looking at him, he thought he was twenty-one years of age, five years younger than he really was. After describing this meeting, Mr Phillips gave a minute and vivid account of Mr Evan Roberts up to the time that he left school. The following points are comprised in his history:—

(1) Roberts soon impressed his tutor as being possessed of superior powers. He saw that in many directions he was far above the average student. The first week that he entered school, he was able to do Simple Equations, in Algebra, with unusual rapidity and ease. (2) He was not long before making a start with all the branches necessary for the examination for entrance to College, such as Latin, Greek, English, Welsh,

Euclid, and Arithmetic, etc. When working at these, they presented no difficulty to him; on the other hand, he did the lessons in them without any trouble. (3) For attention and devotedness in class, he was second to none. He caught every word that the teacher said. When Mr Phillips endeavoured to explain some difficulty, Evan Roberts would be all attention, trying to take in the

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explanation. Having understood the matter, his face would be seen to light up with a smile of satisfaction. His attentive attitude was a source of inspiration to the teacher who testifies that for paying attention he was the best that he has ever had in his class. Besides inspiring his teacher, he created in the class quite a pleasant tone. His presence sent a thrill of satisfaction, and happiness through every one near him. Owing to these things, his tutor was exceedingly unwilling to lose him from school. 'But,' said he, in a letter to me, 'I now see that my loss was a gain to all Wales.' (4) Three weeks after he had begun at school, Mr Phillips saw that Roberts was absent on a Friday, neither did he appear on the following Monday. He began to grow anxious concerning him. In answer to inquiry Mr Sydney Evans told him that he was confined to his room owing to a severe cold. At this time the Rev. Seth Joshua conducted a series of meetings in the Methodist Chapel at Newcastle-Emlyn, and on Tuesday night Evan Roberts could not keep away from the meeting, though unable to go to school. Mr Phillips was surprised to understand that he was in the meeting, and more so that he had ventured out without an overcoat. He was vexed at this, fearing lest his cold would thus develop into something worse. Mr Phillips failed in the attempt to get an opportunity that night of speaking to, and advising him. (5) The next day, Wednesday, his tutor learned that Roberts intended to join a company from the town, who were going to a religious conference held at Blaenanerch. He went to him at once, and, pleading the state of his health, tried to persuade him to stay at home. In spite of all his efforts, Roberts determined to go. All that Mr Phillips succeeded in doing was to get him to take Tincture of Quinine to counteract the cold. We shall have a word to say about this day in another chapter. (6) After the above mentioned day, there was no way of getting Roberts to School. His old desire to benefit a guilty world gained

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continually in strength during these weeks, and Io! it has conquered every other desire in his soul. To all who knew him there was something strange in his manner now, and he caused them no small anxiety lest his mind was becoming impaired. His teacher ever strove to get him to school, so as to draw him out of himself, and settle his mind upon his studies. He sought to understand what was the matter with him, but he failed. Well he knew that Evan Roberts was no idler, but a man filled with a spirit for work. What then could be the reason? There was but one conclusion that his friends could come to, and that was, that his mind was beginning to become affected. This grieved his tutor, and many a morning did he call upon him to try to get him to school, thinking that fellowship with the students would bring him out of his strange mood. But all was of no avail. His answers to his master were always gentlemanly, and were given in a good spirit, by telling him how sorry he was of his inability to attend school. 'Were I to come,' he said, 'I could do nothing. I cannot do the school work at home, and so it would be, if I came with you.' As he spoke these words, a heavenly smile would come over his face, and his eyes would fill with tears. Ere long, he would tell of the influence of the Holy Spirit upon him, and he seemed to be labouring under a heavy burden, his face twitching all over. His tutor completely failed to understand him, but from day to day the impression was deepened that Evan Roberts was a strange but conscientious young man. Still his behaviour almost proved too much for his tutor's patience, and Mr Phillips felt that he was in a measure unkind in pressing so much upon him to attend school. One morning, as he was trying to induce him to come, he said in reply that he had attempted to do a lesson in Welsh Grammar, but as soon as he opened the book, the Spirit would so influence him that to hold the book in his hand was impossible. 'The only Book,' he remarked, 'that I shall read is the Bible.' As a result

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of great pressure, he promised to attend the Algebra class only, on the following morning he came according to his word. 'How glad we were to see him', said Mr Phillips. But it was only to be a short-lived joy, for this was the last occasion on which he attended school. On the following day, Mr Sydney Evans went to a monthly meeting at Bwlchgyroes, Pembrokeshire, and on the next day, Evan Roberts joined him. The two were present in response to an appeal from the people of Bwlchgyroes.

Here Evan Roberts met Dr Hughes, of Rome, America, who accompanied him and Mr Sydney Evans to Newcastle-Emlyn. The Doctor spent some time with him in his room, afterwards remarking to the daughters of the Rev. Evan Phillips that he feared the mental condition of the young man from Loughor. The Doctor related of persons that he had in America under the influence of religious mania, but the Misses Phillips told him that Evan Roberts, unlike those, did not see the dark side of things. 'No,' answered he, 'but still I fear him very much.' Dr Hughes' opinion caused Evan Roberts's tutor to become much more anxious concerning him, and to fear that there was nothing awaiting him but insanity. He saw clearly now that there were no hopes of getting him to school, and he did not know what to do with him.

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Chapter XVI

The Preparation of the Possibility. Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

THE PREPARATION AND HIS NEW ENVIRONMENT

In the last chapter we followed Evan Roberts to school, and described his attitude in relation to it during his stay at Newcastle Emlyn. We have to deal with another aspect of his history at this time in the present chapter. The school and its connections, as well as the religious conventions in South Cardiganshire, had much to do in developing and ripening the Revival spirit in him. In other words, this spirit found a congenial environment in them. But be it understood at the outset, that this was not the only condition of making him what he is. Evan Roberts is not the result of one or two conditions, but of many moral and spiritual forces which gradually evolved his latent potentialities. As indicated before, he is the product of all the preparations treated upon in the foregoing chapters. He emphatically states that the chief cause of the course he took in proceeding with the Revival as he did, is found in the thirteen years of constant prayer, the burden of which, for the greater part, was an earnest pleading with God for a Revival. Therefore, it is a great mistake to think that he is the result of one meeting, or a series of

religious services. Undoubtedly, were we in possession of infinite knowledge we should perceive the part played by the hereditary factors. He received from his ancestors; the intellectual, moral, and spiritual atmosphere of Loughor, and other things, in

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making him what he is. Some evolutionists say that the history of every great man dates back hundreds of years before he is born, and as far as human agencies are concerned, I do not think that this doctrine can be disputed. The gradual is God's method in producing all great results, and why should we conceive of him acting differently in the case of a great man. To us it seems the most glorious method possible.

Yet, in accordance with this explanation, it is clear that Roberts's new environment at Newcastle Emlyn was a small factor in his history. His school master was a refined Christian gentleman. The Rev. Evan Philips, the father of his teacher, was one of the most spiritually minded ministers in the principality; some of his fellow students were full of religious fervour, and he came into close contact with a few of the most godly people of the church. Religion, also, was highly respected in the house where he lodged.

The Rev. Seth Joshua of Cardiff, a man full of religious zeal, and of revival spirit, came to hold a mission at Newcastle Emlyn soon after Roberts went there, as stated in the previous chapter. Another fact must be mentioned, namely, the religious ardour which was prevalent in many of the churches of South Cardigan at this time. A number of the ministers of this district had been longing for a religious revival, and foremost among them was the Rev. Joseph Jenkins, New Quay. The indifference of the young people of his church had for some time burdened his soul, and the result was that he called them together to put the matter before them. Among other things he stated that they should try to begin in revival which could be carried on without the Holy Spirit. 'I have no plan as to how to carry it on', he said; 'I have only to feel my way as I proceed. Only one condition I should like to put before you—let every one be ready in the next meeting to do whatever will be asked of him.' After a few of these meeting had passed, he made a statement from the

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pulpit to the effect that they would issue in mighty results, and that the whole country would be aroused through them. Soon he proceeded

a step further. On the agenda of the South Cardigan monthly meeting there was a notice of motion by him for several months during the summer of 1903. Meeting after meeting passed, but Mr Jenkins was not present to explain and support his motion, and many could not divine what the import of it was. However, in the October meeting of that year, held at Abermeurig, he appeared, and spoke powerfully on the low condition of spiritual life in the churches within the area of the monthly meeting, the indifference of the members, and the gross neglect of the essential things of life in their higher forms. The brethren felt the great necessity of what he laid before them, but no one had any definite plan of procedure as to how to initiate a new line of action, therefore, nothing more was done than passing a resolution to hold a convention in a central place, and inviting representatives to attend it from all the churches. The novelty of the idea, as well as other obstacles, made it difficult to have any church to take it, and it is questionable whether it would have been held were it not that Mr Jenkins's church at New Quay undertook the responsibility. The convention was held 31 December 1903, and 1 January 1904. The Revs. W.W. Lewis, Carmarthen, and J.M. Saunders, M.A. Swansea, as well as Mrs Saunders, were sent for to take part in the meetings. The convention was marked with an intense spiritual tone, and did much to deepen the spiritual life of those present.

In the beginning of February, 1904, the Divine fire began to take a firm hold on the Calvinistic Methodist Church at New Quay. One Sunday evening as the Rev. Joseph Jenkins preached on 'Faith overcoming the world', a young girl named Florrie Evans was deeply moved; and was compelled by her feelings to call upon Mr Jenkins at his house on her way home. She was unable to utter a word for a while; but eventually she broke out

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and said to her pastor, 'I waited for you in the lobby, hoping you would say something to me, but you did not. I went to meet you on your way home, but you took no notice of me beyond saying "good evening". I have been walking in front of the house for half-an-hour, and I was obliged to call. I am in a fearful state concerning my soul. I saw the world in tonight's sermon, and I am under its feet; I cannot live like this.' Her pastor spoke kindly to her, and told her words of peace and comfort. On the following Sunday morning Florrie Evans was present in the young peoples prayer meeting, when Mr Jenkins asked them to give their spiritual

experience. Several attempted to on different subjects, but the Minister would not allow that. At last Florrie Evans got up, and with a tremor in her voice said:—‘I love Jesus Christ—with all my heart.’ This sentence was the means of breaking the ice, they say, at New Quay. Florrie’s words sent a thrill through all those present. The fire was ignited, and the flame soon spread to Blaenannerch, Newcastle-Emlyn, Capel Drindod, and Twrgwyn. The Rev. M.P. Morgan, Blaenannerch, caught the fire, and threw himself heart and soul into the movement. So did the Rev. R.R. Davies, Capel Drindod, and the Rev. Evan Phillips, Newcastle-Emlyn, did everything he could to fan the flame.

One of the immediate results of this awakening was the conference held at Blaenannerch, in September, 1904, where Evan Roberts was filled with the Holy Spirit. The history of this will be given in full in the next chapter. Our object in this is to point out what his new surroundings had to do with his breaking out as a Revivalist. All the factors mentioned intensified his spiritual consciousness, and made it easier for him to break all the fetters that kept him from devoting himself entirely to the work of Christ; they helped to mature the great longing of his soul for ten years—for a Revival. However, it should be borne in mind that these

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factors would have been of no avail were it not for the other factors which continually and steadily ministered to his growth in the years he spent at Loughor. He says that he received great blessings at Newcastle-Emlyn and especially at Blaenannerch, but they were blessings of strengthening and intensification, rather than of creating anything new in him. His connection with and opinion of the young people of New Quay will become clear in his correspondence in future chapters.

Chapter XVII**The Preparation of the Possibility.
Spiritual Preparation
(Continuation).****Evan Roberts Filled with the Holy Ghost****I. GENERAL REMARKS ON BEING FILLED WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT**

WE have more than once suggested that it was no sudden thing for Evan Roberts to be called to his great work. God never calls men to do his most spiritual work without either direct or indirect preparation. This is only natural, and God never acts unnaturally. A natural gradation is one of his great principles of action every sphere. It is this which gives to his work stability, power, and firmness. There was a great deal of preparation necessary for the disciples before being filled with the Holy Spirit. They were not fitting recipients of this filling immediately after being called from their daily tasks. To whatever direction we turn, we see that no great work of a permanent character, of any kind, was ever accomplished without a long preparation. If in the nature of things preparation is needed to do work that is not of a spiritual character, how much more so is it needed in order to receive the Spirit of God to perform spiritual work? In Evan Roberts we see God's general mode of raising a man to do exceptional work in the sphere of grace.

There are two kinds of filling with the Holy Spirit, namely.—(1) general filling, and (2) special filling. The first ought to be the share of every one who has experienced the new birth, because it is an essential condition

of doing work for Christ in the ordinary spheres of religion, and a necessary element in spiritual development. Without this the Christian cannot attain to perfection of character. The special filling differs from this in that it is given in order to enable one to perform special work. John the Baptist is said to have been filled with the Spirit from his mother's

womb—St Luke 1:15. Elizabeth, his mother, was filled with the Holy Spirit when Mary addressed her—St Luke 1:41-42—so that she sang a song of praise for the honour bestowed upon her. Zacharias was filled with the Holy Spirit, in virtue of which he prophesied—St Luke 1:67. Our Saviour returned from the wilderness after the temptation, filled with the Holy Spirit—St Luke 4:1. These four instances show that the Spirit had filled the above-named person in a special manner in order to do special work. There are some eight references in the Acts to filling with the Spirit, and most, if not all of them, mean a special filling for special work or circumstances. Peter was filled with the Holy Spirit to speak in self-defence in the High Priest Court—Acts 4:7-9. The disciples were filled in a special manner on the day of Pentecost to speak with boldness and with power—Acts 2:4. It was in virtue of a special filling with the Spirit that Paul struck Elymas the sorcerer blind—Acts 3:8-11. Barnabas was the means of adding a great number to the church by being filled with the Spirit—Acts 11:24. By a filling with the Spirit, Stephen was able to die so glorious a death, and obtain a vision of Christ as he died. These instances will suffice to show the difference between the two kind of being filled with the Spirit. To take an illustration from nature it may be said that the difference resembles the fullness of life in the vegetable kingdom in autumn and winter, and its fullness in spring and summer. The first is a general fullness, the second is special. God does special work throughout the vegetable world in spring and summer, and fills it with special fullness of life for that purpose. This life is not special in its nature, be it

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borne in mind, but special in fullness. So it is with the kinds of fillings with the Spirit of God in the spiritual world. In their nature they are identical, but the fullness of the special is much greater than that of the general, as the fullness of the life of spring and summer is greater than that of autumn and winter.

II. THE CONDITIONS OF BEING FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT

The remainder of this chapter will be devoted to an account of the special filling of Evan Roberts for his special work. None, save unbelievers in the divine origin of the Revival, will deny that in a special sense Evan Roberts is a Spirit-filled man. His exceptional work proves this beyond doubt. But he did not receive this special fullness without conforming

with special conditions. He began fulfilling these conditions when thirteen years of age. In this compliance there are several elements, such as the following:—

(1) *Prayer*.—Throughout the years Evan Roberts prayed that he might be filled with the Holy Spirit, as we have mentioned elsewhere. In reply to a question on this matter he said ‘I prayed for the Spirit for thirteen years’. One of the most important elements in his prayers during this time was a desire for the Spirit. Whatever would be the burden of his prayer this element would come in. His mind was directed to this in a very simple way. One of the deacons of Moriah, Mr William Davies by name, was speaking in a church meeting at Loughor one evening, and telling those present—‘Remember to be faithful; what if the Holy Spirit descended when you are not here?—remember Thomas, friends! what a loss he had through being absent! As he listened to these words, Evan Roberts said to himself, ‘I am resolved to get the Holy Spirit’. He began at once to pray for the gift, and continued until his prayer was answered. This ought to teach all religious people a lesson on being filled with the

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Spirit. Some speak of it as though there were no conditions to be fulfilled in order to get the Spirit; and as though God shed his Spirit upon some particular persons without any preparation on their part.

(2) *Determination*.—Besides resolving to pray, Roberts determined to do all in his power to get the Spirit. As he listened to Mr William Davies speak on the danger of being absent from the meetings, he made up his mind that nothing should prevent him being present, if possible, in all the meetings in his chapel. Whatsoever would be the difficulties, he would be there. He determined not to give way to indulge in innocent pleasures on the nights of the services. Often he would see his comrades, in summer, rowing in boats on the river, and he acknowledges that he felt a strong desire to join them, sometimes, instead of going to chapel; but he did not even once give way to it. His determination was too strong to join any company but the children of God. Who but an exceptionally religious young man would tie himself to the meetings five nights a week. When he would feel a strong inclination to join young people who spent their time in pleasure, he would say to himself, ‘Oh! no, remember thy determination to be faithful.’ Monday evening he would go to the prayer meeting at Moriah, Tuesday to the one held at Pisgah, Wednesday to the church meeting at Moriah, Thursday to the Band of Hope held at the

same place, and Friday night to the Bible class. Week after week he attended these meetings with marked faithfulness.

Before long this determination gave birth to another one, namely, a strong resolve to pray for a Revival in Wales. He had prayed between ten and eleven years expressly for a Revival before it came. In these years the idea of a Revival, as a rule, was his ruling thought, and he could remain awake all night praying or speaking about it. There is no doubt in his mind but that this brooding and praying for a Revival was all due to the Holy Spirit's influence.

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3. *Consideration.*—He with an intense desire to consecrate himself entirely to the work of Christ; and the desire developed in power continually. Fearing lest it would be in any way frustrated, he gave up altogether relating all kinds of vain tales. These he thought destroyed the keenness of spirituality. To one so alive to the witty and humorous aspect of things as he, this meant something. In like manner he kept from all pleasures regarded as innocent in themselves even by the churches. His pursuits were those which helped him to consecrate his life to God in thought, words, actions, and conduct. Yet this effort after complete consecration, did not make him unnatural, nor burdensome to his comrades. The young people sought his company, notwithstanding his purity, and he was always a source of pleasure to them until someone would give expression to anything not of high taste. Then his countenance would wear an aspect of disapproval. He looked at the Sabbath as a day to be consecrated to God, and could not bear anyone to do unnecessary work on it. The Bible he handled as a Holy Book, containing the words of the Lord and Creator of the universe, and the chapel and all its services were holy in his sight. But in all these conceptions relating to consecration nothing like superstition nor asceticism dominated his mind. He believed, and believes so still, that the consecration of a man should be one of the greatest qualifications in him to do work for Christ, and win people to his kingdom. One of the things that troubled him was that his aim to save money was against him to consecrate himself to Christ, but time proved, as we shall have occasion to show again, that money had not captivated his heart. Like his prayers and determination, his longing for consecration grew gradually until his holy life became manifest even to those who had been brought up with him.

(4) *An exceptionally close Communion with God for three months.*—His communion with God became closer

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and more spiritual from year to year. He often forgot himself and all his surroundings in this communion, and as before stated, he could spend hours in secret with God. In the Spring of 1904 he found himself one night on the Mount of Transfiguration as it were. As he was at the Throne of Grace he felt himself being taken up to some space, and to him time and place were not. This was the most wonderful communion with God he had ever had, and he never felt God so near to him before. God used to be in the distance to him until then, and existing at the uttermost parts of the earth. But now he came so near as to fill him with divine awe. Every member in his body trembled until the bed was shaking. Dan, his brother, awoke and shouted, 'are you ill Evan?' 'Oh no,' he answered, 'beginning to get well I am.' Only once after this he has been terrified owing to the nearness of God, as will be seen from his address to the students at Bala. This night brought about a great change in him. For weeks after it he would awake about one o'clock in the morning. This was quite a new experience for him. Before the above night, he, as a rule, slept soundly, and it was difficult for any disturbance to awaken him. How to account for this change? He cannot account for it further than that it was caused by the most divine thing he ever experienced; from the time he would be aroused, until about 5 o'clock, his communion with God was most intimate, and without a break, and he describes it as the 'most divine, light, and happy communion'. Then he would sleep until about 9 am, and as soon as he would awake the communion would be repeated, and sometimes continue until about 12 or 1 o'clock. This was his experience for no less than from three to seven hours daily. The family could not understand why he kept in bed so long, and would ask for a reason. He could not answer them, because his experience during the hours in question was too divine to be described. His expression for it is—'It was something indescribable'. It continued increasingly for three

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months, and it was so sweet that he feared in his heart to lose it. This was one of his great fears when going to the Grammar School. 'Oh!' said he, when relating about it to me, 'I did fear to lose it.' I determined to give it half-an-hour every day, and the remainder to the school work, and that worked comparatively well for the first week; but after that

things changed I was compelled to give most of my time to the divine communion. When confined to my bed by a severe cold for four days, I only prayed day and night, the last of these nights the perspiration poured down my cheeks. This was caused by the cold and my communion with God.

III. THE HISTORY OF THE FILLING WITH THE SPIRIT

One of the four days alluded to was Sunday, 25 September 1904. He got up in his room for some time that day, but did not venture out. It was very hard for him to stay in, though very ill, because the Rev. Seth Joshua, Cardiff, held services at Bethel C.M. chapel, Newcastle-Emlyn. Monday evening, Roberts's friend, Sydney Evans, went to Mr Joshua's meeting, and felt that the place was full of God when the preacher emphasised the importance of bending, total self-surrender, and such things. There were a number of young ladies from New Quay at this meeting, and they had spoken in the Young Peoples Service, held before the public one. On his return Sydney Evans gave the history of the service to Evan Roberts, and we can very well imagine that he was much interested in hearing it. Mr Joshua held a meeting again on Tuesday evening, and the girls from New Quay aided him. Some of the students came with Sydney Evan, to see if Roberts would come to the service. Thus he relates what followed their request:—the minute they asked, I felt the Spirit descending on me. The irresistible possessed me, and I rushed to chapel without my overcoat. The divine influence began to bear on me heavily. I was ready to pray—to pray for the girls of New Quay to

have strength in the face of the expectations of the people from them. I had been praying Monday evening in the house for strength for them, but the Spirit would not allow me to pray in chapel on Tuesday night. It was wonderful on me Tuesday night. I was asking—where is the devil? I felt awfully hard I looked at the cross without feeling anything. I wept bitterly because of my hardness of heart, but I did not weep because of Christ. I loved the Father and the Holy Spirit, but did not love the Son.

Wednesday, before going to Blaenanerch, I felt like a *flint*, and told that to Mr Williams the guard, whom I met in Miss Phillips's shop. I felt as if every feeling had been swept from my bosom. I was saying to myself, I must be laid up on a sick bed, or have the Spirit with power. Thanks be to God, the Spirit I had, and not the sick bed. Miss Magdalen Phillips,

the daughter of the Rev. Evan Phillips, came to me and asked me to come to their house, to the prayer meeting, which was held before going to Blaenauerch. But I did not go because of two reasons.—(1) For fear that they would talk about my going out after having been ill for days, (2) I wanted to speak to Miss Phillips about her religious condition. I said to her *'I'll pray for you, you pray for me'*, and in a moment the tears filled her eyes. I do not remember what happened from this time on Wednesday, more than that I had something wonderful about 3.30 p.m., and that I asked Miss Phillips afterwards—'Are you praying for me?' and that she answered 'dear Roberts I was praying for you all day!'

This was the first day of the religious conference which was held at Blaenauerch, and as hinted before, Roberts went there with the Rev. Seth Joshua and others. The girls from New Quay did their best to persuade him to stay at Blaenauerch until the morrow, but he would not hear of that. Having failed to influence him, 'Well,' said they 'we have nothing to do.' No, replied he, neither have I anything to do, but wait for the fire to descend. The

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altar is built, and the wood upon it, and the sacrifice only waiting for the fire to come down.'

The Rev. Seth Joshua conducted a service at Newcastle Emlyn on Wednesday evening, and Evan Roberts attended it. In this meeting he prayed the wonderful prayer referred to by Mr John Phillips in chapter xv. Mr Joshua asked in the course of the service for all who possessed full assurance of faith to stand. Evan Roberts was one of the first of the few who stood up. When relating about this meeting to me, he remarked, that the Rev. Frank Joshua of Neath, who is a brother of Mr Seth Joshua, was conducting a mission at Libanus Chapel, Gorseinon, years ago, and that he asked those who had assurance to stand. 'I failed to stand then' said he. 'Why? Because all was not on the altar with me, and because I had not a strong faith in God. But when this night at Newcastle-Emlyn came, I had all on the altar.'

Thursday morning, 29 September, he started with Mr Joshua and about twenty others, at 6 o'clock, for Blaenauerch again. The company sang gloriously on their way:—

'The old time religion.'

'I can prove God answers prayer.'

‘From Heavenly Jerusalem’s towers,
 The path through the desert they trace,
 And every affliction they suffered
 Redounds to the glory of grace,
 Their look they cast back on the tempests,
 On fears, on grim death, and the grave,
 Rejoicing that now they’re in safety,
 Through him that is mighty to save.’

They arrived by 7 o’clock, and went to the service, which was left free for anyone to ask a question, and the Rev. W.W. Lewis, Carmarthen, was there to answer. In this meeting the irresistible influence came partly upon Evan

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Roberts. His feelings on the way to Blaenanerch were in a confused state. He describes them as joyous and gloomy, hard and cold at times, up and down. But in the above meeting the powerful, the stable, and the unchangeable came into his heart. The Rev. Seth Joshua prayed to close the service, and said:—‘*O Lord do this, and this, and this, and bend us.*’ Evan Roberts does not remember any of his words but ‘*bend us*’. According to him, Mr Joshua did not emphasise the words—*Oh! Lord, bend us.* ‘It was the Holy Spirit that laid the emphasis on them to me’, he said. ‘That is what you stand in need of’ said the Spirit to me. And Oh! in going through the door I prayed within myself, ‘Oh! Lord, bend us.’ When breakfasting in the house of the Rev. M.P. Morgan, Blaenanerch, Miss Magdalen Phillips handed me the bread and butter, but I refused it, because I had been satiated. As the Rev. Seth Joshua took the bread and butter, I thought and asked myself: ‘what if God offers his Spirit and I not ready to receive him, and that others are ready to accept him were they offered?’ At this time my bosom was full to overflowing. On our way to the 9 o’clock service the Rev. Seth Joshua said ‘*We are going to have a wonderful meeting here today,*’ I answered, ‘*I am just bursting*’. I felt in going to the meeting that I was compelled to pray. When the meeting commenced many prayed, and I asked the Holy Spirit, ‘shall I pray now?’ ‘No,’ said the Spirit in answer. Shortly some wonderful influence came over me. After many had prayed I felt some living energy or force entering my bosom, it held my breath, my legs trembled terribly, this living energy increased and increased as one after the other prayed until it nearly burst me, and as each finished I asked, ‘Shall I pray now?’ When someone

finished, I prayed. My bosom boiled all through, and had it not been that I prayed, I would have burst. What boiled my bosom? The verse, 'for God commendeth his love'. I fell on my knees, with my arms outstretched on the seat before me, the perspiration

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poured down my face and my tears streamed quickly until I thought that the blood came out. Soon Mrs Davies, Mona, New Quay, came to wipe my perspiration. Magdalen Phillips stood on my right, and Maud Davies on my left. It was awful on me for about two minutes. I cried—'Bend me, bend me, bend me, Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!' When wiping my perspiration Mrs Davies said, 'Oh wonderful grace!' 'Yes,' said I, 'Oh wonderful grace!' It was God commending his love that bent me, and I not seeing anything in him to commend. After I was bent, a wave of peace filled my bosom. When I was in this feeling the audience sang heartily:—

'I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!'

What came to my mind after this was the bending in the day of judgement. Then I was filled with sympathy for the people who will have to bend in the judgement day, and I wept. Afterwards, the salvation of souls weighed heavily on me. I felt on fire for going through the whole of Wales to tell the people about the Saviour, and had such a thing been possible, I was willing to pay God for that.' The plan he drew to go through Wales, as a result of this, is given in a further chapter.

This is the wonderful history of how Evan Roberts was filled with the Spirit. In this meeting, in a simple and unostentatious country place, the longing for being filled with the Holy Spirit which had been growing in him for thirteen years, reached its maturity. The hour of his preparation to receive the Spirit with power, and the hour of God had come, and behold, the mighty out-pouring descended on him. This was a never to be forgotten service for Evan Roberts and the whole of Wales. 'Blaenanerch's great meeting' he calls it. Those who were present should magnify their privilege; because they saw the Revivalist under the irresistible influence of the Holy Spirit—influence that made his desire for saving

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souls too intense to be kept within the bounds of the student's routine.

He and Sydney Evans attended the 10 o'clock service in which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. At the 2 o'clock service the Rev. Joseph Jenkins asked the young people to tell their experience regarding the great things they had felt and received in those days. Evan Roberts spoke, and his chief point was that he had put all on the altar. Sydney Evans rose, trembling like a leaf, and had it not been that Maud Davies, New Quay, held him, and said 'go on dear Syd', he would have fallen. In this meeting Miss Magdalen Phillips experienced the powerful divine influence. Roberts had been consoling her by pointing out the infinite merit of the atonement and other things, and during the service the spiritual light entered her soul. Nothing of special interest took place in the Young Peoples Meeting at 5 o'clock; after it closed, the Rev. Seth Joshua, Evan Roberts, and the other friends from Newcastle-Emlyn returned, and reached there about 9 p.m. Mr Joshua only related incidents of the wonderful day at Blaenanerch in the meeting at Newcastle-Emlyn this night.

IV. THE EFFECTS OF THE FILLING WITH THE SPIRIT

We have described the circumstances under which Evan Roberts was filled with the Holy Spirit in the last paragraph; we shall now proceed to the effects of that in his case. The most manifest effects were these:—
 (1) *Losing all physical weakness.*—He used to get very tired after walking a few miles, but on the above night he walked eight miles from Blaenanerch to Newcastle-Emlyn, and felt nothing after it, though he had been ill for four days previously. The day after, he walked five miles without getting at all tired. This is remarkable when we remember that he was almost too weak to walk from the house of the Rev. M.P. Morgan to the chapel,

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a distance of a few dozen yards, the morning he was filled with the Holy Spirit. (2) *Possessing Physical Freedom.*—He felt some physical freedom penetrating through his whole body, and the physical impediment he was subject to previous to this disappeared entirely. He felt a certain difficulty when singing, speaking, or doing other things; but from the moment he received the Spirit, that was not experienced by him any more. (3) *Losing all nervousness.*—He used to be very shy, and his nervous fear weakened him before an audience until this morning at Blaenanerch; but since, he has felt strong enough to stand in any public place. (4) *Feeling physically strong.*—He became conscious of certain physical strength in

speaking, praying, and singing, and everything done by him which he never experienced before, and in virtue of this he would not feel anything a burden. (5) *Fullness of happiness.*—He was inclined to be gloomy before, and to look at that aspect of things. This feeling now took its wings, and he was filled with, spiritual happiness. His soul overflowed with some divine joy, and he could laugh and sing from morning till night. (6) *Courage to carry out his conviction.*—Such was his courage that he felt he could stand before the whole world and give expression to his deepest convictions regarding religion, and he was determined to carry them out. (7) *No anxiety for the future.*—He used to grieve about the future, and it loomed before him in the months preceding his entrance to school. However, from the moment he was filled with the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to throw the future all on God, and, therefore, troubled nothing about it. (8) *An intense desire to save souls.*—This had existed in him for years, as has been pointed out several times, but now its intensity grew to such an extent as to conquer entirely all other desires.

Chapter XVIII

The Preparation of the Possibility. The Spiritual Preparation (Continuation).

A chapter each has been given to the relation between Evan Roberts and the school, his relation to his new environment, and the history of how he was filled with the Holy Spirit. This chapter will contain an account of his movements in other connections, and his correspondence during the weeks he spent at Newcastle-Emlyn.

It will be remembered that on September the 13th he went to the Grammar School, and on the 18th he received the following letter from the Secretary of the Calvinistic Methodist Education Committee of West Glamorgan:—

Llety,

Neath,

17 September 1904

West Glamorgan Education Committee

DEAR MR ROBERTS,

According to instructions from the Secretary of the Education Board, I have convened the above Committee to meet at Bethel, Briton Ferry, on Wednesday next, the 21st inst., in connection with the Monthly Meeting, in order to confer with the successful candidates at the August Examination in respect to their future course I trust, therefore, that you will not fail to be present.

With heartiest congratulations on your success and position at the Examination, and with best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

B.T. JONES.

Hon. Sec.

Mr E.J. Roberts

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It was a great temptation for him to attend the Committee, as he would be passing his home in going to Briton Ferry. But instead of that he answered in a gentlemanly way thus:—

MR JONES,

Dear Sir,

It appears to me that the Secretary of the Education Board is under the impression that I am staying at Loughor, being that you directed the letter there. I do not know whether I am expected to come up from Newcastle Emlyn to appear before the Committee at Briton Ferry. Had I been staying at Loughor, I should be pleased to do that. But being that I am staying here in school, and trying to prepare according to the requirements of the Education Board, it seems wise to inform in you by letter, being that time and money will be saved. I spoke to the Rev. Evan Phillips, Emlyn, and the Rev. R.J. Evans, Skewen, and they advised me to inform you so.

Hoping that this will satisfy you,

I am,

Yours truly,

E.J. ROBERTS

We can infer from this letter that he was bent on doing the best of his time with the school subjects.

The Secretary was kind enough to answer his letter, on behalf of the Committee, to inform him that his explanation was satisfactory.

Llety,
Neath

29 September 1904

West Glamorgan Education Committee

DEAR MR. ROBERTS,

Your letter explaining your absence from the Committee on the 21st instant was considered by the said Committee, and was deemed satisfactory, seeing that you had lost no time in entering one of the schools recommended by the Monthly Meeting.

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I have received some of the enclosed from the Education Board, with the request that one be forwarded to each Candidate within our Monthly Meeting.

The Committee wishes me to write you expressing their best wishes on your behalf.

With kind regards,
Yours faithfully,

B.T. JONES

Mr E.J. Roberts

Sunday evening, 18 September, he preached at Twrgwyn, but the people there were not much impressed, only by his prayer in introducing the service.

On 20 September, he received the following letter from Dan, his brother, and had it not been that he determined to cling to the school work, the letter would have induced him to attend the Education Committee in order to see them at home:—

Island House,
Loughor,

19 September '04

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Your post-card to hand safely Wednesday last, and we were glad to hear from you and learn that you were in good health, had a very good lodgings, and that you are making yourself at home. It is felt very strange here without you. Granny felt grieved by thinking that you were going away and she would

not see you in the seat with the violin. Many ask if we have heard from you, and how you like the place. Henry Evans has gone to the hospital since week today.

We had a very good meeting at Pisgah last Monday night. Rhys Davies preached on the text—Luke 9:23, and Mr Evans preached from 2 Kings 7:1–2.

The young peoples meeting commenced successfully Sunday morning. There were 15 present. Those who took part in it were D.J. Lewis, John Thomas, Kymni; Tommy John. Pen Steps, Luther Owen Davies, and myself, and Thomas Thomas

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and David Davies said a word, and David Rees gave a hymn out to sing to close.

Mr Jones preached yesterday morning on Acts 1:12–14. The points:—

- (1) The way to the prayer meeting.
- (2) The place where the prayer meeting was held.
- (3) Those who were present.

He preached Sunday evening on Titus 2:14 The points:—

- (1) The characteristics of Christ's death.
- (2) The object of Christ's death.

Mr Jones is going to hold a Bible class after Monday evening prayer meetings, the children's service before the Church meeting, and the Band of Hope is to be on Wednesday night.

A post-card has come from Smith & Son, Bookstall, Swansea, stating that the *Red letter testament* is out of print. They intend sending one in a few days.

Our warmest regards to you both.

I shall close now, wishing you God speed.

Your Brother,

DAN.

This letter reveals the dominating inclination of the family. Religious topics were their topics before the revival, and Dan's notes show that he took deep interest in all the services. Respect for religion and the ministers of the Gospel is evident in the contents of the letter. The reference to the 'Red Letter Testament' is interesting when we remember the significance of Christ's blood in Evan Roberts's preaching. One of the superior aspects

of the family is their elevated taste in their correspondence, and the absence of all disrespectful remarks about other people.

We shall now treat on the day after Evan Roberts was filled with the Holy Spirit at Blaenarnerch, that is, Friday, 30 September 1904. The previous day determined his fate in relation to the school work. Yet he was not ready to go home. As was suggested in the

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paragraph on the Effects of the filling with the Spirit, there was a great change in him. The lines given below, composed by him after the Blaenarnerch Convention, fairly represent the change.

My heart was ever like a stone,
My tongue still as the grave;
But from another world there shone
A light thy soul to save.

Now, I am singing all day long
The praises of his blood;
No other theme awakes my song
Like Calvary's crimson flood.

I felt the pressure of his hand
Bending my sinful heart,
Henceforth, no power can command
My soul from him to part.

The topic that engaged his mind this day was—how to go through the whole of Wales to offer Christ to sinners? With that intent he drew out a scheme, and on a paper among his manuscripts I found an outline of the plan, which contained three parts—(1) The probable ones to go on the mission. (2) to where, and when to go. (3) the question of costs.

He intended for ten to go on the mission, and nine of the names of the probable ones are given below, as they are on the paper.—

Maud Davies,
Elsie Phillips,
Mary C. Jones,
Miss Davies,
Mrs Davies, Mona, New Quay,
Florrie Evans,
Mrs Evans, New Quay,
Sydney Evans,

 Evan Roberts,

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It should be noted that all these have been workers with the Revival, and some of them, such as Maud Davies, Florrie Evans, and Sydney Evans, have taken a very prominent part in the movement.

After their names the second part of the plan comes, involving these questions written in shorthand:—

Who shall go?
Where shall we go?
When shall we go?

He and Sydney Evans placed these questions on the two small Bibles they had in their bedroom, intensely expecting an answer to them. Thus Evan Roberts says on this point:—“These were put on our two small Bibles in the bedroom, in the Lord’s presence. For some time we could not enter to see if there was an answer, because we feared entering the room. After having been to Blaenannerch the room had become a holy of holies unto us. Who was to go in first to look at the papers. Both of us were filled with awe at the thought. However, I had strength to look; but there was nothing on the paper. Immediately the Spirit told me—“You have not a sufficient number of questions.” You should have asked—“shall we go”. I saw at once that we had taken the whole thing into our hands, because, “shall we go?” should have been the first question.’ This was an awful time in the history of that Friday. Sydney Evans’ fear was too great to go inside the door of the bedroom until Evan Roberts had looked at the papers. This proves that they were both serious, and that their souls were on fire for the work of saving sinners.

The next thing on the plan is the third part alluded to, namely, the scheme as to costs. Roberts intended to defray all the expenses himself, and thus he formulated this section of the scheme. He put 2s. a day for each of the ten; and found that that amounted to 140s. per week, and for 28 weeks would reach £200. He proceeds no

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further with the calculation. Why? because only, £200 he had in the bank. The fact that he had become willing to part with all he had earned through hard work, for the cause of Jesus, verifies his statement at Blaenannerch, that he had all on the altar.

Meditating over this plan, reading the Bible, praying and writing the letter inserted below, engaged his mind all this day. Joy fills his heart when he reflects on it, and he feels that it was one of the most important days of his life. His sister was a pupil teacher, and, therefore, he gives her the history of the school, but in the heat of his feelings he cannot but refer twice to the Blaenannerch Convention.

Ty Llwyd,
Newcastle-Emlyn,

30 September 1904

DEAR MARY,—I suppose that by now you are anxiously waiting for a letter from me. I thought of writing sooner, but it has been very busy here—School work, and the meetings conducted by Mr Seth Joshua, Cardiff. We have been for two days at Blaenannerch at a Convention. We had very enthusiastic meetings. Blaenannerch lies about 8 miles from Newcastle-Emlyn. We started yesterday morning at six a.m. It was a very fine drive through lovely scenery. As we climbed the hills we could see the mist in the valley as if it were a sea. And at one particular place it seemed as if you stood at Pem Beily and looked down towards Penclawdd. The air is very thin here, and it is also so pure, because there are so many hundreds of trees in the neighbourhood, and, therefore, it abounds with oxygen. I suppose you would have a word with regard to School work. We have started with (1) Latin, (2) Greek, (3) History, (4) Welsh Grammar, (5) English Grammar, (6) Mathematics.

We have Nos 1 and 2 every morning, No 3 twice a week. We have gone through four reigns (1) Henry VII; (2) Henry VI; (3) Edward VI; (4) Mary, and next time 'Good Queen Bess'. I have bought Gill's History of England. It is so concise, and it is also the book used in the class.

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Welsh: We have this subject twice a week.

English Grammar: Every morning.

Mathematics: In the afternoons.

Hours: Morning—9.30 to 12 a.m.

Afternoon—1.30 to 4 p. m.

Both of us are in excellent health, and Sydney Evans wishes to be remembered to you most affectionately. He preached at Solfach last Sunday, about forty miles from here. I have been preaching also one Sunday evening since I am here at Twrgwyn.

We have very kind folk at our lodgings. We pay 3s 6d. for lodgings, washing and potatoes included. They also give freely of their own substance. It is a very clean place.

Samuel Williams (Mr Jones nephew) has returned again to this School.

I know not what else I have to say, but I should like to know how things turn out at Gowerton.

I said at the commencement that we had 'enthusiastic meetings' at Blaenauerch, but I am afraid the term is too mild. I should say that they were marvellous, because the Holy Spirit was there, working wonderfully. Last Thursday's meeting was the most awful and pleasant day of my life. The young women of New Quay were there—about 30 in number. And, oh! I should like if such a spirit should fall on the young women of Loughor. Then they would not and could not speak lightly in Church, and all their frivolities would be swept away. Will you not, Mary, pray for such a spirit. Some of these young women have been reckless characters. Reading novels, flirting; never reading their Bibles. But now what a wonderful change. In truth, this is a divine miracle!

In concluding, I wish you such a Spirit,

From your

BROTHER EVAN

Kind regards to all faithful enquirers.

Chapter XIX

The Preparation Of The Possibility. The Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

Saturday 1 October, Evan Roberts is again full of the idea of going through Wales on a mission tour. This day has a history like Friday. At Newcastle-Emlyn and Blaenauerch he understood that the Holy Spirit influenced powerfully the young people of New Quay; and the list of the probable ones to go through the Principality, given in the last chapter, shows how deeply they had impressed him. A number of them are from New Quay. The day now under consideration he determined to go and see them, in order to have a conversation on the question of going on a

mission in accordance with the plan drawn the previous day. Being that the distance to New Quay was about fifteen miles, he hired a trap, and took Sydney Evans and another student by the name of D. Glyn Jones with him. The young people of New Quay gave them a warm welcome, and the way of carrying out the proposed mission was discussed in many of its aspects, such as the expense, and how to move from place to place. Some thought it advisable to have a van to carry them, and others differed; but no definite conclusion was arrived at. Before long, they turned to pray for light on the subject, but although the prayers were earnest and intense, no light was forthcoming. We now easily understand why their scheme was not God's plan in bringing about a Revival. When this meeting closed, Evan Roberts prepared to return home. The people of New Quay would have him to stay with them over Sunday; but they could not induce him to conform with their wish, being that he had definitely promised to be at Newcastle-Emlyn that

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evening. His two friends remained there until Monday, and therefore he had to return by himself. From this time on, he and Sydney Evans did little but reading the Bible, praying and discussing the matter how to carry out the idea of going through Wales. It was now next to impossibility for Evan Roberts to handle the school books; but he did not feel ready to go home to Loughor for a reason that will be pointed out later.

On 6 October, a revival meeting was held at Twrgwyn a place about five miles from Newcastle-Emlyn, and he, Sydney Evans, D. Glyn Jones, and a Mr Evans, from Aberystwyth, went there. They walked joyfully, and spoke of religious matters until within a mile to the chapel, when some cloud came over the minds of Roberts and Sydney Evans, and they could not any more speak. Roberts walked behind praying in himself for the success of the service, and Sydney Evans who walked in front did the same.

The Rev. Joseph Jenkins, who conducted, gave the meeting free for anyone to speak. The three other students spoke as well as Roberts. His subject was—How to win souls for Christ and the joy of his religion. The meeting lasted four hours, and when they came out the rain was coming down in torrents, and made it terrible for anyone to think of walking five miles. Nevertheless, the four walked home joyfully. This night on their way to Newcastle-Emlyn was the first time for Evan Roberts to mention the question to Sydney Evans of having one hundred

thousand converts in Wales. 'Do you think,' said he to Evans, 'that it is too much to ask God to save one hundred thousand in Wales?' 'No,' was the answer, 'it would not be too much to ask him to save Wales and the world.' 'Well,' he replied, 'we must go at it earnestly.' They reached home about one in the morning, and went upstairs as quietly as possible, lest the ladies who kept the house should hear. Their strange way of staying down late to read, pray, sing, and speak on spiritual subjects had

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created a suspicion in the good sisters regarding their state of mind. They did not complain so much of them being down late, and granted them a key to enter after having been in a late meeting, but their unusual conduct in the house had caused their landladies almost to dread them. In fact, they were quite serious and uneasy about their mental condition.

Sunday, 9 October, Evan Roberts preached at Tanygroes, Cardiganshire, both morning and evening, and had a very pleasant time. But nothing special took place during the day as far as we have been able to find out. He left the impression on the audience of being a godly and earnest young man, and all he did was stamped with some kind of divine intensity.

He was not idle on 10 October, the two letters written by him—one to his brother, Dan, and the other to Mr John Hughes—show that the same burden is still on his mind. These letters explain their object without a comment:—

Ty Llwyd,
Ebeneser Street,
Newcastle-Emlyn,

October 10th, 1904.

DEAR DAN,—

I received in letter this morning from some person from New Quay by the name of 'J. Thomas', desiring me to send the same copy to another two. Sydney and I had one each. And I send one to you, and to J. H. Hughes, believing that you will ask our Heavenly Father to further his kingdom in a special manner in the present evil world. There is a blessed time awaiting the Church of Christ in the near future. The night begins to vanish, and the dawn extends gradually but certainly. We have come in contact with the young men and young women of New Quay, in this town, at Blaenanerch, and Twrgwyn. There are about 30 (or rather over 30) taking part publicly in the service in the church at New Quay. We had one awful meeting at Blaenanerch, but we had a wonderfully sweet meeting at Twrgwyn. The service commenced at 6.15, and closed

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at 10.15 p.m. Four hours' meeting, and no one but the young people taking part. A meeting is to be held at Capel Drindod before long. And we are looking forward for a blessed feast. Pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit to descend and work mightily, so that you may rejoice when you will see wonderful thing taking place.

You will see by the enclosed copy that asking you to pray they are, and endeavour to have some other two to do the same thing. It will be necessary to pray without ceasing. And that so that the chain will not be broken. The wheels of the Gospel Chariot are to turn rapidly ere long. And to be permitted to have a hand with the cause is a privilege. I do not know whether you are in possession of the Joy of the Gospel. I know that you have peace, but ask for joy. But if you wish to possess it, you must be ready to do what the Spirit will say. If he will tell you to speak in the Church meeting, it must be done. You must give yourself absolutely in the hands of the Holy Spirit.

I have lost all nervousness; I am courageous for Christ, and joyful in Christ.

I am healthy and joyful. Remember me affectionately to all who affectionately enquire about me.

Your brother,

Dan Roberts E.J. ROBERTS.

Dan answered him the following day:—

Island House,

Loughor,

October 11th, 1904

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

I received your letter this morning, and I had great joy by reading it, and to understand that the Lord had visited that part of the country in such a powerful manner, and my prayer is:

‘Onward, onward, fire divine,
Take this world and make it thine.’

I should like very much to see something of that kind in this place. I can say there is a stir among the young men at

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Moriah in the Sunday mornings prayer meeting, there is an excellent obedience. John Thomas (Kymni), and William John (Pen Steps), take part in it.

We had a very pleasant meeting at Pïsgah tonight. Mr Thomas, Glanmor, closed the service. I feel more warmth in the week night meetings than in the past. I have sent copies of that letter further. I am sorry to inform you that one of the deacons of Moriah died yesterday afternoon in Swansea hospital, namely, Henry Evans. He will be buried next Thursday.

Doubtless, you have heard of the accident that occurred on the railway, the lower side of Loughor Bridge, on the 3rd of this month. It was a pitiful scene. Three lives were lost in the accident, and many were injured. I have not been in work since last Monday week. I have been with the doctor, and have given notice to the Club. I feel myself a little better, but rather weak.

They have appointed me your successor at Moriah as Secretary of the seats. I commenced the work last night.

Bessie Williams has gone to Cardiff College since the 3rd of this month. W.H. Morgan has gone back to College to Cardiff. His parents have come to live to Bwlchymynydd, and Chester comes to Pïsgah. He takes the class of William Phillips, and Phillips consequently takes your class. There were forty-four in School last Sunday.

One of the members of Moriah, Mrs John Hughes, was buried last week. She sat in a seat in front of ours. She is as buried at Crwys.

The football worshippers are numerous at Bwlchymynydd, taking the minds of the young and middle-aged people. There was a match between them and those of Llanelly last Saturday. They played in a field close to the tent—the Corporation. There was much drinking, and a great deal of row among them. I should like to see the Holy Spirit coming powerfully to drive these games out of the country. I ask you to remember this place in your prayers, and for us to feel the powerful influences. They are alright here.

Warmest regards to you both from

DAN.

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This letter manifests the same earnest religious spirit and desire in Dan for the success of Christ's cause, as we find in his brother's epistles.

Thus he wrote to Mr John Hughes:—

Ty Llwyd,
Ebenezer Street,
Newcastle-Emlyn,

October 10th, 1904

DEAR MR HUGHES,—

Enclosed here is a copy of a letter I received today from some 'J. Thomas, New Quay'. I do not know who this person is, but being that he urges me to send to two other friends, I do so, believing that you will pray unceasingly, being that you love our blessed Saviour intensely. You endeavour to have two to do this.

I am in splendid health—enjoying myself, or rather enjoying heaven greatly. I was up at Twrgwyn last Thursday, and we had a blessed meeting from 6.15 p.m. Until 10.15 A good meeting, was it not?

Christ must be glorified. And he will be glorified before long. A great Revival is breaking on our country. A blessed time awaits the Christian Church. We had awful meetings at Blaenanerch, when Mr Seth Joshua stayed in this town last week. Pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit. Pray for him to descend upon the young women and young men (and old as far as that is concerned) of Moriah.

Your humble friend,

E.J. ROBERTS

On the 11th of October, he wrote a letter to one of the members of Moriah, which shows (1) his idea of what people should do with spiritual blessings. He received the great blessing at Blaenanerch, and was desirous to tell other people about it, for them to benefit from his experience, if possible; (2) his longing that the divine fire should spread and reach Loughor; (3) his honesty in small things; (4) his consciousness of forgiveness, (5) his observations of the consequences of being filled with the Spirit. The letter runs:—

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Ty Llwyd,
Ebenezer Street,
Newcastle-Emlyn,

October 11th, 1904

DEAR MR DAVIES,—

You will be surprised to see the contents of this letter; it contains nothing to be surprised at; but writing it will be a blessing for me, and also good for you. Before I came down to Newcastle-Emlyn, I thought that it would be hard on me to give up the long hours of fellowship with God, but I have been greatly disappointed. I was having great pleasure with the work before, but now I am having the most pure joy on earth. And, Oh! I cannot say how happy I feel, because God works so powerfully on me, and has worked powerfully on me of late, and especially at Blaenanerch. We have come in contact with the young girls of New Quay, and the divine fire has begun to

lay hold of us. And, Oh! it is a blessed time on us, and I wish the fire came to the neighbour hood of Loughor. But always when the light comes, the ugly and undesirable are revealed. And this is the reason, or rather one reason, of my writing to you. I do not know whether you remember that Mr Samlet Williams trusted to you some of the books on 'Welsh Methodism', or the 'Methodist Enquirer', and I took one of them, and some time ago, and also some years ago, it came to my mind or to my memory whether I had paid for it or not. I do not know whether you remember or not, but I must get rid of the doubts as soon as possible, and I enclose to you twelve stamps, desiring you to accept them. I am certain that they will do you no harm, but they will make a path of happiness and peace for me.

Do you know the devil is at his best these days. He attacks me with all his might, and he also ploughs the past of my life. But I rejoice that all has been done away with through the virtue of the Blood. I do not know whether it is right for me to tell you or not, but being that the name of our God is glorified, I will tell it. I have received three great blessings:—(1) I have lost all nervousness; (2) I can sing all day long—some physical impediment obstructed me before; (3) I had gone as hard as a *flint*, and that bear in mind, although my whole

inclination, and the only object of my life was to serve God—but thank Heaven, I was bent low at Blaenanerch. I was so bent that I had to shout out, 'Diolch Iddo' ('Thanks be to him') Oh! what an easy thing it is to thank now.

I should be glad to have a note from you if you can steal an inch of time.

Warmest regards,

I am,

Yours,

E.J. ROBERTS.

Mr D. Davies.

From Mr Davies's answer it is clear that it was a false impression on his mind that the book was not paid for:—

Ardwyn,

Waun Road,

Loughor,

October 20th, 1904.

DEAR BROTHER,—

I received your kind and unexpected letter, rejoiced when I read its contents, and I hope that it has produced a strong desire in me for a religious revival

in our midst at Loughor. All things are here as you saw them unfortunately, the young people are slow and difficult to move, that is, with anything religious. And when they move a little, they slide beck again to the same condition of life. Well, this is the history of the young people's prayer meeting at present as those before it—commencing strongly, but getting weak and powerless, is its history continually. But, notwithstanding this, there is much exhorting of the young people all the time by the minister and the officers, and I wish that we could have a revival at Moriah. Oh that the divine shower were to come to us, then the necessity for exhorting would cease, pulling and dragging the old squeaking chariots. They would go easily along the electrical lines of love for Jesus, as they are in your neighbourhood with brothers and sisters without distinction.

I was pleased to learn of the personal blessings you have experienced down there. They will be of great help for you to

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perform your work hopefully.

As for the book you mentioned in your letter, I have not the slightest recollection that you have not paid for it, and because of that, I enclose the money back. I hope that you will not think me unkind. Do not worry any more about it.

I shall be pleased to have a word again from you. Remember me, if you have leisure. I greatly wish you success. Remember me also to Sydney and Daniel.

Yours sincerely,

D. DAVIES

This day he wrote also the following letter to Mr Joseph Lewis, bookseller, Gowerton:—

Ty Llwyd,
Ebenezer Street,
Newcastle-Emlyn,

Oct. 11th, 1904

DEAR MR LEWIS,—

You will be surprised to see what this note contains. You may remember that a few years ago on a certain occasion I had bought a few books from you, and also had some periodicals bound, and that I told you there was some slight mistake at your account—a few shillings deficient. You replied that you were almost certain there was no mistake, and I, on my own part, could not be positive, but I had my doubts.

From a business point of view, I could be quiet, but from a moral point of view I cannot, and now I have determined that this shall never crop up again. Perhaps there was no mistake. I know not. Now, since I have my doubts, I must get rid of them as soon as possible. It will cost me but very little, and I am sure you will be kind enough to accept them.

Therefore, I enclose you an older of five shillings, for I am positive they did not exceed five shillings, neither did they come within a fair distance. But I trust you will accept it in round numbers, and then no more ado about it.

Please acknowledge the note by return of post, if you can snatch an inch of time.

Yours truly,

Mr Joseph Lewis E.J. ROBERTS.

Mr Lewis answered:

The Agency,

Gowerton,

October 17th, 1904.

MY DEAR MR ROBERTS,—

Yours to hand, enclosing 5s. for alleged account owing. I assure you that I should prefer not accepting the sum, but you put it in such a way that I cannot refuse without risking to offend you. Therefore, accept my sincerest thanks, and consider the matter financially closed.

You did not say how you are getting on at School. I have no doubt though but that you are doing well. With sincere remembrance,

I am,

Yours,

JOSEPH LEWIS.

Sunday, 16 October, Evan Roberts preached at two places in Pembrokeshire, called Penffordd and Gwastad. A most godly minister, the Rev. George Williams, Llysbran, who listened to him, wrote to me his impressions:—

'Evan Roberts came to us unexpectedly instead of one of the ministers of the county, who could not come. When I entered the chapel, he had gone into the pulpit. There I saw him first. I did not know who he was; only that I drew the conclusion that he was coming from one of the schools, being that young students had been coming in us when there was a gap.

I noticed from the commencement a peculiarity in his prayer, and by the close of the service, I had been highly pleased. I said immediately to some of the friends that the young man was an exception to young students we used to hear. I was in his company for about two hours after the service. In the pulpit his earnestness in prayers and solemnity when addressing the young people took my attention. In company he was so cheerful, natural, simple, that it was impossible not to like him. Though

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he was cheerful, I understood that he was in some kind of distress. He said that he could not go on with his books, and that he feared he would have to give up. After I went home, he opened his mind to a greater extent to some of the brethren, who stayed with him for the evening service. I asked one of the Penffordd brothers about him, where he preached in the morning, and the answer I had was that his prayer had effectually impressed the minds of the people who were there, and that they spoke of it on their way home more than anything else.

I continue to rejoice in Mr Evan Roberts and in his wonderful work, which is so gloriously successful and blessed. He is a messenger of God. What more can I say? And I have looked on him as such for fully a year.'

He impressed most of the people that he was a devout and holy young man, but they could see by him that his mind was in a troubled state. On his way home on Monday, the question of Jesus to Peter preyed on his mind: 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' He regarded the question as a kind of test examination, which tried him to the uttermost. 'But,' says he, 'I passed it with honours.' He turned to his Bible when thinking of the question, and his eye; dropped upon the miracle of the draught of fishes, and the number reminded him of the hundred thousand converts he desired to have for Christ in Wales. He had forgotten for three days to pray for them. Thereupon, he had to turn to his heavenly Father at once to ask that Jesus should have these.

Next, we find him (18 October) at Bwlchygroes, in Pembrokeshire. He and Sydney Evans were invited there to a monthly meeting. As referred to in a previous chapter, it was the second day of the meeting Evan Roberts arrived. He and his friend understood that they were to have a young peoples meeting, and on that understanding they went there. After the morning service

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one of the deacons told the chairman of the monthly meeting, the Rev. W.F. Jones, Pembroke:—‘These two boys ask if it is possible to have a prayer meeting for the young people today.’ The two boys were Evan Roberts and Sydney Evans. Mr Jones said that it was possible to comply with their request. Between five and six o’ clock the meeting was held, and Evan Roberts conducted, but there was no freedom in it owing to the shyness of the young people.

At six o’clock the Rev. W.F. Jones and the Rev. W.H. Thomas, Maesteg, preached, and Evan Roberts introduced the service. His prayer was characterised by many appropriate Scripture quotations, which drew the attention of the ministers to his great familiarity with the Bible. And one of them remarked: ‘This young man knows more of his Bible than anyone I have heard for the last ten years.’ When listening to the sermons, Roberts had his Bible open, and turned to the quotations made in the discourses, and shed tears almost through the service. This greatly impressed some of the people.

He and Sydney Evans were desirous to have, a meeting for the young people on Wednesday evening, but as there was a singing festival in the vicinity, the Bwlchygroes people could not see their way clear to grant their request. However, they were loath to part without having it. They lingered there all the morning with the hope of succeeding in their object. But their host devised a plan to get them away. He put the horse in the trap, went to the house, and told them, ‘Now, boys, if you want a lift to Newcastle-Emlyn come with me in the trap’. This was the means that got them from there; and their host felt he had won a wonderful victory in removing them.

In this place he came in contact with Dr Hughes, whose opinion of him has been given before. In these weeks all who watched him closely thought the same as Dr Hughes, namely, that his mind was rapidly becoming impaired.

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Friday, 28 October, a Revival meeting was to be held at Capel Drindod, and he wrote a letter to Miss Sarah Jane Davies, New Quay. He had sent a telegram to Miss Davies before the letter regarding the meeting, the contents of which was Pray, pray, pray, and this was the first telegram he sent in connection with revival meetings. In the letter, he manifests a clear conception of the whole situation.

Ty Llwyd,
Ebenezer Street,

Newcastle-Emlyn

DEAR MISS DAVIES,

I thought of writing sooner to you with regard to the Capel Drindod meeting, but the time flew by almost unknown to me, hence the reason why we sent you a wire. Everything points to a large gathering of young people, and so there will be a splendid place to work for the Great Master. I know that prejudice will be strong against the movement, therefore, we must be armed with the Holy Spirit. Amongst many, too, there will be levity, and this calls upon us to be very watchful with regard to our movements and our words, and remember to keep our eyes from all wantonness. There will be another class, viz., some who come out of curiosity, and possibly some will come to scoff. Therefore what will be necessary for us to do is to be strong in prayer. Oh! that we could all feel that we can do nothing without the Holy Spirit, and in that feeling fall in lowliness before God with a broken heart, beseeching him to show us his face, especially at Capel Drindod. It would be awful for us without God. Oh try to impress upon those who will be coming the importance of having the *powerful* influences of the Holy Spirit. As for those friends who cannot come, ask them to pray for us during the meeting, for 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much'. We must remember, too, to ask God to strengthen our faith. Oh that the Spirit of God would explain to us the meaning of

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Matthew 28:18—'All power'. He has power to send the Spirit to Capel Drindod. Let us ask him to do so, and that for his names sake.

Hoping to meet you and Heaven at Capel Drindod,

I am,

With kindest regards,

EVAN J. ROBERTS and SYDNEY EVANS.

Chapter XX

The Preparation of the Possibility. Spiritual Preparation (Continuation)

THE LAST DAYS AT NEWCASTLE-EMLYN

The history of these days is full of interest. Total surrender to Christ had now entirely captivated Evan Roberts's mind; but the people could not understand him. He caused no little anxiety to his near acquaintances, as they all believed that he was rapidly losing his mental equilibrium. When out in the daytime, he would gaze incessantly at the sun, and remark that he was seeing wonderful things in it. The grandeur of it was such to him that he felt he had never seen it before. In the night again, it was next to impossible to keep him from looking at the moon and stars. All this was put down to mental impairment. Yet, one thing puzzled the people very much, namely, the sane way in which he performed his part in religious services, and his clear conceptions when talking on religious matters in circles outside the chapel. This was not consistent with *religious mania*. The students and the Misses Phillips did their best to take him out for walks, and draw his attention from the heavenly bodies and religious topics, but without effect. It is not required of us to adopt the standpoint of the apologist and argue that the people were greatly mistaken in their opinion of Roberts's mental condition. The delusion that he was a religious maniac will soon be dispelled by reading the letters written by him during these days, especially in his answer to the following letter from his sister:—

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Island House,

26 October 1904.

DEAR EVAN,

Very likely you think I have forgotten you, but it is not so. My time is well occupied with lessons, and I hope you will forgive me for keeping you so

long without an answer. I am glad to hear that your life at Newcastle Emlyn is enjoyable. ...

Dan has not started working owing to his eyes being weak.

... The Llandilo-Talybont pupil teachers attend the Gowerton classes now. Mr Morgans has gone away to Tondy. We are about 90 teachers there on Saturday—1st, 2nd, and 3rd years together. We are getting on alright with the lessons. The walk over is the worse part for me. I go up with the 9.20 train when it rains and it always rains on Mondays!

He has tested us in three subjects—English, History, and Geography. He told me that I was too slow in writing, and that I should practise to write quicker. That was the only fault. On the whole, he has told me that my work is satisfactory so far. We had a test in Science Saturday. We have had a new book lately—Lees 'Grammar on Historical Principles'. We do not take General Knowledge. Thanks for that.

Mr Lewis, Libanus, Pontardulais, is with us at Moriah next Sunday. Mr Jones and he have exchanged. Mr Thomas, Glanmor, still comes to Pysgah. We have warm meetings. As Dan told you, Bessie has left us for Cardiff. I have had two letters from her; and in the first she asked me to give you her kindest regards, and the same twice in the last one. She hopes that you like New Castle Emlyn, as well as she likes Cardiff. She is going in for her Intermediate B.A., and she says that it will mean hard work. ...

We are getting on grand with Algebra and Euclid. Algebra gets harder every week. We shall be working on the 'Donkey's Bridge' in Euclid next week, and I am afraid I shall stick there. The French is not so hard as I thought it would be. There are a good number of words in it like the English and Welsh. The scholarship Exam will commence this year seven weeks next Tuesday; and in two years to that time we shall be sitting, if alive and well. We have had visits from two different Inspectors

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—one last week and the other this week—Mr Edwards and Mr Ballard. The latter told me that next pay day I shall have an advance, and also back pay from August on, and Chester will have it as well. Chester has brought his developer to school, and we use that play time. I have no more to say.

Best love from all, hoping you are in good health. Kind regards to Evans.

From your loving sister,

MARY.

Ty Llwyd, Ebenezer Street,
Newcastle-Emlyn,

28 October, 1901,

DEAR MARY,—

Your letter to hand this morning. I was expecting to have it every day—'But everything comes to those that wait'. Very glad to hear of your progress at School, and I hope you will ere long find it easy to write swiftly. I know it is a hard task for us as a family to write swiftly and intelligibly, as our cast of mind does not allow it. But by sheer practice, we can accomplish it. I was glad to notice the change in your writing, that is, I see you are doing away with your recklessness, and steadily endeavouring for a firm character. But at the end of your writing your old recklessness comes into sight. But still 'go on'. Your writing changes as your character changes. As for the 'Donkeys Bridge', you will do well to disjoin the three triangles, and study each separately, and you will, therefore, succeed to cross this ever difficult passage. Of course, it is a great blessing in one sense that you have done away with 'General Knowledge'. But, 'the more (knowledge) the merrier'. I can assure you it is a great boon for you to have the Developer at School. It gives you a new vigour, and makes your blood to circulate more freely. If I were you, I should practise it as much as possible. I have not done much with mine since I am here, but I may do so before long. Spiritual things have had such a hold on me, and also on Evans and a young man from Ynyshir—a Mr Jones. But Jones can work like a tiger, and Evans can work very well, but

at times he can do nothing. I can see him now at this table writing a letter to some person, it is ten o'clock Friday morning. Both of us are not at School this morning. Last night neither of us could work.

Well, I cant tell you how busy the devil is at this place. I have told you before how we have met the young girls from New Quay at New Castle and at Blaenannerch and Twrgwyn. They, the people of this place, make such awful stories, which are down right lies. Some say we go to see the young girls, and not for the cause. Others ask (but not in our faces) how is it that we three and not others have felt so. And others say, it is only shamming we do, as also the New Quay people. Others scoff, and make light of these spiritual things. But thanks to God, he knows out very thoughts, and that it is from our very souls we do this work. You can depend that there is a great revival awakening in the near future. Satan has mustered all his regiments, for this is a sign of danger to his kingdom, and tonight we are going to hold a Revival meeting at Caper Drindod. Oh! we do hope that God will pour his Spirit abundantly upon us to night. There will be a great concourse of young people there. I wish, if it were practicable to come with these meetings to Loughor. I intended to write a letter to Moriah's Young Men's Prayer Meeting, as to how to prepare and receive this great blessing. I am waiting to see what the near future will bring to me. To tell you the truth I have not done much work since I am here. I try to shake off these thoughts—spiritual thoughts. But it would have been as easy to turn back the flow of the sea. This week I have done a good bit, but not as I should do. If I don't awake myself ere long, the 'Education

Committee' will call me to the bar, and say, 'Now young man, you must double your energy'. I have some weeks before Christmas, and I trust ere then I can do a good deal of work. I can assure you that I am happy, and more than happy. I possess some unspeakable joy—night and day. I would if it were possible to give it to you. It would move away your sarcasm, and it would light up your face with joy, and your heart with peace. It would be a treat for you, if you could hear those young ladies from New Quay when they pray. They are so

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earnest, so simple, and not in the least nervous. How should you like to pray at Pisgah? You and Alice and Sarah and Miss Jordan? You walking on, reading a hymn, and reading the Bible and praying—as you never heard any person praying and fearless. But first you must *feel* that you are a *lost sinner*, and then *feel* that Christ died for you, and, last of all, that you must have the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and then work.

I am here in very good health, and these good old people act as mothers to us. They have no other people to care for. I am afraid they will spoil us, for they are so tender-hearted, and they also share with us their dainties. In fact, they are too liberal. They are so clean and jovial.

Sydney wishes to be remembered to you, and sends his 'kindest regards' to you. He is a fine fellow. He does all the shopping. I have nothing to do, but live like a gentleman. I tell him I must leave him something in my *will*, for he is so kind, gentle, and obliging.

What about your health at home? I trust you are right. Well, you have been talking much about religion at home, but I never heard much joy of salvation. 'Full assurance of faith.' Doesn't the dear Lord say that those who believe on him have eternal life? If so, why do we not believe. But, nevertheless, we must be ready to yield ourselves to the Spirit, and then your health, bodily, mental, and spiritual will be better. The Sunday morning will be brighter. Couldn't you, Dan, read a portion of the Bible at night, and one of you pray? When I come home Christmas time we must have it. It is not only needful, but we ought to do so. We have a family altar here at Ty Llwyd. Sydney leads one night, and I the other. I can assure you it is a great blessing. I know it is hard to begin. Well, then, tell the Lord that it is hard to do so, and ask him for strength to do it. I know it will do a great change at our home. It will teach you to be more careful of your words and actions. It will teach you not to offend nor to take offence. Now you, Mary, could take part quite well. Perhaps you will say, 'I don't know what to ask'. Never mind for that, The Holy Spirit will teach you what to ask. In fact, you will love one another much better. You will not trouble for the morrow, and

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the troubles of the day will be lighter. Before I came to Newcastle-Emlyn, I never met young ladies who could and were willing to speak of religious

things. The old fashion was to draw a long face when speaking of religious things. But it was most part of it hypocrisy, and based on the fact and thought that God is a solemn and just God, and at the same time forgetting that God is a happy God and a joyful God. Therefore, we must be happy and joyful. Now, when we speak of religion we are full of joy, and our faces are lit up with joy. Shake off this death-like solemnity, and be joyful, ever joyful. We must show the world that we are happy, because of this blessed assurance of salvation. The old story was, 'I hope I am saved', while we can say, 'I *know* I am saved'. Isaiah says 'And the Lord laid upon him the iniquity of us all'. Now, if the Lord has laid *all our* sins on Jesus, there is no sin remaining to place on us. Now, then, this question, Do you believe that God placed *all* your sins on Christ? Well, then, there is no sin on you, you are free, and if you are free you have life. 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.'

Now, if you feel it hard to begin a family altar, ask the Lord to prepare you. I will also ask him to make you ready for this new departure. I know that Sarah has many times asked me to do so. If I had done so I would have done it in my own strength. But, dear people, ask the Lord for light, strength, and guidance.

Now, I draw to the end of this (short?) Epistle, and may God bless you abundantly.

Your true and affectionate Brother,

Mary Roberts EVAN JOHN ROBERTS

This letter puts the question of his mental sanity during the days under consideration beyond any dispute. It shows his clear grasp of one of the most difficult problems in Euclid; the importance of physical exercise in relation to health and development, his knowledge of human nature; the duty of having a clear conscience before God; the unconditional prediction of the great coming Revival, which is one of the most wonderful things;

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his care for the religion of the family, and his exhortations to them. What man affected by religious mania or any other mental ailment could compose such a strong and consistent letter as this?

After finishing this epistle, he and Sydney Evan went out to the field to pray, to prepare for the Capel Drindod Revival meeting which was to be held that night. We closed the previous chapter with his letter to Miss Davies, New Quay, which was written expressly with reference to this meeting. He had no official hand in it, yet it weighed heavily on his mind. In the field, he read the account of Christ's agony in the Garden,

and prayed. Sydney Evans approached the Throne after him, and both wept freely in thinking of the Saviour's sufferings. They were so taken up as to forget place and time almost entirely. On their return they met Mr Josiah Williams, a guard on the Railway; and Evan Roberts remarked that Christ was going to be glorified that evening at Capel Drindod.

About three o'clock, he started for Capel Drindod; and, as it will appear later, some of those who accompanied him were in great anxiety, because they had been confirmed in their opinion of his mental condition by Dr Hughes's idea of him, which was touched upon in another chapter in a letter to me. Miss Rachel Phillips, the daughter of the Rev. Evan Phillips, New Castle Emlyn, says about the night of the Capel Drindod meeting:—

Great was our anxiety that night about Evan Roberts. He was bent on looking heavenwards continually, and we, poor creatures, endeavouring to get him to look earthwards.

Miss Ann Phillips, her sister, expresses the same feeling in relating the incidents connected with Capel Drindod:—

I have written concerning Evan Roberts in my own way. If there will be a gem in it (although every word he said is a gem to me), will you take it out and polish it? I

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shall begin at Capel Drindod. Here Evan Roberts made a deep impression on me. The Rev. Jos. Jenkins and the girls from New Quay were there holding a Revival meeting. Roberts went up early in the afternoon to prepare himself for the six o'clock service. When I reached I asked Sydney Evans where Roberts was. He answered that he was in the wood praying. Before long he came to us cheerfully. I was very anxious about him at the time, and they had told me at home to keep my eye on him. After all had gone in, he was out, and it was obvious that something weighed heavily on him. I told him, 'It is better for you to come in; then the burden will fall off'. I knew that it was the meeting that burdened his mind. He commenced his way, but stopped in the lobby. Now I saw his countenance changing and his eyes closed. Looking at him caused me great fear. Then he said, 'Jesus Christ is going to be glorified more tonight than at Twrgwyn'. I was surprised to hear him saying that. But the reason for my surprise was that I did not understand him. I said to him, 'It is better for you to go in, or else we shall not find room'. At the time he did not know less than he was in, because of absent-mindedness.

The Rev. Joseph Jenkins conducted the meeting, as said in the above remarks, and this night a great number of young people from New Quay had accompanied him. These were full of religious enthusiasm, and, therefore, Roberts found himself in his element among them. The chapel was full before six o'clock—the time announced; and after Mr Jenkins

addressed the audience, the meeting began to drop gradually in its fervour. Miss Ann Phillips continues her description thus:—After entering, he had his eyes closed again, and was under some wonderful influences. The meeting went on excellently in singing and prayer; but before long it began to cool, because speaking took the place of the prayer and praise. Consequently we said that to one another. ‘Yes, the meeting is going down,’ said Roberts, ‘and I cannot bear this.’ At

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once he was on his feet, and saying fervently that Jesus was not glorified as he should, because people wanted to show themselves. With these words, he fell in the pew, and prayed in such a manner that no one in the audience had ever heard such a prayer. His words burnt the consciences and heart is of many who were present. Soon after he rose from his knees, he asked me to sing.

I asked him to do so, and that I would sing with him. But that would not do. I refused about five times; but at last I did, and he accompanied me, full of fervour. When near home that night, he called me one side, and said—‘Your name is on the Book tonight’. I could not understand him. ‘Why that?’ I said. ‘O, because thou didst obey,’ said he, ‘it was written.’ Thanks for the meeting at Capel Drindod: it will be with me eternally.

When Evan Roberts was engaged in prayer, as described, Miss Phillips did her best to stop him, and besought him several times in these words, ‘O, cease praying now indeed, you will do harm to yourself’. She wept bitterly; but nothing would prevail on him. The cause of her intense anxiety about him has been already suggested in her remarks. In this great commotion, Mrs Davies, Mona, New Quay, sang:—

O! rend
 the veil that hides this mount, and send
 The Sun of Righteousness to end.

The audience joined heartily, and repeated the words very many times; and during this singing, Roberts ceased praying. The fervour created by his prayer was now very intense; and when an attempt to close the meeting was made by Mr Jenkins at 8.30 p.m., the people would not hear of it. He appealed to those who had been blessed to remain, and the majority did. A second attempt was made to close at 9.30 o’clock, but that failed again. About 11 o’clock, some of the students persuaded Evan Roberts out to have something to eat but they could not stop him

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from going back again. However, by a hard struggle, they got him to start home with them between 11 and 12 o'clock. Being a moonlight night, he was delighted in looking heavenwards and speak of the glory of the moon and the stars, and some of the company will never forget his remarks.

They reached New Castle Emlyn about one o'clock Saturday morning, and he and Sydney Evans went to bed about 3 a.m. But he could not sleep because of the salvation of souls burdening his mind. 'Is your father a church member?' he asked Sydney. 'No,' was the reply. 'Well,' said he, 'let us pray for him.' And so they did earnestly. About 4 o'clock, they began to speak about Christ in his infinite humiliation and the greatness of his love. Roberts began to weep bitterly and sigh deeply in thinking of these things; and Evans broke out to sing—

For ever be glory to him,
For Covenant and Cleansing.

Then hostesses heard, and one of them ran quickly to the door, knocked it, and exclaimed—'In the name of goodness, what is the matter with you. Why not let people alone to sleep? Are you mad?' Roberts answered, 'There is nothing wrong; our feelings account for it'. We referred before to the dread and anxiety of the two sisters with whom they boarded. They had been led to believe strongly that there was something mentally wrong on the both; and it was not strange that they were startled at the singing in the early morning like that.

Saturday, 29 October, he is again in the same state of feeling. He went in the morning to the student's prayer meeting. On his way back he turned in to Miss Rachel Phillips's shop; and Miss Phillips relates the conversation between them:—

The morning after the meeting at Capel Drindod, he turned in to me on his way home from the student's prayer meeting, and said that he had had a wonderful

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night. 'I did not sleep all night', he said. 'The Divine outpouring was so heavy that I had to shout out and ask God to withhold his hand.' He failed to rest and had to get up with the dawn and go out to the hills: and only God and himself know what blessed time he had that morning. After he had finished relating about the night, I told him that I had not experienced the same influence as the others. Then he inquired of me if the Holy Spirit had

asked me to do something and I having refused to obey. I said, 'No, I do not think. But I have felt many times on Sundays that I would like to repeat some hymn, were it not that I fear people would think that I want to show myself.' 'O, yes,' he remarked; 'that is it, refusing to do a small thing like that is sufficient for him. Obedience must be given in the smallest thing. It looks small to us; but when obeying, the blessing comes.'

In every connection he never deviated these weeks from his ruling spiritual passion for a Revival. It mattered not who were the persons he associated with. He kept to his standpoint. Well he knew the opinion of many as to his mental derangement, but that was not sufficient to swerve him from his path. Amongst his papers I found the following notes, which represent his attitude during these weeks:—

I recollect one night in my lodgings at New Castle Emlyn, after Sydney Evans had gone to bed at 10 o'clock, I determined to work at my lessons with all my energy, but suddenly, it came to my mind that I had received some blessing and had not thanked for it. I went to the Throne to thank immediately. After having thanked, I returned to my lessons. But before commencing, I looked what time it was, and said, Wonderful! it is eleven o'clock. After this I said, Dear me! And I began thinking how I went to lose an hour's time, and when I looked again another had gone. I jumped to my feet, and hurried to my bedroom in order to have rest. When I entered, Sydney asked, What is the time? 'Twelve,' I said. 'You have had a good time of it? Yes, but not in the Greek.'

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He prayed earnestly since the Blaenanerch Convention for having six at New Castle Emlyn ready to go with him through Wales and not nine as in the first scheme. He felt that he could go home after having those, and the sanction of the Holy Spirit. By the day we are treating upon now, six had become willing and, as we shall see, Sunday evening the Spirit commanded him in a forcible manner to go home to work with the young people at Loughor.

The last Sunday for Evan Roberts to be there dawned—30 October 1904; and he was present at the services throughout the day. The Rev. Evan Phillips preached in the morning, on the words: 'Father, glorify thy Son, that thy Son may glorify thee.' As he listened to this sermon, Evan Roberts felt some strange influence possess him, making him oblivious of all save God and his work.

Miss Rachel Phillips gives a graphic description of him this Sunday:—

Roberts sat Sunday morning in a pew close to me. That was a Sunday morning to be remembered. It will never go out of my mind. There was some silent influence in the service touching the strings of the heart. I could not

restrain from weeping throughout the service, and the people, especially the young, felt this influence. I could not see the face of Roberts, those who could see it told me that his face was shining, his countenance was changing, and appeared as if under a wonderful influence. When going out, and before going down the steps of the gallery, he stood and looked at us, saying—'Well, what a meeting! O dear! the place is full of the influence of the Holy Spirit. O! I felt it coming over me like a breeze.' When descending the steps, the world came in and troubled me, and I said to Roberts, 'How can I go home; my eyes are red because of weeping in the service'. His answer was, Never mind; do not be ashamed to show that you feel. Come home.

He went to the Sunday School; and in the young

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peoples prayer meeting after the School, he prayed that strange prayer referred to by Mr John Phillips in Chapter XV. He prayed for a long time in a half-sitting posture, there being no room for him to kneel. His tears fell in streams on the seat in front. The strange thing in his prayer was this: he used hardly any words excepting 'Glorify thy Son'. He repeated these over and over again. The effect of his prayer upon those present was indescribable. The Rev. Evan Phillips invited him to tea, and Miss Phillips vividly describes what took place in the house:—

After having returned from the young people's prayer meeting after School, we could do nothing but sigh. When tea was over Roberts said, 'Let us have a prayer meeting—"Iron sharpeneth iron".' 'No,' said I; 'we are going to sing an anthem and a chant tonight, and we must go to the singing practice.' I feared that he was going too far, and doing himself harm. If I knew as much as I do now, I would have left the anthem and chant go. I am sorry to this day that I gave more importance to the chant and the anthem than to Evan Roberts's prayer meeting. But God knows what burdened us was care for his mental condition.

He proceeded from Mr Phillips's house to the evening service, and sat on the gallery in the student's pew. Soon he became unconscious of all that was going on, because he was absorbed into communion with God. He testifies that the Holy Spirit spoke powerfully to him with regard to going home to Loughor to work among the young people. The message of the Spirit was:—'You must go, you must go.' According to his letters in Chapter XXI, which touch upon this, he heard audibly, as it were, these words. At the same time, he could see and hear himself speaking to the people at Loughor. He could see the audience also, and he knew all the people. One person in the audience stood out clearer than the others, and, strange to say, was one of the first to be influenced by him. As will be seen in the letters referred to above, he made

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a great effort to empty his mind of these things, in order to enjoy the service, but back they came, and possessed his soul so powerfully that he felt himself helpless to keep them out. After every attempt to do away with them, they would reassert themselves with greater force. He prayed earnestly for relief, but was not answered. In the effort his body began to shake terribly, and consequently he had to give way to the influence that was upon him. This was one of the hardest struggles in his history during his stay at New Castle Emllyn, and it determined, to a great extent, his future movements. He resolved definitely during the service to go home the day after; and in coming out he told Sydney Evans, 'I am going home tomorrow to work for a week with the young people of Moriah'. 'Well,' said Sydney, 'I cannot come tomorrow.' They parted, and Evan Roberts went to the Rev. Evan Phillips, and laid before him what occurred during the service, asking his opinion and advice. Mr Phillips's opinion and advice are expressed in Roberts's letters of 31 October, given in the next chapter. Soon the conversation glided into a prayer meeting. Miss Ann Phillips says:—

Sunday evening after coming home, and Roberts with us, we found ourselves in a great prayer meeting in the house, and this was Roberts's prayer:—'O Lord, I am willing to shed my blood for thy Son.' His words burned our bosoms, and we felt that he was shedding his blood, as it were, for Jesus at the time. When departing for his lodgings, he told us that he was going home on the morrow, because of the vision in the service and the call of the Spirit. We were not at all willing for him to go. There was such a charm in his company, and such divine fervour characterised him, that attracted us all.

Another fact should be pointed out before we close this chapter. In the course of these weeks, and after his return home, Evan Roberts had a series of visions, which had reference to the Revival. Some of these will be found in his letters in a future chapter. It is not our duty to

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discuss the nature of these, but this is certain: they were a condition in encouraging him to take the procedure he did. They strengthened his belief that a great Revival was close at hand. Whatsoever was their nature, they were real to him, and stimulated his mind in the right direction. And it should be borne in mind that there is nothing strange nor unscriptural in the chosen servants of God having visions. Indeed, it is only the fulfilment of God's promises to the Church.

Chapter XXI

The Breaking Out of the Possibility. Evan Roberts Returning Home

We have now come to the breaking out of the possibility, the preparation of which has been treated in its various aspects. Being filled with the Holy Spirit Evan Roberts returned home. All the conditions of the breaking out of the possibility of the Revivalist, which was in his soul, have now been fulfilled, and, consequently, it burst forth in full power. On Monday morning, 31 October 1904, he starts to meet the 10.45 train from Newcastle-Emlyn for Loughor to work for a week amongst the young people of Moriah. He now leaves the school, which was the only way to College, and well knows that losing a week will be of great disadvantage to him. What can be the state of his mind when starting? Rather confused undoubtedly but he assures us that he had not the least anxiety about the future. Yet, after the marvellous experience of the previous day, it must have been in a wonderful state. To stay and describe this would be to attempt that which is impossible for a finite being. When starting for the station, who would think that he was going to initiate a movement to set Wales on fire in a spiritual sense in less than a month. Only the One who knows all things, and who led him home.

I. THE FIRST TWO LETTERS OF EVAN ROBERTS AS A REVIVALIST

The last thing he did before starting for the train was writing the letter that follows to Miss Florrie Evans, of New Quay, who was full of the Revival spirit. The letter requires no comments, for it speaks for itself:—

Ty Llwyd,
Ebenezer Street,
Newcastle-Emlyn,

Monday Morning

Dear Florrie,

A word in haste. I am going home this morning to work among our young people for a week. The reason for that is—that the Spirit wants me to go. I

was in the six o'clock service, Sunday, and the Spirit brought the case of our young people before me so powerfully, that it was impossible for me to keep my mind from it. It was so for half-an-hour. I had to pray three times for quietness. From then until the end the place had been filled with the Divine Presence, and at times I would lose the minister, seeing only his form, and after having returned from the meeting, I told Mr Phillips that I failed to have quietness in Chapel, and I asked whether it was the Spirit or the devil that was working. Mr Phillips said unhesitatingly—'O, the Holy Spirit was working, and it will be beneficial for you and them (the young people of Loughor) to be together for a week.' Consequently, I am going this morning by the 10.45, and I beg of you in the name of our Lord Jesus, to remember us especially at Moriah, Loughor. Services will be held every night for a week. Ask all the young people to remember us.—And O! I should be glad if you could have a meeting to pray on our behalf, for the Lord Jesus sake—our dear Lord Jesus (the tears run now when mentioning his name). The Spirit has given me an earnest of a blessed future amongst our young people at Moriah. And O! what two meetings we had yesterday—one in the vestry and the other in Mr Phillips's house. We have not had anything like them. I have been asking God whether it would be better for some of you to come to Loughor with me, but he did not answer in the affirmative. Evans stays here being that some things are not as we should like.

I should be glad to have a word from you per return of post.

Yours in Christ,

Miss Florrie Evans

E.J.R.

P.S. Thanks to Heaven. For remembering us with such heavy blessings.—'Onward, Fire Divine!'

As soon as he sat in the train, he began his revival work in writing the letter inserted below to Miss N. Ceredig Evans, Cardigan, a most devotional and pious young lady. Taking into consideration the circumstances in which this letter was composed, it cannot but arouse much interest. As the one above, it is full of spirituality of the sanest kind.

Newcastle-Emlyn,

Monday morning, 31 October, 1904

DEAR MISS EVANS,—

Just a line to let you know that I am on my hay home for a week to work with our young people.

The reason for this is the command of the Holy Spirit. He gave the command *last night* at the meeting. I could not concentrate my thoughts on the work of the service. I prayed and played, so that I could follow the service, but of no avail. My thoughts were wandering, and my mind riveted on our young

folk at Moriah. There seemed a voice, as if it said, 'You must go, you must go!' I then told Mr Phillips about it, and I asked whether it was the devil or the Spirit. He answered, No, no. The devil does not give such thoughts. It was the voice of the Holy Spirit.

Therefore, I have decided to obey, and I feel as if the Spirit testifies of a blessed future.

And the main object of this note is to ask you and your friends to pray for us. I ask you, in the name of the Saviour, to be bold at the throne of grace, and oh! endeavour to impress this indelibly on the mind of your friends—*the importance of prayer*, and especially on this occasion.

I have written to New Quay, and have asked them to do the same. Oh! what a blessed band! going boldly to the throne of grace!

I play God that he will ere long pour his Spirit abundantly upon your young people.

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I should like to have a word if possible from you this week. We had some awful meetings yesterday at Bethel, and a blessed meeting last night at Mr Phillips's house.

Please excuse the *lead* and *writing*. This has been written while the train was in motion from Newcastle-Emlyn to Pencader.

Yours in the Lord,

EVAN J. ROBERTS.

Miss N. Evans.

II. HIS FIRST REVIVAL SERMON

This sermon is of great interest. It was thought by him in the train, on his way from Newcastle-Emlyn in Carmarthen. When it came to his mind, he determined to deliver it, and did so on reaching Carmarthen Station. As to length, it is something like Jonah's sermon to the Ninevites. But if short, it is serious and full of meaning. It will be transmitted down to the ages as one involving the first words of Evan Roberts in the character of a Revivalist. He travelled between the above places with a compartment full of people, and tested himself whether he was ready to speak far Jesus to them. The test was hard, but he came out of it victoriously. Having become ready to speak, he asked God for a message and when to deliver it. How exact and careful he was about being divinely led in all his movements! When Carmarthen was reached, he got up to go out,

being he had to change trains. On his way out, he delivered the sermon, and these were the words: *Perhaps we shall not meet again, until we meet in the Judgement.* What was the effect? The indirect effect cannot be known, but the direct effect on the company varied as is always the case. Some thought seriously on the words, others smiled, and a number looked as if surprised at the preacher, but no one despised his words. The message contains one of the chief points in Evan Roberts's ministry. To appear in the Day of Judgement

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is one of the great ideas in his addresses, notwithstanding that the infinite love of Christ is his predominant theme. After he delivered the message a wave of happiness filled his soul, and he felt his heart heaving as it were within him. He attributes this to the fact that he had conquered all his inclinations which hindered him to speak. Firmly did he believe that it was his duty to speak to these people, and that he could not be loyal to Christ without that. The deliverance of the message proves that he had gained sufficient moral courage to put his belief into action.

III. EVAN ROBERTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

Behold him alighting on Loughor platform, the place which is to be revolutionised, morally and spiritually, in less than a fortnight. He is determined to attack the enemy in his native home. In one respect, it is the most difficult place he could find. The fact that he was born and brought up here is not an advantage. All the people of the vicinity were familiar with him, and the rule is that a prophet is not honoured in his own home. Well he knew this rule, as well as two other obstacles, namely, the prejudice of one class, and the idea which dominated others that his mind was impaired. Nevertheless, it is fair to say that a number of the Loughor people encouraged him, and he states that the Rev. Daniel Jones, his minister, offered to help him to the best of his abilities. It is not surprising that he met with a measure of difficulty from some. What strikes us, is that it was so small, and his procedure being so exceptional. Think of a young man infringing on all the rules and methods of carrying on religious services! Who could believe in him at once. Did not the people disbelieve the Christ of God? Can the disciple expect to be accepted better than his Master. And to the praise of Evan Roberts, he does not complain of the little opposition he met, but he rejoices to

think that many of the people were so willing to help and co-operate with him. The divine fire burned in his heart, and his determination was so stable, that small obstacles had no discouraging effect on his carrying out his plans. The hour of the bursting forth of his latent revival possibility and the hour of God had come, and, consequently, he could not be stopped in his career. God had determined to do wonders in Wales through our hero, and woe to everyone who would attempt to stand in the way. Who can stand in the way of a man linked to the Creator? All must turn one side now for Evan Robert is to proceed, for the forces of heaven are set free, as well as his revival potentialities. This day I can hear the voice of the Almighty above Loughor saying: 'This is the man that God chooses to honour.' When God says this, all human antagonistic powers are as naught.

IV. THE CHANGE IN HIM

Evan Roberts reaches Island House to the surprise of the family. Their astonishment increased when he made known his intention in coming home. His mother met him at the door, and after he entered, she asked him, 'Where have you been? Have you been preaching somewhere?' 'No,' he said. 'Are you ill?' queried his mother again. 'I am not,' was the answer. 'Well what is the matter?' she asked the third time. 'Oh nothing,' he replied, 'only that I am coming home to work amongst the young people here for a week.' Having sat in the corner, he laughed in a very strange manner, and said that there was to be a blessed time at Loughor before the end of the week. We can very well realise that his mother was much struck by his unusual conduct. Shortly, he began to speak about going through Wales to offer Christ to sinners. 'Well,' remarked his mother, 'if you will do that, you will have no money to go back to school, because you will spend it all.' 'Oh,'

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replied he, 'my Heavenly Father has plenty.' When his brother, Dan, and his sisters, Sarah and Mary, came in, their attention was drawn like their mother to his strangeness. His talk was so different from usual, that they could not understand what had possessed him. 'How are you, Dan?' he asked his brother. 'Not very well. My eyes are very weak, and I cannot see but little,' was the answer. 'Come you,' said Evan, 'your eyes will recover alright suddenly. The Lord needs you.' From that time on Dan's

eyes got stronger, and now he feels nothing from the weakness that afflicted them. Having looked at Dan's eyes, he sat before the organ, and began to play, but suddenly he burst into tears. Then, he remarked, 'Dan, you shall see there will be a great change at Loughor in less than a fortnight. We are going to have the greatest Revival that Wales has ever seen.' When at the table, he began to speak in the same strain, and said, 'We must believe God at his word. His promises we have, and why do we not believe him? There will be wonderful things here before the end of the week.' Before Dan and Mary had seen him, he had been in the Rev. Daniel Jones house, and had given utterances to the same things there. This afternoon he met one of his greatest friends, and asked him, 'Are you saved?' 'I am afraid not,' was the answer. 'Well,' said he, 'you must make this right before the end of the week.' The family could not realise there was anything in the exceptional things he expressed, and thought it better not to take any notice of him. Yet they could not but feel anxious lest his mind was deranged.

After having made known his object and intention in coming home, as well as predicting things that were to take place, he asked Dan if he would come to the meeting that night. Dan excused himself, and brought the condition of his eyes as a reason for that. Owing to the strange conduct of his brother, Dan could not think of going to the meeting. This was the true cause of his refusal. Notwithstanding that his eyes were weak, that

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was not a sufficient reason, for Evan could lead him. He did not attempt to persuade Dan any further, but asked his sister, Mary, to come. I am not coming, said Mary, because I must do my lessons. Well, he remarked, you will lose the blessing if you will not come. When relating this to me, Mary said, I did not know what in the world he had when speaking about blessing, and being filled with the Holy Spirit and such things. What did I know about these things? Dan and Mary refused. For the very same reason, namely, fearing that his mind had been impaired, because they had never heard him giving expression to such things before. The family felt something like the mother and brothers of Jesus when they went in search of him. Although they were in great anxiety, four of them went to the meeting—his mother, Sarah, and Mary, his sisters, and Dan. However, Dan and Mary did not go to the first meeting held at seven

o'clock, but to the one arranged by Evan to the young people at eight o'clock.

Another great change was noticeable in Evan Roberts today. He always used to be timid, shy, and nervous in religious circles, and sometimes gloomy before he was filled with the Holy Spirit at Blaenanerch. But all these characteristics have now disappeared. Some divine boldness and courage penetrate through all his movements. He speaks cheerfully, and some spiritual happiness is visible in every expression of his face. His appearance is that of one hoping to see great things coming about soon. He feels as one having all the certainty of eternity on his side. Anxiety about the future does not enter his mind. Today he has linked the success of the future to the infinite power of the God-head. Some of the keenest people were

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astonished at this change. What to say of it, they knew not. The wisest and most godly people could not see that it resulted from pride nor want of mental balance. His naturalness was too much for it to be the product of these. The people, like his family, were greatly astonished, when he disclosed the reason of his coming home, his intentions, plans, hopes, and certainty of success. To some, these things seemed as unruly selfishness and selfishness was not known in his conduct before he went to School. Before the day was over, he understood that only a few believed in his plans and predictions, yet it was impossible to discourage him. Certain he was that God was near him every moment, and directing all his movements. Whatever the people then thought and believed, they had but few days before being convinced that Evan Roberts had been led home by God. He also continued to believe that firmly. Notwithstanding his strong faith, this of necessity was a wonderful day in his history.

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Chapter XXII

Evan Roberts From Five Standpoints

Before we proceed to describe the outbreak of the Revival in its might at Loughor, we must give a chapter to delineate Evan Roberts from

five points of view, without that, the reader cannot have a full and correct conception of him. Our main purpose in the preceding chapters was to trace his history from his birth onwards, and to describe the conditions and the forces which formed and developed his character. But a full sketch of him, from the five standpoints from which he is viewed in this chapter, is not to be found in the previous narrative.

The standpoints which are here taken up are the following—Evan Roberts externally, mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially.

I. IN EXTERNAL APPEARANCE

Doubtless, many who have not seen Evan Roberts are desirous to have a delineation of him. That is a natural desire respecting one who has risen to such fame in the religious world.

We can commence our description by stating that his appearance is exceedingly pleasing. He possesses a fine figure, reaching five feet and eleven inches in height; he is rather slight, which makes him appear somewhat taller than he is. In his movements he is very swift and full of vivacity, and on account of his litness he can bring his body to almost all kinds of attitudes, with perfect ease. His body and all its members are very symmetrical; his feet are well formed, and as to size are proportionate to his body. He stands upon them firmly, and fairly erect, which is a

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good indication of the strength of his character. His limbs are not bulky any more than his body. His shoulders are broad for one whose build is rather slight. He has long arms, and can swing them at will in almost any direction. During the early part of the Revival he made constant use of them, but there was nothing ungraceful in any of their movements, they suggested to me at the time, the waving wings of a gentle dove. We saw him turn the leaves of the Bible to show that the door of mercy was gradually closing, though not until then fully closed, while every eye in the chapel was fixed upon him, and following his actions with rapt attention. He inclines to stoop a little, which is quite natural to the thoughtful, but, having a rather long neck, his head stands out prominently from his shoulders.

Look into his face and you will at once perceive in him a master of assemblies—every feature is full of expression.

When he closes his mouth and sets his lips together, it is seen that their owner has the power of determination—one who can stand by his purpose

if a whole world tried to dissuade him from it. He is clean shaven, so that all facial expressions are easily discernible. Above the mouth is a nose which tends to be aquiline, or Raman, and it indicates that its possessor could make an army commander. On each side of the nose are two large auburn eyes, which are extraordinary in their expressiveness. They are beautiful eyes, most affectionate and beaming with love. Their smile is like the dawn when Roberts is well pleased; they indicate that an abundance of gladness and joy lies behind the smile. We do not remember seeing two eyes so swift in their movements at times, when he is excited they move with the rapidity of a lightning flash; when they are laden with tears they look sublime, like the dew under the sun's rays on a morning in May. Again, they thrill the whole audience like electricity when he is filled with holy indignation. We

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saw assemblies of hundreds at times paling under their gaze, and at other times moved to healthy laughter by their smile. They are about the most powerfully expressive eyes we have ever seen, and they are a subject of study in themselves. If they could be understood in all their workings, one of the great elements of the power of the personality which owns them would be apprehended. They have a fascination which charms the thousands, and a power which covers the multitude whose hearts are not upright before God. By watching those eyes, a large number of various expressions are perceived in them, which indicates that they are affected by almost all the thoughts and feelings of the soul which dwells behind them. But the five great expressions most manifest in them are.—(1) their expression in smile and laughter; (2) in intense meditation; (3) in the tears of sorrow and joy; (4) in holy indignation consequent upon frivolity at the meetings; (5) and when he surveys an audience with extraordinary perceptive penetration.

Above the eyes arises a high forehead, with a curl of auburn hair hanging over it. Encompassing the head, which is more round than oval, flows a curl of silky hair; generally, he allows his hair to grow sufficiently long to enable that curl to form. At the base of the forehead, on each side of the nose, we perceive two protuberances—the tokens of a resolute will, and a fixed determination. The forehead is large and round, slightly receding at the top.

One of the characteristics of the head is its organic symmetry. In general form, it is benevolent or patriotic, rather than classical. It has been seen

from Roberts's letter to his friend, W.H. Morgan, that he once had his head read by Professor Williams, at Swansea, this happened in October, 1903, and the chart which is now in my hand, shows that 35 of the organs of the head are full, and 13 of them large. Very rarely does a chart show a better symmetry among the organs of the head. Among those that are marked as large we had activity,

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inhabitiveness, cautiousness, satisfaction, conscientiousness, hope, veneration, benevolence, ideality, mirthfulness, individuality, and agreeableness.

II. MENTALLY

His mind is characterised with unique independence, and owing to this he thinks in his own way on most subjects, consequently his manner of thinking is full of originality. He is one of those who see things through their own eyes, and not through the eyes of other people. The way he conceived the Revival, and the procedure he took to initiate it at Loughor, is a sufficient proof of this. The anxiety as to how other people think on matters pertaining to religion does not trouble him. The Spirit of God and the Bible alone are his counsellors on all subjects, yet he never disrespects the advice of godly people.

It is surprising how quick he is as a thinker when in certain conditions, and were he to commit all he thinks on spiritual subjects to writing, he would have written volumes. Notwithstanding this quickness, he always thinks clearly, and his sentences are so transparent that there is never a doubt as to what he means. Penetration is a marked feature of his mind. In virtue of his penetrative intuitional power he sees to the heart of truths. His mental strength in thus seeing truths is not involved in a logical perception, but in an intuition of the highest class; owing to this, his thoughts are never clothed in a logical form. In expressing his thoughts he is full of variety, and has four general modes of presenting his ideas, namely—(1) the epigrammatical, which is a most pointed and piercing form of expression, and as a rule drives home the truth to peoples minds, (2) the proverbial; as will be found in his addresses and the chapter of his sayings, many of his sentences are polished proverbs—general principles and truths are so condensed in them that they cannot be improved, (3) the paradoxical,—in many of his sentences there is a seeming contradiction,

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but close investigation shows that it is only so in appearance, and not in reality,—while uttering paradoxical sentences he is fond of playing upon words, and when the audience sees his point it is entirely swayed; (4) the poetical—often he speaks in a poetical form, and this is full in some of his letters. In an autograph album we had these lines written by him:—

Smile, sweet maiden, every hour,
Among the thorns be thou a flower.

and in the fly-leaf of a Bible he wrote thus of God's Word:—

In it all my power lies;
'Tis my life, my joy, my prize.

It should be borne in mind that he makes no effort to speak in any of the above forms. These modes of expressing his thoughts are quite natural to him. He never aims at the unnatural.

Considering his age and educational advantages we wonder at the ripeness of his ideas. Sometimes one may think by his expressions that his knowledge of the doctrines of grace is meagre, but when we analyse his statements we are convinced that he is almost always right. The sphere of his thinking is religion in its most spiritual aspects, every other idea must be subordinate to that of religion, and his deepest conviction is that no one has time to concern himself with all manner of thoughts, and let them dominate his mind. This characteristic classifies him with the devotional thinkers, such as Bunyan, Baxter, and William Law.

His development as a thinker since the beginning of the Revival has been truly remarkable, and in these last months his thoughts are clearer and profounder on some of the essential principles of Christianity, he expresses them more forcibly, and in a chaster and more polished language, and if he will continue to meditate on biblical

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subjects, there is a brilliant future before him as a theological thinker, because, as suggested several times before, he is a young man of superior mental capacity.

III. MORALLY

In treating of Evan Roberts from a moral standpoint, we mean his relation to the duties of life personally, socially, and spiritually. The moral life of

no one can be regarded as satisfactory unless he fulfils these three classes of duties.

Roberts has profound convictions concerning these duties. He is convinced that a man ought to be true to himself in all that he does. 'To thine own self be true' can be regarded as one of his maxims. One of his main efforts is to give effect to that conviction, so as to cultivate a strong personal character. His decisions on moral principles are very emphatic, and one of his chief aims is to conform with those principles. His moral aspirations are surprisingly elevated. He would live a morally blameless life if he possibly could. The goal of his desire is the pure and the good. His reverence for the truth is unlimited, and he cleaves to it whatever may be the consequence. We have never seen anyone stronger than he in this respect, and he evinces that determination in all the relations of life. He cannot tolerate the idea of doing anything which is not strictly conformable to the principles of truth. He has to go through many a difficulty, which he might have avoided had he adhered less rigidly to the truth; but he rejoices in difficulties rather than that the truth should be disregarded. He carries through his moral convictions, decisions, and desires with courage. After arriving at a decision to pursue a certain course, he fears not the face of man, but he takes care first of all to consult with God. One of the obvious features of his life is strict and thorough honesty; he wishes not to appear the contrary to what he is. His motto is—to be

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honest in all things in reality, and not in mere appearance,—to live his principles as well as urge them on others. He is moderate in all the relations of life, and his purity is beyond doubt.

After having had opportunities to become acquainted with him in the most private circles, I am compelled to testify that he is the purest and holiest person I have ever met. He stoops not to make a low remark, to utter an unclean word, nor to give a hearing to idle and uncouth tales. This is one of the superior features of Evan Roberts. He rises in this respect far above ordinary young men. He abstains even from the things that are regarded as legitimate for the young. The integrity of his motives is beyond dispute. Anyone is free to dissent from his views, and to doubt their accuracy; but I have not observed him doing anything which justified the shadow of a doubt being cast on his motives. Strong single mindedness

is what characterises all his doings, and a purpose as upright as is possible. To do good is the ruling motive of his life.

In his relationship to others I have not seen anyone more ready to assist the distressed. His sympathy streams forth strongly whenever he sees want, natural as well as spiritual. He can wait on a case of distress without feeling that he loses time.

In brotherly love it would be difficult to find his superior, and he can readily forgive any injustice he receives at the hands of others; he cannot keep anger towards anybody. His great aim is to realise in his own conduct the life of Christ, which he preaches to the people; and he endeavours at all times to fulfil the commandments of God as declared in his Word. What God himself says is what must stand in the performance of his duties towards him. When he wants to find out his duty towards God, he immediately turns to the Word of God for direction. Whatever is therein stated must stand.

IV. SPIRITUALLY

He is earnestly zealous for the spiritual interests relating to the salvation of the soul. In these questions he finds his food and drink. He is full of spiritual enthusiasm, which can be seen seething in him at many a meeting. Still he has a kind of control over it which preserves it from becoming displeasing. Oft-times its outbreking overpowers all present. He possesses spiritual energy of a very superior kind. It is surprising how he can endure the strain of being constantly so full of this energy, which streams forth incessantly in singing hymns, reading, speaking, or praying the whole time he is awake. Intense and insatiable is his thirst for the spiritual salvation of sinners, and his strong crying and tears at some of the meetings arise from it. After enjoying much of his fellowship, I must confess that I have not seen anyone living so completely in the domain of the spiritual. At times it seems as if he has had communion face to face with God. He becomes absorbed in what manifestly engages his whole heart. At such times his face shines so as to make us feel that the veil separating time from the world eternal has been rent. He appears too full of joy to notice anything around him. In this spirituality we find one of the conditions of his power in public, and of his influence over the congregations. It exhibits itself in the unction which attends his words and all that he does. If the church generally, was blessed with this spirituality, no opposing force could stand before it. In spiritual purity, taking him in all relations,

I have never seen his equal. He lives continually in some spiritual mood, that we only get occasionally in services full of the divine.

V. SOCIALLY

His conduct in the family circle was touched upon in

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previous chapters, but a few remarks may be added in fullness. He rarely converses amongst the family, neither does he provoke discussion. He has always been fond of asking his mother, 'How many hymns do you remember, mother?' Then he will listen absorbingly to her repeating a number of them. Sometimes he will say the first few words of a verse, and ask, 'Who will finish it?' His brother Dan will point out a difficult verse to him, and ask for an interpretation; and he delights in commenting on it. The habit of continual meditation accounts for the fact that he is not talkative in the house. Being always in a prayerful or meditative state of mind, he cannot be expected to take much part in the family conversation. Never is he adverse in his spirit; but the family feel some divine awe in his presence, which has grown much since the beginning of the Revival. Yet, be it understood this awe is not due to any harshness in his conduct, but to his even and holy life. Far from him is the habit of correcting and blaming the family perpetually in religious matters. His religion is that of spiritual joy, and his presence to the family is like sunrise on a clear summer morn. The younger children read the Bible because they feared he would ask them whether they had done so. He never reprimanded them for not reading it, but there was something in his enquiries that made them tremble, and they would endeavour to read it in order to answer him in the affirmative.

When we move from the inner family circle to Evan Roberts amongst his most intimate friends, we see him in his glory. He charms them to love him unawares to themselves. His naturalness brings them very near to him, but in that nearness they cannot give expression to anything low. The nearer they approach him, the more they are possessed by some divine feeling which suppresses every tendency to say anything that is mean and debased. In this intimacy is revealed the greatness and exceptional goodness of the Revivalist. The reality of his goodness, the lovingness of his feelings, the spiritual purity of his

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thoughts, and the clean language in which they are expressed extinguish all inclinations to be scathing critics when in his presence. And we love him the more because of that. In this respect he is unique among all the young men we have met. The more we know of him, the more conscious we become of his goodness; and in this he is an exception to men in general. By intimate fellowship the majority of men lower in our estimation, because they do not retain and live in the narrow circle of friends the purity they seem to possess in public. Owing to his holy life, when he asks us to pray with him, we are filled at once with the spirit of prayer and praise, and feel some naturalness possessing us while we kneel with him. On the other hand, we have felt a kind of repulsion when some ask us to go before the Throne with them, because of their incongruity in life. They are not the same men in their conversation as on their knees, and one cannot help thinking of that. Something in his presence makes us forget time and all that is not pure and holy.

In him we find the elements which go to make a genuine friend. Not only is he free from selfishness, irritability, and baseness; but he is true to the core to all his friends. He speaks freely and unreservedly with them; but avoids criticising anybody, and will not bring in personalities if possible. The love of Christ and the interest of His religion he chooses to dwell upon with his friends. One of his admirers at Loughor said:—‘Evan Roberts told me things when we were together which deserved to be printed in letters of gold.’ This is sufficiently supported by the letters to his friends in this volume. All his friends and near acquaintances entertain the highest opinion of him, and bless the day they came in contact with him, because of the salutary moral and spiritual influence which they received from him. We never heard him make an unkind or doubtful remark respecting a friend who had only left the room, but rather praise him. His demeanour also shows that he disapproves others of slighting a friend. Owing to this, our faith in

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his transparent goodness is greatly strengthened. Only personal proof of unfaithfulness will convince him of faults in his friends; until he gets that, he gives no semblance of countenance to attacks on them. Intensely does he love them, for them he prays often and earnestly he thinks highly of them, and is always ready to sacrifice anything for their sake.

A correct estimation of his true magnanimity is impossible until we take into account his demeanour towards his opponents. Like all successful public men we cannot expect but that he has many antagonists. Often have we marvelled at his attitude towards these. Not a single bitter or discourteous word will he say about them. On the contrary, we heard him more than once exclaiming:—‘Oh, these must be prayed for! and at once petitioned the Throne of Grace on their behalf.’

While staying with him for a fortnight, at a time when he encountered much opposition, we heard not a single unkind expression uttered by him concerning his detractors. He continually reminded us of those words:—‘Who when he was reviled, reviled not again.’ It is not in him to take revenge on any one; on the contrary, he believes in living the spirit of forgiveness towards his vilifiers. He is always ready to shake hands with a warm heart with those who have acted most churlishly towards him. More, he cannot bear others to attack them, and without exception he discountenances any such attempts. His exhortation to his friends is that they should pray for them and not reproach them. Through this magnanimous spirit he has won most of his opponents to support him fervently, and he will win more in future; for no one who has a human nature in the truest sense of the word, much less one influenced by divine grace, can long remain hostile to him.

Distinction of classes does not bias his mind. Were he to incline towards one class more than the other, the benefit would be given to the poorer. When people of wealth and position rush to shake hands with him he will

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often refuse, but very seldom have we seen him refusing his hand to a poor person. Often we have heard him say if there is anything in my shaking hands with anyone, it is the poor that ought to get it; and it is to the poor I am going to give it if to any. He has no desire to stay with people of high rank when on his mission, because he thinks he can do more good amongst the middle and lower classes, and can, thereby, glorify God better. Nevertheless, he despises neither wealth, high station, culture, scholarship, nor authority, but rather respects all these if joined with pure religion. He is at home with all classes of society, where he finds perfect liberty to talk of religious matters, and of the infinite love of Christ. His people, regardless of all worldly distinctions, are those who exhibit eagerness to work for Jesus—those who can pray with him and be natural

in all relations. He yearns to be near the poor and truly necessitous. If he finds a really deserving case he readily parts with the last penny for their benefit. His joy overflows when he sees those who have been wallowing in sin exhibiting signs of repentance. His sympathy with the greatest sinners is surprising, considering that he has lived such a pure life. But who can sympathise like the pure in heart. We must bear in mind the man Christ Jesus. His ultimate aim in life is to win those who are in the bondage of sin, and bring them to the freedom of the gospel. Many times have I seen him rushing from the pulpit to poor people who have fallen through the cursed drink, and kneeling in prayer by their side until the whole audience was electrified. Their tokens of repentance would draw his attention, and soon the tears would stream down his cheeks. To see these making an effort to live a better life is his greatest satisfaction.

In society, in the narrow sense of the word, he is always natural, but never very talkative. He does not take advantage of his position to monopolise in conversation. Sometimes he is silent, as if taking no heed of what goes on; but his silence is as natural as the advancing

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twilight. When he is engaged in silent prayer or deep meditation in the presence of a number of people, all feel homely, and without any unnatural fear possessing them, and if the topic spoken of pleases him, he will take part and speak fluently of the miraculous works of God in the salvation of souls, and laugh until all are inspired with spiritual joy. He has a quick eye to see the humorous side of things, and will make a pithy remark sometimes until we are moved to healthy laughter. But all the merriment he excites is pervaded with a spiritual tone. When the humorous wit is expressed there is no carrying on of that again, and the company intuitively knows it, and no one is inclined to lead from it to vain story telling. He cannot bear spending the time in relating the stock tales that people so often indulge in, and which, in the end, produce bad effects. To abstain from this habit is an old resolution of his, and one he never deviates from. All his wit and humour are sanctified, consequently they constrain us to love Jesus Christ and his religion more ardently. The divine shines through his countenance sometimes, so as to fill us with awe, but an awe which is a real means of grace for us. Some of the leading men of the different denominations of this and other countries testify that they have had the most elevating spiritual experience in his society.

Wherever he is, it is felt that he is the centre of attraction, and his bearing is uniformly courteous.

With rapt attention he listens to others expressing their opinions when religious matters are under consideration. When he hears of the conversion of a great sinner, he laughs and exclaims—‘thanks be to God’, while the tears stream from his eyes, and he infuses all present with the same feeling. He greatly dislikes anything that leads to contentious debates, and is most careful not to say anything that will cause a hurtful feeling to the members of the company. Therefore, all who came in contact with him are benefited.

In the prayer meeting we see him in his glory in the

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church circle. Here he reaches his most exalted and holy mood, as can be seen from examples of prayers given in the volume. His prayers are gems, but no one who has not heard him has a conception of his moving force in a meeting when invoking God. A glance at his face when a sincere and fervent Christian is approaching the Father of Souls in prayer is overcoming. Now he sheds tears, and in a few moments a heavenly smile suffuses his face. His occasional ‘Amen’ thrills an audience like an electric wave, and his whole soul seems to be poured out in his exclamation. The prayer meeting gives him sufficient room to spread his spirit’s wings in the breezes of the infinite self-sacrifice of Calvary, and to ascend to God in faith, hope, and love.

We have touched upon his manner in the pulpit in the paragraph on his ‘external appearance’, but not in detail. At the commencement of the Revival, he would at once, on entering the chapel, begin by reading, praying or speaking, and his discourses would last an hour, and often more. Occasionally, he would descend from the pulpit and walk about the aisles of the deacon’s pew, or go up to the gallery. Sometimes he would commence to speak with his overcoat on, and throw it off in the course of his address. In all these movements no one felt anything unnatural in him. Before long, he began to cut his addresses shorter, and changed his manner in the pulpit. Instead of taking the work in hand at once, he would sit in the pulpit with his face buried in his hands, and pray silently for a long time. In this stage his feelings began to overcome him entirely at times, and we could easily understand that the cause of sinners and Christ’s sufferings had a great power over him. After sitting thus for an hour or more, he would get up to address the people; and on several occasions we saw him lean on the pulpit desk and weep freely, until the

whole audience would be in tears. Scarcely will he conduct himself the same in two successive meetings, being that he is so full of variety.

It is surprising how he can move an audience, considering that he talks so quietly and without the least

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attempt at affectation. He captivates the attention of an audience, and everyone strains to catch every word spoken by him. The power of his personality in the pulpit is wonderful—a power that cannot be accounted for on the ground of eloquence, rhetorical ingenuity, and high flowing language. He does not attempt to use any of these devices. From the standpoint of human art he is not an orator. But he possesses a thing without which no one can be a true orator. In this lays all the eloquence and oratory of Evan Roberts. That thing is reality. All that is spoken by him from the pulpit is the product of a soul feeling and desiring as intensely as possible. The fact that his words stream out from the real intensity of his soul accounts for his great influence. This is his mystery, if it be a mystery.

The measure of all true influence is the measure of true reality. This is true in his case. His high degree of reality, and his power to impress that on the people, is the soul of his eloquence, and not what is commonly regarded as eloquence. His electric influence over an audience is due to the fact that he is really what he speaks. His greatness in the pulpit is the greatness of being real. Therefore, the people cannot account for his influence, because his reality influences them unconsciously. They feel the influence, but they cannot describe how they get it, because of the real simplicity of the speaker. The ordinary human method of influencing an audience is not present; and, hence, many cannot understand how it is that such an influence is produced. His moving power is like that of the spring brought about by simplicity, naturalness, and reality. It is possible to produce artificial oratory without it being the product of these; but the difference between its influence and that produced by the above elements is similar to the difference of the influence of the natural and the artificial flower on the senses. You feel always there is more in the real flower than you see, but not so with the artificial. Hence the difference in their influence.

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Some have attributed the Revivalist's pulpit power to mesmerism, occultism, hypnotism, and magnetism. Nothing could be further from

the truth. These are empty words to Evan Roberts. He has never devoted five minutes to try and understand what is meant by such sciences. Therefore, let such a theory be discarded once for all. It requires a higher science than these to explain his influence, and that is the science of spiritual reality of a high degree, coupled with the naturalness of the spring and the simplicity of a child. More, let us add to the above the power of the Holy Spirit working in and through Evan Roberts. A man speaking under the direct influence of the Spirit of God must be a power before an audience.

Within the last few months there is a marked development in him as a speaker, as well as other things. All his movements preach, and his language, accent and emphasis have greatly improved.

Be it clear to the reader, that we do not imply in the remarks made, that Evan Roberts is perfect. No, far be that from us. He is full of weaknesses and imperfections like other men. Neither would we wish to imply that all his plans and procedures are faultless. Undoubtedly, he commits many mistakes like all human beings. But my experience of him is such, as I remarked above, that I cannot less than regard him as the best young man of his age that I have ever had the privilege of making his acquaintance. Only by the most intimate fellowship can we perceive his real sterling character. His moral goodness so greatly outweighs his defects that I cannot think of commenting on his small imperfections. do not doubt but that his revival methods are open to criticisms. To hold that they cannot be improved upon would be most unwise. But they have been the most efficient methods in Wales since 1859, and we should bear that in mind when bringing out canons of criticism to test them. Let anyone else try methods that he regards as superior to see if they will produce the same results as Evan Roberts's. And if they will, no one will

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hail them more than Evan Roberts himself.

A number of things substantiate all we have said in the previous paragraphs. Firstly, only a young man having the mental, moral, spiritual, and social qualities specified could have endured the severe criticisms he has been subjected to. Anyone without them would have lost his equilibrium and his personal sweetness in all respects. But he has kept his spirit as sweet as if none of the said criticisms had come under his observation. Nay, more: he has benefited greatly by means of them in some things, and, therefore has made them a condition of mental, moral, and spiritual

development. Secondly, it required all the said qualities to hold the honour that has been conferred upon him by different classes of society, without losing his simplicity, naturalness, and humility without nourishing pride, selfishness, and a domineering spirit. Thirdly, add to the above his great and exceptional success. A man without being right at the core in all the principles and characteristics we have attributed to him could never have stood these things as he has done during the last year and eight months. In less than twelve months after leaving the smithy, he became the central figure of the Revival, and the object of the attention of many countries, yet he is exactly the same today in all his good qualities as he was when we first saw him a week after he left Loughor, only that he has developed in them.

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PART II

THE REVIVAL DAWN AT LOUGHOR

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Living spirit of revivals,
 In thy power now descend,
 Rend the sky with thy great thunders,
 Give the life that has no end;
 May the winds be strong and mighty,
 That awake the dead again;
 Grant the heavenly living breathings,
 Giving life to all the slain.

Thou, divine anointing spirit,
 Pour the showers which are thine,
 May the flame now from the altar
 Kindle in us fire divine;
 Oh! consume our hearts corruptness,
 Bring our lusts 'neath Calvary's flood,
 Give us garbs of heavenly brightness,
 Which are cleansed in Jesus blood.

*Rev. R.R. Morris.**Translated by Rev. W. Samlet Williams.*

Chapter XXIII**The Revival Dawn at Loughor**

THE FIRST WEEK

Evan Roberts is now at home, and we can call the fortnight, from 31 October to 12 November 1904, 'The Break of Dawn of the Revival at Loughor'. Such a fortnight has never been known in the history of Wales since 1859. Thirteen wonderful days were they—days full of spiritual power. We are filled with awe as we think of them, and reflect on their possibility. Had anyone predicted their outcome the Monday morning Evan Roberts returned home, he would have been laughed at by most of the people of Loughor. In these weeks there was sufficient spiritual power to move the whole of Wales. Yet, only the Infinite knew that this power would be at the command of a young, uneducated man. We shall take the meetings one by one, and touch the points mostly which are not dwelt upon in Evan Roberts's letters.

I. 31 October

A little before seven o'clock Monday evening, Evan Roberts directed his steps to the prayer meeting held at Moriah, with the intention of having a service for the young people after it. We should like to know all that rushed through his mind on the way. At the close of the first meeting, the young people's prayer meeting was announced. This is the first Revival service in the strict sense of the word for Evan Roberts to conduct; and that makes it of special interest. Sixteen adults and one little girl remained for it; and four of the family of Island House were amongst the number. When the people had

gone out the doors were closed, and Roberts began to explain his object in coming home and other things. Afterwards, he urged those present to

confess Christ. They felt it very difficult to comply with his request; more so, undoubtedly, because of the strange and new method of carrying on the service. Nevertheless, after two hours, during which he prayed three times, he succeeded in inducing them all to stand up and confess the Saviour. A great deal was done at this meeting to pave the way for the Revival, although those present did not know what to think of Evan Roberts. Yet they were brought to meditate on their religious life and to realise more than ever its importance, and it aroused them to examine their inner self. They felt themselves stronger after confessing Christ, and experienced an inward peace which they never did before. The meeting caused much talk in the neighbourhood, and the mental condition of the Revivalist became the subject of discussion.

II. 1 November

The service was held at Pïsgah, Bwlchymynydd, Tuesday night; and the audience had greatly increased. Six more rose to confess Christ in this meeting. There were signs in it also of something to follow. Roberts spoke earnestly on the importance of being filled with the Holy Spirit, obeying him, confessing Christ, and removing all questionable things from ones life. No sooner had he taken his seat, than some of those who confessed the previous night got up, and testified how happy they were after having done so. This was a good sign, for it proved the truthfulness of Roberts's doctrine. Their experience shows the dawn of the Revival was breaking slowly, but no one recognised it as such. These people have acquired strength which will soon increase and be of much help to the leader of the movement. Shortly, the dawn will be clear daylight in the spiritual life of these. When people are brought to this spirit, something great must happen in their case if

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the Holy Spirit is left free to express himself through them. The meeting lasted from seven till ten o'clock; and there must have been something extraordinary in it before the people would have stayed so long without the least desire to go home. What a spiritual treat it would be to see the inward aspect of this meeting as God saw it that night.

III. 2 November

During the day, Evan Roberts arranged to go to Libanus (C.M.) Gorseinon, to the church meeting for about three quarters of an hour, and then

return to Moriah. He called with the Rev. T. Francis, the minister of Libanus, this morning to make this arrangement, and the history of what occurred in the house is found in one of his letters to Sydney Evans. Mr Francis left the Society entirely in his hands, and he spoke charmingly to the people. 'I am working by night this week', he remarked, and then he proceeded to relate his strange experience which surprised the people greatly. But this only led to a greater surprise still; because, in the next place, he gave expression to a prophecy about what the Holy Spirit would soon accomplish in Wales. Of the three nights, this is the most wonderful and powerful in its influence. He says that the Spirit of God descended with power at Libanus in the meeting under consideration. Many accompanied him, after the close of the service, to Moriah, and amongst them, the Rev. I. Francis. The Revivalist spoke powerfully in the meeting at Moriah on the four great tenets which formed such an important part in his message at the beginning of the Revival, namely:—(1) Confessing openly and fully to God any sin not confessed to him before; (2) doing away with anything doubtful in ourselves; (3) giving prompt obedience to the influences of the Holy Spirit in the heart; (4) confessing Christ openly and publicly before the world. This meeting was cold and hard, notwithstanding the power with which he spoke. He

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testifies that it was not up to the Gorseinon one in spirituality, and that disobedience prevailed in it until one from Moriah rose to confess the Saviour. That changed the spiritual atmosphere to some extent; but doubt and unbelief continued to the end. We are not surprised because of that either, for there were many things which accounted for the audiences state of mind. Firstly, his method of carrying on the meetings was quite contrary to what the people had been used to. Secondly, they could not realise the possibility that his prophecies would be fulfilled. He said definitely and unconditionally that great things were to be brought about in the near future; and it is natural for people to be sceptical when such pretensions are made. He had been brought up amongst them, and it required time to convince them that such things were possible through the instrumentality of one whom they knew so well. They preferred to believe that his mind was deranged. Thirdly, a measure of natural prejudice prevailed in the minds of many which always appears when a young man attempts great things in his home. This must arise of necessity in sinful and imperfect human nature. We do not think less of the people of

Loughor because of these things. Had they been otherwise, they would have been exceptional. In an unholy world this is the history of men. More, it is not always a sign of magnanimity when people run after every new thing, but rather the sign of weakness, want of judgement and stability. The people could not see their way clear to receive the new prophet until the divine origin of his message had been proven. But to return to the meeting. Although it was apparently cold, yet we doubt not but that it proved a great blessing. It brought the people to think seriously, and also led Evan Robert to prepare for the coming night. As on the previous night, it terminated at ten o'clock.

IV. 3 November

The Revivalist went to the church meeting held at Moriah Thursday evening, and sat some distance from the

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pulpit with a friend of his. The minister had not arrived, and before any movement to commence was made, Roberts urged his friend to walk on to read and pray without being asked. In the meantime, Mr John Davies, one of the deacons, called Roberts to conduct the service. A detailed account of this meeting is given in his letter to Sydney Evans, 5 November 1904. In it he says that Mr John Hughes, his friend, prayed, and that the Spirit was mightily on him. He also relates in the same letter how he taught the prayer to the children, which has been so marvellous in its effects. 'Send the Holy Spirit to Moriah, for Jesus Christ's sake.' His words about this church meeting are these: 'It was blessed in the Society.' Things were not so spiritual in the young people's meeting which followed. Unbelief, disobedience, and prejudice reigned supreme in it. He could not get the people to bend. After urging them solemnly to confess Christ, ten did. He was determined now to conquer with God and men, and he knelt and prayed to God, saying that he was not willing to the amount of glory given to the Son. 'We are not willing to leave the meeting,' he said, 'until another ten will confess Christ. O Lord! make another ten to confess him.' Slowly another ten, one after the other did. After those arose, there was no sign of anyone else ready to follow them, and no one did follow. The topic of Evan Roberts's address this night was the importance of believing God on his word. He emphasised the verses: 'Ask and it shall be given unto you', 'And, lo, I am with you always', 'And on this rock, I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'.

‘These things must be believed,’ he said, ‘if the work is to succeed.’ His comments on the verses astonished the people. This meeting was the most blessed one so far, and it was instrumental in extinguishing many false ideas in the people’s minds. It did away with much of the opposition to his method, and the prejudice alluded to. In a sense, it can be said that in this and that of Gorseinon, the dawn of the Revival made

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its appearance. However, many things were to be cleared before its light could shine brightly.

V. 4 November

Before treating on the meeting, an important event which occurred this day must be noticed. It came to Roberts’s mind to write to Mr Hartley Aspden, the Editor of the *Sunday Companion*, concerning *Revival Picture Post-cards*. Having stated this to Mr Aspden, he wrote these sentences at the end of the letter. ‘*We are on the eve of a great and grand Revival, the greatest Wales has ever seen. Do not think the writer is a madman.*’ We can easily guess the impression such a letter made on Mr Aspden. Yet he replied in a courteous manner thus:—

Offices—

2, Carmelite House,
Carmelite Street,
London, E.C.

Nov. 9th, 1904.

Dear Sir,

I am rather puzzled to know what exactly you require. The artist who could do the work you want would be Mr Noyes Lewis, c/o The London Electrottype Agency, 3 St Bride Street, London, E.C.

Yours faithfully,

EDITOR

I wrote to Mr Aspden for Roberts’s letter, but its prophetic nature had determined its fate. But he distinctly remembered the gist of it, and answered me as follows:—

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‘Sunday Companion’,

Editorial Offices,
2, Carmelite House,
London, EC.

19th January, 1906.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter to hand. When in November 1904, Evan Roberts began to feel that a Revival was approaching in Wales, he wrote to me on the subject. . . . Unfortunately, I mislaid the letter, but the gist of it was as follows.—He went on to say that the Holy Spirit had been working very much of late in the village in which he lived. That he and several others had been holding meetings, praying for the Holy Spirit to come down, and how they had wrestled with God until two or three o'clock in the morning. He went on to predict that a Revival was coming to Wales, which would be the biggest that had been seen. . . .

Not having heard his name before, and, as a matter of fact, never having heard of the name of Loughor before, I regarded this communication as one of those strange epistles that I receive from time to time. I replied to the letter in a kindly way, and then thought no more of it, until a few days later I was startled to find that a Revival had broken out in Wales, and that the leader of it was the man whose strange letter I had received.

Yours faithfully,

HARTLEY ASPDEN

This night a most hopeful new element came in, namely, many belonging to the different denominations were in the service. Their presence shows that the young missionary has stirred the whole neighbourhood. But most likely, some of them had come there out of curiosity, because of the new aspect of the services, and owing to the talk that Roberts's mental condition was doubtful. The Revivalist spoke at some length, and pressed the same points on his audience as on the previous nights, and

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then gave the meeting free for anyone to take part in his own way. The meeting went on promiscuously in singing, praying, confessing, and giving testimonies until half-past eleven o'clock in the evening, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves, and quite unconscious of time. So far this was the most well-attended meeting, and its nature secured a greater number for the next night. In spite of all curiosity and the unworthy object of some of those present, they were convinced before the close that a certain silent, invisible power was at work, driving them to some foreign spiritual

territory. The spiritual tone of the meeting created a longing in them for Saturday night's service. The movement had now occupied the minds of the people, and had become the chief topic of conversation in the works. The new method was criticised by some, and defended by others, as well as the intentions of Evan Roberts and the state of his mind. But amidst all, some convincing element of the reality and spirituality of the meetings permeated the minds of the majority of their frequenters.

VI. 5 NOVEMBER

The largest congregation of the whole week appeared at Moriah on Saturday evening, and Evan Roberts entered about eight o'clock. As soon as he got inside the door, the verse quoted below came to his mind, and opened an extensive field before him, although he felt in going to the meeting that he had nothing to say. As pointed out previously, the meetings were announced for the young people, but now the line of distinction has vanished, and persons of all ages have come together, and in it we have a clear prophecy of what took place before the end of the coming week. For half an hour, Evan Roberts spoke on the former portion of the verse 'Be ye not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit'. He made wonderfully effective comments on how strong drink harms the church, the family, and

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the individual, soul and body. For some time after, the meeting proceeded, many taking part in different ways. Again Roberts got up, and spoke on the latter part of the verse for a whole hour, and the people marvelled at his trenchant remarks. They sparkled with brilliancy and original genius, and some of those present are sorry that they did not endeavour to write them down at the time. He is conscious that he said strange things, but he cannot recall any of them now. The spiritual tide was rising gradually, and obedience to the promptings of the Spirit increased slowly. This meeting worked powerfully towards opening the floodgates of the Revival. It continued from seven until twenty minutes past twelve on Sunday morning, and was charged with suppressed fervour. This was an awful night in the history of Roberts. In many respects, it was the climax of the meetings during the week, such as in the number of the congregation, the eloquence of the missionary, and the number of persons who participated in it. It is obviously seen that the obstacles are giving way in this before the strong tide.

VII. 6 NOVEMBER

The Rev. D. Glanmor Jenkins, Dinas Powis, occupied the pulpit of Moriah on Sunday, 6 November. Evan Roberts went to the morning meeting, and after the sermon, spoke on the importance of confessing Christ publicly, and exhorted the people to do so. His letter to Sydney Evans on 7 November, states that some obeyed him. He uttered strange remarks this morning, and among them, said that they would have to get perfect silence, even if they had to stop the clock. This struck some of the people as a sign of mental impairment, and one deacon wept bitterly when out of sight, thinking that a young man so dear to them was on the way to insanity. The curiosity of the Rev. D. Glanmor Jenkins had been aroused, because of some of his strange statements, and

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he made it a point to walk with him from chapel in order to know more about the young man. Evan Roberts, however, spoke but little, and Dan Roberts had to carry on the conversation with Mr Jenkins. Evan was in deep meditation,—no doubt about the day's work. This morning, the previous night's meeting was discussed by every two on their way to and from Chapel, and the Rev. Mr Jenkins in a letter to me, states that the people regarded it as an extraordinary meeting. As can be seen from the letter referred to above, he established a women's prayer meeting this day after the Sunday School, and what is interesting about this, is, that it was the first of its kind at Moriah. The evening service having terminated, a meeting for the young people was again announced, and many remained for it, and soon a number came from the neighbouring Churches, and amongst them, the Rev. Thomas Francis, Gorseinon. The subject of the Revivalist tonight is the importance of obedience. Having pressed this on the people for about half an hour, he said: 'Now I commit the meeting into the hands of the Divine Persons. Remember the Divine Persons, not something. The Holy Spirit is not something, but a Person. By giving the meeting in his hands, it is in the hands of an Infinite Person.' As it will be explained presently, this meeting was the most effectual of the series. It continued until half past eleven o'clock in the evening. At the close, the Revivalist urged all who had confessed Christ to remain behind, and about sixty responded, and among them some students from Ammanford Grammar School. In this after-meeting, the prayer which had such wonderful effect at Loughor, was first taught by Evan Roberts: 'Send the Spirit now, for Jesus Christ's sake.' It is needless to dwell in detail on the

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EVAN ROBERTS

history of this meeting, being that he has written a full account of it in the said letter to Sydney Evans. We should say that this night left its mark on the whole of Loughor, for it thrilled the neighbourhood with some divine awe. By Monday, the tone of the majority of the people had entirely altered, and even their

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countenance had changed. Many were thoroughly convinced that Evan Roberts was led by the Holy Spirit, and among them some of the most intelligent and responsible people of the place. It was felt throughout the town and neighbourhood that some irresistible power was gradually taking hold of the people, and, as we shall see, this was fully realised before the end of the week. One keen observer of the meetings told me that this was the night which turned the current in favour of the Revivalist. The Churches were brought to think seriously of their condition, and their conscience was greatly intensified regarding religious matters.

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Chapter XXIV

The Revival Dawn at Loughor (Continuation)

The Second Week

I. 7 NOVEMBER

Notwithstanding the extraordinary features of the first week, this eclipses it in many respects. Evan Roberts calls it the 'week of direct prayer'. The ordinary prayer meeting was announced to be held at seven o'clock on Monday evening, and the old Moriah Chapel was filled to the door, a thing that never occurred in the history of its prayer meeting before. A great number from all denominations had come together. At eight o'clock, the missionary arrived. He opened the Bible, and read the last chapter in the Prophecy of Malachi. Having read, he commented on the former portion of it in a most starting and heart-stirring manner. The people will never forget the emphasis he laid on the sentences, 'But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings. And ye shall tread down the wicked for they shall be as ashes

under the soles of your feet in the day I shall do this, saith the Lord of hosts.' Having spoken in this strain for some time, he was impelled to go and ask those who had not confessed Christ publicly to do so. Among others he asked one of the deacons of Moriah. 'If I must,' answered the deacon, 'I shall do it after the singing is over.' 'You must', said Roberts. Things are now developing rapidly towards a liberation of the spiritual forces of the people, and after a number confessed in compliance with Roberts's request, the place became terrible. Almost all were moved to tears, and many cried loudly and wept in agony. A number began to pray

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for those who felt hard in the meeting, which was a new element. One minister broke out to sing the hymn, afterwards translated by the Rev. Robert Parry, B.A.:—

O! Rend

The veil that hides this Mount, and send
The Sun of Righteousness to end
The night extended o'er the hill,
Whereon the cruel nails he bore,
'Twas love outpoured my pain to still.*

* (Hymns of the Welsh Revival, Wrexham, Hughes & Son.)

One said he felt all the audience were praying for him, when he got up from his knee. Those present this night have no doubt but that they heard some powerful noise, and felt the place filled with the Divine Presence. The people one after the other fell in agony, because of their souls condition, and it was pitiful to see them. This state of things having continued for some time, Roberts said, 'I am not going to pray any more lest the people will think that this wonderful influence comes through me'. The minister referred to above was for hours on the floor within the deacon's pew praying earnestly in great distress of soul. The next step is more wonderful still. Evan Roberts asked them to pray the Direct Prayer, as he calls it. 'Send the Holy Spirit now, for Jesus Christ's sake.' He prayed it firstly, then everyone in the meeting was to pray it in turn. When it was about half way the second time, the whole audience gave way before some irresistible influence, and now the state of things is beyond any description. Many groaned in agony, others sighed deeply, some shouted loudly. 'Pray for me', and a number wept sorrowfully for their sins. The deacon mentioned above was filled this night with the

divine influence; and many broke out to pray, sing and speak without being asked, and it should be noted that this was the first night for the people to take part without anyone being formally requested. We cannot pass without mentioning another fact also, namely, in this

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meeting we hear for the first time in the Revival, the hymn of Dr William Rees sung, and since then it has been the chief hymn of the great movement. The excellent translation of it by Principal Edwards, D.D., Cardiff, is—

Here is love vast as the ocean,
 Loving-kindness as the flood,
 When the Prince of life our ransom
 Shed for us his precious blood.
 Who his love will not remember?
 Who can cease to sing his praise?
 He can never be forgotten,
 Through heavens everlasting days.

About twelve o'clock the influence became intolerable for a time, and the meeting was boiling with fervour. It was three in the morning before any attempt at closing was possible. The letter, written by Roberts on Tuesday, shows that the outpouring of the Spirit was most powerfully felt in this meeting.

Another encouragement for the Revivalist in this service was a deputation from Brynteg Congregational Chapel, asking him to come there for a few nights, and, as the sequel shows, he accepted the invitation.

II. 8 NOVEMBER

The old Moriah was overcrowded this night again, but there was a vast difference between the quality of the service and that of the previous night. It was so hard that the people could not pray as usual. One minister was for hours praying, and Evan Roberts prayed several times. Some others prayed twice and three times, but no spiritual influence was felt. The people and the missionary felt the influence coming near at times, but it receded afterwards. He induced them to confess Christ, and spoke strikingly on the 'four depths', but after all, heaven was as brass above them. Between three and four

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o'clock on Wednesday morning, many of the audience were on their knees, and some of the aged people left for their homes, and among them was Evan Roberts's mother. He followed her in order to close the door. These weeks he could not bear the door open, as he felt the world entering at once. At the door, he asked his mother: 'Are you going home now, mother?' 'Yes', she answered. 'It is better for you to come back', said he 'The Spirit comes nearer now'. 'But,' she replied, 'the people are sleeping, and it will soon be time for them to go to their work.' Some were literally sleeping, and snoring at the time; others were streaming with perspiration, owing to the mental and spiritual distress they were in. His mother went home, and undoubtedly with a heavy heart, owing to the hardness of the meeting and the strange method of her son. After many went out, the majority who remained were young people. Roberts called these together to the middle of the chapel, and there they wrestled with God for a considerable time. Shortly, the place became awful, owing to a sweeping divine influence, and he regards this as a most powerful meeting. Between six and seven on Wednesday morning, Dan and he arrived home, and went to bed, but between ten and eleven he was suddenly awakened by a voice, 'O! I'm dying, I'm dying, I'm dying.' He swiftly got up, and leaped downstairs, and saw his mother with clasped hands, closed eyes, and in great agony of soul. Having gazed upon her face, he diagnosed her case, and understood her burden. Thereupon, he threw his right arm around her, and swung the other out as if leading a tune, and sang, 'Praise be to him', 'Praise be to him'. Mrs Roberts pleaded most pitifully for light on things, and her son testifies that he knew the light was forthcoming. When she was relieved of her great distress, she made known the cause of it. 'What weighed on my mind,' she said, 'after leaving the chapel, was the idea that Christ stood in the Garden in his agony, and I not staying in chapel until the end of the service.'

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III. 9 NOVEMBER

Evan Roberts is at Brynteg Congregational Chapel tonight, in answer to the deputation that waited upon him on Monday evening. Before going to the meeting, he had a divine prayer meeting in the house of Mr Daniel Davies, Loughor, and on the way to Brynteg he told Mr Davies there was a glorious time before them that night. He stopped the Rev.

Mr Stephens from calling anyone to introduce the service, and told him that his difficulty would soon be not to get people to take part in the meetings, but to stop them. His letter of 10 November to Mr Sydney Evans contains a comparatively full account of this night's proceedings. Everything had a heavenly character from beginning to end, and one minister said that he never saw anything more like a transfiguration than some persons who came under the divine influence in the meeting. One woman shouted when the enthusiasm had run very high, 'This is the result of three days praying', and another shy lady stood up and said, 'I have a corner in the house where I pray daily, and because of that I am not afraid to face the public in this manner'. The melting power of the singing was sweeping, and those present will never forget the tendering of—

'Here is love vast as the ocean,' etc.

which we shall henceforth call the 'Chief Revival Song.'

When a collection towards the Foreign Mission was made, some threw every penny in their possession into the boxes, and the young ladies who took the boxes round had been so much absorbed by the mighty influence of the service, that they could not count the money. Roberts remarked that he heard the sound of a good collection in the singing of 'Calvary Summit'. At twelve o'clock, he opened the Bible, read a portion, and commented on it in a way that impressed the audience deeply.

IV. 10 NOVEMBER

The revival meeting was held at Brynteg this night again, but the old chapel proved too small and they had to go to the new one, every corner of which was soon filled. At the same time, a meeting for the election of deacons was held at Moriah, and when the votes were counted, the people spoke freely of what God had done to them, and that without being asked—a thing they never used to do. This meeting having terminated, most of the people went to Brynteg. What a never to be forgotten night this was. At one time, the greater number of the audience had been completely carried away by spiritual emotion. Evan Roberts paraded back and fore along the aisle with the Bible in his hand. Those who were overcome by the holy influence went to the deacons pew, and many of the most intelligent persons who were present assure us that an influence came from them which was too much for the audience to bear. One got

up in the meeting, and expressed the opinions of the people regarding Evan Roberts. He said that many thought that he was getting insane. 'But,' he added, 'I saw many like him in the Revival of 1859, hence do not fear anything.' The Revivalist laughed heartily when he heard that. Visitors came from afar this night to see and judge for themselves the quality of the Revival, and the mental condition of its leader. A number ran to the meeting in their working clothes, fearing that the chapel would be filled before they reached there if they went home for their food. One at least brought his ration with him, in order to go to his work the next morning from the meeting. Tonight was the first time for a newspaper correspondent to visit the meetings. A short article had appeared in the *Western Mail* in the morning, and, consequently, the same firm sent a special correspondent to see for himself about the nature of the movement. This article being the first public notice of the Revival, we insert it here in full as it appeared (10 November):—

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A WONDERFUL PREACHER

GREAT CROWDS OF PEOPLE DRAWN TO LOUGHOR

Congregation stay till Half-past Two in the Morning

A remarkable religious revival is now taking place at Loughor. For some days a young man named Evan Roberts, a native of Loughor, but at present a student at Newcastle-Emlyn, has been causing great surprise by his extraordinary orations at Moriah Chapel, that place of worship having been besieged by dense crowds of people unable to obtain admission. Such excitement has prevailed that the road in which the chapel is situated has been lined with people from end to end.

Roberts, who speaks in Welsh, opens his discourse by saying he does not know what he is going to say but that when he is in communion with the Holy Spirit the Holy Spirit will speak, and he will be simply the medium of his wisdom. The preacher soon after launches out into a fervent and at times impassioned oration. His statements have most stirring effects upon his listeners, many who have disbelieved Christianity for years again returning to the fold of their younger days. One night so great was the enthusiasm invoked by the young revivalist that after a sermon lasting two hours, the vast congregation remained praying and singing until half-past two o'clock next morning. hop-keepers are closing earlier in order to get a place in the chapel, and tin and steel workers throng the place in their working clothes. The only theme of conversation among all classes and sects is 'Evan Roberts'. Even the taprooms of the public-houses are given over to the discussion on the origin

of the powers possessed by him. Although barely in his majority, Roberts is enabled to attract the people for many miles around.

He is a Methodist, but the present movement is participated in by ministers of all the Nonconformist denominations in the locality. Brynteg Chapel, Gorseinon, is to be the next scene of his ministrations.

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A collection was made during this service, as on the previous night, for the Foreign Mission, and many gave all they had in their possession. In the meetings at Brynteg, Evan Roberts had a sufficient proof that things had turned on his side and that victory was his. In fact, this was a day of gladness to him. In the morning, he had received two calls to hold revival meetings. One came from two students at Ammanford Grammar School. They invited him, as the letter shows, on their own responsibility. The night they were in Moriah at one of Roberts's meetings, the divine flame caught them, and they were anxious to set Ammanford on fire. This letter is a fair example of how the Revivalist captivated the young people who came in contact with him, and infused his spirit into them. The contents were as follows:—

Gwynfryn,
Ammanford,

November 9th, 1904.

Dear Brother,

The flame had reached here before we got home, but the Spirit does not descend in showers of blessings as with you there. We do not feel the same since we were at Loughor. Praying is easier for us, and we pray oftener. The reason for that is, that we have found the One we have spoken much of, but not having felt his power until now. The Spirit of Truth revealed him unto us. We rejoice when unable to utter words. The author of all grace can spell our words. Last night we had a grand meeting at Bethany, Nantlais's Chapel, and we are going to have one tonight. But we can positively say, that the light is only just beginning to shine here. Very weak we feel, and cannot say what we would wish. The Revival is not so acceptable as it should be with our fellow students in school. But, thanks be to heaven that some are convinced, but we want all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, the country, and the world, to feel the power of God's Spirit.

We feel that your presence here would certainly be a blessing and an inspiration. Is it possible for you to come? We should

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much like you to come some time between this and Sunday, or Sunday evening especially. A word from you is desirable before we arrange anything. Before closing we ask you to pray for us. O! for feeling the Spirit working so powerfully in Ammanford as at Moriah that night.

Yours brotherly,

W.A. Jenkins and D.G. Thomas

The other call came from the Rev. Joseph Lewis, the minister of Libanus (C.M.), Pontardulais, and this was the first written invitation he had from a Church, which makes it of great interest. This is Mr Lewis's note—

Libanus,

Pontardulais, R.S.O.,

Wednesday.

Dear Brother,

It is not a small joy for me to hear of your meetings, indeed, do come to Libanus for a night. Our need is great here, and I shall be glad if you would come. Send a word.

Affectionate regards,

Joseph Lewis

On Friday, 11 November, Evan Roberts answered:—

Island House,

Loughor,

Friday.

Dear Mr Lewis,

I cannot come to you this week, being that this place must be cared for. Perhaps it will be possible for me to come be you next week, for my friend Sydney Evans will be up here working at Libanus, Gorseinon. Hold prayer meetings until then, praying

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specially for a powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Also, let the children learn and pray this prayer:—'Send the Holy Spirit to Libanus for Jesus Christ's sake.'

Yours in the Lord,

Evan J. Roberts

This day he worked hard in writing letters to different persons, as is shown by the epistles found in subsequent chapters. These letters did much to spread the Revival fire.

V. 11 NOVEMBER

Old Moriah was over crowded before the time of commencing, and hence they had to go to the new chapel, which will hold about 650. This was soon filled. The singing, while going from one chapel to another, stirred the whole neighbourhood. Many ministers came to this meeting from Llanelly, Pontardulais, Llwynhendy, Gowerton, and Gorseinon. The prominent feature of the service was the terrible bending of a great number of the people, and many were surprised at the scenes. Some were on their knees for a long time, unable to utter a word, owing to their souls distress and agony. Others did their best to help, and lead them out of their pitiful state. Some fell helplessly under the powerful, divine influence, and others cried groaningly, so that one could hear them from a great distance. Yonder one gets up to pray for the drunkards with such power, as to make the place awful to be in it; in another part, a young girl shouts. 'What of heaven if it is so good here!' In the deacons pew behold Evan Roberts with the perspiration streaming down his face, and praying in divine agony for God to glorify his Son, and save sinners. The ministers looked surprisingly at the scenes, and only one of them had the courage to utter a word in the great commotion. One girl was awfully terrified by the sighing, the groaning, and the shouting for forgiveness, which characterised one part of the meeting. The young man with an impediment, mentioned by Evan Roberts in his letter to Sydney Evans

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on 7 November, created a sensation, and filled the audience with sympathetic emotion, when making an effort to say: 'The devil was with me today, and I told him to mind his own business.' When attempting to utter it, his sister would say it for him, but at last he got over it himself, and how relieved were the people! Things went on in this boiling spiritual condition until five o'clock on Saturday morning.

After the meeting closed, Roberts called together a number who had remained in the chapel, to teach them how to deal with those in distress. 'Put one hand on their shoulder,' he said, 'and the other hand in their hand. Ask them to pray God to forgive their sins for Jesus Christ's sake. Then ask them, do they believe in God; and if they will say they do, ask

them to thank God for that.' His request was complied with in many cases, and those thus helped out of their distress would look as if transfigured. All the meetings were overshadowed by this in intensity of spiritual enthusiasm. People could not retain a penny of what they had, when the collection for Foreign Missions was made. Many elements met to make this a powerful meeting, such as the previous nights wonderful service, the article in the *Western Mail* on Thursday, the great number of strangers, and a reconciliation meeting which had taken place earlier in the day. A number of religious and respectable girls in the vicinity had not been on speaking terms with one another for some time owing to some disagreement in the past, but at all differences were swept away in the above meeting, and they embraced each other in forgiveness. They came to Moriah that night in this feeling, and took part with an easy conscience, and their influence defies all description. Taking this meeting as a whole, its fervour is beyond the power of any writer to give a true conception of it.

VI. 12 NOVEMBER

The *Western Mail* published a long article on the

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previous night's meeting. The article on Thursday drew the attention of many to the unique character of the services, but this made a very much deeper impression on its readers. Obvious it is, that the writer is under some unction, and that he writes in sympathy with the deepest spiritual strata of the service. In virtue of his religious instincts and intuitions, he has perceived below all the seeming imperfections of the enthusiastic audience. These results have encouraged Evan Roberts in a marked degree.

He was otherwise encouraged this morning also by receiving, through the Rev. Daniel Jones, his minister, an invitation from Trecynon, Aberdare. Brynision (C.M.) had been disappointed, owing to a minister withdrawing his engagement, and, consequently, the Pastor, the Rev. John Morgan, wrote for Evan Roberts as follows:—

Brynerig,
Trecynon,
Aberdare,

11/11/04.

Dear Mr Jones,

I understand that there is a young preacher by the name of Evan Roberts commencing to preach among you, and, according to the report of the *Western Mail* yesterday, creates a great stir in your midst. I am very glad to understand this. May the fire and the influence spread all over our country. We at Brynion have been disappointed at the last minute by the brother we expected next Sunday, 13 November, and it is a special Sunday here. Can you succeed in getting him (Evan Roberts) to come to us to the above place, Sunday. Indeed, do your best. I should like to have a wire back at once in order to be certain that he will come. Of course, as for you, we fear that you could not come, or else there would be a hearty welcome for you here. If one or the other of you can come, all very well. You will be paid for the wire immediately.

Warmest regards,

Yours truly,

John Morgan.

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In the afternoon, Evan Roberts wired to Mr Morgan that he was coming, and also to Mr Josiah Williams, Newcastle-Emlyn:—‘At Aberdare tomorrow; pray earnestly.’

Now, we shall proceed to the account of the strangest day in the history of Loughor. Some devotional solemnity has possessed the inhabitants, and all the talk is of the Revival. Prayer meetings are held in some houses in the town all day long. The longing of the people for the salvation of their relatives and others is uncontrollable. Two girls determined to go to Gorseinon to hold open air meetings close to some of the public-houses, soon they are surrounded by a band of enthusiastic sympathisers; and many were drawn out from the hotels, some of them accepting Christ, and repenting of their sins. On a place called Kingsbridge Common, not far from Loughor, a number of gypsies encamped, and it struck some of the young people to go and offer Christ to them. At first, the gypsies looked at them with a degree of suspicion, but to their credit, it must be said that they soon dispensed with it, and heard the gospel gladly. The Holy Spirit descended powerfully on the meeting, and some of the gypsies confessed Christ. To show their sympathy towards these poor creatures, the young people made a collection and handed it to them, and thereby confirmed the dwellers of the tents of their sincerity and goodwill. Before the evening meeting a band of young men went over to Gowerton to hold an open air service, and that made a deep impression on the village. Strange to say, not a word is heard this day about Evan Roberts getting insane. By this time there are scores in the same condition as he, and,

consequently, they can well understand him. The people do not want to speak of anything today but their own conversion, their spiritual condition, and the conversion of others. They have left themselves free to speak of their sins, of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit.

As pointed out, the *Western Mail* article had aroused the whole surrounding country, and brakes and traps drove into the town early in the afternoon, and the

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new chapel was overcrowded long before the time the meeting had been announced.

Seeing no hopes of getting all the people into the chapel, Evan Roberts requested that the old chapel should be opened, and asked his friend, Sydney Evans, who had returned that day from Newcastle-Emlyn, to go there with the people who were outside. This edifice was again crammed in a few minutes. Many of the young ladies who were full of the Revival went there to help. Sydney Evans related the visit of himself and many others to Cardigan, to hold an open air meeting in the Fair; and he was followed by a man describing a vision he had had and a pitiful appeal from a girl for prayer on behalf of her sinful brother. What next? The audience is in an indescribable state of spiritual commotion. Things are in the same state in the new chapel. Many who came there to criticise and scoff were carried away completely by the irresistible influence of the meeting, and gave themselves up to Jesus. Among them was a Government official, who a few nights previously went to Brynteg to see Evan Roberts, the lunatic. That night, Roberts gazed at him, and his piercing eye left a deep impression on his mind. Tonight he is wholly conquered. In this meeting the voice of Sam Jenkins, or the Welsh Sankey as he is called, was first heard in the Revival. Since, he has been of great service. He failed to restrain his feelings, and broke out to sing on the gallery—

‘Saved by grace’

The words were repeated very many times. For the first time in the Welsh Revival, too, this night

‘Throw out the life-line’

was sung.

Evan Roberts was brimming with joy in the service, and said that God had brought Sydney Evans home

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to care for the meetings by the time he was leaving. It was past five o'clock Sunday morning when the people dispersed, and Roberts was not in bed at all, although he had to start for Aberdare in the morning. The two chapels were so filled at two o'clock Sunday morning that persons could not push their way in and out in an urgent case of running for a doctor. All the grocer's shops in the town were cleared of everything that was in an eatable state, and people who had come from a long distance had lost all consciousness of time, and felt no inclination to go home. Taking in this meeting and the whole of Saturday, we can say that this day liberated all the spiritual power in Loughor to its utmost extent, and it was the means of spreading the fire to the surrounding districts. Those who came to the meeting from different towns and neighbourhoods were most of them filled with a desire to experience the same thing in their respective churches, and in a few days their desire was realised.

This morning Evan Roberts received a letter from Mr W.D. Davies, a student at Newcastle-Emlyn, on behalf of the young people of Bethel Church, expressing their joy at his success. This encouraged him very much.

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Chapter XXV

The Epistles of the Dawn of The Revival at Loughor

The letters of Evan Roberts in this chapter and the next treat upon the chief incidents of the fortnight at Loughor. Notwithstanding that some of them go over the same events, we publish them in full. This is the most efficient means to show his state of mind in these weeks. Anyone who will read these carefully will be convinced that their author knew what he was about, and was serious and balanced in his mind. The keen observation, the corroboration between the letters, the high intelligence, and the depth of spiritual sympathy displayed in them is the best proof we can have that the Revivalist was not a religious fanatic or anything of the kind.

Mr Sydney Evans, his colleague, felt lonely after him at Newcastle-Emlyn, and wrote to him the day after he left. The letters that passed between them form this chapter.

Ty Llwyd,
Newcastle-Emlyn, Tuesday morning,

Nov. 1st, 1904.

DEAR ROBERTS,

I had thought that possibly I would get a word from you this morning. They are rather anxious concerning you here. It was with tears that Ann spoke of you last night. We had a glorious meeting on Monday evening. Heaven smiled upon us. The first meeting was closed in the usual way, but none were prepared to leave.

I said that I would like to get another meeting, and we had a meeting! There was some intensity in it that is seldom experienced. Pray for the meeting on Wednesday night, also on behalf of Jones, Blaenanerch. His feelings are very broken. He is groping in the darkness. He was with me for some time on

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Monday evening, but the light has not dawned upon him yet. Pray for him I am going to Blaenanerch on Sunday. Pray for me. I do not want to go alone. God be with you.

This in brief,
Your brother in Christ,

SYD.

Island House,
Loughor,

November 2nd, 1904

DEAR SYD,—

I am very glad to have such good news from you. Thank Heaven for giving you strength and courage to stand up to say you would like to go to another meeting. Why should Ann weep on my account? Does she fear I am losing my senses? If so, she need have no anxiety, neither need she trouble about my health—that is in a very good state.

Satan gave me a great deal of trouble yesterday. He asked me what need was there for me to come up from Newcastle-Emlyn to Loughor to hold Revival meetings, while there were plenty of ministers. Why should I waste time? But, by now, I see that he has cause to fear, for his kingdom is beginning

to totter. On Monday afternoon I went up to see Mr Francis, but he was not at home. And I am going to see him this morning that he may tonight invite the young people to come up Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night. I visited your house yesterday afternoon. Your mother came to the door, and was surprised to see me. She thought my ghost was there, but she soon saw otherwise. She was joyful as usual. All were in perfect health. She rejoiced to see me, and to hear about you. I told her that you had a strong desire to come up to Libanus to work. I shall call there again before returning. I had a letter this morning from New Quay. Nothing but good news. Another sister has broken out again, and it was glorious there. My arrival up here was unexpected; but still it has been fruitful in blessings. I began a family altar here Monday night. And last night it was late when I arrived home from David Jones's house—about twelve o'clock—they had held the service. Mary read, and Dan prayed. My

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sister is going to erect a family altar. The beginning of the meetings has been grand. There were eighteen (including me) in Monday night's meeting. Sixteen stood up to confess Christ. Praise him! The other was a little girl. Hence you see that the Spirit is working with power. I opened the service by explaining my object, and showing how to get the Spirit. The Spirit was clearly helping me. I prayed three times during the service. . . . We came out of the meeting at ten o'clock, and no one was tired. One very young woman remarked, 'I thought it was only nine o'clock'. Very good. The testimony of others was, 'We have never had such meetings before'.

David Jones's feelings were such on Monday night that he could not speak to me about Daniel. I can assure you that the Spirit's influence is already powerful over these people. We had a glorious meeting in Pisgah last night. Six more confessed. So, twenty-three have confessed, and one young girl that was not a member before.

Last night's service was left in the Spirit's hand, and by taking careful note I saw that which the Spirit wished to teach, namely, obedience. No one tired. Praise him! We hope to get new testimonies tonight. Mary has begun to pray. Chester Morgan was better after confessing. Alice Gray was weeping throughout the meeting. Very good. Yea, and praise God! The power of the Blood! David Jones said he was able to live better on Tuesday after confessing. And Tuesday morning, for the first time in his life-time, he had to fall on his knees by the chair on the hearth. His wife, too, could not keep from praying. Praise him! Praise him! Continue to remember us.

Kind regards to the boys and girls, and our family there.

E.J.R.

Ty Llwyd,
Ebenezer Street,

Newcastle-Emlyn,

Friday Night.

November 5th, 1904.

DEAR EVAN,

I am very grateful to you for your kind letter, and I thank heaven for its contents. For myself, my feelings are in a

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strangely mingled state. know not exactly what to do. I feel very lonely here myself. But I am perfectly willing to bear this, if the Lord wills to have you at Loughor. I find Davies, Llanddewi, a dear companion he does his best to comfort me. We had a glorious meeting Wednesday night. It was left entirely in the Spirit's hand, and he did lead, too. Several of the girls prayed, and I felt that they prayed with real effect. The Spirit has laid hold on some of them, and means to use them to some great purposes. Yesterday I went to the Monthly Meeting at Llangranog with Glyn and Davies, but especially with Jesus, and we had a most happy time. The preaching was unusually powerful there. It was clear to me that the Spirit was behind and strengthening the ministers. I shall never forget the services. We held a prayer-meeting there before the six o'clock service, and Heaven smiled upon us. I shall give you an account of it all when you return. They do not intend holding the Closygraig meeting on Tuesday night. It seems that the company from New Quay are unable to come.

There is a Fair at Cardigan next Thursday, and we intend going there to hold an open-air meeting. Morgans, Blaenamerch, is coming with us. We are going to have a wonderful time there. I pray very much that it shall be so. Do you pray too. Since yesterday I am fuller than ever of a spirit to work for Jesus, and more determined to adhere to him.

The people at Phillips's wish to be remembered by you, and greatly wish you success. Pray for Jones, Blaenamerch. He is still in darkness. Also for Sarah Jane Esau. She, too, longs to come to the light. I spent some time with Mrs Thomas tonight. She was pleased to hear about you. We always remember you, and exhort each other to do so. Has there a change taken place in my father? Find out when you go up.

Pray for our success in the Fair that the name of Christ may be glorified. I re-addressed a letter from Elsie Phillips, London, to you this morning I received one myself yesterday.

Your brother,

SYD.

Write back soon.

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Island House,
Loughor,

November 5th, 1904

DEAR SYD,—

I wish I had time to write you a word every day. I feel a strong desire to do so, but, to tell you the truth, my time is too scarce. I am from home from morn till night, and there is no thought of going to bed before one or two o'clock in the morning. It is good to have quiet to speak of these things with calmness and freedom, and not have to be like mice watching the cats. At the beginning of the week, Mary, my sister, was going to bed before I came home, but now, the bed is out of the question until I arrive and she does not think of going to bed until I go, lest she lose these glorious things. And, Oh! I am glad of the letter I had from Mr Williams, the guard. It gives me great strength to think that so many are praying on my behalf. Last Thursday night in the Society Mr David Davies called upon me to take charge of the meeting. Now, I was at a loss what to do. I asked the Spirit to lead us. Then I called upon someone to begin the service. John Hughes came forward. Now before Davies had called upon me, I had asked John Hughes to begin without being called by anyone; and I promised to pray for him. My dear Sydney, talk of praying—that was praying. The Spirit was with him in power—extraordinarily so. I then stood up to catechise the children in their verses. Upon this Mr Jones came in. He had been to the Monthly Meeting. After hearing their verses, I gave the children the message I received from the Spirit. This is the message. The children were to learn this prayer, 'Send the Spirit to Moriah for Jesus Christ's sake'. They soon learned it willingly. I then asked them if they would pray this player night and morning. Answer, 'Yes.' 'Will you teach this prayer to the children who are absent?' 'Yes.' That was a Society, in which silence reigned, boy! There's attention! There's effect! And, Oh what a large gathering, and all because the Spirit was working. These meetings are talked of in Brynteg Church. And Thomas Shephard has been convinced. I believe Tommy is to be an instrument in the Spirit's hand to set Brynteg on fire. I have spoken to him twice. The

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first time I spoke to him the tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'Excuse my crying'. 'Oh,' said I, 'never mind at all. We are familiar with tears.' And last night he was weeping and crying aloud like a child, when I related the account of the work of the Holy Spirit, and at the thought of his own pitiable condition. There were three young men from Brynteg, one from Horeb, and some from Penuel, at Moriah last night, I cannot and desire not to prevent them. I said that this was to be a meeting for young people. But the old people came too. Francis and his wife have been twice, and both have confessed Christ. I called

with him on Wednesday. I intended to stay only three or five minutes, but I was obliged to stay over three hours, and the Spirit gave me strength to speak almost without a break throughout this time. Francis is under deep feeling. We had a meeting there. prayed Francis followed in broken feelings. After this, I asked God to give strength to the sister to pray. Our prayer was answered at once. She engaged in prayer. My dear boy, she prayed gloriously. After this, I gave thanks to God in prayer for the meeting. That night I went to Libanus to speak of this. The people of Libanus came to Moriah, and they continue to come. Oh! yes, I must tell you this now, lest I forget. I had a vision last Thursday morning. Here it is. Near me I could see a candle burning, and casting its light around. Far away in the distance, I could see a sun rising. And, Oh! what a sight it was. Not a winter nor an autumn sun, nor the sun of spring, but the sun of a summer's morn. Well, there was something divine in it. Its beams were like long arms, extending across the heavens. And the candle continued to burn. There were three or four inches of the candle unburnt. Now, Syd, what is the meaning of this? Turn to interpret. It is quite simple. Day is at hand. This is the beginning of a Revival. But, Oh! the great sun of the Revival is near at hand.

Dear Syd,—I have been to Loughor after writing the above. I have been a blessing, and have been blessed since then. I got one boy to promise to pray for his father—he and his two little brothers. The blessing I had was this:—
A gipsy accosted me

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with these words, 'Good evening, sir'. The word 'Sir' went to my heart I answered 'Good evening' only, when I ought to have said, 'Good evening, madam'. I felt a wave of love for my fellow-men flowing into my soul. And now, when I meet them, I address them as 'Sir' and 'Madam'. Praise God. I passed the football field, and I said, 'Oh! that God would thunder over their heads.'

A glorious week, the Spirit working with power. This is the plan—We begin by asking someone to read, another to give out a hymn, and another to pray. Then I say a few words. This is what is said every night:—

1. We must confess before God every sin in our past life that has not been confessed.
2. We must remove anything that is doubtful in our lives.
3. Total Surrender. We must say and do all that the Spirit tells us.
4. Make a public confession of Christ.

That is the plan that the Spirit revealed to me. Sixty-five have stood up to confess Christ, and the effect in their lives is, some strange joy within them, their lives are purer, and a desire to say more of Jesus, and do more for him.

This is the song of the girls now—religion. That is the question, ‘How do you feel?’ Religion from morn till night. Many of the differences that people had between themselves have been removed. I wish I could write more. I am going to see your family. Your mother and three brothers have confessed Christ. Praise God!

This, with kindest regards,

EVAN.

I would I had time to write to Williams, but time is scarce. My best respects to him, and Phillips’s family, and all the boys. I have just been to the post to send a long letter to Elsie, hoping Heaven’s blessing will be upon it. Continue to pray for me. Francis wants me to stay a week in Libanus. What shall I do? Do you feel ready to come to Libanus? If you do, say so.

(On the envelope outside—‘Pray, Pray’.)

Island House,

Loughor,

November 7th, 1904

DEAR SYD,—

I know not what to write. I am almost too full. My heart is full, and brimming over with joy. Dear boy, the Holy Spirit descended in power at Moriah Sunday night—or rather Monday morning—between twelve and one o’clock. I am certain of four who have been baptised, and I am not absolutely sure about one other person. It is likely that she, too, has been abundantly blessed. These are the persons—(1) David Jones (Daniel’s brother); (2) Alice Uray; (3) Catherine, my sister; (4) Elizabeth Rees (Phrampton Road); (5) Miss Harries (William Harries’s sister). I am not quite certain about the last, but she said she felt rather full, and that she could not contain more—but many have felt so.

It was a wonderful and awful meeting, boy. The service was closed at ten minutes past one. The services finish later and later as they proceed. Monday night, Tuesday night, and Wednesday night, a little past ten. Thursday night, about eleven o’clock, Friday night, half-past eleven, Saturday night, twenty minutes past twelve. Sunday night, ten minutes past one (or, rather, Monday morning). And by the end of this week we shall be staying until daybreak! One thing that gives me great joy is the fact that so many from the other denominations come to us, and some from the Established Church. Very good. Yes, brother, they, too, need the fire (but, remember, last night they started coming).

The results of last week's work are almost incredible. Peace has been made between many. The girls that used to talk in chapel during the service have become serious. All day Sunday everything was a silent as the grave, 'the children', to use Mr Hammon's phrase, 'as quiet as angels'. Many muddy pools have been disturbed by the flow of this new water.

The effects of the confessing are marvellous. Peace has been made between many. A large number have already confessed. And Hugh Jones has confessed. He was backsliding, But I rejoice that he has been caught by the Spirit, 'Since

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fifty years ago,' said Hugh, 'I have never seen anything like it. And I hope now that I shall have strength to hold to the end.' Some have stood up to confess Christ for the first time, and they feel they have some joy never experienced before. For instance, at the close of the Sunday morning's service I asked if any one was desirous of confessing Christ. Two of the sisters stood up, Mrs Edwards (John Edwards's widow) and Mrs Parry Davies (Mary Parry). And in the evening service, she said she felt better since the morning service. And last night, I went about asking some if they desired to confess Christ, and trying to help them a little. During this time, Mary Parry was on her feet, handkerchief in hand, leading the singing—the people, it seems, singing too slowly to please her. Before, she was quiet and retired, but she is completely changed. Praise God! I can scarcely do anything now, but praise him. Some lad stood up last night to confess Christ—a lad who had a marked impediment in his speech. And, Oh! what an effect he had on the congregation. He was asking, 'P-p-p-p-p-r-r-r-ay-ay-f-f-f-o-o-o-o-r-r-r-m-m-m-me'. My dear boy, there's an effect! The place streamed with tears 'Pray for me'. And pray I did that moment that God would answer him and baptise him with the Holy Spirit. After the service had continued until it was twelve o'clock, I said I was not satisfied with it, and that we must get the blessing, even if it were necessary to stay down until daybreak. I said that we would have to 'strive with heaven'. Then the people came down from the gallery, and sat close to one another. 'Now,' said I, 'we must believe that the Spirit will come, not think he will come; not hope he will come, but *firmly believe* that he will come.' Then I read the promises of God, and pointed out how definite they were (Remember, I am doing all under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and Praise be to him) After this, the Spirit said that *every one* was to pray. Pray now, not confess, not sing, not give experiences, but pray and believe, and wait. And this is the prayer, 'Send the Spirit now, for Jesus Christ's sake'. The people were sitting and only closed their eyes. The prayer began with me. Then it went from seat to seat—boys and girls—young men and maidens. Some asking in silence, some aloud,

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some coldly, some with warmth, some formally, some in tears, some with difficulty, some adding to it, boys and girls, strong voices, then tender voices. Oh, wonderful! I never thought of such an effect. I felt the place beginning

to be filled, and before the prayer had gone half-way through the chapel, I could hear some brother weeping, sobbing, and saying, 'O dear, dear.' 'Well, well.' 'O dear, dear.' On went the prayer, the feeling becoming more intense, the place being filled more and more I then went to see the brother, and who should it be but David Jones! 'What is the matter?' said I. 'Oh!' he answered, 'I have had something wonderful.' After this, he said that he felt his heart was too large for his bosom. I told him, 'There, you have had the Holy Spirit.' 'I hope so.' said he. The prayer had then ended its *journey*, but not its message. 'Shall we ask again for more?' 'No,' said David Jones. He had had as much as he could hold. But there were others, who had not had enough, and I said that brother Jones had had enough, but that we could go on to ask for more, and that Jones could ask God to withhold, if necessary. God can give and withhold. Then we added to the prayer, 'Send the Spirit more powerfully, for Jesus Christ's sake'. The prayer begins its journey. And, Oh! with what effect! The Spirit was coming nearer and nearer all the while. On this journey, the Spirit descended upon two sisters. And, Oh! it descended with power. They were shouting aloud—shouting as I never heard anyone shout before. The prayer was not allowed to end its journey around. The people were in a circle around them. There was a sight! The people looked amazed and terrified, while I smiled, saying, 'Oh, there is no danger'. After a few minutes, the two sisters regained their composure, and Catherine said, 'Sing now'. And 'Praise him' was sung, but I fear there was but little real praising, for the people were so amazed at the sight. Then some young brother began to sing 'May thy blessing' and the meeting came to a close. And on the way out, Elizabeth Rees broke out into weeping, being filled with the Spirit, and would have fallen had not some of the friends held her. I know not what the end of this week will be. I intend staying here for another week Mr Francis beseeches me not to go back upon

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any account, since that would only be leaving good work half done. This will be the plan this week—everyone to pray individually for the Spirit—'Send the Spirit *now*, for Jesus Christ's sake'.

Could not you make use of this plan and the four things (mentioned in the previous letter) at Bethel?

Ask the people to confess Christ. You stand up yam self, then Jones, Williams, Mag, etc. Say that you will *have* the Holy Spirit down. Very well.

A 'Young Women's Prayer-meeting' was formed in Moriah last Sunday afternoon I was alone with them. I would have been glad to have David Jones But the Spirit said I had better not. Every one of them prayed—about 25 girls—asking him to bless the meeting, or asking for the Spirit, or praising him. There will be a glorious place here before long.

Pardon all the untidiness with the writing. Here is the body, but a ragged dress.

Kind regards to you all, and Heaven's blessing upon you,

E.J.R.

P.S.—Be resolved to have the Spirit at Bethel, Let the children of Bethel learn this player—'Send the Spirit to Bethel, for the sake of Jesus Christ'. Ask Elsie Phillips to write to you, for you to get her experience. Went to bed today at 3.15. It is improving. We believe there is going to be a powerful meeting tonight (On the envelope outside—'Pray, Oh pray earnestly for us'.)

Newcastle-Emlyn,

Wednesday Morning,

November 9th, 1904.

DEAR EVAN,

I know not exactly what to write to you after what I have heard from you. I am glad that our prayers are being answered so soon and so completely, if anything, more completely than I had expected. But there, nothing is too much to expect for his name's sake. And I myself am now expecting to see Wales on fire praising him. You will pardon me for not writing to you

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sooner. I have been away since Saturday morning, and I did not return until last night (or one o'clock this morning), and I am going away again until Friday.

I went to Cardigan on Saturday, and spoke to the children there. They are praying earnestly for you. From there, I went to Blaenauerch, and there I stayed until Tuesday. I had a never-to-be forgotten service at Blaenauerch on Sunday night, the Spirit was powerful upon me and upon the congregation. I nearly lost myself completely throughout the sermon, but at the close, I lost myself while trying to bring home to the people the importance and consequence of venturing into eternity without Jesus. After the sermon, we had a prayer meeting, and it was a wonderful meeting. There were young girls there praying and clinging fast to the throne. One old man there (about seventy) had quite lost himself by repeating the words—

'Here's a Saviour for the fallen,
Healer of those bruised by sin,'

and praying. Praise God. Blessed be his name. On Monday night at Blaenauerch, we had a glorious Society. Mr Morgans spoke very powerfully. As for the Closygraig meeting, it was most wonderful. It lasted from half-past five until eleven p.m. All the band was there, and, as usual, praising Jesus. It was quite a happy meeting, but the devil troubled me a great deal there. But through Christ I got rid of him. Praise God I am today going to Blaenauerch. There

is a meeting there tonight to prepare with the fight with the evil one tomorrow at the Cardigan Fair. Pray for the movement. I believe all the devils of Gehenna are under marching orders. Their kingdom is to be brought to the dust.

I intend coming home on Monday. I can't get peace with the idea, and after reading your note in the corner of the letter regarding Mr Francis's request, I am still fuller of the idea. I heard that my brother, James, is a backslider, and something tells me I must go after him for my Heavenly Father. That is not from the devil. It is hard upon me, in a mental struggle. I have not slept much since Saturday. Oh my dear Evan, pray for me.

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The brethren here desire to be remembered by you very much. Ann Phillips comes more and more to the light. Sarah Jane Esau, too, is very happy since last night. I intend going to Mr S. Thomas now to see how things are with them.

Florrie says she will write to you soon. They are all coming to Blaenarnerch today, and to Cardigan to-morrow. I am completing my letter to *Mrs Thomas's house*. Neither Mary nor Mrs Thomas is very well. They suffer from pains in the head. It is the effect of a cold. I trust they will be all right soon. They are very glad after having received the good news. They continue to pray for you. I asked the brethren at Clos-y-graig to do so too.

I am now about to set out for Blaenarnerch. Pray for me, and the band of young people. You will get the account next Monday.

May God bless you,

Your brother in Christ,

SYD.

Thanks very much to Dan for writing. I shall let you know by what train I shall come.

Island House,

Loughor,

Thursday Morning,

November 11th, 1904.

DEAR SYD,—

Your letter to hand this morning—your telegram yesterday. I am glad you are coming up in order to spread the Divine fire. Here's a wonderful week, boy! It came down powerfully Sunday night. Tuesday night—O there's a hard time—praying fervently until four o'clock in the morning with no visible

result. But, Heaven be praised for last night's meeting. The place—at Brynteg—was full to overflowing. The chapel could not contain all the people. There's a happy meeting!

The Spirit was there in power. Daniel Davies, grocer, was filled. And, Oh! there's a sight. He came down to the big pew to me, and said, 'Something strange has come over me'. I told him that he had received the Spirit. And, Oh! there was a sight

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after this! He laid hold of me as though he were beside himself, and kissed me. And then he laid hold of me and his wife. The majority of the people were on their feet, singing with spirit 'Praise him', Davies wanting them to be silent that he might say a word, but it was impossible. Then they ceased. And he said, 'Oh, here's a new man'. Mrs Ann Saunders received the baptism the same time. And in truth I know not how many have had it this week. Miss Clarke has been bent, and Miss Watkins (Mrs Francis's sister). Francis is about to receive it. Pray for him. Lewis, Libanus, Pontardulais, desires me to come there for a night. But I cannot go there this week. I may be able next week, if the Spirit leads me. A request has come from Ammanford, too, for me to go there for a night.

I do not intend coming to school this term. I have no time to do any school-work at home. Tell Mr John Phillips this. Dear Syd, bring my box home with you. We may possibly have to go through Wales. If we shall, Heaven be praised. This is a jolly time. I am quite contented, perfectly happy, plenty of work from morn till night. I am working nights now:—

Sunday, from 9 a.m. to 1:10 a.m.	...	16 hours
Monday night, from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m.	...	8 ,,
Tuesday night, from 7 p.m. to 4 a.m.	...	9 ,,
Wednesday night, from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m.	...	8 ,,

Continue to pray for us. The friends at Newcastle-Emlyn must be more fervent, and say that they will have the blessing. Establish revival meetings there. Call all the denominations together. Explain the 'four ways' and at the close of the meeting, let those who have confessed Christ remain behind, and send this prayer around. All must see to it that they pray it:—

1. Send the Spirit now, for Jesus Christ's sake.
2. Send the Spirit now *powerfully*, for Jesus Christ's sake.
3. Send the Spirit now more powerfully, for Jesus Christ's sake.
4. Send the Spirit now still more powerfully, for Jesus Christ's sake.

Pray No. 1 again and again, all together or individually, according as you are prompted by the Holy Spirit, and in silence. Then no. 2 in the same way. No 3 again No 4 afterwards. That

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is the simple instrument of the Holy Spirit. Remember to establish these meetings. It will be worth your while to lose a Sunday for their sake. I have oceans of things to say. My very kind regards to our respected minister's family. My very kind regards to Mr and Mrs Thomas's family. My very kind regards to the boys at school, and the young people of the church, and especially our Guard.

My regards to Syd,

EVAN.

Remember to bring the box and all the things. There's a good boy.

Blaenanerch,

Nov. 11th, 1904

DEAR ROBERTS,

We are about to start for the Fair, and trust we shall get a wonderful time there. We had a glorious meeting last night. I am staying with David Jones. He tells me that Williams, Llwynbrwydrau, broke down in the Society last night, as he spoke of Calvary. I can prove that God answers prayer. Praise him! Praise him! Blessed be his name. I shall write to you to morrow again.

Remember Libanus next week. God's blessing be upon you.

SYD.

Cardigan,

November 11th, 1904

P.S.—We are in the middle at it in the family where I am staying. I am coming home tomorrow. I am not quite certain whether Florrie and Maud are coming. I thank God for your success, and continue to pray on your behalf. If you can, send to tell my parents that I am coming home tomorrow.

Chapter XXVI

The Epistles of the Dawn of the Revival at Loughor (Continuation)

The following letters deal again with the history of the fortnight at Loughor; and they are given in full as they were written by Evan Roberts, and also the answers of Miss Elsie Philips and Miss Nellie C. Evans. Miss Elsie Phillips resided in London, and Miss Nellie C. Evans is one of the ladies to whom he wrote the morning he returned home, and whose letter is given in Chapter XXI—

Island House,
Loughor,

November 5th, 1904

DEAR ELSIE,—

Yours to hand this morning. And I am glad to respond to your request to answer *quickly*. I should have answered sooner had your letter come direct to Loughor I have left Newcastle-Emlyn since Monday, and now I am working at Loughor among our young people. The Holy Spirit led me to this place. He has blessed my mission abundantly. We began this mission Monday night, and we hold a prayer meeting every night at eight p.m. These meetings have been a success. The young people say that they could sit all night Monday night I explained to them the object of the mission. Then I told them of the work the Spirit was and is doing at New Quay and Newcastle-Emlyn, and urged them to prepare for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Now, this is the plan I have taken under the guidance of the Holy Spirit:—

There are four things to be right. (1) If there is some sin or sins in the past *not* confessed, we cannot have the Spirit. Therefore, we must search, and ask the Spirit to search us. (2) If there is something doubtful in our life, it *must be removed*—

something we say of it we do not know whether it is wrong or right. This thing *must be removed*. (3) Total surrender to the Spirit. *We must do and say* all he asks us. (4) Public confession of Christ. These are the four things leading us to the grand blessing. This is our success this week in public confession:—

Monday night, 16, Tuesday, 6, Wednesday, 4; Thursday, 20, Friday, 19—Total, 65.

Now, let me tell you a word about Thursday. You notice that the number is 20? Well, after we had had 10 to confess Christ, I said I was not satisfied with the meeting, and I asked Jesus for another 10. Now, is it not strange we had 10 and only 10? A direct answer to prayer. Now, you let this enter into your heart, and strengthen your faith, 'I know God answers prayer, I can *prove* God answers prayer; this moment, I believe.' Do you believe? I do with all my heart. Let me give another instance, After that great meeting at Blaenarnerch, I have been on fire. I wanted to go through Wales to hold revival meetings. And I asked God to let me have *six* young people at Bethel filled with the Spirit. Now, is not this again an answer to prayer? We had six, and six only, and as soon as we had these six I had to leave Newcastle-Emlyn, and come to Loughor. God answers prayer. This has been a blessed week. I have been very busy. Off from morning till late at night. We never go to bed this week till about one or two in the morning. I feel it so hard to leave off the things the Lord has done here. Our family has had a grand change. We have had a family altar this week for the first time. This again is the work of the Spirit. And last Wednesday evening, before the meeting, while I was away from home, they held a prayer meeting at home, and father for the first time prayed in their hearing. Another proof of the grand work. My sister, a girl of 16, who before was a sarcastic and peevish girl, has had a grand change, and her testimony is that she is happy now, and that there is some joy in living. You can see the change in her face. Young girls, who were very talkative, have been roused from their indifference, and have begun to be serious. The great feature of this work is that people are being awakened, and learning to *obey*. Those who have been with religion have had quite a new and blessed experience. They

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never thought what joy there was in an open confession of Christ. Young people from the Independents and Baptists come to these meetings. Of course, I cannot stop them, and I do not want to stop them. I should like very much if the Spirit was to descend on other denominations. I called these meetings for young people, but old people flock with us. Again, we cannot resist these coming. Last night, we began at 7, finished at 10, and asked all who had confessed Christ to remain. Then the Spirit came close to us. After I had prayed, many of the people rose and went home, but about twenty remained. And we had a testimony meeting—praising the blessed Spirit for His wonderful work. This meeting finished or rather closed at 11.30. And we could stay there all night. Pray for our success. I intend returning to N.C. Emlyn next Tuesday, unless I will respond to Mr Francis's desire. He wants me to stay for a week at his Church. I have not had an answer from God yet I must obey his calling. I want to learn my lessons, and prepare for college. And also I want to work for my Friend and Saviour. This fire is burning in me, and I am willing to do His command. I believe a grand revival is close at hand in the near future.

E.J. ROBERTS

Island House,
Loughor,

November 6, 1904

DEAR FLORRIE,

We had the Spirit with us throughout last week, and last night three girls and one man were baptised by the Holy Spirit. Oh! it was an awful meeting. Every person present was praying this Prayer—Send the Holy Spirit now, for Jesus Christ's sake. This was a 'Circle Prayer'—each one had to pray. Oh! the effect was marvellous. And while the prayer was going on, one of our young men was filled with the Spirit. Praise him! Yes! yes! When this had gone around, we began again—this time with the addition 'more powerfully'—'Send the Spirit now more powerfully, for Jesus Christ's sake'.

All our children at Moriah are every night and morning

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praying this beautiful prayer given to me by the Holy Spirit:—

'Send the Spirit to Moriah, for Jesus Christ's sake'.

Now, you also teach your children this prayer. Do not attempt to make it longer, because it is a prayer given by the Holy Spirit.

Also try this plan given us by the Spirit. Convene a meeting of your people. Ask them to stand and confess Christ, and all those present to pray as above, as the Spirit guides you. Now, do not say 'perhaps the Spirit will come', or 'we hope the Spirit will come', but say—'We believe he *will* come'.

Last Saturday at 6.25 you were praying very earnestly for me, 'Oh! fill him with the Holy Spirit', and Maud Davies asking God to bless the place. Now let me know if it was so, for I was filled with the Holy Spirit at that time, and that night I spoke wonderfully on that verse, 'Be not drunk with wine ... but be filled with the Spirit'. The effect was simply marvelous. Strange to say, the first meeting was with the Temperance cause, the second with the 'Spirit'—the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Oh! I am quite happy this week and throughout the last. But, nevertheless, it has been a grand fight with the tempter. But, thanks be to God, I am now a conqueror. He tried to destroy my faith—and by saying:—What did I want at Loughor while there are so many ministers to be had? Why did I waste my time? And then he said that God's Spirit was not with me, and that these grand effects were only the results of my relating the signs and visions I had seen.

But again, thanks be to God for sending his Spirit upon those dear people. My sister was one of the four. Something moves me to ask you and Maud to

come here over Sunday, or as soon as you can. Pray over it (Dear me the wind is roaring fearfully now—and I feel as if *God* was going by). Yes. Pray I Pray!

Oh! yes, let me tell you the visions I have had last week:—

1. Thursday morning In front of me I could see a candle lit, in the background a Sun rising in divine splendour.

What is the interpretation? The Revival is now only as candle light to what it will be.

2. Friday night in the meeting Scene—Two horses, one white, the other red. Both were galloping together. For interpretation, see Revelation 6:2-4.

No more now. With love, from

EVAN J. ROBERTS

Miss Phillips.

The following post-card he sent to Miss Nellie C. Evans, Cardigan, and below is found her answer:—

Loughor,

November 7th, 1904

DEAR MISS EVANS,

We have had a grand week. The Spirit has been working with us very evidently. Last night four persons were baptised. Pray for us and drop a word.

ROBERTS

11, High Street,

Cardigan,

Tuesday, November 8th, 1904.

DEAR MR ROBERTS,

I fully intended to write to you today, whether I had received the post-card or not. I have been so very busy this last week, or I should have replied sooner. When I read your letter last week, a thrill of joy filled my heart. It was a great joy for me to think that God had given you such a glorious message, and, also, that he had given you knowledge of its true nature, and strength to proclaim it.

We have remembered you in all our prayer meetings, and every morning and evening since this day week; and have asked our Heavenly Father to be with you. I believe he has already answered our prayers.

Work on my friend, and you will find that each day will bring you more work to do—for that is what we all ask for, is it not? Work! Work! work! I cannot help thinking how wonderful our God is! However great or small is the work which he gives us to do, he never forgets to give us the necessary strength to carry it through. Sometimes I am filled with awe when I

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think of his wonderful love towards us, and sometimes he is so near to me, that I almost feel this world passing away, as it were, and I am lifted into a sphere where all is rest, peace, and happiness—no strife, no sin, nothing but peace. It does not last long. Oh, no! It is just one of those glimpses of Heaven which help us so much, and make all work for Jesus such a pleasant task. All the work for him takes us nearer to him. Every hour takes us along with it, and we know—do we not?—where it takes us. To Jesus, to his home, which he has prepared for us.

Good-bye, now, my friend in Jesus, and may he give you work unlimited to do for him. Pray for me, and ask him to give me more also, that I may glorify him on this earth and hereafter. Some of the friends from New Quay have promised to come down fortnight tomorrow. Do you think that some of you from Newcastle-Emlyn will be able to come?

Yours very sincerely,

NELLIE EVANS.

In this letter to Miss Elsie Phillips he gives a minute account of the preceding four days' work—

Island House,

Loughor,

Thursday.

DEAR ELSIE,—

I should like to write all the news to you. But I can't. I have scarcely any time at my disposal I am very busy. Elsie, dear, we have had a most wonderful week. Last night the Spirit fell abundantly. I am working night this week. This has been the order of our meetings:—

Sunday night from 6 to 1-7 hours

Monday ,, ,, 7 to 3-8 hours.

Tuesday ,, ,, 7 to 4-9 hours.

Wednesday ,, ,, 7 to 3-8 hours.

God has done marvellously with us. I do not know how many have been baptised with the Holy Spirit. I came home to work amongst our young people, and now I must

work under the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the midst of all denominations. The place of worship is crammed to door and lobby. Now, the Spirit told me to say that three things show that God is with us:—

1. Enormous congregations.
2. The union of the different denominations.
3. The baptism of the Holy Spirit.

People come to see and hear '*The insane fellow*'. Thanks be to God that the '*insane fellow*', in the hands of the Spirit, has been the means to throw down many castles of sin. Glory to God! No! I am not insane—but filled with the Spirit. Oh! I wish if you could be here for a week to see and help us on with this glorious work. What a sight? Last night when one of our deacons was filled, he came on to me and embraced me, *and kissed me*, while many of the congregation stood on their feet and on the benches, and Oh? what joy! He was clapping his hands, and saying, '*Diolch Iddo*' ('Thanks be to him'), and laughing. You could think that he was mad—for he was mad with joy. From ten to twenty were filled last night. And Sydney is coming home next week. Now, we must pray for the spread of this grand Revival.

I have been asked to come to Pontardulais, a place four miles away. And also to a place ten miles away, called Ammanford. It was through Mr Jenkins, New Quay, that the fire was kindled at this place (*Ammanford*).

Now, *Elsie*, you must make a grand effort to have the Spirit. You must have those who have confessed Christ to remain, and those only. And then say we must have the Holy Spirit. And this is the instrument given us by the Holy Spirit. Every one in the meeting *must* pray.

1. 'Send the Spirit now for Jesus Christ's sake.'
2. 'Send the Spirit now powerfully for Jesus Christ's sake.'
3. 'Send the Spirit more powerfully for Jesus Christ's sake.'
4. 'Send the Spirit still more powerfully for Jesus Christ's sake.'

Now, you, all of you, must pray No. 1 many times together or separately. Then wait and wait a few minutes. Then No. 2 on the same plan. Then Nos 3 and 4. And you are sure to have it.

God be with you, and baptise you with his Holy Spirit this week.

Drop a line, and pray for our success. We shall pray for your churches tomorrow night. And we have done so already—between three and four o'clock Wednesday—all of us, young people.

With love,
Yours in Christ,

EVAN JOHN ROBERTS.

P.S.—Now, Elsie, have you a secret sin? If so, tell God openly. Open all your heart to him, tell him everything. Even the most tiny things. Now, do not be ashamed to tell him all things. Perhaps you may think it is not decent to do so. But, Elsie, he knows everything. He knows all your thoughts, your desires, your weaknesses. Therefore, tell him your thoughts. Ask him to give you good thoughts to make your mind pure I implore you to open all your heart to God. And then you will find that God will come closer to you. I was speaking last night to a young man, and he told me his very besetting sin. He could not and would not tell it to any other person. Now, I can pray God to remove that very sin. And I am sure God will do so. I could not but weep this morning, as your words rang through my mind ‘Send back quickly’. This last word made me weep. I had to go to the garden, and pray God to give you a *line* ‘quickly’.

You should be glad that God has done so much work through you—a proof that you are one of His servants. Now, Elsie, you know that I am your friend. Is that clear? Yes? Good! Again, you asked me to write to you quickly? Did you believe I would? Yes! Good! Now, then, because I am your friend, you believed I would respond immediately to your answer. Therefore, think of this. Jesus is your *Friend*. Now, you want to be filled with the Spirit quickly. Therefore, *ask* him, and

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believe him, and before the end of next week you will have it. God is willing and ready to give it. It is a matter of believing God on his word. Ask, and ye *shall* receive.

Please excuse my writing today. I can't have my thoughts on the words. I hope you can understand it.

With kind regards and best wishes for your success,

Yours in the Lord,

Miss Elsie Phillips. EVAN ROBERTS

P.S.—Now, this is a strange thing. I have finished writing to you. And I went to fetch your letter to have the address, and, strange to say, I had left one page of your letter unread. You say, ‘There is a grand time to come’. Yes! Last Thursday I had a *vision*. In front of me, some few yards ahead, I saw a candle burning, and away in front of me, I saw a sun rising majestically, throwing its rays in all directions; something divine in its aspect. Can you comprehend the meaning? Yes, of course, you can. The grand revival is coming.

Now, it is only as candlelight. But, *ere long*, we shall have the powerful *light* and *heat* of the sun. Now, if you think you can strengthen the young people's faith by relating this, you can do so. It was not a dream, but a *vision*. There have been signs also in heaven. And our bedroom has been flied many times with darkness—God filling the place. Experience—sometimes cold, sometimes fervent, sometimes I can weep, some times laughing and crying. Last Monday I could weep at the words, 'Calvary', 'Jesus'. These words could melt me. Now, I feel rather cool. I don't feel that Jesus is very close to me. You see, I went to think and read of His love and sacrifice, and asked the Spirit to reveal Christ. Last Saturday morning in bed, I was weeping and sobbing so loudly that I awoke our people. Now, you ask the Spirit to reveal Christ to you, and you will feel your heart melting. I want it. You want it. We all want it. 'We need him every hour.' Now, think of this. Once we give ourselves to God, it will be all right. He can make us love him. We can *never* feel that we love Christ enough. If it were so, we would be out of our place. Drop a line by return, and I can have it Monday morning.—E. J. R.

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87, High Road,
Willesden Green,

London, N.W.

DEAR MR ROBERTS,

Thank you very much for your most kind letters. They were the means of giving me great joy.

We have commenced a young people's meeting in our chapel, and, indeed, I believe the Spirit of God will put this little church on fire some day. A great number of our young people have gone on their knees before their Redeemer. One of these young men has been an Atheist, but all I say is, Thank God, that he has seen his mistake, and joined our holy band, to work for Jesus Christ. He preached for years against God on the corners of the streets. Oh, what joy there was in Heaven when this lost sheep returned to the fold!

When I returned here something told me that I had been sent with some message. I asked if we should have a young people's meeting. We had it, and the results are good.

Oh, that we could do more for him. We, poor wretched creatures, being able to do something for him! What an honour, after what he did on our behalf!

Pray for me.

I am,

Your friend in Christ,

ELSIE PHILLIPS.

Thus he wrote to Mr Josiah Williams, a railway guard at Newcastle-
Emlyn, concerning the meetings:—

Island House,

Loughor,

Friday Morning,

November 11th, 1904

DEAR WILLIAMS,

I do not know how to begin writing in the midst of this divine fire. The whole place has been moved, and my heart burns within me with the Holy Spirit. The time is rushing on, or else you would have received a note from me. Thank you very much for your kind letter. Oh my dear Williams, this is
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wonderful and awful week. The Spirit descended on a few Sunday night, then on more Monday night. On Tuesday night he did not seem to have descended upon anyone, but, oh, wonderful! He descended very powerfully on Wednesday night. And what a service last night! The girls and the women shouting aloud, having forgotten themselves. Over thirty were baptised by the Holy Spirit. My dear boy, there's a band of workers! The meetings go on far into the night—or rather into the day. We came home this morning at 4.15. Very good. Yes! Yes! Oh yes! The people say that the boy is foolish—that he is insane!!! Nay! Nay! Heaven be praised! The people come to us from a long distance. I am thankful that Christ through the Holy Spirit draws people to him. Little girls of twelve and thirteen are receiving the Spirit.

Remember us during the next week. They want us to come to Ammanford and to Libanus, Pontardulais. I believe the path is open for me to work for my Saviour. The fire is spreading rapidly, and effectually. One of our deacons at Moriah has been baptised by the Spirit. There's a sight, boy, to see him coming on and embracing, and kissing me, clapping his hands, and praising God that he had found a Saviour. He said that *he was compelled* to receive. He was prejudiced, but now he understands splendidly. People hold prayer-meetings in the houses, the family altar is erected, testimony meetings are held in the Steel Works. And that was a Society meeting in Moriah Chapel (Loughor)! We had to stop the people from speaking. Praise God! What prejudice there is against the movement, boy. Well, I have to say strange things, I have to open my mouth and speak out. And, thank Heaven, those things are very effectual. The Spirit convicts powerfully. I am bound to speak the truth, be the cost what it may. I must tell you one thing. It is pointed truth, nevertheless it must be said. Now, Williams, have you not to use time wrongly? If I understand rightly you have to do so. If so, God says: 'Withhold thine

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EVAN ROBERTS

hand'. I have prayed God to give you something else, rather than that you should do what is against his pure and holy law. Send a word again that I may understand this correctly. 'Better a wound from the truth, than a feast from the false.'

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We have established a 'Young Women's Meeting' at Moriah; there were about twenty five present And everyone engaged in prayer. It is intended to establish a 'Young Women's Meeting' at Brynteg Independent Chapel.

I saw Rachel Phillips on Thursday, and I went with her to Landore. Praise God for such good news. I am thankful that Williams has been brought into the light. I received a kind letter from Davies. I am thankful for it.

I have scarcely any time to correspond. There is so much work. What if you heard the young women praying in Brynteg last night? Mag is good — very good. They were heartrending, boy, and Heaven be praised for them.

I am in excellent health; hoping you are the same. I would like to write for an hour or two to you, but Mr Time moves on continually. Best and kindest regards,

Williams. E.J. ROBERTS.

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PART III

THE FOUR REVIVAL JOURNEYS

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Great God of wonders all thy ways
 Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 More godlike and unrivalled shine:
 who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
 We take the pardon of our god,
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;

A pardon bought with Jesu's blood
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

O may this strange, this matchless grace,
 this godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all the angelic choirs above:
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

(Evan Roberts's Favorite Hymn)

Dr S. Davies.

Translated by Rev. Joseph Harris.

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Chapter XXVII

The First Journey of Evan Roberts

I. TRECYNON, 13–15 NOVEMBER

Sunday morning, 13 November, Evan Roberts with five young ladies were driven by Mr David Hughes, Loughor, to meet the train at Swansea for Aberdare. These young ladies were—Misses Pricilla Watkins, Mary Davies, Livinia Hooker, Annie M. Rees, and Mary Davies. The five were from Gorseinon, and most of them volunteered to go with Evan Roberts. Some of these have done excellent work with the Revival in different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as Wales, in the course of the last eighteen months.

The expectation of the church at Brynision, Trecynon, Aberdare, had run very high because of the two articles that had appeared in the *Western Mail*. But it was an expectation to be greatly disappointed. The appearance of the young ladies with the Missioner displeased the people, and all their sympathy was extinguished. The service was better attended than usual, and owing to that, the disappointment of the best people of the church was very acute. Having been in a chapel all night at Loughor, the Revivalist and his helpers looked pale and worn out. This was a disadvantage, because the audience did not know that their appearance was due to being in a

fervent meeting for such long hours. Roberts refused to go into the pulpit, although requested to do so by one of the Deacons. He stood before the table in the Deacons' Pew, laid hold of the Bible in his left hand, pressing it to his bosom, talked incessantly for a considerable time on his four great revival points, and swung his right hand continually. Apparently little was his success. However, after one of his lady helpers rose to give her testimony,

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things slightly altered. The ring of reality in her voice and the intensity of her feeling touched the people's hearts. But the audience dispersed in a mixed attitude—some were surprised at the strange method of the young preacher, others did not know what to say, and a few scoffed.

Being that an Anniversary was held in a sister church close by, no afternoon service was announced at Brynson, in order that the people might attend the Anniversary. But, seeing the crowd, the doors were thrown open. The Missioner with his helpers attended and conducted the service on the same lines as in the morning. He pressed hard on the people to confess Christ, but with little success. At last one got up and attempted to confess, but failed to say a word. 'Thanks,' said Evan Roberts 'I shall never forget your face.' This cleared the way to some degree, and a number confessed Christ before the end. Opinions as to his procedure varied greatly. One said, 'Is not this young man awfully daring?' 'He differs from all other religious teachers', said another. And a third remarked, 'I cannot make out that he is feigning, for there is some reality about him'. It is to be noted, however, that very few were taken up by him in the afternoon service. Yet, there was one extraordinary element in this and the morning service, namely—some of the most shy young boys and girls felt a burning desire to say something about Christ, and others felt themselves poor; and were conscious that the things spoken by Evan Roberts suited their spiritual needs. One person thought that the Revivalist was mentally impaired, yet he felt something in the meetings different from anything he felt before. The conscience of the people was touched in a quiet and unaccountable way. At the close of the afternoon meeting, Roberts made a solemn appeal to the people to take the matter of the evening service to God in prayer, and ask him to be present and bless them with the influence of the Holy Spirit.

A great number came to the evening meeting, and the

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influence was deeper and more general. The morning meeting was characterised by a melting influence on boys and girls of about 15 to 18, as suggested above, and the afternoon service had a different spiritual effect; but the evening meeting differed again. A kind of terror reigned in this, and very few, if any, were daring enough to criticise. The people seemed to expect something great to occur.

Mr Roberts had understood the state of the people, for he said to his host, Mr David Davies, 37, Windsor Street, Trecynon, Sunday night, 'There will be a blessed place here before next Sunday, and wonderful things will occur here Wednesday and Thursday night'. His words became literally true.

A special request was made for him to stay in the place for another day, with which he complied. Monday morning, he wrote to Dan, his brother, in English:—

37, Windsor St,
Trecynon,
Aberdare,

Monday morning.

DEAR DAN,

The Aberdare friends have asked me to stay here for another day. As for the future I know not what to do. I am simply in the hands of the Holy Spirit. We had three meetings yesterday at Brynision. I think and believe the Holy Spirit has begun his work here. O! pray that the place may be saved. This is a grand sphere to work in. I shall not be at the above address tonight; but you may send a telegram there.

The chapel was crammed to the door last night. And there was very good singing. But people came from curiosity—some to despise—some to mock. Young ladies gave out hymns to sing, others testified, whilst others confessed Christ. Yesterday afternoon, 5 boys stood up for the first time to profess and confess our Lord Jesus Christ.

Give the news to Sydney Evans. Things are going on very

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well. And we pray God to pour his Holy Spirit upon us this week. You pray also.

Best love to the ever onward marching Band,

Yours, in the Lord,

EVAN J. ROBERTS

The largest chapel at Trecynon (Ebenezer Congregational) which will hold from 800 to 1,000, was thrown open for Monday evening's service. At the time the meeting was announced, there was no sign of anything exceptional. Only a few had come together, and the coldness of the spiritual atmosphere was such, that no one present expected a fervent meeting. Before long the congregation increased, and when the five lady helpers of Evan Roberts arrived, a slight change of feeling came over the people. As this is the first great meeting of his first journey, it would be well to insert here the brilliant account of it given by the *Western Mail* correspondent, from the time Evan Roberts entered:—

The melody was in full swing when Mr Evan Roberts took his seat beneath the pulpit. Before uttering a word he approached the old man who had been the first to pray, and grasped his hand. The building by this time was filling rapidly. Evan Roberts looked pale, but was full of animation. While another hymn was being sung he walked up and down the aisle, swinging his arms and clapping his hands. At times he gave a short, sharp spring off his right foot, and smiled joyously upon the people around him. There was no conventionality, no artificiality or affectation in his manner. The expression on his open, attenuated, and distinctly intelligent face was that of a man with a mission, and reminded one of the portraits to be seen in so many Welsh homesteads of men who were leaders in the two previous religious revivals in Wales.

Speaking in Welsh, he discarded the stereotyped preface so commonly in vogue among preachers in the Principality, and straightway declared the faith that was in him. He had not come there, he said, to frighten them with a discourse on the

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terrors of everlasting punishment. His belief was that the love of Christ was a powerful enough magnet to thaw the people. That was his own personal experience, and he had found a joy which was far beyond human expression. No one but the true believer knew in reality what it was to have a light heart and unalloyed happiness. Denominationalism did not enter into his religion. Some people had said that he was a Methodist. He did not know what he was. Sectarianism melted in the fire of the Holy Spirit, and all men who believed became one happy family. For years he was a faithful member of the Church, a zealous worker, and a free giver. But he had recently discovered that he was not a Christian, and there were thousands like him. It was only since he had made that discovery that a new light had come into his life. That same light was shining upon all men if they would but open their eyes and their hearts. Reverting to sectarianism, he said that whilst sect was fighting against sect the devil was clapping his hands with glee and encouraging the

fight. Let all people be one, with one object—the salvation of sinners. Men refused to accept the Gospel and confess because, they said, of the gloom and uncertainty of the future. They looked to the future without having opened their eyes to the infinite glories of the present. They talked about the revival of 1859. Why, there would be a perpetual revival if men would only keep their hearts open instead of closing them to every influence. If anyone had come there that evening with the intention of making an impression, he advised him or her to refrain. Unless they felt that they were moved to speech or song, let them keep their peace. He did not come there to glorify himself. Glad tidings had come from Loughor concerning a mission among the gypsies in their encampment near that place. The soul of a gipsy was of no less value than that of any other human creature.

Such was the substance of Mr Roberts's address. He spoke for an hour and a quarter under evident restraint, and in a quiet, confident style. He made no attempt at rhetoric, and was never at a loss for a phrase or a word. Those who might have come to scoff and did not remain to pray might, at any rate, have been deeply impressed with the profound earnestness

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of the young man, and there is no doubting his absolute sincerity and conviction.

Immediately he had resumed his seat two elderly women rose simultaneously, one speaking in Welsh, and the other in English. The voice of her who spoke the latter language rang out clearly, and a common thrill trembled through the assembly as a breath of wind runs across the sea. Her last words were: 'I love my Master because I know what he has done for me', and then she fell back in the pew. A young woman came forward with the Bible in her hand, and was preparing to read, when Mr Roberts asked the people to sing, 'Great God of countless wonders', the stirring words of which were repeated several times. After reading a portion of Scripture, the young woman knelt down in prayer, and an impassioned fervour spread into all parts of the crowded chapel.

During the remainder of the night many men and women broke forth in prayer and song, and a meeting which had opened so coldly was in a white heat of religious enthusiasm before the last word had been said.

The great success of the meeting impelled the people to induce him to stay with them another day. Tuesday, 15 November, was a wonderful day in the history of Trecynon. Immense crowds gathered there from all directions and it was obvious that some great and powerful religious forces had been disturbed to a degree which had never been experienced since 1859. The intense moving power of these prophesied an outburst of spiritual energies which would move the whole Principality. People of strong spiritual intuitions who were present recognised the nature of

the power in operation at the meetings, and ventured to predict great things. They inferred that the movement was full of the divine, before it could be characterised with such powerful influence. 'What draws these crowds?' they asked. 'The human instrument is not eloquent, learned, extraordinarily gifted,' said they, 'and yet he holds the people spellbound, and leads them to forget all but spiritual things. For all this, only one reason can be given,

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namely, that the man is under the influence of the Holy Spirit.' Such was the talk of the most godly people who had come to Trecynon this day from various places.

The morning prayer meeting lasted three hours and a quarter, and all that took place in it was only a seething outburst of spiritual spontaneity. The whole neighbourhood had been aroused to such an extent that people remained home from their work for the express purpose of attending this prayer meeting. The Holy Spirit was the only Conductor of the service. Evan Roberts took no part except offering a prayer. Long before 7 o'clock, the time announced for the night meeting, the chapel was crammed. The Missioner was there before the time, and it was evident that his whole nature was stirred by the sight. At five minutes to seven he gave out a hymn. This was heartily sung and after it another soul-stirring Welsh hymn:—

'Heavenly Jesus, ride victorious,
Gird Thy sword upon thy thigh.'

To any spiritually-minded man, it was now evident that most of the people were nearly bursting with emotion, and that before long this would be poured out. A young lady in the Deacons' Pew sang—

'O happy day that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God,'

and she applied the hymn to two gipsies she had brought with her to the meeting, and that had a wonderful influence on the people. Now, a spontaneous outburst of prayer and praise took place. Evan Roberts delivered a short address, and appealed to sinners and backsliders to join the Church of God. A response promptly came. The fervour of the meeting intensified, and some impassioned prayers were offered, and speeches delivered. The Revivalist now walked about the chapel, filled with joy. When

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the meeting was in an intense state, Roberts clearly and positively proclaimed that a mighty Revival was coming, and that they were only opening the gates for it.

To attempt a true detailed description of this meeting is to attempt what is beyond the power of a human being. Notwithstanding that Evan Roberts left on Wednesday, a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit was experienced at Trecynon in the days which followed, resulting in scores of conversions, including sceptics, backsliders, drunkards of the worst class, and self-righteous persons. One noted agnostic burned all his books, and went about to other places to offer Christ to sinners. The churches were completely renewed throughout the district.

Wednesday morning, Mr Dan Roberts arrived at Trecynon with letters for his brother and Evan persuaded him to remain there, being that he was leaving for Pontycymmer.

II. PONTYCYMMER, 16–18 NOVEMBER

Pontycymmer is a colliery town in Garw, one of the western valleys of Glamorganshire. The different denominations are comparatively strong there, but previous to the Revival, like all thickly populated places, much drunkenness was characteristic of the town. When Evan Roberts was at Aberdare, the South Wales Women's Temperance Union held their half-yearly Conference at Tabernacle Congregational Chapel, Pontycymmer; and the young people of the different denominations decided to invite the missionary to them to conduct a series of Revival services in connection with the Conference. The Rev. D. Mardy Davies, a minister of the Calvinistic Methodist Church, was sent to Aberdare to urge Evan Roberts to come. He succeeded, and the Revivalist appeared at the Tabernacle Congregational Chapel on Wednesday evening, 16 November. After throwing a piercing glance over the audience, his first words were:—'Let

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us have the quietness that we can make, and then we shall have the quietness that God can make.' This night he could not walk about the chapel as his wont was, for the chapel was densely packed. People had gathered from all parts of the Garw Valley, and not a few simply for the sake of seeing him. How strange! People talked on their way to Pontycymmer of the Revival as if it had already swept over the whole Principality. The keen religious people had no doubt about its origin and nature. Sceptical

critics were disarmed by the simple and unostentatious manner of Evan Roberts. He did not indulge in high flowing language, rhetorical efforts, nor any other means which would appeal to people's emotions. Although the atmosphere was most oppressive, owing to the huge audience, he spoke for an hour. During the service many fainted, but in all the commotion he was quite cool, and urged the people to let those who had fainted fall on their knees. The enthusiasm of the meeting developed from stage to stage, until at last men and women poured out their hearts in prayers and appeals, and in some of the richest hymns and tunes. Strong men were choked with weeping in their attempt to speak, and others overwhelmed with agony; some cried piteously for forgiveness and to be right with God. The majority of the people were anxious to express themselves somehow; and in the effort, a good number took part simultaneously. Evan Roberts now sat under the pulpit in the big pew, clapping his hands, and occasionally laughing joyfully, urging the people to go on. Not until four o'clock were they able to close the meeting.

Thursday, 17 November, came, and Evan Roberts and his helpers were out at 5.30 am, in order to induce the night-shift men to come to the 7.30 a.m. prayer meeting. This was a memorable meeting for its enthusiasm. Most of those present took some part in it, and that in a very fervent manner. The Revivalist was present at the ten o'clock meeting, and it was soon noticed that he was under a great burden. Two colliers that morning had

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scoffed and scorned him at the pit-head. He asked the people to pray on their behalf; and, as a result, the place became indescribable. One minister attempted to pray, but failed; Evan Roberts fell on the floor and groaned; he got up and went to the two scoffers' house, and induced one of them to accept Jesus. At two o'clock the chapel was crowded. Ministers were present from all the surrounding districts; and commercial travellers had left their bags in their buyers' shops. Many of them were seen on their knees, and others in tears. But when we come to the evening service our descriptive power fails. The town never witnessed such crowds pouring into a religious meeting from all directions. At the commencement the feeling of the meeting was kept under control; but when Evan Roberts read a few verses from 'Revelation', 'I saw a large multitude', &c., and commented upon them, the flood-gates began to open, and a torrent of feeling carried the audience away. Several ministers were moved, and

they prayed most impressively. When the Missioner offered the riches of grace to sinners, a great number responded from various parts of the building. The people were asked to pray for the conversion of those who had not accepted Jesus. A willing response came and it is difficult to imagine the scene that followed. The eloquence and lingual fluency of uncultured and uneducated men and women surprised some of the ministers present. Soon another scene startled all. A young wife asked, 'Who will accept Jesus?' This occasioned the people to give vent to their feelings; and when a middle-aged woman exclaimed, 'I have fallen as low as it is possible to fall and he has received me', the enthusiasm became unbounded, and many declared their willingness to accept Christ. Though the chapel was so full and hundreds unable to gain admission, at a quarter to twelve there was no ebb of enthusiasm, owing to the fact that conversions were announced continually, and amongst them an old gentleman of eighty. The great fervour kept on until after 4 am; and some of

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those who had been through the Revival of 1859 testified that they never saw anything equal to this service. So far, this was the most wonderful meeting of the series. Next day the Missioner remarked that 'Thursday was the greatest day of his life'.

On 18 November, the name of Evan Roberts is now on every lip in the town. That is not to be surprised at, for no man has done such things in the history of Pontycymmer. Many of the people did not go to bed, but paraded the streets singing hymns; and at 5 a.m. Evan Roberts was at the pit-head watching the men coming from work, and shook hands heartily with them. 'Come to the prayer meeting,' he said to every one, 'unless you are too tired.' In this prayer meeting strong men were overcome entirely and wept like children. The ten o'clock meeting was an extraordinary one. In it many people broke forth for the first time. One of these was Annie Davies, Maesteg, who has done so much with the Revival. She had come there the night before, as the letter in the next chapter indicates, in an indifferent spirit.

The two o'clock service, again, was truly remarkable for its fervour and great concourse of people. Nearly an hour before the evening meeting, Bethel (C.M.) Chapel was packed, and a request was made by the missioner that the Tabernacle Chapel should be opened. In a few minutes that was filled. Evan Roberts addressed this meeting before going to Bethel. The intensity of feeling in the audience was beyond description. A most

realistic story of a drowning person being saved by a comrade was given by one man, and so telling was it that a lady struck—

‘Throw out the life-line.’

About 400 failed to gain admission; but their enthusiasm was kindled by the fervour inside, and they went and held a meeting in front of the Pontycymmer Hotel.

The Rev. D. Hughes, Congregational minister, Pontycymmer,

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says that this night was unparalleled in the history of the town. Almost all the inhabitants marched to the meeting. Evan Roberts retired to rest about 2 am. Saturday, but the service continued for another two hours.

A very great number of strangers visited Pontycymmer during these days, and many of them were full of the Revival spirit, and carried the fire back to their respective churches. The sweeping power of these meetings determined definitely the success of the movement.

Now, invitations poured in to Evan Roberts from many places, and it was impossible for him to attend to his correspondence and proceed with his work. Consequently, the Rev. D. Mardy Davies took the secretarial work for a few months, which function he discharged creditably, and did much good in organising the movements of Mr Roberts.

III. BRIDGEND, PYLE, AND ABERGWYNFI, 19 NOVEMBER

On this day a meeting was arranged for him at Bridgend, a town about nine miles to the south of Pontycymmer. About 10 a.m., the spacious Town Hall was full, the majority being the leading religious people of the district. Before this large audience Evan Roberts appeared. The hard work of the past three weeks had told on him, and anyone accustomed to public speaking could detect that at once. His vocal organs had been taxed so much, and he had lost so many nights' sleep that he could not very well articulate his words and clearly cut his sentences. Not having heard him before, the writer was anxious to rightly estimate him, and got near to him on the platform for that purpose. In less than a quarter of an hour, he felt himself in the presence of a unique young man. This uniqueness was not in his ideas, penetration to deep principles, elegance of expression, nor eloquence, but in some reality that sparkled through all he did, and which fixed the

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attention of every eye in the congregation upon him. His subject was the four points named in previous chapters; and he spoke earnestly for an hour, pressing the importance of conforming with them. The speaking did not seem to move the audience greatly, but many were in tears. Some quiet influence took hold of the people unawares, as it were, and when the Missioner closed his address, an outpouring of feeling occurred. Men able, as a rule, to control their emotion wept like children; ministers began to testify; a young lady read a portion of Scripture, and a few prayed. Eventually, Annie Davies and another young girl sang—

‘Here is love vast as the ocean,’ &c.

This moved almost everyone to tears. The place got unbearable now for many strong, experienced persons; and some left the building under deep emotion. A reporter so far forgot himself as to drop his note-book upon the floor. The writer will never forget the scene. Scarcely could one control his feelings, in order to take a correct impression of the meeting. People who had come to the market forgot their business entirely, and the service continued long after Evan Roberts disappeared. Nine conversions were reported at the end.

At two o’clock the Missioner conducted a service at Pyle, a country village, six miles west of Bridgend. The chapel, which will hold five hundred, was comfortably full. Here, again, he dealt with the same topic for an hour. At the end of his address, the result was the same as at Bridgend. The audience was in a turmoil for three quarters of an hour. When things were in this state, Evan Roberts went out to seek some passers-by to come to Christ, and found three, whom he brought in. He made the final test, and it was reported that seventeen had accepted the Saviour.

He proceeded northwards against the evening to Abergwynfi, a mining town about fifteen miles from

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Pyle, and before six o’clock the edifice, where the Calvinistic Methodists worship, was filled, and scores were outside. It took the writer a long time to get inside, and it is safe to say there were from eight hundred to a thousand in the building. Notwithstanding that many drunkards had gathered about the door, and some inside, the divine influence carried all before it. Things were not uncontrollable when the Missioner was

speaking on the conditions of a Revival; but when the two girls, who sang in the morning at Bridgend, stood in the pulpit, and rendered the hymn quoted above, the audience poured out its feeling in prayers, testimonies, and praise. A reformed drunkard on the side of the gallery, with his coat off, related what Christ had done to him with such flow of words and eloquence as to draw out a torrent of responses. Suddenly, a voice comes from another part of the gallery, a woman praying for her drunken husband. Her piercing voice, her deep yet controlled emotion, her earnestness, and her soul's agony, swayed the congregation like a reed by a storm. This outburst having cooled a little, Roberts tested the meeting, when fifteen proclaimed their acceptance of Christ. Failing to have more to give in, he knelt in the deacons' pew for a few moments, and was engaged in silent prayer, and then he got up, said that another fifteen were to give themselves up as the Lord had told him so, and his word was always true. This was verified before the meeting closed, for another fifteen yielded.

Chapter XXVIII

Evan Roberts's Helpers

Before proceeding to the history of meetings contained in the next chapter, a few remarks are required on three of Evan Roberts's helpers. This will help us to form a clear conception of the rapid spread of the Revival.

I. DAN ROBERTS

The Missioner's brother is the first to come under our notice. He was born 30 January 1881; and educated at the British School at Loughor. Between the age of fourteen and fifteen he became a member at Moriah. Like his brother, he has always borne a good character, and has been faithful with the Sunday School and all the services of the church. His jocular nature, kind-heartedness and sympathy made him always popular with the young people. Physically, he is a fine figure, standing six feet in height, and his bearing is soldier-like. Until a few weeks before the Revival broke out he worked underground. The state of his eyes compelled him to leave his work; and, as referred to in a preceding chapter, he was

unable to work when his brother came home. In relating his experience in the period before the Revival, he says that he always felt life to be not worth living, although he kept that feeling to himself; but since he has come under the influence of the Revival, his heart has been overflowing with joy.

It will be remembered he went to Trecynon on 16 November with his brother's letters. As his brother was leaving for Pontycymmer, Dan was induced to remain at Trecynon until 19 November. He had no idea then of conducting Revival meetings. But calls came from a number of places urging him to do so; and he was

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pressed into the work almost unknown to himself. For five months he conducted meetings continually, and visited forty to fifty places, among them some of the most populous districts in Glamorganshire. Hundreds joined the churches in his meetings; and at Aberkenfig, no less than 146 conversions were reported during his two days' mission there. Parts of Montgomery were visited by him, too.

II. SYDNEY EVANS

Sydney Evans also did noble service in helping Evan Roberts. He is the son of Thomas and Mary Evans, now of Gorseinon, but formerly of Cwmbath, Morriston, where Sydney was born on 23 October 1883. On their removal to Loughor, Mrs Evans joined Libanus (C.M.) Chapel, Gorseinon; and her son Sydney became a full member of the same church in his thirteenth year. The only educational advantages he had were a few years at the Board School, Morriston, and the British School, Loughor. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a grocer at Gorseinon. From there he went to Newport, and thence to Swansea. During his stay at the last place, he used to go home every Saturday night; and, therefore, retained his membership at Libanus. His employers give the highest testimony to his integrity and good conduct. Wheresoever he would be he was faithful to the religious services of his church, and was a diligent reader of the standard Welsh books. Unlike Evan and Dan Roberts, Sydney Evans is small in stature, and not strongly built. His complexion is dark, and although he is young his hair is already turning gray. In February, 1904, Libanus Church, Gorseinon, unanimously urged him to enter the ministry, and he willingly complied with the brethren's wish because to be a minister of Christ had for years been the deepest yearning of his

heart. He went round the churches on probation, and was passed. When Evan Roberts went to Newcastle-Emlyn, Sydney Evans accompanied him, as we have seen in previous chapters. Both stayed at Ty

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Llwyd, occupying the same rooms. The reader will recollect that Mr Evans returned home on 12 November, with the object of spending a week with the young people of his church. So he did; but owing to pressing calls, he started for Pontycymmer on 19 November. Between this and 27 December, he visited fourteen places in Glamorgan; Llanelly and Kidwelly in Carmarthenshire; and also gave two days to Gorseinon. From 28 December to 8 February, he made an extensive tour through Monmouthshire, commencing at Newport; and this resulted in the conversion of between two and three thousand souls. Next, he held meetings in two places in Glamorgan from 9 to 13 February; and afterwards proceeded to some places in Breconshire and Monmouthshire until 18 March. On 24 March, we find him at Pontycymmer again; and up to 19 May he works in the most populous districts of Glamorgan, including Cardiff and the Rhondda. The next tour takes in a great part of Breconshire, and also a number of places in the counties of Montgomery, Merioneth, Carnarvon, Flint, and Denbigh, and also two churches in Liverpool. He was afterwards invited by the churches of the Welsh portion of Pembrokeshire, and he complied. On most of these journeys Sam Jenkins, the noted singer, accompanied Sydney Evans, and his singing did much to make the meetings effective.

III. ANNIE DAVIES

Annie Davies, whose nightingale voice has enchanted the audiences in the Revival, is the daughter of Richard and Hannah Davies, of Nantyffyllon, Maesteg, Glamorganshire. Her father, who follows the occupation of underground lampman, is conductor of the singing at Zoar Congregational Chapel, Maesteg; and her mother is a highly religious woman. Annie, who was only eighteen years of age when the Revival broke out, was undergoing a course of voice training under a proficient teacher—Mr

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Harry Evans, Dowlais. Before going to Mr Evans, she had been under the tuition of Madame Clara Novello Davies, Cardiff. She accompanied Evan Roberts to all his meetings during the first three journeys; and the audiences everywhere were enraptured by her singing. Since, she has

been doing Christian work in the East End of London and different parts of Scotland.

Miss Davies's letter inserted below explains how she came under the influence of the Revival—

52, Clinton Row,

Bow,

London,

10.1.06.

DEAR DR PHILLIPS,

I shall now endeavour, in the best way I can, to tell you how I started with the work.

Hearing and having read that Mr Evan Roberts was at Pontycymmer holding a Mission, I decided to go there and see what the meetings were like. That was 17 November.

When preparing to go to catch the train, the tune called 'Britain's Lament' came to my mind; also time words of the hymn 'Here is love vast as the ocean' flashed across my mind, and I could not resist singing it in the house. I reached Pontycymmer a little after 7 o'clock. I got to time entrance of the chapel where Mr Roberts conducted a meeting, and I found great difficulty in getting in, as the place was crowded. However, two hours passed before I could get in, and when I did the first I saw was my sister Maggie, and her face showing that her soul was in great agony. It was evident that the Spirit of God was working within her.

I did not enter the meeting in the right spirit, the consequence being that I felt very indifferent and full of curiosity. I continued so until nearly the end of the meeting, when, just before closing, Mr Roberts asked all those who could stand up and say in their own hearts that they loved Jesus above everything

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else to do so. My sister and I sat together, and our first impulse was to get up and show that we were of those who could stand up and say so, but we were checked from doing. An irresistible power kept us to our seats. Soon after time meeting closed, but I felt very unhappy; conscience spoke very loudly to me. It told me that I had betrayed my Saviour. I had been a member for years before, but had not done anything for the glory of God. I felt God could never forgive my countless sins. I tried to sleep and forget all about the meeting, but found it quite impossible to do so. I knew things would have to get different from what they were then, as everything seemed quite empty to me. I felt I had to find peace or die.

I was counting almost every hour before the time arrived for the second meeting. At last the time came. When entering the chapel, I knew there was a great power working there. My soul was moved to its depths. My tears flowed freely when the Rev. David Hughes asked me and said, '*Cana rywbeth, Annie*' ('Sing something, Annie'). With an irresistible force I leapt from my seat, and sang 'Here is love vast as the ocean' to the tune 'Britain's Lament'. I could not finish it, as I was sobbing too much. I could not refrain from weeping throughout the meeting.

After coming out, Miss S.A. Jones, Nantymoel, met us. We had never met before, but she felt compelled to speak to us, and in a short time she told my sister and me how she felt. It happened that she felt very similar to what we did. We three felt drawn to each other immediately. We felt a great desire to consecrate our voices to the Master. We met Mr Roberts, and told him of our desire. He told us to pray about it, and ask to be led in the right path. We went again to the afternoon meeting. I felt a wonderful peace filling my soul, and could not refrain from taking part. I felt convinced that God had called me to the work.

I remain,

Yours, in time service,

ANNIE DAVIES

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As it will be seen in subsequent chapters, many others worked arduously to further the Revival, but the above three left everything and consecrated themselves entirely to the work. Therefore, they can be regarded as the immediate and chief helpers of Evan Roberts. His sister also, Miss Mary Roberts, did valuable service, as it will appear when we come to the second and third journeys.

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Chapter XXIX

The First Journey (Continuation)

I. ABERCYNON, SUNDAY, 20 NOVEMBER

From Blaengwynfi, Evan Roberts and his helpers went, on Saturday night, by a late train to Abercynon, a colliery town nestling in the junction of the Aberdare and Merthyr Valleys. The Welsh Methodist Chapel was crowded Sunday morning long before the time the meeting

was announced to commence; and a hymn sung by one of the ladies swayed the huge crowd until the enthusiasm became intense. The Revivalist spoke of the value of a soul, remarking that it had cost Divine blood. Every word had a deep effect on the people. But before he finished his feelings overcame him, and he resumed his seat weeping bitterly. The meetings went on full of spiritual fervour, and at the end the number of converts reached 19.

A tremendous crowd gathered at the Congregational Chapel in the afternoon, and owing to the crush an overflow meeting was held in the Schoolroom. This was a wonderful service, though not so stirring as the morning meeting. In the evening the same chapel was besieged by dense crowds long before six o'clock, and the experience of the morning service was repeated. Two other places of worship were filled, and hundreds failed to gain admission.

II. MOUNTAIN ASH, 21, 22 NOVEMBER

This town is only a few miles to the north of Abercynon, in the Aberdare Valley. Before ten in the morning

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people were seen wending their way in the direction of Mountain Ash, along the mountain slopes; and many congregated about the railway station to see Evan Roberts arriving. Bethlehem Calvinistic Methodist Chapel was packed. The Revivalist now stands in the place where he had a few years previously worked for a number of months, as pointed out in a former chapter. 'Saw ye the Saviour?' was sung to open the meeting. The Missioner's address dealt at some length with the history of the Revival, and emphasised that all was of God. No sooner had he closed his address than a young lady broke out in song, and the vast audience joined. The words were repeated many times, and the emotion of the congregation was greatly intensified.

In the afternoon, it was hopeless, long before two o'clock, to think of entering Bethlehem Chapel; consequently, an overflow meeting was held at Bethania. This, again, was crammed in a few minutes. Having spoken for a while in the former chapel, Evan Roberts went to the latter, and addressed the large audience. The two meetings were wonderful for their spontaneity and enthusiasm. Three of the largest places of worship were crowded in the evening, and the services were characterised by the same enthusiasm.

Now we come to the history of Tuesday at Mountain Ash. In the morning, three chapels were full, Bethel and its vestry; the English Presbyterian; and Bethania (Welsh Congregational). In the last named edifice Evan Roberts spoke, and it was an exceedingly powerful meeting. People of all ages took part, and one young boy made a deep impression on the audience. There is no difference of nationality in the meeting—English as well as Welsh throw themselves heartily and spontaneously into the service. An Irishman also bore a remarkable testimony of how he had been saved from perdition. The afternoon services were full of the same sweeping influences. Evan Roberts addressed the audience at Bethel, and expressed his great joy at the success

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of the Revival. In the evening the chapels could not contain the huge crowds, and people of different nationalities felt no difficulty in participating in the service. Evan Roberts went out in the course of the proceedings at Bethel, and visited the English Presbyterian Chapel, and gave a short address in English.

III. YNYSYBWL, 23–24 NOVEMBER

The Revivalist turns his face southwards now to Ynysybwl, a colliery town in a dale branching on the right from the Aberdare Valley. The great success at Mountain Ash created a spirit of intense expectation at Ynysybwl. Many of the people had attended the Mountain Ash meetings, and came back late, singing and praying on their way to the station, on the platform, and in the train. Some walked home over the mountains, and held many prayer meetings on the way, and could be heard singing from a great distance. The reports in the newspapers had by this time aroused the whole county, and people flocked in from all parts to hear the unique young Missioner.

Evan Roberts did not attend the morning meeting at Ynysybwl, as was expected; but the meeting was divine in character. At the two o'clock meeting he made his appearance, and delivered a most effective address on the duty of doing away with selfishness and everything human if the Revival was to be a success. It would be futile to try and describe the intensity of this service after Miss Annie Davies, Maesteg, sang the 'Chief Revival Song'. She started to sing it while a man was praying with great power. In this service she reached one of the highest points during the Revival. Evan Roberts spoke to a crowded audience again in the evening,

at the same chapel, and after he had closed his address a torrent, of prayer and praise broke out, the English element being very marked in this portion. Hundreds failed to enter the chapel, and an overflow, meeting was held in the English Wesleyan Chapel.

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Thursday morning, people came from different neighbouring towns to Ynysybwl, and filled Jerusalem, one of the largest chapels in the town, before m 10.30; and the service was full of the spiritual. In the afternoon, the Wesleyan Chapel had to be opened because of the hundreds who could not enter. Converts gave testimonies and prayed fervently in this meeting. Their words touched the audience, and many ministers were deeply moved. Evan Roberts took the words ‘Throw out the life line’ as a text to speak upon, and appealed to the people to act the words. A willing response came, and many accepted. Christ. A very prominent feature in this meeting was personal prayers for individuals.

IV. CILFYNYDD, 25–26 NOVEMBER

Owing to physical exhaustion, Evan Roberts did not reach Cilfynydd until the second day. However, that did not abate the spiritual enthusiasm of the people. Bethel (CM.) Chapel was full at 10.30 am; and a suppressed divine intensity filled the service, which lasted until one o’clock. I shall never forget one incident in the afternoon meeting, namely, a father confessing his sinful life, how he had given a bad example to his children, and beseeching for forgiveness. The prayers that followed were heartrending. In the evening the spontaneity of the service was wonderful, and English and Welsh coalesced harmoniously.

The Revivalist attended the afternoon meeting of 26 November, and found the edifice filled with people eager to see and hear him. All the chapels in the town were full, and work at the collieries was suspended for the sake of the meetings. After a searching glance at the audience, he asked—‘What came ye out to see? What is your message here today?’ These queries created perfect silence. No one felt strong enough to answer. The questioner then began to describe the different objects they had in coming there, and an intense solemnity possessed the majority when he said that a few had come there

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for entertainment, although they were on the brink of destruction. He spoke for over an hour, and in a powerful manner. His great point was

the duty of sinking all sectarian differences, and for all to meet as one family. Scores rose to testify their love for Christ after he had closed his address. A painful incident followed this. An infidel was discovered on the gallery. He said to the one who spoke to him, 'There is no God' 'No God! No God!' said Evan Roberts. 'He shall realise that there is a God.' Then he began to question the congregation about God's existence, his mercy, his salvation, and his forgiveness. The large audience answered him in the affirmative each time. After this a hymn was sung, and Annie Davies rendered the Welsh hymn, 'Dyma Feibl anwyl Iesu', which I have translated thus:—

Here's the Bible of dear Jesus,
 Here's the right-hand gift of God,
 How to die it shows correctly,
 And to live the way he trod;
 The sad loss in Eden's Garden,
 It revealeth from above,
 To eternal life it pointeth
 Through the knowledge of his love

V. PORTH, 27–28 NOVEMBER

As remarked before, the whole country had now been aroused, and the newspapers had carried the story to all parts of the Principality, as well as England. Thousands of conversions had taken place in different towns in Glamorgan, and many converts followed Evan Roberts from place to place. Porth is one of the largest towns in the Rhondda Valley, and lies at the junction of the smaller and greater Rhonddas. There is a teeming population around it, and trains run in from three directions. Hence, it is a grand centre for a mission. The expectation for the Revivalist's appearance had been intense for days, and at last he is on the scene, he rested in the morning, and

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left the meeting to his helpers. In the afternoon two large chapels had to be opened besides Calvary, in which the Missioner spoke with great power for over an hour. His chief point was the joy of religion. In the effort to describe this joy he broke down completely. As he was leaning on the pulpit and sobbing aloud, the vast audience sang with tremendous force, 'There is life for a look.' The emotion of the service was so contagious that it held the people who pressed into the lobby and about the doors

in the severe cold without moving. In the evening, Bethlehem (C.M) Chapel was not large enough to hold one quarter of the people, and the way in which it was crowded made it very uncomfortable.

This Sunday was a remarkable one in many places in South Wales. Tidings came from various directions of a wonderful number of conversions, and processions and open air meetings were carried on in scores of places.

Monday morning, Evan Roberts addressed a crowded meeting at Porth Chapel (Congregational), and in the afternoon, Cymmer Congregational Chapel was much too small, though it will hold comfortably close upon a thousand. The old chapel, situated on the other side of the road, was opened and filled in a few minutes. Principal Owen Prys, M.A., Trevecca, went there, and Principal W. Edwards, D.D, Cardiff, remained in the new chapel. The former Principal, in the course of his remarks in the morning service, said that a fortnight of prayer meetings at Trevecca had done more to qualify the students for the great work of their lives than all the educational training they had received. Evan Roberts addressed both meetings. His theme was the love of Christ and the duty of forgiveness. The remarks carried much influence, and many family feuds, etc, of long standing, were healed as a result. Remarkable testimonies were given, which aroused the vast congregations from the very depths of their hearts, and more than once the majority were moved to tears. Evan Roberts clapped his hands with joy, and urged them to go on with their testimonies.

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Long before seven in the evening, Salem Welsh Baptist Chapel was filled to its utmost. Some had gone there at half-past three o'clock in order to secure seats. Seeing that it was utterly hopeless to gain admission to the chapel, hundreds stood in the streets waiting patiently to have a glimpse of Evan Roberts on his way to Salem Chapel. Like the others, this was a wonderful meeting in its sweeping effect. Some of the most educated, intelligent, and sober-minded people remarked about it, 'This is marvellous and beyond description'.

VI. TREORCHY, 29 NOVEMBER—1 DECEMBER

From day to day the tidal wave gains in strength. The religious emotions of the people are intensified by different conditions, such as the enormous number of converts in the various churches; the reformation of hundreds of church members, the growing conviction of the sincerity, purity, and conscientiousness of Evan Roberts, the admiration of his unostentatious

manner, his simple way of presenting Gospel truths; the unquestionable proofs that he was no respecter of persons, and that he was led by the Holy Spirit. People who were a little sceptical of the movement are compelled now, unconsciously as it were, to admit that there is some wonderful reality in the meetings. A great number of young people have been inspired to such an extent as to make them courageous enough to speak to sinners every chance they get. They sing and pray on the railway platforms, and people alight from the trains to hear them. I saw many leave their trains to go and join heartily in the meetings. Prayer meetings are held in the trains, and many Converts are made. The public-houses and beer clubs are empty; old debts are paid; jealousy vanishes, church and family feuds are healed; great drunkards, prize-fighters, and gamblers pray in the services, and give their testimony; the chapels throughout the populous valleys of Glamorganshire are full every night; all denominations have

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sunk their small differences, and co-operate as one body, and the huge processions along the streets send a thrill of terror through the vilest sinners. Owing to these things the attention of the whole of South Wales is entirely captivated. The Revival is the topic in all spheres and amongst all sections of society; and strong people are overwhelmed by reading the newspaper accounts of it. People begin to pour in from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland to see and judge for themselves of the nature and characteristics of the movement, and most of them say—‘This, truly, is the work of the Holy Spirit, and it is wonderful’.

The above was the state of things when Evan Roberts reached Treorchy, a comparatively large colliery town from six to seven miles higher than Porth in the greater Rhondda. We find three chapels here that will hold over a thousand people; but the largest of them was far too small. As will be seen from the letter of Dr Morris, a highly respected Baptist minister, who has been at Treorchy for over 40 years, the town was ripe for the Missioner’s visit. There is no need to detail the character of these meetings, as the general trend of them is given by Dr Morris. Monday afternoon, Evan Roberts attended the service at Aion Baptist Chapel, and spoke for three-quarters of an hour on the hymn, ‘Pen Calfaria’ (‘Mount Calvary’). Bethania Congregational Chapel, with a seating accommodation of 1,200, was attended by him in the evening; and it was thought that at least 2,000 had pressed into the building. This meeting was wonderful for its fervour.

He did not appear at the Tuesday morning service at Ramah. Bethlehem Calvinistic Methodist Chapel was full long before two o'clock in the afternoon. Although this was a quiet meeting, yet it was pervaded with the spirit of true worship. One speaker said in this service that the 'joy of the Lord was in Evan Roberts's countenance'. The Revivalist spoke with great effect on the hymn quoted above, and appealed for more self-sacrifice and missionary spirit in the church. Keen

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were his remarks on the fact that worship costs but little to some. They only join in the singing—the easiest form of worship. In the evening he proceeded to Cwmpark—a mining village a mile from Treorchy. Salem Baptist Chapel was thrown open, but, notwithstanding its large size, hundreds could not enter. The evangelist's theme was positive religion—a religion full of joy, and not full of doubt.

Wednesday afternoon, he conducted a meeting at Blaencwm, a village a few miles higher in the valley than Treorchy. This was a memorable service for its general enthusiasm. A deluge of verses was poured out from all parts of the packed building; the singing carried all before it, and when the meeting was tested, converts were reported so rapidly as to defy the quickest writer to record their names. The stirring address of Evan Roberts was taken down almost verbatim by the Rev. W. Evans, G. & L, Baptist minister, and is appended below:—

Victory! Yes, that is the way to go on. Some spend their life-time in fear. This ought not to be. We are more than conquerors through him that loved us. Does your religion teach you not to sin? And not that only—no. God calls upon every member to awake, and do something for him. The Church will draw its strength from the old Book. What is this, friends? What is this? Do you know what it is? The way to pay respect to this is to tend it. Is there dust on your Bible at home? If so, there is dust upon your soul as well. God's three great gifts to the world are the Bible, his Son, and the Holy Spirit. Have you received them? We shall read the Bible in vain, if we do so on the Sabbath only. You will get but little pleasure in that way, and if you deem it enough to consult God's Word once a week only, your delight therein is far from being great. It is of no use compelling men to read the Bible against their will. Once you behold Christ as your Saviour, you will be hungering and thirsting to read the Bible, and will surmount all obstacles in the way. Nowadays, it is everything else first, and the Bible second, third, or nowhere at all. The Bible must have its place

—the foremost place in our lives. Without this, you will not enjoy it. God's second gift is his Beloved son. Have you ever thought how difficult it was for Abraham to place Isaac, his son, on the altar? If you have, you can think of the feeling of the Father, giving his own Son. That is a feeling that cannot be described. If the Father, hath given him, have you received him? Mark this, friends. If anyone here continues to refuse Christ, and refuse him to the end, the thief on the Cross, will stand up in the Judgement as a witness against you. He received him in his agony. You enjoy health, and are in God's House, and have seen God saving twenty thousand in this county. Receive him, friends. You had better go out this moment, if you are going to reject him forever. A soul is not a thing to play with. You cannot redeem a soul after losing it. If Christ is worthy of acceptation at all, he is worthy now. What will be the state of your mind and conscience after rejecting him for forty years!—sixty years! An old man of eighty accepted him at Porth, and you should have seen the praising! Are you going to receive him here? Where do you wish to spend eternity, friends? Well, in the best place, is it not? Oh! when will you receive him, that you may determine where you shall be for eternity? Take care lest you go too low to be saved. 'I do not, feel', says one. Well, believe, you will feel all right then. I felt awful, until I loathed myself forever after. Once you behold him aright, you will feel aright. Have you had one glimpse of Calvary? Have you been awhile with Jesus in the Garden? Do you know what it is to sweat in prayer? In one of the meetings at Loughor, some of us were in agonies for nine hours, and yet, the Spirit descended not, the people were disobedient. Remember he will not come to stubborn people. If you are disobedient, ask him to bend you; not to save you now, but bend you. Do you wish him to bend you, friends? Sooner or later, you must be bent. Either grace or wrath must bend you. If the Church be on its knees, the world will be on its feet. We want all the Church on their knees. What better will you be of having the ministers and the deacons to bend, and the majority of the Church unable to fall at his feet. If you are not willing for God to bend you, friends it

is better for you not to be called church members. 'Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion.' Pray that he may send workers, not persons. We have too many persons, and too few workers. Take heed, friends, lest ye stand in the way of his chariot, else you will fall underneath. Bear in mind, we are brethren, we are souls. The price of the soul is the blood of Christ. God wants to divest us of the old garment and give us instead the robe of spotless white. If the Church is united, who shalt stand against her? Someone at Porth tried to hinder the Church, but it was of no avail; quite useless to battle against God. What is one man against the British Government? Nothing; and it is as nothing, yea, less than nothing for one to oppose God. Obey at once, friends. When God comes to bend us, it will be awful. When God bends in his grace, we are in the dark for a time, but light soon appears. I remember, while at

Blaenanerch we were bent, but it was the hand of Love that was bending us. We prayed, 'Bend us Lord, bend us: Oh! bend us for thy Son's sake,' and we were bent and made so obedient, that we ever do all he desires. If you knew what it means to be bent by grace, you would have an idea as to what bending in wrath can be.

I have a passionate longing to see the Person who draws everyone to himself. 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me.' 'Will draw all men', he says. Is there any doubt in the words? No, none, and yet the Church doubts. Do you believe that there are in him resources enough to draw all men unto him? 'Will draw', he says. Yes. He it is that draws—his living Person, not we; nay, none but he. And having come to him, we have enough for every one. Why do men leave the Church? It is to cold there. Men adhere to their homes in winter—for there is a warm hearth. Bring the people to Christ. That's a warm place for a soul. They will never leave him, 'And no man shall take them out of my hand'.

Beware of formality in your worship. Yes! remember his greatness—'Great God'. He is also our Father, and Jesus is our Brother. We think of God as being in the distance far away, while he is quite near unto us. God fills all space. He is

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the nearest too, bear in mind—nearer than he who sits by your side in the seat. Believe in him, friends, and you will become exceedingly strong. Then ask of him. I mean to ask for as much as ever I can, in order that I may glorify him. Think on his glorious name. He does everything for his name's sake, and it is worth while for us to do all for his sake. That is life worth living—it is grand. If we cannot praise him with rejoicing, we have not experienced the highest aspect of religion. There are a few ill-humoured ones in the Church—something must be wrong. How is it up at Home? 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.'

Every one is joyful there, it ought to be so here. The religion of the right sort is joy, joy. Do all to glorify him, and remember to do it, as he asks. I was on fire with a desire to go to arouse the Churches of Wales, but I was not allowed to go at once. I had to wait from three weeks to a month, in order to learn the great lesson of giving the glory to God. And as soon as I was able to say, 'May it all be to thy glory', I was allowed to go. Take care that he gets all the glory. Put your trust in none save God. On him you shall rest for eternity, learn the lesson now. You will not learn it all at once, but you will come to lay all at once—you will come to lay all your trust in him. Pray for a strong faith in God. Think of one member on fire but what if every member were on fire—the whole Church on fire? That would be a strong Church! When I lay my head to rest on the pillow every night, I remember one who had nowhere to lay his head. What if God had not placed the burden on the Lamb? Not one of us would be here today. Where would we be? Under the burden of condemnation.

Now, we must have four things in order to get the Holy Spirit. 'Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed?' Having believed, the Spirit sanctifies and cleanses you, for no unclean thing shall enter into Heaven. You can go to Heaven without being filled with the Holy Ghost, but without being filled you will lose much on the way. How can we get him?

1. You must obtain full and complete pardon for the sins of the past. Is it right with regard to the past, friends? If the past is not alright, it must be made so. Every sin you know of

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confess it honestly before God: truly repent for them: pray from the depths of your heart that he may blot out every evil. Resolve to have this question cleared up for yourselves.

2. Is there anything doubtful in your life? If so, it must be removed and done away with. There is nothing doubtful in the life of God; nothing doubtful in the life of Jesus Christ. Is there a habit of a doubtful character in your life? Away with it, if there is. There cannot be any joy in your heart until you remove the questionable habits and pleasures. Self-denial is one of the very first essentials in the religion of Christ. It may be that hatred of a brother or sister is the doubtful thing in your life. Now, remember the words of Christ, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses against you, neither will your Father forgive you'. To ask God to forgive you your trespasses, while you refuse to forgive others their trespasses, will be of no avail. It is a sheer waste of time to pray for pardon unless we give pardon to others. 'If ye forgive not, ye shall not be forgiven.' We are not needed in this chapel until we have forgiven. This is the purpose of the church, and attending chapel, to worship: but if a brother or sister has cause to complain of you, leave your offering before the altar. 'If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.' Christ has reconciled God and man we must be reconciled one to another. If you shall have to ask the forgiveness of brothers and sisters, bend to the work at once. We must be of one mind and accord. The Church above enjoys perfect peace: we must be at peace here below. Our Prince is 'the Prince of Peace'. We must rid the churches of all hard feeling—all malice, envy, prejudice, and misunderstandings. Bow not in prayer until all offences have been forgiven but if you feel you cannot forgive, bend to the dust, and ask for a forgiving spirit. You shall get it then.

3. Complete and immediate obedience to the Holy Spirit. Say not 'Something prompts me to pray'. It is not 'something': it is the Holy Ghost. Evil comes from the Evil Spirit, but from the Holy Ghost comes every pure desire and spiritual

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prompting. Take heed lest ye call him 'Something.' There is too much majesty in him for us to call him 'Something'. And take care to give him complete and immediate obedience. 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.' The world, maybe, will laugh: heed it not, you will not be here long. Unless they obeyed the Holy Spirit, it would be of no value to get thousands into the churches. We do not ask you to obey a Society, but this Divine Person. Not merely ask for him, but give yourselves heart and soul to him. Bow to him now. Do not say 'hush' when one breaks into prayer: resist not the Spirit. To say 'hush' is taking to yourself the authority, and who would dare to command the Holy Spirit? The authority is his: let him rule.

4. A public and personal confession of Christ. How long will it take you to make a confession of Christ? Stand up now: do not look at one another, out with the confession.

The Missioner returned to Noddfa Baptist Chapel for the evening service. Like the Blaencwm meeting, this again was remarkable for its spiritual intensity. Two thousand, at least, had gained admission, but hundreds were outside.

Thus writes Dr W. Morris his impressions of Evan Roberts and the meetings:—

Evan Roberts is the hero of the most glorious spiritual campaign that has ever been in Wales. His name will stand central in the history of this Revival—like that of Luther, John Knox, John Wesley, Howell Harris, David Morgan, and others in the previous Revivals on the Continent and in this country. We can never forget the first time we saw and heard him. The Revival was at its highest intensity when he came to Treorchy. The Churches in the town had felt the mighty spiritual powers. That was an unparalleled time in the history of the eldest of us in the work, on the road, on the hearth, in chapel, in the meetings, and in the pulpits. In the middle of the stirrings and the soul-earthquakes, the young man from the banks of the Loughor, who was rapidly drawing the attention of the world to himself, came to our neighbourhood. He was to be at Bethania (Congregational)

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the first night. Before the hour to commence, the spacious chapel was overcrowded. We made a fair effort to push in, but failed. Some took mercy on us, and we were taken up and carried to the platform. Soon Evan Roberts came in. Here he is—a shy, simple, and pleasant young man. His first glance struck us that he possessed a natural perceptual power far above the ordinary. His eye penetrated into the man. His perception searched and penetrated the condition of people. There was something in the eye at that time and at other times which indicated a fearful knowledge of us. Once before we saw such eyes—those of the late principal David Charles Davies, M.A., of Trefecca. It

is not out duty now to analyse and interpret this wonderful power possessed by Evan Roberts, but to record our first impressions of him. We know that an endeavour has been made to explain it on the ground of Mesmerism, Psychology, and other sciences. But we believe that there is a higher standpoint to look at Evan Roberts than the scientific, namely the spiritual. The influence of the spiritual in him, the power of the spiritual on him, the penetration of the spiritual through him, and the care of the Holy Spirit for him, is the interpretation that harmonises best with his history and service.

Eventually he spoke. This time he was short-worded, plain, and almost blunt. A shy young man, we said, yes, but morally and spiritually bold, daring, and heroic. He took, and would have his own way, and would have the meeting to go the way he believed the Holy Spirit taught and would have it directed. He was electrified by the Divine power. He was intensified with the effort to save a soul. A man possessed like that would not but be ruled by deep convictions. Here is a man with a message, not on his tongue or on his lips, but in his soul and spirit, and woe to him if he does not speak. He is one of the children of the deep and not of the shores, and no wonder that so many fail to understand him. Soon the thesis of the Revival of 1904 and 1905 is laid down clearly and unambiguously. As Luther nailed his thesis to the Church door in Germany, Evan Roberts nails the inevitable essentials of the revival in the heart of the church in Wales. The doctrines burn hearts like red-hot fire, and scorch the spirit of the unforgivers, the doubtful, the

disobedient, the sceptical, and the gloomy. The sound of reconciliation and forgiveness, of confession and self-denial, and the joy of salvation fill the place. The old message of the Gospel he had. When the scholars drew out plans for the future revival, they asserted that that revival would be very different from all its forerunners. Evan Roberts and this Revival are clearly on the lines of the old revivals, which shook Wales, Ireland, the United States, and the world. Calvary is the key-note of the anthem, 'Here is love, vast as the ocean', is the tallying point of the new world. The simple Gospel of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, as we heard it in our childhood, as we experienced it in the revivals of 1859, 1876, and 1879, as we have preached it for forty years, as we learnt it from the New Testament, and as we have enjoyed it for fifty years. Evan Roberts had that night that Gospel of which Paul said that it was the 'power (*dynamic*) of God'.

His mind was led inevitably this night to the words of Jesus, 'Ask and ye shall receive', etc. He emphasised the importance of asking rightly, and the infallible certainty of a timely answer. To explain the certainty of God's answer to the faithful prayer he brought on illustrations from Scripture, experience, and the strong proofs of God's promises in the Bible. In this, he is not an exception to George Muller, Hudson Taylor, and Charles H. Spurgeon, the great men of prayer, and the great receivers of the last century, who had an undoubted and timely answer to their prayers. We saw Evan Roberts in the

writhing pangs struggling with God, and soon out of the agony in joy and song with a smile on his face. He appeared unto us as in a loving fellowship with God. He would go beyond the reach of us ordinary people, into the spiritual world; and would return from his daring flight into the spiritual continent, but not without the ripe grape bunches of Heaven. We felt that he was most sensitive to the spiritual and eternal.

There is a mystery encircling Evan Roberts, and encompassing spiritual people that the carnal man cannot understand nor judge. Inexplicable mystics to the man born of the flesh are those born of the spirit. Evan Roberts is not more of a mystery than the old holy people who lived in our country, and ascended

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and descended the mount of God with the brilliant light of the divine on their countenance. Evan Roberts has been a glorious instrument to elevate the Christian Church in Wales to the assurance of faith, the assurance of hope, and the assurance of love, into a high spiritual atmosphere. Into fellowship with the eternal, into possession of the joy of salvation, and the joy of the Holy Spirit. The tone of religion altered, and under God's blessing, a direction was given to the revival in Wales.

Many times I have heard that there was no depth in the addresses of Evan Roberts. Let people judge from the standpoint of a man entirely possessed and his sayings filled by the Holy Spirit, and it will be seen that Evan Roberts is of God, having been made great and of indescribable influence in Wales. There is nothing extraordinary in Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost. If a preacher delivered it in many pulpits in our country, it is not likely that he would be invited there again. But there is a world of difference between a sermon and a sermon although delivered in the same words, and there is a wide difference in the same preacher at different times. Peter was full of the Holy Spirit when delivering his sermon, and there is a vast difference in a man full of the Spirit and without the Spirit, and in a sermon produced in the atmosphere of the spiritual and one without the aid of the Divine Paraclete. Certainly, Evan Roberts desires that God should have all the glory. I believe that he has not an atom of ambition for people's praise nor the world's popularity.

VII. PENTRE, 2-4 DECEMBER

This growing colliery town is only a mile below Treorehy; and in fact both towns join. It is needless to say that great crowds gathered to Pentre from many parts of the Principality, and many distinguished people from London and different parts of England were present. On 2 December a fervent meeting was held at Nazareth Calvinistic Methodist Chapel in the afternoon, although Evan Roberts was not present. Moriah Chapel

was packed in the evening for three hours before he arrived; and the audience was in a high state of enthusiasm all the time. In

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response to a lady's request for prayer on behalf of a London gentleman, a torrent of supplications was offered. Young converts took a prominent part, in Welsh and English, and carried much influence. Evan Roberts had been conducting a service at Llantrissant, a country town, in the afternoon with great success, and did not arrive until 7.30 o'clock. When he entered, he found the English element predominant. This was a pleasant surprise to him, because from that he could infer that the Revival had laid hold of the English section of the populous valleys. One correspondent describes him tonight as in a 'cheerfully aggressive mood'. He spoke forcibly on the necessity of an 'unstinted, active, cheerful gratitude to God'. However, he was not allowed to proceed owing to the fervour of the meeting, and the people spoke and prayed simultaneously, while others sang. When some tried to stop this seeming disorder, the Revivalist intervened and said, 'Let the people express themselves as they please, for fear that someone will lose a blessing'.

A lady was present in the service at Shiloh (Congregational), Saturday afternoon, December 3rd, who related how she was the instrument in the hand of God to persuade a prize-fighter to accept Christ, and another young lady stated that she had been the means of bringing 105 to the various churches at Treherbert in nine days. The meeting was aroused by hearing of these conversions, and the singing of—

'Tell mother I'll be there',

'Lead, kindly Light',

'Count your blessings',

and many Welsh Revival hymns had a tremendous effect. When Evan Roberts came in, one was praying and remarking—'I have seen Satan at his best often, but I have never seen Christ at his best before the Revival'.
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the audience holds its breath, expecting the Missioner to speak. In a few seconds he rose, and spoke for an hour, with the exception of a few times when he was interrupted by persons praying. His subject was the conditions of receiving the Holy Spirit. When he asked for public confession of Christ, the huge congregation of about a thousand rose and poured out

verses, hymns, etc. O! what a divine scene! The congregation poured forth melodious strains of sweetest music! We cannot get the scene and the voices from our mind once we recall this great day. The Secretary of General Booth from London was present, and felt delighted, especially when listening to the English hymns and prayers. Sydney Evans was present at this meeting, and delivered a short address.

In the evening, Evan Roberts was at Jerusalem Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Ton—a town adjoining Pentre. By 5.30 p.m. it was thought that over 1,000 people had entered the edifice, which will not hold more than 800. Yet there were hundreds outside. The Revivalist entered about 7.30, and took the sufferings of Christ as his subject. But he was not allowed to proceed far owing to the fervent state of the audience. A young girl thrilled the vast assembly when she broke out and said, 'O! dear Jesus, Jesus, sweating for me!' The spiritual power carried all before it like a mighty cyclone, and when the final test came, no less than fifty conversions were reported. People shouted for the first from all parts of the building that they accepted Christ as their Saviour and King.

Sunday, 4 December, he is back at Pentre again; and notwithstanding the pouring rain, the people overcrowded the chapels where he was expected to be present. But being in need of rest, he did not leave the house before the 2 p.m. service, when he appeared at Shiloh Congregational Chapel. 'Throw out the life line' was sung most sweetly, and then, a sailor got up to relate how he had escaped from shipwrecks, and his joy in consequence. Then he urged the people to take hold of the eternal Life Line. This was one of the most striking incidents of the

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meeting, and was followed for half an hour by a tremendous volume of singing. The infinite love of Christ was the subject of Roberts's address, and soon he was stopped by someone striking the 'Chief Revival Song', the audience joining heartily. A full description of all the incidents of the evening service at Nazareth (C.M.) Chapel would take pages. It can be said that in it there was a reproduction of all the spiritual enthusiasm of the previous days.

Chapter XXX

The First Journey (Continuation)

Caerphilly and Senghenydd Mission

I. CAERPHILLY, 5, 6 DECEMBER

Caerphilly is a country town about twelve miles to the south-east of Pentre, noted for its historic Castle, which is about the largest in Wales. I was there on the occasion of the opening of a new chapel the Friday before the visit of Evan Roberts, and found that the people had but little hope of seeing great things occur in their town. That was partly based on the fact that the Revival of 1859 passed without touching the Caerphilly people but lightly. One remarked to me on the railway platform—‘It would be as easy for one to blast the walls of yonder Castle with a small hand-pistol as for Evan Roberts to convert the people of this town’. This dear friend had but three days before being otherwise convinced and pleasantly surprised. Being that these meetings form one of the salient points of the Revival, I cannot do better than insert the article that appeared in the *Western Mail* describing them:—

Coming from the midst of the huge population of the large centres of the Rhondda Valleys to Caerphilly, Mr Evan Roberts and his singing evangelists have met with an equally responsive spirit. They have been met by crowds for whose accommodation the chapels are totally inadequate, and the revival meetings remind one of the stories of the old revival, in connection with which the people of the country flocked to the centre from large tracts of country. To see the Market-square of Caerphilly thronged, while two or three chapels were crowded to overflowing,

under such circumstances, was a sight in itself worth seeing, for it indicates the hold which the religious revival has taken of the people in the town. There was a service at the Welsh Methodist Chapel in the morning, and though the evangelist had not attended, there was a very interesting gathering. Farmers on horseback, tradesmen in traps, hundreds by motor-cars, hundreds more by train, colliers and other workmen trudging on foot; there was a variety presented, and still it was, as might have been anticipated, a quiet,

pleasant throng, evidently bent on seeing and hearing the revival—and the man. I say the man, advisedly, for nowhere else have I seen anything like the rush of people in the street just to catch a glimpse of Mr Evan Roberts when he merely passed from the chapel to the chapel-keeper's house at the close of the afternoon service.

The afternoon service was held in the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, and the congregation was so closely packed that the people actually trod on the gas-pipes, jamming them to such an extent as to make it impossible to get light to hold the evening meeting there. Still, under the difficulties presented by the over-crowded state of the building, the work was carried out with enthusiasm. The outstanding feature of the service was a passionately-fervent prayer of a young woman whose appeals for her father, sister, and little brother were not only pathetic, but whose whole prayer, for eloquence and 'wrestling with the Spirit' was, perhaps, more touching than any public prayer that has been heard since the advent of the revivalist in the mining districts of the upper part of Glamorgan. There was hymn-singing in the course of the service, and some of the congregation sang during a portion of this prayer, but the very fervency and 'inspiration' of the supplication seemed to carry everything before it, and even the music of this 'singing revival' gave way to the powerful and pathetic prayer. The solo singing, always effective, was for once lost sight of—an indication that the second stage of the revival is being reached. It will be remembered that at one of the services last week Mr Roberts said that some people objected to so much singing, 'but,' he explained, 'there are two stages of a revival; singing first and praying afterwards. The second stage will come.'

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The Van Road Chapel was crowded before six p.m. for a service supposed to begin at seven. There was no wasted tune, however, for the congregation sang Welsh and English hymns alternately, so that by the appointed hour the meeting had attained a high pitch of enthusiasm and fervour.

Mr Evan Roberts arrived about a quarter past seven, and promptly rose to address the congregation, and notwithstanding the crowded state of the aisles and lobby, it is significant that there was absolute silence while he spoke, and that his queries, put with a view of setting people thinking, quite as much as eliciting answers, were replied to with intelligence and quickness as well as reverence. The heat was intense, and the atmosphere close, so that Mr Roberts had to appeal for more ventilation, and while the congregation was slacking its 'crush' over the stair-case which led up from the vestry he asked the people to sing, 'Lead, kindly Light', and to do it prayerfully. The hymn was sung in English, very deliberately, and seemingly with full responsibility of the serious request made to them.

On resuming his remarks Mr Roberts said he had been compelled to say that he believed that this revival would not only come to Wales, and reach all Wales, but that it would go over England, Scotland, and Ireland as well.

More than that, he considered that we were on the eve of a revival which would go over the whole world. They were told that in the last days certain things would happen, and he read his Bible to mean that we lived in the 'last days'. Young men 'saw visions', and others 'dreamed dreams'; there was bloodshed on earth and there were signs in the heavens. ...

When 'public confession' is invited, the responses are fairly numerous, but it is a new 'family'—unused to the orderly disorder of the revival, and the question—"Will everyone who confess Christ rise?" only brings a few, say 40 or 50 people, to their feet. Bringing his hand down somewhat heavily upon the big pulpit Bible, Mr Evan Roberts, raising his voice in surprise, asks, 'What! Is this the number of those in this congregation who confess Jesus Christ?' The Rev. Tawelfryn Thomas, standing on the temporary platform beside the revivalist, shouts out 'No, no!' and the audience realise that they have not come

to an entertainment, but to 'show their side', and the responses came, as might have been expected.

The responses did not even then become so numerous proportionately to the size of the congregation as might have been anticipated if the meeting had been packed by members of Churches of the various denominations. What was the secret? Well, simply that among those who were present there were very many persons who were not members anywhere. In this respect the meeting answered its purpose much better than many of the gatherings which have been held elsewhere. 'Throw out the lifeline' was sung, and the converts enrolled were numerous. The chapel is supposed to accommodate about 500 people. Admit, if you like, that, packed as it was, it held 650 that night. Then just look at the proportion. Thirty to thirty-five converts declaring for Christ, and others getting up gradually as the service went on until the number had reached fifty-nine! It was interesting work, and the singing of 'Diolch Iddo', 'For you I am praying', 'Come to Jesus just now', and other hymns went on, prayers alternating with exhortation and praise until a little after one o'clock in the morning, when Mr Evan Roberts, in order to get ready for Tuesday's work, left the meeting to go to his lodgings. The meeting was still carried on, the Rev. T. Bush, the Rev. C. Tawelfryn Thomas, and others taking part, and by about four o'clock in the morning—for the people did not seem to want to go away—the list of converts had run up to ninety and nine!

TUESDAY, 6 DECEMBER

Notwithstanding the rain and the knowledge that the chapels were far too small to accommodate any great numbers, the crowds who came to Caerphilly to hear and see, or try to hear and see, Mr Evan Roberts today were just as large as they were on the previous day. The sights in the open-air were not so manifest to the casual observer, perhaps because, instead of being brought

together into the square near the 'Twyn' Chapel, the people were scattered about, the meetings being held in various chapels at the other end of the town, and there was, fortunately, some uncertainty as to where the Missioner would speak or

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whether he would deliver addresses at more than one place of worship.

The afternoon meeting was at Bethel Congregational Chapel. I may at once say that this gathering was much more like the Rhondda gatherings than the previous night's service had been. Mr Evan Roberts spoke at some length, dealing specially with the condition of Wales. He said it pained him to think of how many people in the Principality lived careless lives, how many lived drunken and sinful lives, and oh, how many so frequently cursed and swore and used the sacred names of God and Jesus Christ in vain! When he pondered over that terrible fact he dreaded the sight which the Judgment Day would present!

Two of the meetings were not concluded till the early hours of Wednesday morning. One of the converts was the man who declared the previous night that there was an incident in his history which prevented him from making his confession. A man and wife, having left one of the meetings in the evening returned in their slippers, after having been to rest, and became converted. It was estimated that on Tuesday night at all the chapels there must have been over 120 converts.

II. SENGHENYDD, 7 DECEMBER

This colliery village is situated in a narrow valley which branches on the left as you proceed northwards from Caerphilly. Being it was half holiday in Cardiff—the Metropolis of Wales, and which is only about 12 miles from Caerphilly, and 15 from Senghenydd—the shop assistants crowded the trains in order to have a glimpse of the renowned Revivalist, and to see what the meetings were like. A prayer meeting was held in one of the compartments of the train on the way to Senghenydd, and Revival hymns were sung in almost all the compartments, until the valleys were resounding with divine melody. There are chapels in this village which will hold from 500 to 600 people, but even in the morning the Tabernacle (C.M.) was far too small, and an overflow was held in the Baptist Chapel. An intelligent young lady, who had been

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captivated by the Revival at Caerphilly, put the afternoon meeting on fire by relating her history the previous night, and appealing for prayer on behalf of her brother, and a champion prize-fighter who was in great

difficulty as to how to break an engagement to fight which he had to fulfil. The Caerphilly converts had come there in great number, and some of them broke out in praise to God for what he had done for them. These meetings were almost as full of enthusiasm as the services at Caerphilly.

Chapter XXXI

The First Journey (Continuation)

The Rhondda Fach Mission

I. FERNDALE AND YNYSHIR, 8–10 DECEMBER

Evan Roberts opened his mission in the Minor Rhondda Valley, on 8 December 1904, at Ferndale. This is a town of about 1,400 inhabitants, and is situated between Tylorstown and Mardy. Tre'rhondda Congregational Chapel, which has seating accommodation for about a thousand, was full at two o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs Baxter, of London (editress of the *Eleventh Hour*, and who is closely connected with the *Christian Herald*), and the Rev. Ferrier Hulme, M.A. of Bristol, were present, and both took part. A great number of Welsh and English ministers were seen scattered through the audience, and some had come a long distance.

The Revivalist did not come to this service, which was rather a disappointment to strangers, but it was a meeting of great power notwithstanding.

In the evening this chapel was far too small, and three others had to be opened, and it is thought that this meeting—after 11 o'clock—was one of the most remarkable in the history of the movement up to this date. One of the most striking scenes of divine power was that when the vast audience, excepting non-Christians, was on its knees, and broke down entirely.

On 9 December, Carmel (C.M.) was overcrowded long before 1.30 p.m. and an overflow meeting was arranged at Nazareth (B). Mrs Baxter took a prominent part in prayer and testimony in this service again. There was no ebb to the great flow of feeling in the service, and some of the young people were too overcome to express themselves. In all its aspects

it was one of the most successful of the series. When Evan Roberts arrived, he commenced to read from Hebrews II, commenting on

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parts of it, but soon the people interrupted him. The Rev. Ferrier Hulme, M.A. made a stirring speech in the course of the proceedings.

In the evening Ferndale gave way to a request from Ynyshir (a town four miles lower in the Valley) for Mr Roberts to come there to hold one meeting. He went, and found a crowded audience, and the service was of a fervent character, resulting in several conversions. On his return to Ferndale by a late train, he directed his steps to the largest chapel, which was full, and he could not refrain from going in and participating in the service.

On 10 December, Ferndale had a repetition of the experience of the previous days.

The Revivalist's great success during these three days secured for him the sympathy of the whole valley. The ministers and the leading religious lay element of Ferndale threw all their influence in favour of the meetings, and the results were glorious.

MARDY, 11 DECEMBER

Mardy is the highest town in the Minor Rhondda, and about twenty minutes walk from the town of Ferndale. It is isolated among the hills, and therefore, free from the temptations of many towns differently situated. This Sabbath was a great one in its history—the Sabbath when Heaven filled the place. The Revival had been the means of bringing many hundreds to the churches prior to Evan Roberts's visit, and therefore, the people were ready to receive him. During Saturday night and Saturday morning there were people from many parts of England, and other countries, in the trains, asking for the way to Mardy. The narrow, winding valley was echoing with the singing of travelers going there, and those of other nationalities caught the fervour before reaching their destination. The service in the Welsh Baptist Chapel on Sunday morning was full of divine power. In the Congregational Chapel, in the afternoon

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there were people from all parts of the United Kingdom. Gipsy Smith, the world-famed evangelist, had travelled a long distance to see the Welsh Revival, and went away delighted. Mr W. T. Stead, Editor of the 'Review of Reviews', was present with the same object as Gipsy Smith. Seeing

that we append Mr Stead's article after the account of the Mardy meetings, it is not necessary to state his opinion were.

When Evan Roberts came in his face indicated a deep solemnity. He repeated words spoken to him on the way to chapel—'Beware lest you fall'. He applied these words to spiritual things, and showed the importance of watching. 'Is there a true adoration here today?' he asked. 'You are to settle that', he added. Next, he warned the people to keep all sectarianism from the meeting.

It is impossible to give even a faint picture of the intensity of feeling, the pangs of repentance, the craving for forgiveness, the power of the singing, the earnestness of the prayers for the salvation of friends and relatives, and the quite unconventional character of this service. Evan Roberts rushes to one young man who cries for forgiveness in great agony, and prays for him by his side. Another young man is unable to continue when repeating in his prayer his father's words to him on his death-bed.

At the evening meeting it was estimated that 1,400 had assembled at Bethania Chapel (C.M.), and hundreds failed to reach even near the door. These carried on a service outside, and sang until the hills of the narrow vale resounded.

When the well-known hymn, 'Tell mother I'll be there' had been sung with great effect, Gipsy Smith was overcome by recollections of his mother. He began to relate their condition as a family when his mother died. 'We had no Bible then,' said he, 'we had no Christ at that time, but mother found him, and her children found him afterwards, and thousands have found Christ through them.' He failed to proceed any further, for

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someone arose, saying, 'Yes, here is one saved through Gipsy Smith'. Now the audience broke out into song. Next, Evan Roberts rose and said, 'When Gipsy Smith referred to his mother having only a tent to dwell and die in, I thought of the Saviour in the manger, and without any place to lay his head'. His feelings overwhelmed him, and he sat down weeping audibly. Oh, that I had adequate powers to describe the scene that followed! It was more divinely beautiful than the meadow under the dew of heaven on a summer's morn, it was more spiritually exalting than anything that can be imagined, in fact, such a scene that only Infinite Love could be its Author. Seeing the two evangelists, Gipsy

Smith and Evan Roberts, in tears, moved the huge assembly to the same feeling, and weeping and sighing were heard in all parts of the building.

We insert the part of Mr Stead's article dealing with his impressions of the Revival at Mardy, as it appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*:—

As spring-time precedes summer and seed-time harvest, so every great onward step in the social and political progress of Great Britain has ever been preceded by a national revival of religion. The sequence is as unmistakable as it is invariable. It was as constant when England was Catholic as it has been after the Reformation.

Hence it is not necessary to be Evangelical, Christian, or even religious, to regard with keen interest every stirring of popular enthusiasm that takes the familiar form of a revival. Men despise it, hate it, or fear it, but there is no mistaking its significance. It is the precursor of progress, the herald of advance. It may be as evanescent as the blossom of the orchard, but without it there would be no fruit.

The question, therefore, which I set out to South Wales to discuss with those who are in the midst of what is called the Welsh Revival was whether this popular stir and widespread awakening might be regarded as the forerunner of a great national—nay, possibly of a still wider—movement, which might bring in its wake social and political changes profoundly

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improving the condition of the human race. The not conclusion at which I have arrived after twenty-four hours spent in the heart of it is that, while no one can dogmatise and no one can prophesy, it would be advisable for the wide-awake Journalists to drop the newspaper heading 'The Welsh Revival', and describe it in future as 'The Rising Revival in the West'.

Nor would I like to venture to predict how long or how short a time it will be before that heading in its turn will have to give way to the simple title of 'The Revival', which will be neither in the west alone, nor in the east, but which will spread over the whole land, as the waters cover the face of the mighty deep. Of course, the signs of the times may be misleading, and that which seems most probable may never happen. But writing today in the midst of it all, I would say with all earnestness, 'Look out!'

'The British Empire,' as Admiral Fisher is never tired of repeating, 'floats upon the British Navy.' But the British Navy steams on Welsh coal. The driving force of all our battleships is hewn from the mines of these Welsh valleys, by the men amongst whom this remarkable religious awakening has taken place. On Sunday morning, as the slow train crawled down the gloomy valleys—for there was the mirk of coming snow in the air, and there was no sun in the sky—I could not avoid the obvious and insistent suggestion of the thought that Welsh religious enthusiasm may be destined to impart as compelling an impulse to the Churches of the world as Welsh coal supplies to its navies.

A Smokeless Flame

Nor was the force of the suggestion weakened when, after attending three prolonged services at Mardy, a village of five thousand inhabitants lying on the other side of Pontypridd, I found the flame of Welsh religious enthusiasm as smokeless as its coal. There are no advertisements, no brass bands, no posters, no huge tents. All the paraphernalia of the got-up job are conspicuous by their absence.

Neither is there any organisation, nor is there a director, at least none that is visible to human eye. In the crowded

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chapels, they even dispense with instrumental music. On Sunday no note issued from the organ pipes. There was no need of instruments, for in and around and above and beneath surged the all-pervading thrill and throb of a multitude praying, and singing as they prayed.

The vast congregations were as soberly sane, as orderly, and at least as reverent, as any congregation I ever saw beneath the dome of St Paul's, when I used to go to hear Canon Liddon, the Chrysostom of the English pulpit. But it was aflame with a passionate religious enthusiasm, the like of which I have never seen in St Paul's. Tier above tier from the crowded aisles to the loftiest gallery, sat or stood, as necessity dictated, eager hundreds of serious men and thoughtful women, their eyes riveted upon the platform or upon whatever other part of the building was the storm centre of the meeting.

There was absolutely nothing wild, violent, hysterical, unless it be hysterical for the labouring breast to heave with sobbing that cannot be repressed and the throat to choke with emotion as a sense of the awful horror and shame of a wasted life suddenly bursts upon the soul. On all sides there was the solemn gladness of men and women upon whose eyes has dawned the splendour of a new day, the foretaste of whose glories they are enjoying in the quickened sense of human fellowship and a keen glad zest added to their own lives.

The most thorough-going materialist who resolutely and for ever rejects as inconceivable the existence of the soul in man, and to whom 'the universe is but the infinite empty eye-socket of a dead God', could not fail to be impressed by the pathetic sincerity of these men, nor, if he were just, could he refuse to recognise that out of their faith in the creed which he has rejected, they have drawn and are drawing a motive power that makes for righteousness, and not only for righteousness, but for the joy of living, that he would be powerless to give them.

Employers tell me that the quality of the work the miners are putting in has improved. Waste is less, men go to their daily toil with a new spirit of gladness in their labour. In the long dim galleries of the mine, where once the hauliers swore at their ponies in Welshified English terms of blasphemy, there is

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now but to be heard the haunting melody of the revival music. The pit ponies, like the American mules, having been driven by oaths and curses since they first bore the yoke, are being retrained to do their work without the incentive of profanity.

There is less drinking, less idleness, less gambling. Men record with almost incredulous amazement, how one football player after another has forsworn cards and drink and the gladiatorial games, and is living a sober and godly life, putting his energy into the revival. More wonderful still, and almost incredible to those who know how journalism lives and thrives upon gambling, and how Toryism is broad-based upon the drinking habits of the people, the Tory daily paper of South Wales has devoted its columns, day after day to reporting and defending the movement, which declares war to the death against both gambling and drink. ...

Village of 500 Conversions

At Mardy, where I spent Sunday, the miners are voluntarily taxing themselves this year three half-pence in the pound of their weekly wages to build an institute, public-hall, library, and reading-room. By their express request the money is deducted from their wages on pay-day. They have created a library of two thousand books, capially selected and well used. They have about half a dozen chapels and churches, a co-operative society, and the usual appliances of civilisation. They have every outward and visible sign of industrial prosperity. It is a mining village pure and simple—industrial democracy to its nakedest primitive form.

In this village I attended three meetings on Sunday—two and a half hours in the morning, two and a half hours in the afternoon, and two hours at night, when I had to leave to catch the train. At all these meetings, the same kind of thing went on, the same kind of congregations assembled, the same strained, intense emotion was manifest. Aisles were crowded. Pulpit stairs were packed, and—*mirabile dictu!*—two-thirds of the congregation were men and at least one-half young men.

‘There,’ said one, ‘is the hope and the glory of the movement.’ Here and there is a grey head. But the majority

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of the congregation were stalwart young miners, who gave the meeting all the fervour and swing and enthusiasm of youth. The revival had been going on in Mardy for a fortnight. All the churches had been holding services every night with great results. At the Baptist Church they had to report the addition of nearly fifty members, fifty were waiting for baptism, thirty-five backsliders had been reclaimed.

In Mardy the fortnight's services had resulted in 600 conversions. And this, be it noted, when each place of worship was going 'on its own'. Mr Evan Roberts, the so-called boy-preacher of the Revival, and his singing sisterhood, did not reach Mardy until the Sunday of my visit.

I have called Evan Roberts the so-called boy-preacher, because he is neither, a boy nor a preacher. He is a tall, graceful, good-looking young man of twenty-six, with a pleading eye and a most winsome smile. If he is a boy he is a six-foot boy, and six-footers are usually past their boyhood. As he is not a boy, neither is he a preacher. He talks simply, unaffectedly, earnestly, now and then, but he makes no sermons, and preaching is emphatically not the note of this revival in the West. If it has been by the foolishness of preaching men have been saved heretofore, that agency seems as if it were destined to take a back-seat in the present movement.

The revival is borne along upon billowing waves of sacred song. It is to other revivals what the Italian Opera is to the ordinary theatre. It is the singing, not the preaching, that is the instrument which is most efficacious in striking the hearts of men. In this respect these services in the Welsh chapel reminded me strangely of the beautiful liturgical services of the Greek Church, notably in St Isaac of St Petersburg on Easter morn, and in the receptions of the pilgrim at the Trotsky Monastery, near Moscow.

The most extraordinary thing about the meetings which I attended was the extent to which they were absolutely without any human direction of leadership. 'We must obey the Spirit', is the watchword of Evan Roberts, and he is as obedient as the humblest of his followers. The meetings open—after any amount of preliminary singing, while the congregation is assembling—

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by the reading of a chapter or a psalm. Then it is go-as-you-please for two hours or more.

I, 500 AS ONE

And the amazing thing is that it does go and does not get entangled in what might seem to be inevitable confusion. Three-fourths of the meeting consists of singing. No one uses a hymnbook. No one gives out a hymn. The last person to control the meeting in any way is Mr Evan Roberts. People pray and sing, give testimony, exhort as the Spirit moves them. As a study of the psychology of crowds, I have seen nothing like it. You feel that the thousand or fifteen hundred persons before you have become merged into one myriad-headed, but single-souled personality.

You can watch what they call the influence of the power of the Spirit playing over the crowded congregation as an eddying wind plays over the surface of a pond. If anyone carried away by his feelings prays too long, or if anyone when speaking fails to touch the right note, some one—it may be anybody—commences to sing. For a moment there is a hesitation as if the

meeting were in doubt as to its decision, whether to hear the speaker or to commence to join in the prayer or whether to sing. If it decides to hear and to pray the singing dies away. If, on the other hand, as it usually happens, the people decide to sing, the chorus swells in volume until it drowns all other sound.

A very remarkable instance of this abandonment of the meeting to the spontaneous impulse, not merely of those within the walls, but of those crowded outside, who were unable to get in, occurred on Sunday night. Twice the order of proceeding, if order it can be called, was altered by the crowd outside, who, being moved by some mysterious impulse, started a hymn on their own account, which was at once taken up by the congregation within. On one of those occasions, Evan Roberts was addressing the meeting. He at once gave way, and the singing became general.

The prayers are largely autobiographical, and some of them intensely dramatic. On one occasion an impassioned and moving appeal to the Deity was accompanied throughout by an

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exquisitely rendered hymn, sung by three of the singing sisters. It was like the undertone of the orchestra when some leading singer is holding the house.

The Singing Sisters

The singing sisters—there are five of them, one, Madam Morgan Llewelyn, who was a professional singer—are as conspicuous figures in the movement as Evan Roberts himself. Some of their solos are wonders of dramatic and musical appeal. Nor is the effect lessened by the fact that the singers, like the speakers, sometimes break down in sobs and tears. The meeting always breaks out into a passionate and consoling song, until the soloist having recovered her breath, rises from her knees and resumes her song.

The praying and singing are both wonderful, but more impressive than either are the breaks which occur when utterance can no more, and the sobbing in the silence momentarily heard is drowned in a tempest of melody. No need for an organ. The assembly was its own organ, as a thousand sorrowing or rejoicing hearts found expression in the sacred psalmody of their native hills.

Repentance, open confession, intercessory prayer, and above all else, this marvellous musical liturgy—a liturgy unwritten but heartfelt, a mighty chorus rising like the thunder of the surge on a rockbound shore, ever and anon broken by the flute-like note of the singing sisters, whose melody was as sweet and as spontaneous as the music of the throstle in the grove or the lark in the sky. And all this vast quivering, throbbing, singing, praying, exultant multitude intensely conscious of the all-pervading influence of some invisible

reality—now for the first time moving palpable though not tangible in their midst.

They called it the Spirit of God. Those who have not witnessed it may call it what they will. I am inclined to agree with those on the spot. For man being, according to the Orthodox, evil, can do no good thing of himself, so, as Cardinal Manning used to say, 'Wherever you behold a good thing, there you see the working of the Holy Spirit'. And the Revival, as I saw it, was emphatically a good thing.

Chapter XXXII

The First Journey (Continuation)

The Rhondda Fach Mission

TYLORSTOWN, 12, 13 DECEMBER

On the 12th day of December, the Revivalist paid a visit to Tylorstown. Previous to the opening meeting, fully two hundred converts had joined the different Churches in the town. Seven meetings were held during the Missioner's stay, and the impression left by them is that of seven great scenes. The first meeting—a general, united prayer meeting was held at Libanus (C.M) Chapel on Monday morning. Entering about eleven o'clock, I find, to my surprise, the sacred edifice crowded. There is no one in charge of the meeting, neither does there appear a conductor of the singing. To what can I compare the meeting? To a sunny summer morn, with all the sweet songsters each giving forth its distinctive note. In reply to an enquiry, one friend described the meeting, 'Divine, divine, divine'. How many participated in the devotions? I know not. The Almighty alone knows. Old formalities are disregarded, and even the forms of prayer appear new. Persons from all directions appear in the congregation, from France, Russia, America, England, and Scotland, and all parts in Wales. There is in the meeting no clamour or tumult, no unnatural, or rather unusual feature. The sensation in it seems like the rocking of a mighty cradle, soft, gentle, and subdued. There is no pause. As one prayer closes, another is opened. One old Christian mother had,

for some time, sought in vain for her opportunity. Eventually, she engaged in prayer, and the effect was wonderful. 'I thank thee, mighty Jesus,' saith

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she, 'thou hast cleared the bills. We need no longer use stamps to send our messages to thee.' Then a well-known Welsh minister engaged most impressively in prayer. And so it goes on English friends, as well as Welsh, took part with a freedom seldom witnessed. Several persons were mentioned by name in prayers, and before the close, many of these made a full surrender. The difficulty now lay in drawing the meeting to a close. Any attempt at such procedure at once brought out a torrent of petitions and testimonies half-past twelve o'clock it closed. Just as it opened, like a summer's day, in the height of its glory. The second meeting, in the same chapel, showed, if anything, a greater attendance. The prudent expediency of closing the doors was forced upon the doorkeeper. To accommodate those outside, two other sacred edifices were opened. The three meetings proceeded simultaneously. We notice again that the only guidance is that of the Holy Spirit. The deacons' pew is filled with ministers and lay visitors. Among others, we note Principal Prys, M.A., of Trevecca College. Presently, a minister engaged in a testimony, and fervently intercedes on behalf of his native town—Nottingham. He appeals for the prayers of the congregation. His own petition is repeated by many. Next, an appeal is made by another minister for petitions for his home. God was thanked for the service of the Press in disseminating the gloriousness to all quarters. Several testified that this brought them a first acquaintance with the Revival, and some cases of conversion were confessed as a result of reading the newspapers' accounts of the Missioner's movements. Towards four o'clock Evan Roberts enters, and at once takes part in the proceedings. 'Friends,' said he, 'the great God has softened our hearts, it is well it is so, for we have too long lived unto ourselves. Have you formed any idea why we receive so much from him? It is because Christ hath ascended up on high, above all, whence he is able to supply all things unto us. In my

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heart I fear the Day of Judgment, but that feeling arises not because of the certainty of my appearance there. I have a firm conviction that my calling and election is sure. On the other hand I dread having to meet so many who have refused the gift of Life, so freely offered to all. My friend is seated on the Throne, and in his protection there is no fear.

Secure for yourselves a religion that drives away all fear. This fearsome attitude we should cast aside now. Our religion is one of joy. It has in it the certainty of salvation, that Divine assurance.' These words roused an old Christian lady in the body of the congregation. She gave expression to her feelings in a beautiful Welsh verse, breathing peace and comfort to the timid ones. Again addressing the congregation, Evan Roberts seeks to show that the religion of some persons has in it no joy. 'This should not be so. God hath prepared for us a religion of joy and gladness. It cannot mean less than that to a soul encompassed with an immortality of bliss. You fear people will talk of you, should you stand up for Jesus. Let it be so, for now are ye light in the Lord, the children of light. Let scoffers beware how they deal with you. Heed not the world's opinion. Do each one of you your portion. The empty formalities of our service have arisen from the habit of giving too great attention to the opinions of others.' Further remarks were checked by the congregation breaking forth in a glorious hymn of adoration. For some time after, pent up feelings found relief in one long outburst of song. When the Missioner again found an opening, he invited testimonies and confessions. An immediate response was made from all directions, this devotional exercise closing with a rendering of 'Crown him, Lord of all'. As a climax to a glorious meeting, Miss Annie Davies gave her testimony in singing, 'If I've Jesus, Jesus only'.

From the first day of the Revival, the meeting we now come to, in one respect, is the most remarkable. Before six p.m., it was difficult to find a seat in any part

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of Ebenezer, the spacious Congregational Chapel. Soon the edifice was uncomfortably overcrowded. Many professing Christians went out, and held a service in an adjoining Wesleyan Chapel. Meanwhile the meeting referred to went on with prayer and praise. Evan Roberts, in his remarks, strove to depict the Sufferings of Christ. The effort reduced him to tears, and many of the congregation were similarly affected. Anon, the audience again break forth into song. Then, a young lady comes forward, and bravely facing the immense congregation, recites in Welsh, a poem, dramatically portraying the journeys of two trains, the one to eternal bliss, the other to an eternity of woe. Evan Roberts instantly jumped from his seat, and asked if there was anyone present who felt he was on his way in the latter train to perdition. We marvel to find one young

fellow rise and acknowledge openly his lost condition. We cannot but admire his bravery and honesty in such a place. This incident is but a prelude to experiences far more dramatic. When the meeting is tested for converts, the stewards discover one young man who is bold enough to deny the existence of God. Another one said that he knew not what Christ had done for him that he should receive him, while two young men denied the Divinity of Christ. Evan Roberts steered through all this commotion in a tranquil and masterful manner, and his loving attitude brought out scores of petitions on behalf of these four.

From now onward to the close of the meeting no jarring note is heard. On the gallery, the young man, who at the commencement admitted his lost condition, now rises, and delivers himself of this testimony, 'Mr Roberts, before you proceed any further I accept Christ now'. The whole congregation burst forth in one long triumphant shout of praise, singing 'Songs of Praises.' The meeting was soon after closed. No young man could have steered through such troublous incidents with such skill, unless he had guidance from above. He

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brought into practice all the principles which he teaches in his exhortations.

On 13 December, Ebenezer Welsh Congregational Chapel is being utilised for the morning service. Before eleven o'clock the ground floor is full, although it is well known that the Missioner is not likely to be present. English and Welsh friends take part in the proceedings with the freedom of true brotherhood. It was with great difficulty that the meeting was closed some time afternoon.

Tuesday afternoon brings us to Horeb Welsh Baptist Chapel. Evan Roberts appears soon after the opening, and at once essays to speak. Before he has uttered many words, the congregation sing, 'O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb'. The effect is most thrilling, and immediately following comes a young lady fervently petitioning the Almighty on behalf of her father. The meeting is filled with a gentle, subdued tone. Prayer follows testimony, which is then followed by praises, with a regularity that is harmonious. We experience no sudden outbursts of passionate appeals. It was a glorious sight to behold, when Evan Roberts put to the congregation the following three requests:—

- (1) All who are members, will you please stand up?
- (2) Will all who love Christ stand?

(3) Will all those stand who love Christ more than they love anyone or anything else?

All rose to the first and second, but many failed to meet the third. One friend was heard to remark that he could not act the hypocrite, for he felt that he must fail were he really tested on the third request. At 3 p.m. the Revivalist is at Hermon (B), Pontygwaith. When he reached the chapel, the proceedings were in full swing. At once he commenced his exhortations, but was soon interrupted by the singing. He was almost overcome with his own remarks on the sufferings of Christ. Then a request was made by a minister that prayers be offered for the spread of the movement to North Wales. Immediate response came, and the petitions were fervent and impressive. The

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Missioner again rose to speak. He went on for a few minutes, when another interruption occurred. The meeting then took its own course, singing, praying, and praising.

In leaving the last meeting, visitors at once were making inquiries as to the next service. To avoid any undue crush arising from idle curiosity, it was not announced which chapel Evan Roberts might attend. One would reasonably expect that one of the two largest edifices would be chosen. Before six o'clock both were fairly full. Two other places of worship were also utilised. The four services proceed simultaneously under the evident blessing of Almighty God.

Returning to Tylorstown, the fifth meeting—which is attended by Evan Roberts—is held at Libanus Chapel. Entering soon after six o'clock, one is filled with awe and wonder. The place is crammed, no other word will fitly describe the situation. On every countenance is manifested an expectancy that is most eloquent. The proceedings have long opened, in fact, as soon as a mere 'handful' were seated. From every eye beams an unusual radiance. Each bosom swells with the surge of feeling. In their attitude, individually, there is something to which we are not accustomed. What can be the cause? It must be a kingly visit! Yea, The King in the beauty of holiness. Oh, that one had language fitting for the occasion! Sometime after seven o'clock, Evan Roberts enters, ascends the pulpit, and at once commences his address. His words are soon interrupted, and we experience an outburst of prayer, weeping, and praise. A second attempt to speak meets with little better results. Presently, in a lull as it were, we are conscious of an intelligent, strong Englishman addressing us. Casting

aside his coat, he pours forth a torrent of words that testify to an overburdened soul. 'This is going to be a great meeting tonight', said he. 'Mark my words. People say that the Revival will soon wear out. It will wear out, and wear in, too. Scoffers assert that it is

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nothing but a fizz. Let them call it so. But bear in mind, it is the fizz of a fuse, and the dynamite is at the other end. Soon you'll find the stumbling blocks removed, and the strongholds of Satan brought to the dust. This glorious movement will ere long set the country ablaze.' The passionate spirit manifested during the address impressed all. Every tongue was hushed. The closing words roused the whole congregation, which broke forth into song. Following this, the Missioner again gave a brief address, but the throng soon gave way to song once more. Behind the pulpit, dozens are crowded into an empty organ-chamber. From their midst emerged a young man of dark complexion, evidently a working-man. Not more than a fortnight before this, he was converted through the influence of the Revival. Tonight, he cannot keep his spirits under control. To address the meeting is beyond his power. 'I believe I'll sing to them', said he to one at his side. 'Go ahead, my friend'; is the reply. He sang a number of verses, and the refrain of one of them was:—

'Forgiveness, forgiveness, he'll freely bestow,
And make thee, poor sinner, even whiter than snow,

O for thee he is waiting,
O for thee he is waiting,
O for thee he is waiting, just no.w'

The rendering of this hymn has an effect that is literally wonderful. The above refrain is sung and repeated from forty to fifty times by the huge concourse. It is a sight and an experience never to be forgotten. Strong men, who have long kept aloof from religion, bend like reeds before the breeze. Their stubborn hearts melt. Tears, warm tears, like the summer rain, bathe their sacred cheeks. There must be joy among the heavenly host at the sight. One loves to dwell in the recollections of the meeting, and especially of this incident. In the midst of all, we are moved by the sight of two young men

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on the gallery engaged in fervent prayer. The voices of the huge congregation blend in a most pleasing effect. We feel that the large throng

is one mighty soul, pouring forth its majestic anthem. Carefully regarding individuals, I feel convinced that each enjoys his peculiar blessing. Young men, so prone to indifference in religious exercises, now become subject to all these influences. Their readiness and sincerity in the work is quite evident in imagination. I pictured to myself the presence of the departed, who once were members worshipping in this chapel, one especially lifting up his red handkerchief that had wiped many a tear. What a source of joy and gladness to them, to see their children and friends engaged in such glorious work. Yea, we are gladdened with the thought that Christ himself is present, partaking of the joy of his people. Throughout all this prolonged scene Evan Roberts is silent, but not unmoved. His face is seen to wear alternately a smile, and to be bathed in tears. One visitor exclaims, 'This is indeed a visit of the Holy Spirit'. 'Yes,' adds one of our deacons, 'the King's special visit.' After the offering of one or two petitions, Miss Annie Davies pours out her soul in song. The hymn is reminiscent of Christ's suffering in the Garden. It is sung to the music of 'Flee as a bird', and never were words more beautifully wedded to music. Two verses were sung by her. A young man in the throng took up the hymn, singing another verse, while yet another verse was rendered by one on the gallery. Soon after this, Evan Roberts again spoke a few words. The tendency to singing, however, asserted itself again. The hymn depicts the triumphant progress of Christ and the utter rout at his enemies. The effect introduced into the singing was so vivid that it was comparatively easy to form a mental picture of the scene set forth in the words.

Mr W.B. Hodgson, the special correspondent of the London *Daily News*, was present; and his character sketch of Evan Roberts in the above paper on 15 November, 1904, is worth giving:—

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See him come elbowing his way quietly through the dense crowd which throngs the aisle in the chapel, lean over the big Bible on the desk, and with hands still in his topcoat pockets, begin straightway a quiet talk to those before him. Certainly he is not preaching. There is no resounding eloquence. There are no rhetorical periods. Hardly one of those quiet little Welsh sentences is a dozen words long. ...

THE HEART OF A CHILD

Listen to this simple talk. Where have you heard just such talk before?

Why, at home, in the nursery. Evan Roberts speaks like a child. He does not reason. He does not orate.

He just says things! All his statements are categorical. His beliefs are absolute, fixed, concrete. There are no subtleties, no half-shades of meaning, no investigations of the ultimate nature of reality.

It is the child's simple way of laying down the law.

'You must confess your sins before God.'

'You must forgive.'

'Yea must obey the Holy Spirit.'

'You must confess Jesus Christ before all.'

If you ask whether there is a God he attempts no proof, he turns to God to convince you. God is as real, as present to him as any of the human beings he is addressing.

He has the child's masterful, simple, direct method, the child's touch of sternness where the parental will is involved. 'It is the Father who says this. You must not contradict.'

And he asks the child's wonderful probing questions.

'Those that love the Lord Jesus, stand up!'

'Yes, you all stand. Now those that love the Lord Jesus more than anything in the world, stand up!'

He has the child's responsive emotionalism, the child's lack of the sense of what you, dear reader, and I would call 'perspective' in the affairs of life. Which of us could choke and sob and sink back exhausted because some unknown person in that dense crowd will not accept salvation now, this very instant?

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He is shy and sensitive as a child. He dreads a congregation drawn by mere curiosity.

He is even afraid to attend in such a case. The Spirit moves him to withdraw and hide himself.

I had dinner with Mr Evan Roberts today. We shook hands, and said 'Good morning', and then we never said a word all through the meal. He was a little afraid of me. I think he regards journalists as a kind of cold, passionless vivisectioners. But I asked not a single question, and at the end I could tell by his look of dumb gratitude that he knew I had a heart!

LOVE THE COMPELLER

Certainly the meetings seem without order, until you recognise the guiding principle! And that guiding principle is love. It is love that makes that little

slip of a girl with the voice of a thrush and the face of a Bouguereau's Madonna sit weeping and singing and falling into little shudders and headshakings of grief. It is love that burns in Evan Roberts's eye as it wanders over that sea of faces looking for some soul in need.

This afternoon, as a great collier was pleading with the sharp tones of deadly anguish of soul, with fists upraised and clenched as though the knuckles must come through the skin, there came a soft undercurrent of exquisitely modulated harmony.

'I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.'

A young clergyman who had just come in made gestures as though to command silence.

'They should not interrupt him', he whispered to me.

But it was no interruption. It sustained and comforted the anguished soul.

Even when some veteran saint grew prosy in his pleadings, and the congregation suddenly broke into a song whose rich rolling harmonies put the pith of the prayer into a phrase, there

was no impatience, no resentment. All was joyful co-operation.

And as the waves of harmony, the bubbling up of individual testimonies, the cries for help and consolation all follow each other in apparent haphazard, the spirit of Evan Roberts broods over all with the infinite power of constraining love. Comfort, encouragement, gentle soothing come by turns as they are needed.

It is 'go as you please', but all please together at the inspiration of a common spirit of love.

Today I saw the face of the Evangelist light up with a message, and he rose to speak. In the storm of music there arose a sudden calm.

But one thin, piping voice in the gallery went on—one heart unconscious kept on its unburdening.

'Hsh—sh', cried the expectant congregation, listening for the voice of the Evangelist.

In a moment, with a wave of the hand, Evan Roberts stopped the rebuking voices, and waited till that small, quavering treble ceased!

And I thought of one of whom the Prophet foretold:

'The smoking flax he shall not quench!'

Chapter XXXIII**The First Journey (Continuation)****The Merthyr Vale, Hafod, and Pontypridd Mission****I. MERTHYR VALE, 14, 15 DECEMBER**

Today, the Revivalist leaves the Rhondda for the Merthyr Valley. He meets with the same reception here as elsewhere. Most of the business houses and schools were closed the two days he was there. People poured into Merthyr Vale, a colliery town to the south of Merthyr, as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and the Welsh Methodist Chapel was soon filled. The Missioner did not arrive in time for the afternoon meeting; but apparently his absence did not detract from the success of the proceedings. In the evening, it was impossible for anyone to enter Calvary Baptist Chapel, where Evan Roberts was expected, as it was packed since five o'clock. Two other chapels had to be opened. The importance of silent communion with God was the Revivalist's theme. He also dwelt on curiosity, and the duty of opening the heart for the reception of God's Spirit. The prayers were full of earnestness, and these and the singing were most effective. Early Thursday morning people congregated from all directions to Merthyr Vale, but many who had travelled a long distance had to return without seeing the Revivalist. The neighbourhood was in a state of commotion, and hymns were sung and prayers offered here and there all night. Evan Roberts attended the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Aberfan, in the morning; Zion Baptist Chapel in the afternoon; and the Welsh Baptist Chapel in the evening. All these meetings were an unqualified success, and were a reproduction of the Tylorstown meetings in many respects.

II. HAFOD, 16, 17 DECEMBER

We are back again in the Greater Rhondda. Hafod is a large colliery village, about a mile from Pontypridd, in the lower part of the Rhondda.

Like Merthyr Vale and Aberfan, this place is ripe to receive the Missioner. The Revival has swayed the churches here for weeks, and a large number of converts have been added to them. The first meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Hopkinstown. This was a remarkable service in more than one respect. All the features of spiritual enthusiasm that marked the meetings of the previous days are present but there is something more. What is that? It is Evan Roberts manifesting a startling development. He took a text, which was quite different from his wont so far, and enlarged upon it for a full hour. Most of those who had followed him from place to place marveled at the masterly and fluent way in which he spoke, and the pointedness and adaptedness of his remarks. Fortunately, the Rev. E. W. Davies, Baptist minister, Ton, Ystrad, wrote the sermon almost verbatim, and we insert it here:—

Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing.—Genesis 12:1—2.

We all ought to obey God as Abraham obeyed him. What was Abraham? What was his knowledge of God? What amount of revelation had he received from God as compared with us? He was an idolater, and God called him to leave his country, his nation, his father's home. What shall follow this? 'I will make thee a great nation.' 'I will magnify thy name.'—He shall be a magnet, a man full of God, who shall draw everybody unto him. And Christ said, 'I, if I be lifted up, shall draw

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all men unto me'. All must be filled with the Spirit of God if they are to draw men to them. It may be unconsciously, but the Spirit-filled man draws them if a man is a friend of God, everything in him draws—silence draws, everything he does draws. He cannot but draw. The magnet cannot help it, and only the magnet draws. We must be in readiness to give obedience to God. If Abraham obeyed without much knowledge of God, should not we obey, to whom so much has been revealed?

We should give obedience instantly God calls every one of us, but people are so stupid. But, thank God! There are many now through all the world who obey, not only the voice, but the authority behind it, and thereby see more clearly. God not only calls, but he gives the blessings. He does not call without giving a promise 'I will make thee a great nation'. 'And they shall be a great nation.' It is wonderful. Abraham has the blessing. He brings blessing upon men. 'Those that bless thee shall be blessed.' The nation goes into captivity. Is it, then, at an end with them? No! Heaven makes no mistake. The promise will be kept.

Where is the enemy? He thinks he is getting a big victory, but God puts his hand lightly upon the enemy. If anyone shalt put his hand upon the child of God to oppress him, God will put his hand upon him. If you put your hand upon a child of God, God's hand will press you down. The oppressor's hand is upon you. Why is that so? How much has it cost God to make us his children? It cost him putting his hand upon his own Son. Woe to him who touches the children of God! It is touching the apple of his eye!

OBEDIENCE TO THE CALL

Everyone must obey, and go where God directs him. That is the great lesson we have to learn. If God calls, we must obey. Do not ask, 'What will become of me?'—it does not matter what. God is a God of light. He has plenty of light to shed upon your path. 'I am the Light of the world.' 'I am weak', says a man—it does not matter God is strong. He a God of all power, and if God is for us, who can be against us? The path will be made light for us, so that we shall not lose our

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way. Nobody ever lost his way who followed him. You must keep near to your Leader. If any one loses his way, it is either by going too far behind or going before God. If he says, 'Come after me', we are to follow. 'But the enemies are powerful.' It does not matter. If ten thousand sin against you, do not be afraid—God is with you. If you are filled with God, you are not afraid of anybody except God.

God has been calling for years. We have been saying, 'No.' It we are children of God, let us obey. What should you think of a father who had a son and asked him to do something, and who said 'No!' and went on saying 'No' all day, what should you think of that son? He is not worthy to be called a son because of his disobedience. But that is old history, and it is true today.

We pray 'Send us power down!' There is no need. The Holy Spirit is with us. I realise that he is here. We need not pray that he should come. If you read the second chapter of Acts, you will find that he has been sent. We have an account that he came. Have you an account that he went back? Our prayer should be 'Open our hearts to receive him!' He presses hard on the door of our heart, but he cannot get in. It is open to everybody else, but not to Christ. Must he call again and again and find us disobedient? The Spirit is calling continually, but I thank God that he is with us here today. I was glad to find you in the Spirit today. Obey him! Rest upon God. That will be the place for you. What joy to be in heaven, resting upon him forever. Just roll your burden upon him. The Spirit calls continually, calls everybody. That is the danger—not heeding the voice.

NOT 'SOMETHING', BUT 'HIM'

Do you know what people called the Holy Spirit in the pasts. They called him 'something'—they knew not what. Now we call him the Holy Ghost.

The great lesson is obedience, obedience, obedience. How can we know the voice of the Spirit? It is very easy. How is it easy? There are two powers influencing a man—one draws him towards everything that is good, the other towards everything that is evil. You know who draws towards

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evil—the devil. And you know who draws towards that which is good—it is the Holy Spirit. Every good gift comes from Heaven. There is no good in us. Then, henceforth call him not ‘something’, but call him the Spirit of God. If we speak of ‘something’, we shall remain without the Spirit. It will be no good getting thousands to the churches unless we learn the lesson of obedience to the Spirit. If we speak of the Spurt, we must obey the Spirit, and from doing that great results are sure to accrue. If I had not given up everything to the Spirit I should not be here today, and I am obliged to say things that make some people regard me almost as insane. But though the whole world sneer at me, I know I must obey the Spirit.

‘QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT’

Now, do not say, ‘What will people say? I shall not be here long, but we shall be face to face with God, and we must answer him. In every prompting of the Spirit, quench it not. God calls and we disobey. Something prompts me to pray. Something prompts me to give an expedience. It is not ‘something’, it is from God. We honour the Father, we honour the Son, when do we honour the Spirit? Who prompts us to call on the Father? It is the Spirit. And who prompts us to call on the Son? It is the Spirit. But who prompts us to pray to the Spirit? Look at our hymnbooks. They praise the Father, and praise the Son, but very few praise the Spirit. Men write hymns that do not praise the Spirit, but I will praise the Spirit of God as long as I live. I shall praise the whole Trinity, and in praising, I shall obey in everything, and the Spirit shall lead me in everything.

I do nothing without having a prayer. It is not enough to hear the voice calling. You must ask ‘What time?’ and ‘Where?’ you are to go. If you are prompted to pray, it is not enough. You must ask to be led to pray again. The great thing is to get led. A lady was prompted to give herself to the Lord, but it was three hours before she was able to make the surrender. She was led, however. Your deep need is direction and guidance in offering yourself. If he says to you, ‘Be silent’, be

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silent. There is no necessity to talk. To be silent may be a way of answering to the call of God. If God calls on you to give out a hymn, or to pray, or to give a testimony, do it. It does not matter if you go into prison, or into captivity, if the call comes to you.—We were talking about sacrifices. There is nothing worth calling a sacrifice. What have we done for Christ? Someone has never said a word for Christ, and he has been in the Church for years. Say a word for Christ. It is not enough to be there. You must be working there by your

word and testimony. If you see a man who cannot say a word for Christ, he does not know what it is. If you find a man who does not say a word for Christ, he has never known him. The moment you meet Christ you will be on fire; you cannot help speaking. Try to stop the spring, and it will burst out at once. If he were silent the stones would talk. You are on fire. The fire is here. You must be baptised with the Spirit of God and fire. It bums everything. If, the preacher continued, you try to stop the fire, you may get burnt yourself.

RESTING UPON GOD

When Abraham obeyed he was blessed. When Israel went into captivity, God was true to them. When Pharaoh approached, the Israelites were afraid. They saw the enemy, but they did not see God. The Israelites called for God. They asked, 'Are there no sepulchres in Egypt that we ate brought out?' The nation could see nothing but death. They could not see Canaan and life. God sees life everywhere. If we believe God we shalt see life. We shall lead others to obtain life. The Israelites said 'It would be better for us to serve the Egyptians than go into the wilderness.' Friends, do not obey the enemy any more; obey God. Moses said, 'Be not afraid, but stand'. 'Trust me', said God. But it is a task to trust when we do not see the future. We want to ask questions even when God invites us to stop and see the heaven of God. Mark this God shall watch over you. Shall we believe now that God is going to fight for us? That is our danger—to believe that we fight for ourselves, as if God were not with us. We think that God helps us, instead helping God. What would you think of a little boy who

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thinks that it is he who helps his father? God is the great Power, and we are brought in as fellow-workers. Let us rest upon God. The Lord shall fight for us. If we believe, there is nothing that God denies us. Go back to the promises. Go to the last chapter of Matthew again, and the 18th verse. The Lord Jesus Christ, before He ascended to heaven, spoke to his followers and said, 'All authority in heaven and earth is given to me'. Shall we believe that 'all authority'? If you believe that, the victory shall be with you. Many will try to stand against us. It is better for them to stand aside. The Lord's chariot is going with mighty impetus. John saw the white horse going out Victory! Woe to anyone who stands before the Lord's chariot! Many will try, but I tell you 'Get aside', for the Lord is in it.

The sermon was listened to with rapt attention, and although so many bosoms were charged with emotion he was not interrupted. But no sooner had the last word dropped from his lips than the whole audience was ablaze. The evening service was held in the Welsh Methodist Chapel. There was not such force in his address in this meeting, but the same spiritual power laid hold of the people; and some of the most original things were expressed in the prayers and remarks of those who took part.

In this meeting the Rev. Dr T. Cynddylan Jones translated the great hymn of the Revival of 1859, for the sake of the many English people who were present. The following is the translation:—

‘The man who was nailed for sinners,
 Who suffered for sinners like me;
 Himself drank the cup of our sorrows
 Alone on Mount Calvary.
 Thou fountain of Love everlasting,
 Thou home of the counsels of peace,
 Bring me to the bonds of the covenant
 The covenant that never will cease.’

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The second day at Hafod was not less successful than the first. The afternoon service, which was held at Bethel (Welsh) Congregational Chapel, was marked by a wonderful spiritual power, and continued for three hours. The remarks of Evan Roberts on people’s complaints that God’s work was hard, were most acute and telling. To enforce his observations, he instanced the case of Christ dying on the Cross. Siloam Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel was filled before six o’clock, and Bethel was opened for an overflow. The Missioner spoke powerfully at the former chapel on the duty of making religion the chief theme of conversation in all circles of life, and that we were on the eve of the fulfillment of the great prophecy of Joel, regarding the outpouring of the Spirit.

III. PONTYPRIDD, 18 DECEMBER

There were many visitors from all parts of the United Kingdom at Hafod, but today, at Pontypridd, there are still more, and among them a number of Jews and other nationalities. The Revivalist left the writer’s house Sunday morning, arriving at Sardis Congregational Chapel at 11.30; and here he spoke on the duty of giving the glory to God in all our worship. ‘Bend the world and save the church should be our great object’, said he. There was a subdued spiritual feeling in the meeting, and that broke out into prayers and praises, when converts were announced from different parts of the building.

In the afternoon Penuel (C.M.) Chapel was full long before the appointed time, and a great number had to turn away. The subdued feeling of the morning is not restrained in this service Evan Roberts then began to speak of obedience; and what has often been termed during the Revival

as ‘orderly disorder’ ensued. Yet, all was of a spiritual character. Tabernacle Welsh Baptist Chapel was eagerly besieged in the evening long before six o’clock. Seeing that so many could not enter,

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a service was held outside for the surging crowd. After addressing the audience at the Tabernacle, the Revivalist proceeded to the English Wesleyan Chapel, which was full of people longing to have a word from him. Persons who were present testify that this was a most successful meeting. Before closing our remarks on this great day at Pontypridd, it must be said that a prayer meeting held, at the request of Evan Roberts, in the house of the Rev. W. Lewis (Penuel) was one of the great events of the day. Its influence overcame all who were present and impressed them more than ever with the undoubted piety of the Missioner.

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Chapter XXXIV

The First Journey (Continuation)

Mid-Rhondda and Treherbert Mission

I. CLYDACH VALE, 19, 20 DECEMBER

From Pontypridd we proceed to the north west, along the Greater Rhondda, to Clydach Vale, which branches off on the left at Llwynypia. It is a colliery village like the others in the Rhondda. Goshen Chapel was crowded long before the expected arrival of Evan Roberts, and the meeting had reached a very high degree of spiritual fervour. The salient point in this gathering is the penitence of a certain woman. Her face indicated agony of soul. The Revivalist noticed her, and at once perceived that she was sorely distressed. When he saw she was seeking help, in an instant he was by her side. ‘Teach me to be good’, she said to him. ‘Go on your knees and pray’, he said to her. ‘I cannot pray—my sins make it impossible’, was the answer. After further conversation she fell on her knees, beseeching forgiveness. The incident greatly inspired the audience; and as a result, ‘Who is a pardoning God like thee?’ was rendered with great power.

The scene in the evening is Libanus (C.M.) Chapel, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The universality and breadth of the prayers are very marked in the proceedings. One prayer referred to parents buying beer and starving their children. This gave a cue to the Revivalist to make strong remarks on Christians who had anything to do with strong drink. The loneliness of Christ on Calvary was the next point he dwelt upon and the lethargy of the church.

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The afternoon meeting at Calvary and the evening service at Noddfa on Tuesday were equal to any of the series in spiritual tone. There was nothing in them which may be called 'over-demonstrative', yet they were full of spontaneity. One of the most pathetic incidents in the afternoon service was a request from Evan Roberts, and what followed it. He requested all men about 33 to 34 years of age to stand. This was promptly complied with. 'When I look at you,' he said, at the same time labouring under great emotion, 'I think'—and he failed to proceed any further. He completely broke down, sobbing aloud and moaning, 'Oh dear! Oh dear! what a Saviour we have!' Having regained his composure, he pointed to one of the young men who had stood up, and asked the people what would they think if that young man were to be crucified, and had to undergo the sufferings of Christ. The young man was quite overcome, and the audience was thrilled and moved to tears. In the evening, the Missioner severely denounced deceit, hypocrisy, criticism, and curiosity.

II. TONYPANDY, 21 DECEMBER

This town is situated in Mid Rhondda, about a mile from Clydach Vale. Taking in its surrounding districts, the population is very great. Like most other towns in Glamorgan, it had by this time been deeply moved by the Revival. Being the central town of the district, it is accessible from all directions; therefore, we need not dwell upon the fact that crowds attended the meetings. The morning service was held at Ebenezer Welsh Congregational Chapel, and a great number of strangers were present, and among them an Armenian minister, the Rev. K. Behesmilan. The catholicity of the prayers is the distinguishing feature of this service. The whole world is included, and not the relatives, churches, and neighbourhoods of the supplicants. Evan Roberts did not attend in the morning, as he felt the need of rest; yet, that

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told but little on the power of the service. He was in attendance at Sion (C.M.), Trealaw, in the afternoon. The upheaval of feeling here was such that he could not get a chance to speak for a long time. The spiritual character of the meeting was such as to move him to tears. When allowed to speak, he emphatically stated his inability to believe in the 'Larger Hope', being that he could not find out that the Bible taught such a doctrine. He then spoke eloquently on the Love of God.

In the evening we are back again at Ebenezer Congregational Chapel. This service was truly remarkable. People from many parts besought the prayers of the audience on behalf of their native places.

III. PENYGRAIG AND WILLIAMSTOWN, 22 DECEMBER

This is the last day of the mission at Mid Rhondda, and a wonderful day it is. The Rev. John M'Neill is present, as well as many other distinguished religious leaders. The chapel was full at 10 a.m., and much enthusiasm was manifested, notwithstanding the absence of the central human figure. A rush was made for Soar Chapel in the afternoon, where Evan Roberts spoke, but very briefly, because of the fervour of the people. An Armenian minister was moved to sing in his native language and to address the meeting in English. The Rev. John M'Neill offered a prayer for Sheffield, in response to the request of a Sheffield minister. At the close of his prayer he remarked, 'We have heard of this (referring to the Revival) being called the debauch of emotionalism. If it is, O Lord! may we never be sober any more. If it is debauch, then there is no sobriety in Heaven, where we are going to.'

The service was held at Pisgah (C.M.) Chapel in the evening, and it is impossible to give a picture of the spontaneous outpouring of prayer, praise, and testimony in it.

IV. TREHERBERT, 23 DECEMBER

The scene now changes from Mid Rhondda to the

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upper part of the Valley. Treherbert is a mining town like those of Mid Rhondda. Evan Roberts having rested at Tylorstown, we proceeded together about 12 o'clock to Treherbert to be in readiness for the afternoon meeting. Horeb (C.M.) Chapel was the scene of the service—and what a scene! Every available space was filled, and when we entered the

proceedings were in full swing, with the usual spontaneity. The Missioner commenced to speak, his point being Zaccheus ascending the tree to see Jesus in order to receive Jesus. At the close he puts eight tests on the audience:—(1) 'All church members to stand.' (2) 'All who love Jesus to stand.' A few failed to stand now. (3) 'All who love Christ more than anything else stand.' A great number failed. (4) 'Let all who wish to love him more than anything else stand.' All stood this time. (5) 'Let all who read the Bible daily stand.' A great number had to sit now. (6) 'Let all who resolve to read it daily stand.' All got up. (7) 'Let all who pray daily stand.' Many sat. (8) 'Let all who resolve to do so daily stand.' All church members arose. This was one of the most searching meetings to all who thought seriously of their relation to God and their soul's salvation.

Carmel Welsh Congregational Chapel was surrounded in the evening by a throng eagerly waiting for the doors to be opened. The service was not so fervent as the one held in the afternoon; but the power of the Holy Spirit was manifestly working in it.

A word is required here, before considering the next movement of Evan Roberts, on the state of things during the last week in 1904 and the first weeks in 1905. According to statistics published by the *Western Mail*, the number of converts in South Wales at the end of 1904 had reached 34,131. But only 145 places had sent in their returns, hence this number is far from the actual figure. Up to these weeks, North Wales as a whole had not experienced the power of the Revival. Certain neighbourhoods like Rhos had experienced a mighty outpouring of the Spirit, it

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is true, and hundreds had joined the churches. But somehow it had not spread generally in its great force. Every part had been slowly prepared through different means, such as reading the reports of the Revival in the Welsh newspapers from week to week, hundreds of letters were sent by converts to their parents, wives, and children in the North; a great number returned for their holidays to the various counties of North Wales. Christmas time transformed entirely, and full of desire to get others to Christ. They began at once to work on Revival lines, and in many cases were instrumental in bringing the majority of the non-adherents of their respective neighbourhoods to the Saviour. On Christmas Eve a train full of excursionists from South Wales alighted on a North Wales platform, and held a prayer meeting before they parted, whereas many

of the very same persons used to return home in past years drunk and disorderly. By this time some of the leading ministers and laymen of North Wales had attended Evan Roberts's meetings, and were filled with a desire to have an outpouring of the Spirit in their churches. They co-operated heartily with those who returned home from the South. Many ministers and others from South Wales were called to conduct meetings in some of the most populous centres of the North at the end of 1904, and the beginning of 1905; prayer meetings had been held for weeks and huge processions paraded the streets, and people who had not been to a place of worship for years were converted. These were the human agencies that were used by the Spirit to fire the whole of North Wales, and it can be safely stated that by the end of January, 1905, there was hardly a place in the northern division not moved by the Revival. This gives us an idea of the great progress of the movement from six to eight weeks after the beginning of the Revivalist's first journey.

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Chapter XXXV

The First Journey (Continuation)

Clydach, Morriston, And Swansea Mission

I. CLYDACH, 28 DECEMBER

Evan Roberts returned home from Treherbert on 24 December for three days' rest; but very little rest he had, as a great number of people from different parts of the country called to see him daily. He resumed his Revival work at the above place on the date given, and met with the same success as in the Rhondda. This mining town, situated in the Swansea Valley, had experienced great things before his visit, and many had joined the churches. People thronged to the town early in the morning, and the services were held in three chapels. In the afternoon there were evangelists present from Scotland and Ireland, who participated in the proceedings and besought the prayers of the people on behalf of their countries. The English element was very prominent in the afternoon services. Four chapels were filled in the evening, and the Missioner appeared at Vardre Chapel. The singing of Madame Kate Morgan Llewellyn

and Miss Annie Davies had a great effect, and the remarks of Evan Roberts on the Infinity of God were weighty. But what probed the people and moved the majority to tears were two prayers—one by a little girl of twelve for the salvation of her father, the other by a mother that her boy should be saved. Great pressure was brought to bear upon Evan Roberts to stay a part of the next day at Clydach before proceeding to Morriston, and he complied with the people's wish.

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II. MORRISTON, 29, 30 DECEMBER

These were remarkable days in the history of Morriston. This town with its important Tin Works lies in the Swansea Valley, a distance of about three miles from Swansea. It has a population of from ten to fifteen thousand. The Revival had swept the town like a great spiritual cyclone, resulting in the conversion of about 1,300 before Evan Roberts's arrival. During Sydney Evans's mission there, which lasted only six days, 500 joined the churches. Of the number of large chapels in the town, Tabernacle (Congregational) stands first with a seating accommodation for 1,500. But not one third of the people could enter it. The enclosure before it was full, as well as the Street in front of that. This was the case in the morning and afternoon, and the concourse had greatly increased by the evening. It was nearly eight o'clock when the Missioner arrived. Being that the chapel was so full, it was with great difficulty that he entered. The outburst of feeling on the part of the audience was too much to let him proceed with his address. But the spirit of prayer was wanting, and with this Evan Roberts was not satisfied.

30 December was unique in the history of the town. In the afternoon the Revivalist commented on the need of prayer for the saving of souls, and also the importance of being filled with the Holy Ghost. The evening service was of the same nature as those preceding it. A noticeable feature in the Morriston meetings was the prayers by women, and the effect they had. It should be noted, also, that visitors from different parts of the United Kingdom were very numerous.

III. SWANSEA, 1-4 JANUARY

All the places mentioned below are in Swansea or on the suburbs.

Siloam Congregational Chapel, Pentre Estyll, where Evan Roberts addressed meetings on Sunday, 1 January,

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was well prepared for his visit. The pastor—Rev. Penar Griffiths—was full of the Revival spirit, and a large number had been added to the church. A marked feature in the morning meeting was the amount of Scripture read and the refined tone of the prayers. This refined spiritual element was prominent in the afternoon service also. Evan Roberts broke down while commenting on the feeling of sinners in the world to come, and other things. The Rev. Penar Griffiths was too overwhelmed to offer prayer. The impressiveness of the meeting was remarkable. In the evening a grey-haired man accepted Christ. This was made known when his brother was in the act of reading a portion of Scripture. Joy overcame the reader, and he threw his arms round his brother and embraced him passionately. According to the testimony of the people best able to judge, these were three wonderful meetings for their spiritual purity. An English Churchian, who wrote an article to the *Church Times* dealing with these services, said thus:—

Siloam was filled to the doors, an overflow meeting in the schoolroom, and a waiting crowd outside proved that the Revivalist was expected. At 11.15 he arrived accompanied by two of his girl associates in the work. Meanwhile, the people inside were singing Welsh hymns, as if life itself depended upon the rhythmical flow of those melodies which best befit Welsh piety. For fifteen minutes by the clock did those 800 people sing over and over again without a pause, the verses in which *Diolch iddo* is the burden, and to the same strain ‘mi, mi, mi, re; fa, fa, fa, mi; do, mi, mi, re; mi, re, do, fa, mi, re, do’. How people could sing this line hundreds of times during services that occupied altogether not less than ten hours in the day passes my understanding; but the fact remains, it was done, and done as freshly at the end as at the beginning.

Mr Evan Roberts in the platform-pulpit (what a contrast to the mustard-pot pulpits of the church furnishers!) took up his task with all the air of a man who knows his work and wastes no time in doing it. The published likenesses of the Revivalist are

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fairly correct. His demeanour is observant, now he looks at the people as if to search their inmost motives, then glances at gallery or floor to see whether there are any being moved to ‘confess’ the Christ. His preaching (of which there was little in the morning) is extremely simple; with a great deal of action, always expressive. There is no attempt at oratory, no ‘hwyl’, nothing at all of the set sermon—just a few remarks thrown in as occasion arises, and then a few minutes of silent prayer as someone or other breaks out into singing. For the Revivalist invites the free expression of every soul in the congregation. It requires more art than we sometimes realize to poke fire

well, even with long experience of an open grate, two or three deft touches will do more than much laboured effort. Evan Roberts is a skilled stoker; he knows and admits that his function is to guide and encourage an existing, active force, not to create it, I have not heard of his initiating it anywhere. At Siloam he found the 'fire' alight, only a little more freedom was needed, and this he sought (he said, later on, successfully) to obtain. ...

The lines of Mr Roberts's teaching, especially at the afternoon service, when he spoke at greater length prove the truth of the observations. He refuses to recognise in any way sectarian differences, he ignores all party feelings; he has no new gospel to proclaim, no new doctrine, he will form no fresh sect, personal salvation as an end in itself he cannot do away with; converts must become missionaries, must yield themselves to the Holy Spirit as his instruments. Mere curiosity either about himself or on the part of converts he treats as a snare of the Devil, and sermons are useless unless they lead men straight to the Master. The joys of a heaven here on earth rather than the terrors of a hell hereafter, he insists upon. So far as one can find, his doctrine is sound if elementary, and no part of Divine revelation is exaggerated at the cost of other parts. The work of sacramental energy is not dwelt upon, and here we part company, but without questioning the value of his peculiar function in the Revival. There is no reason why the Church of Wales should not benefit largely from the Revival, but it is necessary to point out that any attempt to work up the revival spirit mechanically is bound to fail. The experiment has been tried,

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and is not likely to be repeated. Where, however, the people show signs of the revival spirit, priests must be on the alert, and guide it into right channels. In his pastoral letter, the Bishop of St David has taken quite the right line on this matter, and his words have weight.

People who have read accounts of past revivals may be reassured on hearing that the present movement has, so far, but little of the wild hysteria that accompanied the former efforts. True, it is a novel experience to hear, now a woman breaking out into a screaming prayer for a lost relative, then a man, starting 'Throw out the life line', the people joining with all their lung power, as the hymn is repeated over and over again, until a plaintive voice is heard relating some experience, and this is interrupted by the announcement of a conversion, and the Revivalist smiles, and with a wave of the hand starts *Diolch iddo*, which goes on for a few minutes, and is succeeded by an almost endless carol, sung mainly by a group of girls without a book (scarcely a hymn-book was seen all the day in anyone's hand). Two persons stand up to pray, and they go on, each regardless of the other, until someone breaks out with another hymn, and this in turn is dropped as a loud voice from the people calls for prayer for a possible convert. It all reads as if everything were confusion, and in actuality it is so occasionally, but unless the changes were frequent and every devotional element given its chance, it would be impossible

for the meetings to last as they do for hours at a stretch. The sense of expectancy keeps the meeting alive, the attention never falters, few who are present at the commencement think of retiring until the end. Now and then one saw big men in tears, as a wave of deep emotion passed over the assembly. There was also, I noticed at all the services, a fairly large number of persons who maintained the attitude of quiet, if not critical observers—not men only, but lads of 14 or 15 were looking on with Oriental stolidity, never singing, never uttering a word of audible prayer. I wondered what was passing through their minds, and what would be the effect of the demonstrations on their after life.

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On 2 January, Evan Roberts visited Cwmbwila, another part of the town. Two meetings were held in the afternoon—one at Zoar Congregational Chapel, and the other outside by the concourse who could not enter the chapel nor the vestry. What marked out these meetings were the references to the efficacy of prayer. A little girl—ten years of age—prayed earnestly at Clydach the previous Wednesday for her father's conversion, and was answered. A boy of twelve did the same at the Hopkins-town meeting, and his father accepted Christ at another chapel. The reader can well imagine the crush at 'Gate' Chapel in the evening, where the Missioner was expected. The omnipresence of God and the character of prayer were his chief themes. These meetings like those of the previous days were pervaded by spirituality.

We give the account of the afternoon meeting at Ebenezer Congregational Chapel, 3 January, in the words of Mrs Baxter, London, who was present.— It has been my privilege, accompanied by Miss Soltau, C.I.M., and Miss Disney, of joining for some days the Rev. F.W. and Mrs Eardley, to visit some of the scenes of God's working in South Wales and in Monmouthshire. Being assured, the morning after our arrival in Swansea, that in order to obtain a seat for the? p.m. meeting we must not be later than 11.30 at Ebenezer Chapel, we arrived at that hour, and found the place fast filling. In a few minutes an earnest English prayer from someone in the gallery started the meeting, which went on without a break for 5 1/2 hours. The great preponderance of men, which had struck us on our former visit in the Rhondda Valley, was not so conspicuous here. There were a large number of women, and of children, too, and the markedly Welsh faces were interspersed with English, both residents and visitors.

But the same power from above was working. Prayer which was not for the ear of man but of God, singing which was unto the Lord, testimony which the bursting gladness of a new life impelled, were the same here as in Ferndale. Swansea being in size 'no mean city', it was natural that there should be a large

number who had come together with the object of seeing and hearing the young man whose name has become so familiar. But under this current of curiosity there lay a deep burden on the souls of those who were present, to pray for their country and other countries, for their relatives and neighbours, and intensely earnest prayers and intensely earnest singing made one so conscious of definite business being transacted with God, that in such an atmosphere physical weariness had no voice.

Two distinguished clergymen of the Church of England—the Rev. and Hon. Talbot Rice, Vicar of Swansea, and the Rev. Barnes Lawrence, Vicar of Blackheath, one of the Keswick Committee—sat with several Nonconformists in the ‘big pew’. But these well-known teachers took no prominent part in the proceedings; man was at a discount, and all were there to deal with God. ‘Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty’ (2 Corinthians 3:17) was fully exemplified in this gathering; men, women, English, Welsh, prayed or sang as they believed they were led of the Spirit. One was reminded of some of the more deeply spiritual meetings of the Society of Friends. Mr Evan Roberts possesses, by God’s grace, a remarkable spiritual discernment. Recently, on entering a meeting, he said, ‘You are singing, but you are not worshipping, this is not singing unto the Lord’. How one thought of the choirs in so many churches and chapels, in which the singing always gives the impression that it is directed to the ears of the audience, not the ear of God! There is in this revival a deep current of reality; when anything unreal creeps in, the power stops.

There was an earnest lad of about sixteen or so who came up into the ‘big pew’, Bible in hand, but no break occurred for some time, he stood silent with a rapt expression, and when he had read a portion in Welsh he just slipped away—he had obeyed the Spirit. There was one remarkable person present, a Mrs Jones, who has had visions of this Revival. All she said was in Welsh, but it was evident that all her heart came out in what she said of God’s purpose for her country. This is one of the proofs how long God has been preparing this outpour of blessing.

Mr Evan Roberts came into the meeting about 3 p.m. and while taking off his coat and muffler he began asking questions,

which were responded to from all parts of the chapel. The burden of his words, when he began to talk consecutively, was the work of the Saviour for sinners, when his tears flowed freely. He afterwards seemed much rejoiced at the spirit of the meeting and said it was one of the happiest meetings he had ever attended. He spoke only in Welsh. Someone in the gallery asked for English, but he said he would do as the Spirit guided him, and it was only at the end of the meeting that he spoke a little English. The meeting closed at 5 p.m. by his putting on his coat, and those who were determined to be in

time for the next meeting at 7 p.m., sat on till that time. There were some blessed decisions for Christ in this meeting without any pressure from man.

The evening meeting, which was held at Trinity (C.M.), was remarkable for its fine singing and spontaneity. There was divine unction upon the stirring speech of Mrs Rhys, the wife of the Rev. Bowen Rhys, the South African Missionary. The distinctive note of this service was a subdued intensity, which issued sometimes in deep silence.

Cwmbwila is again the Revivalist's scene of ministration, 3 January. Strangers are seen streaming into the town from all directions, eagerly endeavouring to enter the chapel; and it seems hopeless for any of the Swansea people to get within the doors, which are watched by these visitors. Although the service was published to be held at two o'clock, Babell Chapel was full at eleven in the morning. Soon the meeting is full of fervour, and some old Welsh hymns, which are new to the younger people, are sung, and when repeated a few times, the tunes and the words are learnt, and the volume of the singing is tremendous, sweeping everything before it like it mighty storm. Evan Roberts came in about two o'clock, and spoke on 'Faith'. The verse on which he bases his address is, 'And lo, I am with you always'.

He exhorts the people to impress it indelibly on their hearts; from this he glides to the presence of Christ with his people, and obedience to the Holy Spirit. He is bent

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upon speaking today, and stops the audience to sing when it attempts to interrupt him. This is quite different from his usual conduct. However, he is not equal to the occasion in this respect, for testimonies are showered upon him from all parts of the edifice, and his voice is drowned in them. Consequently, he leans on the Bible, and with a heavenly smile on his face, looks at the fervent congregation. This was a grand scene, but the next surpasses it. It is wonderful and heart-rending. The testimonies having ceased, he begins to speak of the nearness of the divine presence, but in a few moments, he fails, being choked by his feelings. He breaks down entirely, and his groanings and tears overcome the vast audience. He sits in agony of soul, and the effect sways the people. A few were able to keep their mental equilibrium, and it was fortunate that they did, because they succeeded in drawing the attention of others from the pitiable state of the Revivalist by striking a hymn. Shortly, the scene changes again. The whole audience is on its feet, swayed by intense

spiritual enthusiasm, and pouring out its feelings in various ways. The visitors, who have come to see the Revival, are startled and possessed with wonder. One or two of them shouted, 'Hush'. But what was the good of that it would have been as well to say 'hush' to the thunder's mighty roar or the ocean's swelling tide. The deepest emotions of the audience had been liberated, and rushed forth like a mighty flood. When the Revivalist heard the word, 'Hush', he was soon on his feet, commanding the hushers to be silent. 'Dare you,' says he, 'to quench God's Spirit? God has conquered us here this afternoon, but he has done so with his love. What if he had done that with his wrath. He has touched us tenderly, friends. What of eternity under God's wrath?' An attempt is made by someone to speak, but Evan Roberts insists upon having silence to speak himself; and his words have a keen edge, when he dwells upon the fact of people coming to the meeting to show themselves. A prayer for an infidel

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had a great effect in this meeting. Evan Roberts now put his usual questions to the audience, but very few could stand to answer the one concerning reading the Bible daily. Amongst those who stood, one said that he had read his Bible daily for 51 years! 'Who can beat this man?' said Evan Roberts, and he laughed heartily. At the close of this questioning, the audience joined in singing

'Great God of countless wonders',

and the meeting terminated.

In the evening the service was held at Trinity Chapel (C.M.) Two hours before the appointed time the crowd was immense. Immediately the doors were opened, every available space was filled, and soon the meeting was in full swing. Evan Roberts remarked when he entered that the Holy Spirit had filled the place, and if some of them had not received him, that it was because they had not opened their hearts to welcome him. A young lady gave a powerful address, and many original and strange prayers followed. Annie Davies electrified the audience by rendering—

'I need thee, O! I need thee.'

A number of prayers for Swansea followed, and the enthusiasm of the meeting reached a very high pitch. The Missioner got up and asked a new question 'Is there a good feeling existing in the churches?' he queried. He was answered in the negative by someone. Then he asked, 'All who

have no malice towards anyone, stand'. A few failed to face the question and retained their seats. 'There are many hypocrites here', he remarked; and proceeded to speak in a most effective way after a woman had prayed earnestly that her relatives should forgive her. He asserted that a number had come there full of curiosity, and others in search of pleasure. These words caused a deep solemnity and self-examination in the audience. Shortly, a

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complete change came over the congregation. Somehow, it seldom happened that one unchangeable feature possessed these meetings, because they were so wonderfully divine. The above transition was brought about by a young man, who had led a prodigal life, walking on and asking his minister to pray for him. The next scene is Evan Roberts descending from the pulpit and embracing him. The young man throws his arms around the Revivalist's neck, both ascending the pulpit. The young man wept bitterly as he asked if his mother were there, and said that she would never have trouble with him again. The mother got up in the audience with her heart overflowing, and prayed with some unction until the majority present were in tears. Oh! what a beautiful scene! How truly divine!

Dr A. McCraig, Principal of Spurgeon's Pastors' College, London, was present in most of the Swansea meetings, and besought Evan Roberts to give him a message to the students under his care. His request was granted, and the message was—'Tell them to live very near to God. That is the best life—near to God.'

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Chapter XXXVI

The First Journey (Continuation)

The Llansamlet to Bedlinog Mission

5–20 JANUARY

Thursday, 5 January 1905, the Missioner is at Capel-y-Cwm, LLansamlet. The chapel is situated in an industrial district a few miles from

Swansea. Fifty years ago, this place was the scene of another mighty Revival. The service has been going on for over an hour when Evan Roberts enters. While the heart-felt praise of the congregation found expression in the words, 'On his head be the crown' (*'Ar Ei ben bo'r goron'*), Mr Roberts made his way up to the pulpit, and remained seated there. For some time an unusual silence pervaded the whole assembly. Some thirty minutes had passed during which there had not been the customary outbursts of prayer and praise, when the voice of a young woman was heard petitioning the Throne of Grace. She made a remark to the effect that people had come there 'to see the man and not the Master'. Evan Roberts now stands up to address the congregation. With manifest emotion he rebukes their curiosity and coldness, saying that one might think they had come there from the North Pole, but if they had passed Calvary they would be warmer than they were. A young woman followed with a fervent prayer, after which the Missioner again addressed the congregation. This time he is in a happy mood, and speaks with powerful effect. He appealed for complete consecration, and asked all those who had done their best for Christ to stand up. There was no immediate response. Then one or two women, and about the same number of ministers, testified that they had tried, but after all their efforts

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they felt they might have done better. Evan Roberts continued his address, and referred to the prophecy of Joel, who foretold a world-wide Revival. After numerous confessions and conversions, the meeting, now long characterised by intense religious fervour, came to a close.

On Friday the Revivalist was present at two other chapels in this place—at Carmel (C.M.) in the afternoon, and at Tabor in the evening. The afternoon service was opened by the singing of a Welsh hymn. After some further singing Evan Roberts in the course of an address emphasised the importance of faithfulness in the performance of small and seemingly trivial duties. They must, he urged, stoop to do the small things if they wished to accomplish the great. He was interrupted by a young man, who gave a quiet but impressive rendering of 'If I've Jesus'. The excitement of the meeting was yet to come. There were present on this occasion two agnostics, one of whom, in reply to the Revivalist's question, affirmed that they did not deny the existence of God, and that being desirous of obtaining conviction they had come in search for truth. Later on, however, he defied Mr Evan Roberts to prove that his mission was divine. There

were signs of commotion amongst the vast congregation, and while one or two here and there seemed to be losing control, the Revivalist himself, with his accustomed tact and presence of mind, urged the people to pray. Then followed a scene which can be better imagined than described. For about a quarter of an hour it was tragic to behold the congregation. There ascended to Heaven pathetic appeals for the salvation of the two men, mingled with the cries and moans of men and fainting women. The Missioner's soul seemed to be in agony. He pleaded for prayer and not argument. After a while, the congregation began to sing pathetically and prayerfully. The Rev. F.B. Meyer, who was present, then addressed the meeting. To the two Agnostics, he said, 'Dear brothers, God is even now fighting in your behalf against your proud self-will, but, mind you, he cannot

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save you in spite of yourselves'. He further pleaded them to surrender their will to God. Then in a little while one of the two men asked how long they would have to wait (i.e. for the answer to the prayers that they should get truth). With righteous indignation, Evan Roberts answered, 'Coram, Dathan, and Abiram had to wait until the earth swallowed them, and the fifty had to wait until they were consumed with fire'. The two, in spite of all, remained obstinate. At the request of the Revivalist, 'Great God of countless wonders' was eventually sung by those assembled. The Missioner's mother was seen to be present in this meeting—a meeting in which, as we have seen, there occurred one of, if not the, most remarkable incidents hitherto witnessed on his great tour. These are the words of Mr Meyer in a letter to me describing the scene:—

My visit to the scene of Revival has left an ineffaceable imprint on my memory. Again there rises before me that little chapel among the hills, the crowds of miners, the singing and prayers, the two obstructionists and resisters, the tears and prayers of Mr Evan Roberts, the falling of the whole congregation on their knees, and audible pleadings for those obdurate souls who challenged the Almighty to convert them if he chose.

A meeting was held in the evening at Tabor Chapel. Happily, there was no such occurrence as that which happened in the afternoon.

On Sunday, 8 January, Evan Roberts was present at crowded gatherings in various chapels of Llansamlet; in the morning at Ebenezer Chapel, in the afternoon at Bethel (Congregational), and in the evening at Ebenezer again. At Bethel, the two Agnostics already referred to were present, but

refrained from taking part. The three were excellent services, the crowds and the Revivalist himself being in a jubilant mood.

On Monday, 9 January, Evan Roberts is still in the district, and conducts a successful meeting at Saron Chapel, Birchgrove. There was no very high degree of

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religious enthusiasm exhibited here, though the singing had a telling effect. The service was so full of the divine that it must have considerably deepened the spiritual life of those present. From here he sent a letter to the writer, which explains his experience at the time:—

Birchgrove,

Monday, January 9th, 1905

DEAR PHILLIPS,

I pray thou mayest be endowed with wisdom and patience. More strength is given unto me (1) physically and spiritually in these days, (2) more Light, (3) Faith, (4) Love, and (5) Wisdom O, my dear Phillips, what a glorious life! Divine in its purity.

'Forgive my sins.' This sentence to me now is an empty one. I do all that he asks me to do. I have been translated from darkness into *light*.

Thy brother in the faith,

EVAN ROBERTS

Two miles from Birchgrove is the town of Skewen, whose inhabitants are mostly made up of colliers and tin-plate workers. On Tuesday, 10 January, the Missioner arrives here. Meetings were held in Gorphwysfa C.M. Chapel. A notable fact in connection with this place is that Skewen Church (Established) had weeks ere this experienced the Revival. The Vicar, Rev. T.C. Phillips, was present on this occasion. The Rev. Elvet Lewis, of London, was also present, and took part in the morning service. There was in this meeting a man well-known as having been a drunkard and a gambler. He had been brought to know the Saviour, and now praised him in a fervent prayer.

In the afternoon service, Evan Roberts addressed the people, speaking on the Saviour's love for man. He emphasised the need of love and sacrifice on our part. Some more prayers were offered, one in English by the Rev. T. Ferrier Hulme, M.A., Bristol. This was followed by an English address by Evan Roberts. The Spirit so manifest in Wales then would be experienced

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in England too, and even throughout the world. He mentioned that he was receiving letters from countries on the Continent, and from across the seas, soliciting prayers on their behalf. There was present a North Wales minister, who testified to the work done by the Revival. He said that Snowdon was being shaken by the prayers of the quarrymen. There were many converts announced at the close.

On the Wednesday following, meetings were held at Horeb (B) Chapel and at the Tabernacle, which were characterised by enthusiastic singing and simultaneous praying. In the afternoon, the Rev. F.S. Webster, Vicar of All Souls', Langham Place, London, took a prominent part. In the course of an address, the Missioner asked if they realised that they were there to worship God. If Wales was to become holy then her Churches must pray for love, faith, and wisdom. Many women took part in this service Miss Annie Davies, Maesteg, was present, and offered up a prayer, while tears bedewed her cheeks. An overflow meeting was held at Gorphwysfa (C.M.) Chapel. The evening service was held in this chapel too, which was so overcrowded that an overflow had again to be arranged. The churches in this locality experienced a great spiritual uplifting, while hundreds of souls were reported as having been won for the Master.

The next place for Evan Roberts to visit was Tonna—a town in the lovely Vale of Neath—Thursday, 12 January. The chapel used on this occasion was Nazareth. Strangers from all parts of the kingdom were present. Today, there was no break in the service from the time it began in the morning until late at night. Before the arrival of Evan Roberts and the Misses. Davies of Maesteg and Gorseinon, there had engaged in prayer—partly in French, partly in English—one named Mons. le Pasteur Cadot de Chauney, Aisne, France. The Great Hymn of the Revival had also been sung with magnificent effect. The Missioner made a remark to the effect that Heaven regarded the meeting with favour. It was, truly, a remarkable service—

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a deep and reverent sense of awe pervading the entire assembly. In the evening, the French minister related an incident in his history in which he had saved his wife's life. It seems that in the effort he had burnt his hands, but he asserted that he felt no pain, so great was his joy in saving his loved one. Then he went on to say how in an infinitely greater degree this was the Saviour's experience. The joy that Christ felt in man's salvation

outweighed the pains of the Garden and the Cross. The Revivalist, during the service, referred to the breaking down of denominational barriers. The meeting, marked by a high degree of religious fervour, came to a close at a late hour.

On Friday, 13 January, we see Evan Roberts at Aberdulais—another town in the picturesque Vale of Neath. The service in the morning was held at the Forest (C.M.) Chapel, and in the evening at the Baptist Chapel. The meeting, which was opened about ten o'clock in the morning, lasted without a break until five o'clock in the evening, the changing of the meeting-place necessitating the ceasing of the proceedings. People assembled outside the chapel long before the services began. Evan Roberts was not present in the morning. Mons. Le Pasteur Cadot appealed to the people to pray for his dear country, which was in the power of the Rationalist and the Priest. He related the account of his conversion; at the conclusion of his remarks the congregation burst out into a rendering of 'O happy day!' There was a fellow-countryman of his present, who responded in his native tongue. They shook hands with Evan Roberts; then, hand-in-hand, they prayed earnestly that France might get a visit from on high. In all parts of the chapel people were seen to be in tears, so impressed were they by these scenes. Later on, at the Missioner's request for more prayer, the whole assembly approached the Throne of Grace. This, again, was a meeting in which the mighty influence of the Spirit was felt.

On Sunday, 15 January, three crowded meetings

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were held at Neath—the first in Bethlehem Green Methodist Chapel, the second at Zoar Congregational Chapel, and the third at Bethania Baptist Chapel. The congregation in the morning was manifestly moved by the relating of his conversion, by a Swansea atheist. The second meeting in the afternoon was literally packed, and overflows were formed. Several men gave testimony to the blessed change wrought in them by the Revival. Long before it was time to begin the evening service, scores of people stood outside the chapel, which was already densely packed. On more than one occasion in this service the Missioner himself led the singing, and gave striking proof of the estimation we have given of him as a musician. The meetings were continued here on Monday, and were marked by great fervour. The morning service, in which Evan Roberts was not present, was a typical Revival meeting. The afternoon meeting was held

at Melincrythan, and the usual enthusiasm was displayed. The evening service had gone on fully two hours before the Revivalist appeared. The congregation broke out with an enthusiastic rendering of 'Crown him Lord of all'. The Missioner rose to address the people:—Let them banish self, and give all the glory to God. After an interruption by prayer and singing, he resumed his address, and laid great stress on realising that God was great and near to them. Clean hands and hearts were necessary. There could be no worship, and certainly entrance to Heaven was impossible while unkind thoughts and feelings were cherished towards another.

The Chief Revival Song was then exquisitely rendered by the sweet-singer of the Revival—Miss Annie Davies, Maesteg. Professor Kerr Evans, Carmarthen, was present during the day. We ought to mention, too, that Evan Roberts on this day referred to a vision of Christ which he had seen, and while he was speaking he broke down completely.

On Tuesday, the 17th of January, the Revivalist was at Resolven—a village in the Neath Valley, mostly

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inhabited by colliers. Services were held throughout the day in the various places of worship. Evan Roberts had occasion to complain of the spirit of idle curiosity present. For all this, stirring scenes were witnessed, and the religious fervour ran very high. He urged the young to obtain love, faith, and wisdom.

On the 18th of January he appears at Hirwain. This is a secluded village, three miles to the north of Aberdare. Some hundreds had joined the churches there since the commencement of the Revival, and all the denominations seethed with spiritual enthusiasm when Evan Roberts arrived. The two Welsh Congregational Chapels were besieged, as well as Bethel (C.M.) Evan Roberts addressed the crowded audience at Tabernacle Congregational Chapel. A coloured man from Africa spoke in the service with unction, and related how he had come to England to be trained for missionary work, but had turned his face to the stage. However, the Welsh Revival caught him, and now he was resolved to have a training, and go back to preach to his own nation the eternal gospel. Ramoth, the Welsh Baptist Chapel, presented a scene in the evening. There were twice as many in the majority of the seats as they were intended to hold; and although there was snow on the ground which was freezing hard, many respectable and delicate women stood on the window-ledges outside for three hours in order to watch the

proceedings, and to see Evan Roberts. The prayers were full of originality, and the singing of the usual Revival hymns was so effective as to overcome the Missioner completely. With the exception of one night, we never saw him in such a pitiful condition. The thought of Christ's sufferings came so forcibly to him as to make him helpless. He wept, sighed, and exclaimed, 'Oh! dear Jesus', in the most heartrending manner. He turned and sat in the chair for a few moments, and then went on his knees, but he could not speak owing to his sore distress. In about five minutes this scene was over, and he got up, and said, 'I have entered farther into

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the sufferings of Christ tonight than ever. It has cost dearly to my body, but I shall understand Christ better henceforth. By entering into his sufferings only can he be understood. To understand Christ on earth, can be the only means of understanding him in Heaven.' To describe the tension of the audience during the half hour he underwent this pang of feeling is impossible. He remarked to the writer after that this was the most awful night for him since the commencement of his Revival work.

Meetings were held throughout Thursday at Hirwain again. The Revivalist was not present at any of the morning services, having made up his mind that in future he would reserve one day a week for rest. In the afternoon we find him at Nebo Welsh Congregational Chapel. He gave expression to his delight and enjoyment of the service, remarking that it was good to be there. Later on he once more laid great stress upon obedience to the Spirit's commands. Better submit to his love now than have to submit to his wrath hereafter. A larger charity was needed. Narrow-mindedness and sectarianism were destructive to the meetings. Christ was a source of unity, whereas Satan caused dissension. No sooner had he ended his address than the usual hymn-singing and offering up of fervent prayers followed, among which were the earnest prayers of mothers for the restoration of their loved ones gone astray. Verses from the Prophet Joel were read by Mr Roberts, who said they had been fulfilled in these days. In response to his appeal for confession, scores were on their feet. The scene which followed baffles description.

The evening service was at Bethel Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, capable of holding about 700 people. The congregation was nearer two thousand on this occasion. The audience had been singing 'Lead, kindly Light', and Evan Roberts took the words as the basis for an address, especially

drawing attention to the need of doing the work before us gradually, step by step. A noteworthy

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incident occurred on this day. In the morning, as the Revivalist was going up the hill, he came across a number of boys skating, and having called them to him, asked them to sing, 'Throw out the life-line'. They obeyed, and sang the hymn in a kneeling attitude.

On Friday, 20 January, the Missioner arrived at Bedlinog. Wonderful meetings marked by intense fervour had been held here previous to his visit, and about eight score of converts recorded. He did not arrive until the afternoon. The afternoon service was held at Moriah Welsh Congregational Chapel, which was packed long before he arrived. Taking Praise as his subject, he declared in the course of his address that there could be no true praise unless there was peace with God within. He further asked them to pray that the Revival would spread to other lands. Many complied with his request. One of the Missioner's favourite hymns—'Great God of countless wonders'—was magnificently rendered. Then he followed with some warning remarks against the evil of avarice. In the Christian system there is no place for the greedy man who amasses wealth for wealth's sake. The Church (he said) told men to receive Christ, but the Church ought first to receive the Spirit. Many converts were announced in this meeting.

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Chapter XXXVII

The First Journey (Continuation)

Dowlais to Treharris Mission

22 JANUARY—2 FEBRUARY

On Sunday, 22 January, Evan Roberts visited Dowlais. In the morning meeting, which was held at Elizabeth Street Presbyterian Chapel, he remarked that the Holy Spirit was in their midst, and that God was being worshipped. He also dwelt on the necessity of faith, public confession, and missionary spirit. The Revivalist was present again in the afternoon

service at Gwernllwyn Independent Chapel. This meeting was not marked by the same devotional spirit and fervour as the morning service. Quick to recognise the difference, he requested that they should cease singing, and appealed for silent prayer. The evening service was held at Hermon (C.M.) Chapel. On the following day crowded meetings were held at the various places of worship in the town. The Revivalist did not attend any of the morning services. He was present, however, at the afternoon meeting held at Beulah (B). After the service—marked by intense enthusiasm—had gone on for a considerable time, Evan Roberts expressed his delight, from the triumphant tone of the meeting, that the obstacles in the way on Sunday had been cleared. A little later, after a few moments of silent prayer in his seat, he asked the congregation to pray in silence, and broke down as he spoke of the crucifixion of our Lord. Exceedingly fine was the rendering of the chief Revival song by Miss Annie Davies. The Missioner is again on his feet appealing for a prayer on behalf of the Russian people. There were about two thousand people present at the evening service held

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at Bethania (B) Chapel. During the services of Sunday and Monday, there were to be seen present Lady Wimborne, the Hon. Mrs Elliott, Miss Ackermann, Miss Murcatt, the Rev. Hugh Black, M.A., of Edinburgh, and Mr Whitefield, of London.

Mr Evan Roberts continued his mission at Dowlais on Tuesday, 24 January. Though meetings were held in several chapels during the day, he was not present in any of the morning services. He attended Penywern Chapel (Cong.) in the afternoon, and Hebron (B) in the evening. In the afternoon service he dwelt upon the need for prayer for the propagation of the Gospel, and that we should ask, too, for wisdom. He asked whether they worked for God or against him. It was impossible to be neutral. Later on he once more emphasised the necessity for testimony. Arriving at the evening service about seven o'clock, the Revivalist delivered a message to the Churches. Let the Churches be up and doing, and ask God to bless their efforts, and the blessings would be received, as they had hitherto been. He again said that they should ask for wisdom. This meeting was a fitting climax to the Dowlais mission. The service ended amid the triumphant strains of

‘Onward march, all-conquering Jesus.’

On Wednesday, 25 January, Evan Roberts came to Penydarren, about a mile from Dowlais. He attended the morning service at Elim Chapel, testing the meeting almost immediately after entering. In the afternoon meeting Mr Roberts spoke effectually of the love and sacrifice of Christ. The rejecters of the Saviour he regarded as men moving in the direction of a precipice, heeding not the warnings sent them by the Lord.

At the evening meeting, which reached a high degree of religious enthusiasm, he spoke on the desire and right of approaching the Throne of Grace. A little later, he asked the congregation to say the Lord's Prayer

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in Welsh and English. Further on he remarked that what the crowds came there to hear was the Gospel call, and offer of Christ's boundless love. An exquisite rendering of the duet entitled, 'Prodigals, return!' induced him to speak again, and he pointed out how urgent it was that the Saviour should be accepted. An excellent meeting was brought to a close at ten o'clock.

Mr Roberts is at Heolgerrig, in the same district again on Thursday, 26 January. An impressive service was held at Calfaria (B.), intense fervour being manifested in prayer, singing, and confession. In the course of the service the Missioner remarked that we would not think much of a man who would only half fill a vessel for fear of taking away too much water from the sea. Why, then, should we stand on the shore of the great ocean of divine love with our little cups only half full? He spoke too, with power on the missionary spirit. Speaking on service for Christ, he said all our performances were in vain, unless they sprang from love. A crowded meeting was held at Salem in the evening.

We insert the encouraging letter he wrote to Mr Sydney Evans from the above place:—

Heolgerrig,

27.1.1905,

DEAR SYD,—

Peace be to you! May you be filled with Grace, Joy, and Wisdom. God in you, round about and before you, a Strong Tower, your Strength, Light, and a fiery flame within you. May success attend you. Heaven send the heavy showers upon you day and night. May your face be radiant with the Joy of Heaven. Like Moses, may you be allowed to go into the bright cloud to the God of gods, and like him, to speak the *Words of God*. The Evil One often tempts me to speak *my own* words, but, Praise him! the Holy Spirit through his wisdom overcomes me, overcomes the world, and the Devil, in all his

wiles and so he gives me words and ideas that answer to the need of the crowd. This gives me trouble, I know not whether it troubles you.

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Another way that he has is to try to get me to push myself *to the front*. But! Oh! that would be a curse to me, would spoil the work, and rob God of glory. Really, is it not important to keep ourselves in the background? I remember how in one meeting a voice said to me, Cry out the word 'Judgment! Judgment!' But, Praise be to the Spirit, I was prevented from doing so, else 'Mr Self' would have manifested himself at once.

Another thing: I thought it was necessary to make use at all times of the things I had from the Holy Spirit. But that is a mistake. He has plenty of variety. But we must take care to be in his hands, body and soul.

I trust that I shall have more time in future to write to you. I should be very glad to get a word from you, but do not be burdened with too much work.

Yours, in the bonds of Love,

EVAN ROBERTS.

On Friday, 27 January, the Revivalist visited Cefn, a suburb of Merthyr. The day schools were closed. The afternoon meeting was held at Ebenezer Congregational Chapel. Other chapels were utilised to hold overflow meetings. Evan Roberts himself being at a children's meeting. He left this, and came to Ebenezer, where an enthusiastic meeting was going on. In the course of a splendid address, he laid stress on the importance of preparing their minds to receive the blessing. Let them be earnest when singing, and think of the meaning of what they sang. That was worship. Then he dwelt upon the sin of ingratitude for God's tender and unceasing mercies. In the evening service held at the same chapel, Evan Roberts dwelt upon the necessity for praying for God's blessing before holding all their Church services. At a meeting on Sunday afternoon, 29 January, he was seen to be in intense agony of soul. There was, he remarked, an obstacle in the way of the meeting's success in the form of two persons, who were not at peace with each other. When

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this burden of his soul had been lifted, he entreated them to make peace with each other. Later on he requested that no references be made to his name in the services. The name of Jesus was the only one that should be heard. The Churches must be guided by love. The service in the evening

was held at Zoar Chapel, and was characterised by devotion and much enthusiasm.

A wonderful meeting was held at Bethesda Chapel, Merthyr, on the afternoon of Monday, 30 January. The meeting had not been going on very long when he asked the congregation to cease singing, saying that a man was in straits, desiring to surrender himself to Christ. The meeting is tested, and in a few seconds, the man yields to the Saviour. This meeting saw several such incidents. A little latter he again stopped the singing, remarking that it was too terrible to sing there.

There were about two thousand people present at the Tabernacle Chapel in the evening, where a fervent spirit was displayed throughout, nearly thirty converts being announced. On Tuesday, 31 January, his stay at Merthyr came to an end. He was present at Penuel (C.M.) Twynrodyn, in the afternoon, and at Sion (B) in the evening. About three-quarters of an hour had passed by before he began to speak in the afternoon, when he explained the cause of the comparative coldness in the meeting. It was the attempt that had been made to create fire. That was not how it would come. Let them be ready, and the true fire would descend. Sion Chapel was packed in the evening, and an inspiring meeting was held.

Troedyrhiw, a town situated a few miles from Merthyr, was visited on Wednesday, 1 February. He was present at Carmel (B) Chapel in the afternoon. An enthusiastic and successful meeting was held in the evening at Saxon Congregational Chapel.

Treharris was his next place on Thursday, 2 February. The enthusiasm here in the afternoon meeting did not run so high as at Merthyr and Troedyrhiw. In his

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address the Revivalist said that God was not dependent on man for his glory. Let them ever bear this in mind. The evening service was held at Tabernacle (Cong.) Chapel. It was the scene of many a thrilling incident. With the agonising cries of men to whom their sinful state had been revealed by the Spirit, were mingled loud expressions of joy at the sight of the prodigals' return to their Heavenly Father. Simultaneous prayer was a marked feature on this occasion, and altogether it was a memorable meeting. For a few days following, Mr Evan Roberts, acting upon medical advice, attended no meetings, and the inhabitants of Nelson, Treforest, Taffs Well, and Pentyrch were greatly disappointed. He also refused to

go to Cardiff as it had been arranged. He felt that the Spirit definitely prohibited him to go.

Chapter XXXVIII

The First Journey (Continuation)

Nantymoel to Cwmavon Mission

8–21 FEBRUARY

On Wednesday, 8 February, we find him at Nantymoel, a colliery town, situated about ten miles from Bridgend. The Missioner arrived at Dinam (C.M.) Chapel about seven o'clock. He appealed to the professing Christians present to speak to those who sat near them concerning their salvation. To a man who complained of the commotion caused outside by those unable to gain entrance into the chapel, Mr Roberts replied that God could bless even the noise. The throng itself was a sermon. Speaking on the coldness that had come into the meeting later on, Mr Roberts dwelt upon the necessity for sincerity and prayer. This was met by numerous responses and confessions. On Thursday, 9 February, he is still at Nantymoel, and attends a meeting in the evening at Saron Chapel. During the service he dwelt upon obedience to the commands of the Spirit, and purity of heart. The standard of men's conduct was not our fellow-men but Christ. The strange commingling of confession, prayer, and praise, seemed to some out of place; and in their desire for a more orderly service, they cried, 'Hush'. Smiling pleasantly, the Missioner replied, 'No, friends, please don't hush. Go on. God can hear all.' The meeting did 'go on', and the mighty influences of the Spirit made themselves felt, and the service became a veritable Pentecost. Converts were announced when the meeting was tested. Unless men prayed for the salvation of souls, the Evangelist said that no great blessings in that direction could be expected. All present did not

surrender themselves to the Saviour, and Mr Evan Roberts remarked that Satan laughed with glee at the very thought of Welshmen refusing

to accept Christ in a land so bountifully blessed by the Gospel as Wales. On the following day, Friday, 10 February, though remarkable meetings were held at Ogmore Vale, a mile and a half from Nantymoel, Mr Roberts was only present at Bethlehem Chapel in the evening. There was a crowded gathering. The enthusiasm ran high, yet the Revivalist felt there were obstacles present. To his question, 'Where is the thanksgiving?' there was a general outburst of sincere praise from the congregation. The fervour increased now, and at the close he thanked Heaven for giving them the victory that night.

Sunday, 12 February, the Revivalist comes to the town that gave Wales the sweet-singers of the Revival, the Misses Annie and Maggie Davies, Maesteg. Speaking in the evening service at Tabor Chapel, he emphasised the need for Christian workers. The greatest worker was not always the man who was most conspicuous before the eyes of the public. In response to his appeal, the congregation gave a beautiful rendering of—

'Great God of countless wonders.'

An alarming incident just then occurred. A gas bracket was broken on the gallery, and gas escaped. But the Revivalist with his usual extraordinary coolness and presence of mind made use of the occurrence to exhort his congregation to have faith, and thus be calm in such circumstances. With infinite care did God, he said, watch over every individual. A really splendid meeting was terminated at ten o'clock. On Monday, 13 February, Evan Roberts only attended the evening service, held at Bethania (B). The congregation numbers arose upon two thousand. A feature of this meeting was the magnificent rendering by the congregation of the Chief Revival Song. A large number of converts were

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enrolled in the Army of the Cross. On Tuesday, 14 February, he has not left Maesteg, and conducts two meetings at Libanus, Garth. In the afternoon service he spoke with great effect on the love of Christ, and appealed that the Saviour be accepted. In the evening service he said that a mere spirit of curiosity would receive no blessing. He appealed for unity and peace with one another. Later on he pointed out the great responsibility of professing Christians who did not use the opportunity to speak to the unconverted who sat near them in the services.

Wednesday, 15 February, finds the Revivalist in Nanttyffyllon, Maesteg. He was present in the afternoon at Siloh Chapel. In the course of his address he said that we ought to stand aside and give the glory to God.

The plan of salvation is perfect; there is no flaw in it. Christ rejoices to see the work of his Love succeeding. We share in his joy. Only let us see to it that we forget not the unconverted in the midst of it all. Then, in obedience to his appeal, there followed a magnificent rendering of one of his favourite hymns, 'Great God of countless wonders'. Converts were again announced. In the evening meeting at Salem Chapel, a young lady was giving a beautiful rendering of a song, 'Tis good for me to draw nigh to God', when the Evangelist entered. After the solo, he read of Moses and the burning bush. In his address that followed, he pointed out the need for a humble, contrite spirit, in order to worship God. Christ should be received into the heart, and he would eliminate all elements foreign to a worshipping spirit. However much they longed for successful meetings and thirsted for the glorifying of Christ, the desire of God for the salvation of men and the glory of Christ was infinitely greater. Let them prepare the altar, arrange the wood, and lay upon it the sacrifice, and God would send the fire.

Caerau, Maesteg, was visited on Thursday, the 16th. The afternoon service was marked by a high degree of revival fervour and enthusiasm. Taking up the words of a man who expressed joy at being one of a congregation so

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wonderfully moved by the power of the Everlasting Love. Evan Roberts said that he hoped they were really imbued with this love. Then came voices from the vast assembly, 'I am', and 'I am, too'. The congregation, he said, was singing gloriously. He then spoke of the Saviour and the disciples singing a hymn before entering upon the Passion of Gethsemane. He went there for us. As Isaiah's prophecy of the suffering Messiah was being read by a lad on the gallery, and when the verse was reached which runs thus, 'He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied', the Evangelist said, 'If you say "Amen" to anything, you should say it after those words "and shall be satisfied". The Saviour is to be satisfied. The redeemed will be a great throng. Have we done anything to form that throng? We ought to be ready to serve. Are we prepared to sweat and bleed for others?' A man essayed to repeat a verse, but as his memory failed him, a minister helped him, but Evan Roberts interposed with the remark, 'Don't help each other, the Spirit sometimes turns a little loss of memory to be of good use to the meeting. A crack in a pane of glass in the window, as the sunbeams strike upon it, enables one to see the beauty

of the sunbeams.' His mission at Maesteg was brought to a close by a remarkable meeting on the evening of this day at Hermon Chapel.

The Revivalist next pays a visit to the Avon Valley, and on Friday, 17 February, we find him at Cymmer. His subjects in the afternoon and evening services here were love, worship, and work for Christ. To the question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' he gave an affirmative answer. They were one with Christ, and must cast their wing over others. If they were filled by the Spirit, they would be given greater strength and power, and the wisdom needed to guide them. The Spirit would work mightily in a quiet meeting, in which the human element was not very evident. In the evening he dealt with the importance of being at peace with God and with one another, and the danger of disobedience. A minister

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present said how his heart that night had been possessed by a wrathful feeling against Satan. The Missioner said he had previously had a similar experience, and further said that the man would suffer on account of it. God's face would be hidden from him—to try his faith. But his promise must be remembered, 'I will be with you always'. The Missioner said he would have been helpless had it not been for this promise, which was as a two-edged sword. When this truly remarkable meeting was ended, many converts were announced.

He reached Pontrhydyfen on February 19th. This is a mining village secluded between the hills in the Avon Valley, a few miles to the north of Port Talbot. And it will be remembered that here he sat for the Provincial Examination. He attended the morning, afternoon, and evening services. In the morning at Jerusalem Chapel, he emphasised the importance of believing that God answers prayer, and that prayers should be broad enough to include the whole world. In the afternoon he dwelt on a verse in the chapter read to introduce the service. He complained of obstacles in the meeting, and denounced hypocrites severely. The evening service was marked with some silent power that had a grip upon the people, and its searching aspect was intense. As can be seen in a note of his in the account of the 'Seven Days' Silence' he regarded these meetings as very successful.

Cwmavon, a mile lower in the Avon Valley, is the next scene on 20 and 21 February. The crowd at Zion Congregational Chapel in the evening need not be mentioned. In fact, the afternoon concourse at Penuel was immense. At Zion Chapel, Evan Roberts dealt severely with people

coming to a place of worship with their hearts full of malice towards their fellow-men. Soon, a wave of prayer came over the meeting, similar to, but not so powerful as, the prayers at Pontrhydyfen the day before. A man got up in the audience, and said that he had come 3,000 miles to the meeting, 'and,' he added, 'I would go round the world to see a meeting like this'. The Missioner,

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not being satisfied with the obedience of the meeting, scores prayed for forgiveness, because they had quenched the Spirit. This moved the vast audience to a state of deep solemnity, but did not ease the agony of the Revivalist. Even people who did not understand a word of Welsh were completely carried away by their feelings between his strong crying and tears and the state of the audience. Evan Roberts pleaded and pleaded for more prayer, in order to remove the obstacles from the meeting. Presently an infidel was discovered in the congregation, who proclaimed that he did not believe in God. But very little notice was taken of him.

Now we come to the most terrible service of the first Revival journey. No other term is applicable to it. This was held on the evening of 21 February at the Tabernacle (C.M.), Cwmavon. The writer arrived there soon after four, and found the spacious building full. I understood on good authority that this meeting was representative of at least twelve countries. Scores of ministers and evangelists were there from distant parts. Most of them could not understand a word of much that was spoken and sung the first three hours, because the Welsh element was prominent. Yet it could be seen that they participated in the feeling of the service, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. At seven o'clock after three hours of intense fervour the people were as fresh as if they had newly entered the building. Evan Roberts now arrives. Before long he essayed to speak, but soon his feelings conquered him. The disobedience that prevailed in the meeting weighed so heavily on him, that he fell on his knees in the pulpit, and in agonizing cries besought God to forgive the people. The writer never saw him in such a state before. The burden was due to the thought of sinners losing their souls, because of the hardness and hypocrisy of the people. How to picture the scene that followed? The highest flights of imagination cannot portray it. I have never seen anything approaching it. There was no hysteria, no unruly emotion, no unnatural shouting, nor anything unbecoming

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in any part of the building. But the people were in pangs of intense agony of soul. The writer looked at the audience from the pulpit, and compared it to a forest in a storm, when the trees are twisted in all shapes. Hundreds were in tears, others groaned and sighed, a number were craving for forgiveness, for having sinned in not obeying the Spirit, a few looked solemnly, as if they had been stunned; here and there some were seen on their knees, and two or three English ministers were moved to engage in prayer. The meeting continued in this awful condition for nearly half-an-hour. When things regained their normal state, the meeting was tested, and at least twenty-five accepted Christ. Only one or two of all the non-adherents refused.

The writer slept with Evan Roberts this night: at Pontrhydyfen, and a memorable night it was. In the course of our conversation, he revealed to me that the money he had was a great burden on his soul. He could not think of keeping it much longer, and the question was, 'What to do with it?' Before we closed our eyes, he decided what to do with £200. This was the sum he had received from the churches he had visited. He had been praying for a long time for light as to what to do with it, and now it came. Oh! the joy that filled his soul when he had come to a clear decision on the subject. Before, he felt that the money, although honestly earned, fettered him daily in his work.

The next day he came with me to the station, and his heart was light and full of joy. A part of the burden had now been thrown off, and he sang heartily, 'Never lose sight of Jesus', and others of his favourite hymns.

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Chapter XXXIX

The First Journey (Continuation)

The Silent Week

23 FEBRUARY—1 MARCH

In the afternoon of the day referred to in the last chapter, that is, 22 February, Evan Roberts reached Godre'r Coed, Neath, and felt compelled

to spend a week in silent retreat. A little before the time to start to fulfil his engagement at Briton Ferry, he was noticed to be labouring under a great burden, and soon he made it known that he was not going. With the kind permission of Mr and Mrs Jones, Godre'r Coed, he remained in their house for seven days, being confined to his bedroom, without speaking a word to anyone. All that passed between him and the outside world during these days was by means of writing. His hosts showed him the greatest kindness, and paid the utmost attention to all his requests. Hundreds of people called to see him in the course of these days, but Mr and Mrs Jones refused to let anyone to his room, in accordance with his strict command. Several times he has expressed to the writer how indebted he is to them for their exceptional kindness.

As can be inferred from the extraordinary prayer, the letters, and the extracts given from his diary below, his fellowship with God was unintermittent and truly spiritual. His thirst for this fellowship was the strong element which drew him to seclude himself in such a manner. Like Christ, his Great Master, he felt, after nearly four months of hard toil, a desire to be alone on the mount with God. Yet, as can be seen from some of his remarks, he had to fight hard with the devil, but, like his Saviour, he conquered. From personal intercourse

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with Evan Roberts since this seclusion, it is evident that the reason of the seven days' silence was involved in an unbounded thirst for a closer communion with God. And when we look at this incident in his history from this standpoint, it is not in any way difficult to be understood. More, I have not the least doubt but that he had a clearer conception of God's counsel, love, and grace through this fellowship with him, and also a more extensive knowledge of his Revival work, and a higher degree of spiritual strength. In the writer's opinion, it formed a stage in his history which greatly deepened his spirituality. After his isolation he was the same Evan Roberts, but with this added deep stratum of spirituality. This is an absolute proof that the main intention of the seclusion was the one mentioned above.

We give the most important things as they were written in his diary in the order of days.

SECOND DAY

On the second day it is noted:—

Referring to the first day's silence, my experience of the first day was Genesis 1:2—'Darkness was upon the face of the deep'. But, praise his Holy name, the Spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the waters. On the second day God has given a command, 'Let there be light'. Let there be light, light has come into my soul, but this perpetual watching fills my sky with dark clouds—hovering and weary on their way to the West—a seven days' journey. It is always a seven days' rest to perpetual rest. Life is only a seven days' journey.

I cannot read my Bible properly, for while I read I may see some wonder, and just then give a word of acclamation, and thus rob this silence of its strength, for silence is a mighty weapon. I would prefer being like Ezekiel, unable to speak. If I were unable to speak there would be no need of this watching. Yet, possibly the lesson intended to be taught is to be watchful. I must teach myself to say with my beloved Jesus, 'Thy will be done'.

Habakkuk 2:1.—'I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon

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the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me.'

I know men will say that I watch in vain, but 'Blessed are they that wait for the Lord'.

This was in English in his diary—A message to a Canadian—'Is the God of Israel enough for thee?' 'Yes', was the reply, and I am told that the young man leaped up as he said it to the messenger; 'yes, a thousand times, yes'. May God bless his efforts, for Christ's sake.

My spirit is lighter to day than last night. My will is stronger, my heart more ready to say, 'As thou wilt, let me be'.

5.0 p.m.—I must write—'When I beheld my hands I said, "These are Jesus"'. It is Jesus that owns my body, my time, my talents, my money, my strength, my mind, my hands, my feet, my energy, my zeal, my life.'

THIRD DAY

11.30 a.m., third day (Saturday)—A wave of joy came into my heart today, about 11.30. The sound of the name of 'Jesus, Jesus', uttered in my ear came to me, and I was ready to jump for joy, and I thought he is enough for me, enough for all men—enough for all to all eternity. On this third day I was commanded not to read my Bible—the day would have been easier for me otherwise.

A caller from Australia sent in a letter to me, and this is one item of what I wrote on the back of the letter, which I returned to him—'Send your prayers to Heaven as direct as you send this (letter) to me, and God will answer immediately'.

Mr Roberts had written on the back of the letter also twelve questions bearing upon prayer. On another page of his diary he had written:—

‘Let my conversation be such as could be printed and read by the public without raising a blush to my cheek. Live a practical life—a life of faith, so that if I leave Wales without a penny in my pocket I shall be satisfied.’

The last sentence has reference to his determination to go to Liverpool without a penny.

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The Revs B. T. Jones, Neath, and J. R. Evans, Shewen, went to Godre'r Coed to see how he was, and he sent his host out with this note to them:—

‘May the powers and light of the eternal Spirit send the breath of life into all their thoughts, words, and deeds, and direct their steps within the circle of life's Eden, keep their persons from the venomous darts of the ‘enemy’, and may their spirits dwell within the sphere of ‘the living things’.

EVAN ROBERTS.

To Mr Lloyd, Emlyn House, Mountain Ash, he wrote:—

Neath,

Saturday Morning.

Dear Lloyd,—If you wish to have light, you must have it—Jesus is close by you, and he is the Light of the world. But take care not to reject him when he comes. He will give you light on yourself, on the relation between your wife and yourself, between your children and yourself, between your fellow men and yourself; and between yourself and your God. And if you will see that there is something out of place in these relationships, ask for strength to remove it.

Warmest regards to you and your family,

I am,

In the bonds of love,

EVAN ROBERTS

The same day he wrote the prayer given below, which has had a wide circulation:—

THE PRAYER

Written under the guidance of the Holy Spirit at Godre'r Coed, Neath, 5.15–30 p.m., 25/02/1905:—

‘Holy Spirit, purify and make all thine own, to thy glory, and keep me to the end (if end, indeed) in thy service. Teach me to serve, and let me not be

wearily in serving. Give me the joy of the servant. Teach me to be as humble as I desire to

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be, and as humble as thou, the Holy and Just One, wilt have me to be. Open mine eyes to see work. Fill my heart—which thou cleanseest—with work. Direct my steps towards work—not my work, but thine. Keep my hands clean, so that they may not desecrate thy work—work which cost Divine blood—work hallowed by sweat, yea, and tears, yea, and the heart—blood of my God; work which has all the riches of God in it, upon it, and behind it, forcing it along. Forcing! Nay, there is no forcing in anything that pertains to God. It is Satan that forces. God wins, draws. So, my God, draw me to thy work, keep me in thy work; let thy work hold me fast, and make me a power to draw others to thy work. Own thy work these days, own it for the sake of the Atonement, and remember the Intercession—thy Son, thy Holy Son, Jesus—and thy sons, thy servants. Baptise me with work, for the Great Worker's sake. Amen.

EVAN ROBERTS.

'May a blessing befall all that read this.'

This he sent out to Mr Jones, his host, and asked him to print it immediately for dissemination.

On the same Saturday he wrote:—

'Satan came, but he was driven to flight.

Satan, the father of lies, the accuser, away to the everlasting burnings! Away to the place—the place through which no ray of light travels! Away to the place where thou givest pain and sufferest pain—to eternity! Away to those who know no truth! Away, the murderer, the thief! Thou hast forfeited Heaven.

Satan: Thine 'away' concerns me not.

Myself: But Jesus' authority does. Away, Satan!

He was compelled to flee. I smiled at the latter's answer I told him, 'You may as well go, for I am determined to win', and he was not long before hurrying off. He will flee. Had he a visible body? Said he yesterday, 'It is a lie thou utterest—in the purgatory pit—nothing but a lie!'

If so, we can shake hands But! There is this difference between the lie of us both. His he drives people away from Jesus, while my 'lie' draws people towards him! Thanks for the power to tell a 'lie'.

Now for a note on the thoughts of John in his close communion with Jesus:—

'John, the beloved disciple. He lay on Jesus' bosom. What thoughts passed through John's mind while he felt the Divine Heart beat? Every beat brought

him nearer to that wondrous hour—the hour when it was to be cleft in twain. Dying for enemies ‘My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?’ God hidden from his Son!

FOURTH DAY

The heading in the diary under which these were written was ‘Sunday’.

Thus day week I was at Penthrydyfen—three strange meetings—the Lord’s Hand guiding us. The Lord is wonderful in his ways! Monday morning we took a walk and climbed the mountain, and said Ambrose (The Rev. W. Ambrose Williams, Penthrydyfen), ‘Let us hold a prayer meeting in the quarry where “Shenkin Penhydd” (The Rev. Jenkin Thomas, a very original Methodist preacher) prayed on that Sunday while his brother was taking animals to the Fair to sell.’ ‘Very well,’ said I—‘we both, you and I.’ When about a hundred yards below the quarry we saw a man walking towards us, and about the same distance above the quarry. Said Ambrose:—

‘Here’s a fellow who would be a gem in Jesus’ crown, could we get him to yield?’

‘What is his work?’

‘An agent.’

We now met at the opening to the quarry. Ambrose said a word of explanation and introduction. Said he, ‘This is Samuel John, Mr Roberts, and could we but get him to break through he could do grand work for Jesus. He has a splendid voice. I still continued to hold him by the hand. There is a power and a secret in the handshake. One star differs from another star, and so does one handshake from another. It was the

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Holy Spirit that taught me to shake hands. Thanks, many, to him. Then, smiling, another mystery was taught unto me by the Eternal Spirit. I asked him, ‘Have you any reason for refusing?’ ‘No.’ ‘Why don’t you yield yourself now? Jesus requires you, yea, come now, and ask Jesus to bless your voice’—and turning to Ambrose, I said, ‘God has greatly blessed my voice.’

It is not well to look too closely into a man’s face if he is about to decide. A man is conscious that his face is an index to his heart, and when the will submits, his face shows it, but a man is unwilling that others should notice the submission. And looking at his face (one must learn how to look), I talked with him as one who had yielded, and then I prayed that Jesus might richly accept and bless him to his glory.

The news came. ‘Samuel John has remained behind.’

A letter to Mr Jones, Godre’r Coed.—

‘Dear Mr Jones,—This is the verse which has suggested itself to my mind:—
“The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.”

I. The certainty of prosperity—“shall prosper”.

The Three Persons in the Godhead are doing their utmost. Are the Churches,
I wonder, at their best?

Am I doing ray utmost?

Are you doing your utmost?

Do I put forth my whole strength to promote the “work”?

It is a difficult task to say, “Thy will he done”.

But we must so say, otherwise his will cannot prosper to the extent he
wishes it to.

This week I am obliged to “humble myself under the mighty hand of God”.
It is easier to say, “Let thy will be done” than to do his will. But “My grace
is sufficient for thee”.

II. The condition of prosperity—“in his hand”.

Not our plans, but his Divine scheme, “not by might nor by power, but by
my Spirit”.

The Hand which flung creations into being, and the Hand which bore the
rough nails on the Cross, is able and Divinely sufficient to raise and save
millions from the depths of perdition.

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Shall we say, “Jesus, take me in thy Hand, as thou wilt let me be”?

As the river floweth to the sea, so let my will be absorbed in the Divine
will.

Lord, accept my will to do thine own Divine will.

Yours in the bond of love,

EVAN ROBERTS.’

Sunday, 4.40 p.m.

Tea.—The teapot has become empty. My thoughts went straight to Calvary,
where these awful strange words were spoke.—‘I thirst.’ The Creator of all
the world’s fountains crying, ‘I thirst!’ Dark clouds hung over him, but they
contained not a drop for Jesus! He drank of his Father’s cup whilst crying, ‘I
thirst!’

The cup could not quench thirst, and yet he drank it all to the bottom,
while every drop made him thirst for an ocean!!

‘Give me to drink’ were his words at Jacob’s well. That is his cry today, and his words come to us from the Great White Throne like sonorous music through the ‘void of man’s perdition’.

But he asks for water in order to give. If thou give Jesus but a drop, he will give thee a sea I know not whether my Jesus in his thirst had a drop from the well, but the woman had a sea—a sea—a sea—and if Jesus had no water for his lips he had water for his soul. ‘What are these hundred thousand converts?’

They are clear water to quench the thirst of Jesus, but there are other wells. Shall Jesus draw water from the well of Bethlehem? Where are the heroes that will go through the enemy’s ranks to obtain water for Jesus? Wilt thou go? Dost thou wish to go? Do not be satisfied with merely reading about heroes—be a here thyself. Thou hast the power to be a hero, if thou art willing to lose thy soul for the sake of the cause—art thou?

I thirst for Wales.

I thirst for England.

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I thirst for Scotland.

I thirst for Ireland.

I thirst for the world.

Shalt we present the world to Jesus?

Yes, we shall!

NOTES

Calvary (*to Brook Kedron*): Kedron! Kedron! the Creator dieth upon me—and O, he thirsteth! it nearly breaketh my heart to hear him cry! Kedron! Kedron! bring a drop of water to thy Creator!

Kedron: Bring him to me, and he shall be satisfied. He hath commanded me to go to the sea, but, O, how I wish he might call upon me, ‘Kedron, I thirst!’ and then, in less than a moment I would rush to his lips, pure and undefiled! But no, I must to the sea.

Calvary: O, ye dark clouds, permit a shower to fall!

Clouds: No; our treasures are locked up, and the keys hang at the girdle of him who dieth upon thee. Thou, Calvary, must extract the nail from his hand first. Canst thou? If thou canst, do at once!

Calvary: Ye Heavens! Heavens! Some one hath bound my arms at my side! I cannot move hand or foot, and am pressed by a terrible weight. I am high

suffocating. What is this terrible load that is upon me. Mountains of Canaan, hasten to my help!

‘No’, they said, shaking their heads, with their visages grim. ‘The hand of the Almighty prevents us. Our hands are as though bound to our sides. If fire came down and burnt the bonds then would we leap towards thee.’

Calvary: Lo, here my hope perisheth! The Mountains knew his secret, the clouds his riches, and Kedron his spotlessness. But men—O, my heart, it breaks—breaks—breaks in two. O! O! An earthquake!

6.20 p.m.—Wait not until thou goest unto Heaven before beginning to praise the Blood. To praise the Blood in Heaven

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cannot bring any one soul to accept it. To praise is worthy—if thou canst by singing the praise of Jesus on earth bring but one soul to accept him, it will be a greater thing than all the praise beyond the grave to eternity.

FIFTH DAY

‘I must take great care, first, to do all that God says—commands—and that only. Moses lost himself here—struck the rock. Second, to take every matter, however insignificant, to God in prayer. Joshua lost himself here, he made a covenant with the Gibeonites, who pretended that they lived in a far-off country, while they were living close at hand. Third, to give obedience to the Holy Spirit. Fourth, to give all the glory to him.’

SIXTH DAY

5.21—Lo, I am the Lord, who hath lifted thee up from the depth. I have sustained thee thus far. Lift up thine eyes and look on the fields and behold, they are white. Shall I suffer thee to spread a table before mine enemies? As I live, saith the Lord, the windows of heaven shall be opened, and the rain shalt come down on the parched earth. With flowers the wilderness shall yet be decked, and the meadowland shall be the habitation of kings. The ground shall sprout and blossom in its fullness, and the heavens shall look down with laughter upon the hidden riches of the earth, yielding glory unto God. Open thine hand and I will fill it with power. Open thy mouth, and I will fill it with wisdom. Open thy heart, and I will fill it with love. Look towards the west, and call thousands, towards the south, and say ‘Come’; towards the north, and say, ‘Draw nigh’. Look towards the east, and say, ‘Let the sun arise and shed forth its warmth. Let life spring up. Let the nations which have rejected my name live.’ To kings turn thyself and say, ‘Bend’. To knights, ‘Submit ye’. To the priests, ‘Deal out judgment, pity, forgiveness’. Ye islands, seas, and kingdoms, give ear unto me, I am the Almighty. Shall I lift my rod over you? Did I not swear by the prophet Isaiah: ‘I have

sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear?—
Isaiah 45:23.

SEVENTH DAY

5.17.—At my table, tears in my eyes. Why? I have just been opening my heart to my Master, and said that I am only a worker in his fields, doing my best. Why cannot we have the millions for him? He died to save millions. How many can I bring to him? I feel much stronger now God has answered my prayer.

The last thing he wrote during the 'silence' was the following in answer to a request from Mr P. Lloyd, Architect, Swansea, for a message to the Sunday School children:—

Neath,

28/2/1905.

DEAR BROTHER,—

God is thy strength—ask for it; God's promises are thine—claim them. Christ must be glorified—shall he be now? The Spirit is with thee. Give obedience. Let the children know that I love them—and if God would permit me I would be among them with a happy heart.

Jesus loves every one of them! Do they love him? Yours in the bonds of love,

Mr D. Lloyd. EVAN ROBERTS.

He proceeded home from Godre'r Coed, 5 March, and on the morrow he wrote to Mr Lloyd, Swansea. Mr Lloyd had heard that he had decided to give away all his money, and therefore, he sent him £1 to pay his fare to Liverpool. Evan Roberts answered:—

Loughor,

Monday Morning,

6/3/1905,

Thanks! Thanks!

Dear Mr Lloyd,—Your letter made me laugh quite heartily. This is the first laugh to day.

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That is a very smart phrase—‘if it were in ten years’! Thanks for it. Thanks for the gift, and thanks, a thousand times more for seeing God’s hand underneath it all.

Best respects,

EVAN ROBERTS.

D. Lloyd.

On the same day he answered a letter from the Rev. W. Ambrose Williams, Pontrhydyfen:—

Loughor,

6/3/1905

DEAR AMBROSE,—

I have a severe cold. I trust it will leave me before long. And I shall again be strong to carry the Great Banner—the Great Banner of the Cross—a Banner without ‘Retreat’ to be seen anywhere on it.

‘Victory’, and this written with the Divine blood of my God!

There are thousands, yea, millions to bend again to the *Great Banner*. We must ask for more powerful influences of the Holy Spirit.

Affectionate remembrances to you and your family.

I am, yours,

EVAN ROBERTS.

Mr Williams and he formed a warm friendship at the beginning of the Revival, through the latter taking much interest in his work.

He felt a burning desire to see the scenes where he had experienced the unction of the Holy Spirit, and left for Newcastle-Emlyn, 10 March; conducted a service there on the 13th; proceeded to Blaenarnerch, where the Spirit filled him, on the 15th, and addressed a large gathering; New Quay he visited on the 17th, and Capel Drindod on the 19th. A great concourse of people thronged to Newcastle-Emlyn, 23 March, with the hope of getting

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him to take part in one service before his departure for Loughor; but he definitely declined, and sent Mr John Phillips, his former tutor, with this message to them:—‘I am what I am: the Creator of heaven and earth, and the Sustainer of every creature Blessed are they that obey my

commandments, for in them, and round about them, I shall be as a flame of consuming fire.'

He took long walks with his friends during his stay at Newcastle-Emlyn, and visited the sick throughout the town and neighbourhood. People came to see him from Scotland and other parts, and when they failed in their object, they would await his coming out from the Rev. Evan Phillips's house, where he stayed.

Having returned to Loughor, the question of parting with his money asserted itself, and he arranged to do so at once. His decision at Pontrhydyfen to give £200 to Pisgah stood; and therefore, all the debt of the little chapel, so dear to him, was cleared. He gave £150 out of the £200 he had earned when working underground, to clear a part of the debt on Moriah; and sent £10 to Mr David Williams. Llansamlet, one of his colleagues at Newcastle-Emlyn Grammar School, without a word of explanation with the order—'Amo' (I love) was written on the envelope outside. Mr Williams could not guess where the order came from, only by the handwriting and the post-mark. The remainder he handed to his parents as a small acknowledgment of his affection towards them.

When on the platform ready to start for Liverpool, he found a small sum of money in his pockets, and he at once handed it to Dan, his brother, to give to a poor Christian woman at Loughor. Hence, he reached Liverpool without a penny.

PART III—Continued

The Second Journey

THE LIVERPOOL MISSION

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and i am far from home—lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
the distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou should'st lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now, lead thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 pride ruled my will. remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the
 night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J.H. Newman

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Chapter XL

The Second Journey

The Liverpool Mission

29 MARCH—17 APRIL

In many respects this is, so far, the most important mission of Evan Roberts. Previously, his work had been confined to his native county, and the obstacles he encountered were comparatively few and insignificant. He was surrounded by thousands of sympathisers, who were ready to support him, and that counterbalanced all the difficulties he had met. But now things change he faces the city which is second in importance in the United Kingdom. 'What will he do there?' was the great question. Pessimistic prophets asserted with confidence that he would be a complete failure. The social and religious atmosphere of Liverpool, they held was so different from that of the mining districts of Glamorgan that the young Revivalist could not adapt himself to his new surroundings. The optimistic ones, on the other hand, predicted that his Liverpool mission would be a great success. However, it must be stated that the step caused anxiety to the intimate friends and admirers of Evan Roberts. The godly people of all denominations in the Principality made it a matter of earnest prayer. Oh that we could reproduce in words the spirit of hundreds of prayers we heard on his behalf during the few weeks before he went to Liverpool.

These people said, 'Well, if the Spirit, who has blessed him so abundantly in Wales, will be with him in Liverpool, success is certain'. The last few days before Evan Roberts started for Liverpool many thought he had given up the idea of going, because he refused to specify the day to anyone. Many were the theories and speculations propounded on the subject, but

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in spite of these he kept the date a secret from all until 27 March 1905. This day the writer went to Loughor on special business, and found the Revivalist at home in a cheerful mood and full of vivacity. Before long the conversation led to the coming Liverpool mission. In the course of our conversation he earnestly requested me to go with him, and before I left I decided to comply with his desire. We arranged to meet in Cardiff on the morrow at quarter past four o'clock, and proceed to Liverpool by the North express. I wrote to inform the Rev. John Williams, minister of Princes Road, Liverpool, that we were coming, and he wired back, 'Will be delighted to see you both'. Miss Mary Roberts, the Revivalist's sister, and Miss Annie Davies accompanied us to help with the mission. The Rev. John Williams met us at Chester, and accompanied us until our destination was reached. During the mission, we were the guests of Mrs Edwards, 1 Ducie Street. This gave the writer the best advantage to know Mr Roberts in many respects, and the result of that intimate knowledge is expressed in the Chapter, 'Evan Roberts, From Five Standpoints'. After being with him day after day, I was thoroughly convinced, as I said in that Chapter, that he was the holiest young man I ever met. He talked freely with me as if I were his brother, and the striking fact is this:— were every word and expression of his during the fortnight printed, the most godly person in the land would find no fault with them. Many differed from him on the way he conducted the meetings, and some of the papers severely criticised him; he met with a number of objections publicly in the services; but after coming home to our lodgings, he would not utter one unkind or disrespectful word about his critics. More, as I intimated in another Chapter, he prayed much for them, and that sometimes in agony and tears. Considering that he was but a young man without experience, and had reached such exceptional fame in a few months, his attitude towards his critics surprised me, and I said, 'Surely, this is a man of God'.

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I do not intend to decide whether his critics were right or wrong, wise or unwise, in their standpoint. Time, the great and infallible interpreter, will decide that One thing is certain—there is no question about his success in Liverpool.

The Welsh Churches of the City had made excellent preparations for the mission. A capable committee was appointed to arrange a system of canvassing every house, and other details. The canvassing was carried out faithfully in most cases. It was resolved to hold the meetings in four centres, namely (1) Birkenhead, (2) Bootle and Anfield, (3) Everton, and (4) South End. In the centre to be visited by Evan Roberts, two or three of the largest chapels were thrown open; but, to prevent overcrowding, it was not known in which of these he would appear. A number of meetings were held for non-adherents only, and they were admitted by tickets. It was almost impossible to carry out the arrangements of the Committee in every detail, but a strenuous attempt was made, and that with a great measure of success. With the aid of the police, overcrowding was on the whole generally avoided.

It is needless to deal with the meetings minutely. That would mean a volume in itself. It will be sufficient to make general remarks on their most prominent features. The articles which appeared in the 'Liverpool Post', the 'London Celt', the 'Eurgrawn', and the 'Porcupine' on Evan Roberts and the meetings, and which are reproduced here, will give the reader a correct idea of the proceedings. These were written by men of unbiased minds and of undoubted ability to judge.

It should be said that the English religious bodies showed the Revivalist the greatest respect and took deep interest in him. The reception given him by the Lord Mayor described below represents the feeling of the English churches towards him.

People came to see him from all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, as well as North Wales, and many from America and other distant countries. No less than 500

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called the same day at the door of the Rev. John Williams, the organising secretary of the movement, to see the Missioner, and 75 called at the house where we were staying. It was impossible for him to have an interview with all these, and to be fair, he refused to see any of them.

His correspondence was enormous during his stay in Liverpool. Letters poured in every morning from every part of the United Kingdom and from other countries. His sister, Miss Mary Roberts, acted as his secretary, and did her work satisfactorily and with a great amount of discretion considering that she was only 16 years of age.

The general features of the meetings were the same as those of South Wales. The prayers were exceedingly rich, and the singing in some cases was of a very fine quality. Spontaneity was the prominent characteristic in the whole series. The mighty power of this feature carried all before it against all obstacles.

The ministers of all denominations threw themselves heartily into the work, and did all they could to make the mission a success. Overflow meetings had to be arranged every night. The writer and his niece, Miss Edith Jones Phillips, in conjunction with the local ministers, helped in them; and in these could be seen the unbounded enthusiasm of the said ministers.

The first meeting was held on Wednesday, 29 March 1905, at Princes Road Chapel, and every available space was filled. Another large chapel the other side of the road was full at the same time. It will be needless to repeat again that all the chapels were overcrowded throughout the mission. The people formed in rows each side of the gates of the chapel he was expected to attend as early as 2.30 p.m. every day, and would patiently wait there for three or four hours. But to return to the meeting. The Missioner entered the pulpit at seven o'clock, but did not utter a word until half-past eight. His short address dealt with the importance of obedience to the Spirit.

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On 30 March, Anfield Road was the chapel the Revivalist spoke at, and Great Mersey Street (Congregational) was full at the same time. Preparing a place for the Holy Spirit was his theme this night. This meeting was the forerunner of the marvellous services that followed.

The scene is changed from Liverpool to Birkenhead on 31 March, and the spacious chapel of the Primitive Methodists at Grange Road is selected, but is not half sufficient for the congregation. The duty of forgiveness is the chief topic of the Missioner here, and it resulted in healing a feud between a brother and sister, who had not spoken for twenty years. The singing in this service was exquisite.

On 1 April he appeared at Shaw Street Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool—in the meeting arranged for non-adherents. He was in his best mood that night, and delivered the address given below, based upon the words, ‘Come unto me all ye that are weary and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest’. The Rev. T.C. Williams, M.A., Menai Bridge, wrote the address in the course of its delivery, and the writer translated it:—

Well, we are here this evening because Christ is calling. You will hear his words—‘Come unto me’ Whom does he call? The wealthy? Yes, but not because they are wealthy. The poor? Yes, but not because they are poor. Jesus does not look at a man’s surroundings, it is we who do that. Call the man he does, and the sinner. And he is calling every man—‘Come unto me, *All*.’ When does he call? In the summer or in the winter? in the day or in the night? He calls continually. He calls every day, every hour, every moment, and were it possible to divide a moment, he calls then.

To whom does he call? Not to his church, not to his house, not to his angels, Cherubim nor Seraphim, but to himself. What is to be paid? Well, hast thou something to pay were he to ask? But he does not ask. God has asked all things of him, but he does not ask anything of thee. ‘Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.’ There is the place to

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quench thirst. People go to other places to quench their thirst; but their thirst is not quenched there. Create a greater thirst those places do, and in the end drive the man into a country where there will be thirst forever, and nothing to quench it. It is Jesus Christ that quenches the soul’s thirst. Why does he call?—‘And I will give you rest.’ He calls on all the weary and heavy-laden, and we all know what that is. Jesus not only knows of the burden, but he can carry it. We often know but little of each ether’s burdens, and if we knew we would help but little. We love our friends, but God loves them more. Someone was praying for his brother just now, but the best Brother is nearer. Our hearts are beating in sympathy, but the Divine heart beats quicker. There is the great fire of love in the Divine bosom! And it is the God of love that calls.

He calls with his voice. Perhaps we do not hear him. He calls notwithstanding. The pure in heart hears him. Say to him now—

I hear thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee.

His eyes call, like the eyes of the father of the Prodigal Son. ‘And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.’ His arms call. His arms are now outstretched. They have been outstretched on the Cross in order to be outstretched to receive the sinner. What is required to obey? Strength? Well thou wilt have

strength and faith if thou art in need of faith. Jesus has conquered, and thou wilt conquer, only for thee to believe. 'I feel', says the man. Yes, but to feel is not sufficient. Dost thou believe? Jesus bowed his head. There he is, rejected by the world, despised by devils, and heaven hiding its face from him. He did this of his own accord. No one could bow his head. He bowed his head for thy head to be raised forever. Henceforth my soul hold up thy head. Jesus raised his head afterwards—the third day. What of hell at that time?—having been conquered. What of heaven? Full of joy. Dost thou require a robe? Thou shalt have it—the best robe. Being robed with his righteousness. This is the

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white robe. The flowers are beautiful, but they blush by the side of this. What is its length? To the ground. It is not a robe to hide sin, but a robe to hide purity, and inward whiteness shines through it.

It is to the family he calls. There is no difference to be between people in God's family. God looks on the soul and not on its environment. Come to the family. Everything is in the possession of these, not only obtainable to them, but in their possession. A saved man is desirous to save all, as one having escaped a wreck is desirous to save those left on board. It is not strange that many pray together in these meetings. Do not attempt to stop them. If a number of people were in danger of their lives, it is not one at a time that would be calling for help, but all contemporaneously in one huge voluminous shout. Will you listen to Jesus calling? Everything is ready. God is ready, the feast is ready. Art thou ready? Not tomorrow, but today. He is waiting for thee just now.

It is to the light he calls. No one is too bad, nor anyone too poor. Jesus calls from darkness into his marvellous light. Listen to him calling lest you should shortly get unable to hear forever.

Toxteth Tabernacle Chapel had 2,000 in it on 3 April, and everything indicated that the whole of the Welsh section of the city had been aroused, and that the fervour was intensifying. But Evan Roberts was not pleased with this service, and refused to test it for converts. The Calvinistic Methodist Chapel at Liscard Road, Seacombe was visited on 4 April, and the Missioner spoke on the words, 'Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle'. He gave a short address to the Ladies' Dorcas Meeting at David Street in the afternoon of 5 April, and appeared at the Crescent English Congregational Chapel, Everton Brow, in the evening, where he spoke on Duty, and emphasised that it was the porch to Heaven.

The 6 April was a fearful day in his history he went for a drive in the company of Dr McAfee, West Kirby, the Rev. John Williams, and Captain Lewis Jones, the

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keeper of the telegraph station on Hilbre Island, across the sands when the tide was out. The horse took fright, and the Missioner was thrown out near the precipitous cliffs on the said Island, and the wheel of a coal cart went over his foot. Fortunately, he was not badly hurt, and the company failed to persuade him not to go to the meeting. This night the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel at Bootle was the place arranged for him, and the meeting was for non-adherents. The words 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made' were the basis of his address, and it proved very effective, for a large number accepted Christ.

The important event of the afternoon of 7 April was the reception given him by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Evan Roberts accepted the honour on condition that the ceremony was to be strictly religious in character, so that all would be to the glory of God. We insert the account of the reception below, as it appeared in the *South Wales Daily News*:—

A large number of ladies and gentlemen belonging to various denominations accepted the Lord Mayor's hospitality, for the purpose of meeting the Missioner, who was accompanied by the Rev. John Williams and Dr Phillips. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Mr and Mrs John Lea) received the guests. Tea was provided in the small ballroom. The attendance included the Misses Lea, the Rector of Liverpool (Rev. J.A. Kempthorne), Rev. Dr John Watson (Ian Maclaren) and Mrs Watson), Rev. J. Jackson (Wesleyan), Rev. Dr C.F. Aked (Baptist), Dr McAfee, Mr W.H. Priest, Mr R. Dart, Mr Ellis Jones, Mr J.C. Proctor, Miss Watts, Mr and Mrs J. Japp, Mr and Mrs Wm. Crossfield, Mr John Morris, Mr Owen Roberts, Mr T. Rowland Hughes and Mrs Hughes, Mr William Evans, J.P., Mr Wm. Evans (Newsham Park), Mr J. Harrison Jones, Mr A. Guthrie, Mr Morgan, Mr A. Black, Mr E.L. Lloyd, Mr A. Armour, Mr W. Venmore, Mr Henry Jones, Mr James Venmore, Mr Gwilym Hughes, Mr Caleb Rees, Mr Thos. Davies, Mr Ward Jones, Mr Wal Coop, Mr W. Innes Hutchinson, Mr T.A. Patterson and Mrs Patterson, Mr W.O.

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Roberts, Mr and Mrs J.C. Stitt, Mr Hughes, junior, Mr Heber Radcliffe, and Mr C.H. Keet.

Mr Evan Roberts seemed extremely pleased with his reception, and expressed to friends present the belief that the result of the visit would be to greatly benefit the cause.

The Lord Mayor, in the course of the proceedings, said he was sure that a word of welcome should be tendered their esteemed guest, Mr Evan Roberts. He was not sure that Mr Evan Roberts had ever before been in the city, but they welcomed him as one who had at heart the best interests of the citizens, and as one who, to the utmost of his power shed a blessing wherever he went.

They knew something of what he had passed through in recent days, and it was very good of him to come there that afternoon. He understood that at that very moment there was a large hall packed, mostly by young people, awaiting the six o'clock service. No one without great influence could draw so large a number of people together. They welcomed their friend, might he say as one of themselves, for did they not sometimes speak of Liverpool as the capital of Wales? Many of those present belonged to the Principality, but the gathering was representative of all branches of Christian work, and as fellow workers they gave their guest a hearty welcome. He was sorry to learn—from feelings that they must respect—that Mr Roberts did not wish to speak at that time. They regretted that feeling. It was one they, nevertheless, respected, and one which they would not attempt to vary, and he trusted that Mr Roberts would leave the building and the city, whenever he went, with full assurance that he took with him the warm esteem, respect, and affectionate regard of those connected with the city and its Town Hall. Again he bade welcome to the devoted servant of God, who had been the means, under Divine providence, of bringing so much blessing to many homes.

The Rev. Dr Aked said he was quite unaware whether any arrangement had been made for anyone to express, on behalf of the guests, their extreme indebtedness to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress for giving them the opportunity of meeting their beloved friend. If no arrangement had been made, the ladies

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and gentlemen present would perhaps allow him to express to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress how very deeply they appreciated their kindness.

Mr William Evans (Newsham Park), Chairman Liverpool Welsh Free Church Council, seconded the expression of thanks.

Mr Richard Dart, as an English Churchian, supported, and desired to say how much thousands and thousands of members of the Church of England were looking towards that excellent work in Wales, no matter whether it was in the Church of England or any other Church. Anything that brought men and women nearer to their Saviour could not but have their most warm and cordial approval.

The thanks having been duly accorded, the Lord Mayor made brief acknowledgment.

After the reception, he was driven to the Sun Hall in the Lord Mayor's carriage, and accompanied by the Lord Mayor to the platform. Here, nearly 6,000 awaited him. He spoke but little in the meeting, with the exception of urging the people to dispel their fear and be free. Freedom, he emphasised, was the great need, and not criticism. Of all the meetings this was the one which created the most discussion. Two things occasioned

it. Firstly, the presence of a hypnotist sent by an eminent scientist to try his hand on Evan Roberts, but the Missioner detected and denounced him. Secondly, the Missioner's statement that some were grumbling because of having to hold up their hands when the meeting was tested.

The meeting for non-adherents at Princes Road on 8 April surpassed all its forerunners. In the course of the service 213 converts were announced. The singing was magnificent, and the effect of the rendering of 'For you I am praying' was simply wonderful. We never saw the Revivalist so overflowing with joy as this night.

Westminster Road Chapel, Kirkdale North, Liverpool, is the next scene, on 10 April. Evan Roberts essayed to speak twice, but failed, owing, he asserted, to obstacles in the meeting. Yet this was a most

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powerful service, and its spontaneity was ceaseless. In the afternoon of 11 April, he visited the Welsh Congregational Chapel, Grove Street, and addressed a chapel full of women. This meeting was truly divine, and the prayers of many of the sisters were heart-rending. Evan Roberts was overcome completely by their intensity. The same evening the Missioner was present at Mount Zion Wesleyan Chapel, Princes Avenue. Here he stated that the church of the section which had seceded from the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists owing to a case of discipline was not founded upon the Rock. The words created a great sensation at the time.

He was in a joyful mood at Stanley Road (C.M.) Chapel, Bootle, 12 April, and based his address on the fact that no one had gone too low to be saved.

On 13 April he is at Fitzclarence Street Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, and meets with some interruptions, but he controls himself and the audience in a remarkable manner. At Chatham Street Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel the service is held on 14 April; and here again, notwithstanding difficulties, he steers through the meeting successfully. The last meeting of his mission at Liverpool was at Princes Road on 15 April, at which Sir Edward Russell was present; and on the 17th, he is at Birkenhead, Brunswick Chapel being the last scene of his ministrations. The converts during the mission numbered 750.

Miss Mary Roberts, the Revivalist's sister, made a deep impression on many of the meetings through her powerful prayers; and the sweet singing of Miss Annie Davies was most effective.

During this week, Members of Parliament and others of high position warmly invited him to come to them to rest for a few weeks, and others offered him free sea voyages, but he chose Capel Curig—a mountainous retreat in Carnarvonshire, North Wales.

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Chapter XLI

The Second Journey (Continuation)

Appreciations of the Liverpool Mission I

Sir Edward Russell, the distinguished journalist and author, and Editor of the 'Liverpool Post', gives the following appreciation of the Liverpool mission:—

'The Silent Evangelist' has held his last Liverpool meeting. During the stay of Evan Roberts, while attention has been largely attracted, few have known what to say. Many have not known what to think. But from first to last the phenomena have been unique, and, in presence of them he has received, not only from all communions, but from the general public, demonstrations of respect and interest. There has been no indifference. There has been astonishingly little scepticism. Any scepticism there has been has scarcely been expressed. The general sentiment has been that there could be no doubt of the need to which Evan Roberts's ministrations have been addressed, that the success of those ministrations showed that he could make the need felt; and that, as good must result—God speed to it. No one who has encountered this young man has doubted his good faith. No one could doubt his power over people of his nation. Nor has anyone disputed the reality of those traits which his admirers celebrate: his intense and searching gaze, his ready and illustrative diction, his curiously bewitching smile, his devout and strenuous silences, his appearance of being amenable to instantaneous impulses, which he takes to be Divine. In this respect it has been rather shrewdly suggested by a thoughtful member of the Society of Friends that what has happened with Evan Roberts is only what happens at every Quakers' meeting. Nor need more be made of it, though there were one

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or two incidents which favoured a more fanatical or more supernatural theory. The idea of good thoughts being put into the mind by God is one of the first to be entertained, one of the last to be surrendered. He who can with most conviction and effect convey such communications to others is the best George Fox or Evan Roberts. In each of these cases the thing specially

notable—the distinctively new trait in evangelism—is the silence, which much overbalances the speech. The trait which has been least mentioned as to Evan Roberts, but which has been most new, has been the entire absence of personal push.

If anyone had gone into the great Calvinistic Church in the Princes Road, on Saturday evening, without any previous information, he might well have failed to discover—at all events, till after four hours, and then he might have been forgiven for missing it—that the 2,500 densely-packed, visibly excited people assembled had come to hear, and were longing to hear, a young man who in the main sat saying nothing, doing nothing, with his head on his hands. He might have been the Rev. John Williams' unimportant subordinate, waiting to take a message or restart a hymn. Those who have seen other Revivals must know how totally different this is, and the evidence seems sufficient that from the beginning of his career in Wales, Evan Roberts has behaved in the same way. Leaving unoffered the transcendental explanation which his disciples in solemn confidence advance, we may suggest as a rationalistic explanation the character and ways of the Welsh. There may have been in camp meetings in America scenes comparable to that of Saturday night. There have been no such scenes among the English. Go back to Wesley and Whitefield, come down to Moody and Sankey, if you will, to Torrey and Alexander in all the Revivals of these there was the visible personal domination, and in the last two contrived music. Whereas, in the Welsh Revival all is voluntary, impulsive. This one starts praying, that one starts singing, over the whole area of the congregation. The responses to what is heard are numerous. Response pervades, but no one obtains monopoly as mouthpiece. As often as not the weird, rhythmic, oft-repeated cadence of the Welsh petition, frequently in lovely female voices, mellowing from moment to

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moment under the influence of spiritual passion, is the expression of some personal agony on ecstasy, desolation because of some dear one's insensibility to the Divine love or the Divine authority; joy at the remembrance and the experiences of salvation; tragic horror at the thought of hundreds then and there on the road to spiritual ruin, grant joy in the faith that they will yet be saved. Ever and anon comes, by swift casual force of humble personal initiative, bursting amidst and overwhelming the exclamations and pleadings, the great, inimitable volume of Welsh hymnody—a vast, solemn, deliberate torrent of majestic melody. This the warp of the magnificent sound-fabric. Shooting across it a grand woof of many harmonies, strong, vigorous, pealing, startling, with all the effect—nay, more than the effect—of the noblest counterpoint; greater in effect because the singers, the whole assembly—all knowing the words—are to the manner born of this matchless musical achievement. A venerable Welsh friend whispers as you murmur your almost unspeakable admiration, 'Because it comes front the heart'. But even then you know that it comes from the heart of a national being and essence, which has no peer in the musical expression of spiritual emotion—perhaps no peer in popular

possession by spiritual realities. And this knowledge is deepened as you receive from kind, eager friends suggestions of the poetic purport of these wonderful, chiefly minor-key lyrics of two-thousand-voiced power. One of them is an impassioned appeal for likeness to Christ. Another pours forth in aeolian strains the air that breathes from Calvary. Another surveys from Calvary's height all the glories of the world, and serenely declares their true place in the scheme of things, and the higher range of truths which Calvary's deed and doctrine have made part of the continuous experience of humanity.

When the adhesions of converts begin to be taken, the singing takes another tone—that of pure joy. A hymn-verse is repeated and repeated in triumph, and the genius of the people seems to give newness even to the seventieth repetition. Of the solos, inspired by the wildest emotions and often sung with frenzied gesticulations in appeal to the Almighty—but always well sung—we need not speak. Let us note how Evan Roberts

rises and without posing mounts to the height of the occasion. He eagerly turns the leaves of the pulpit Bible. He struggles with the evil principle which he seems to see rampant among the unyielding of his hearers. He dissolves into his own smile at the thought of precious Bible passages and sidelights. Big book on shoulder, he transects, but not theatrically, the lost sheep reclaimed, and so carried by the Good Shepherd. Then comes stress of gloom, and he buries his head in his hands and arms. Anon comes the head uplifted, the face suffused with the smile, prompted by something he or another has said. And a curious Welsh peculiarity is that what is a smile in Evan Roberts is often a quick genial laugh in some of his hearers. And when you seek the humorous cause it was no humour, but a glad recognition of a familiar household-word, spiritual joy. Meanwhile, you are one of a vast assembly which for three or four hours has been, so far as you can judge, intensely and individually racked by anxiety for the salvation of the unsaved minority present. We are using the language which best expresses the ideas of the rapt participators in the scene. It is a great illustration of the strength of the personal redemption idea in the popular religion of this country that where it is realized it can produce such a scene, and though the Welsh temperament is necessary for enacting it, English sympathy has no difficulty in understanding it. This is true not only in England and Scotland, but in America and in the Colonies—wherever English is spoken. May we venture to suggest that here comes in the permanent moral of the Evan Roberts Revival period?

Are our clergy in their regular ministrations justified in laying aside or leaving to occasional Revivalists, as they undoubtedly have done for years, the active prosecution of the doctrine and practice of conversion? Whenever British religion has been earnest and zealous, this element has been its key. Because it is in the background, in the beautiful quietism of Keble, the sacerdotalism of Pusey, the reasoned continuity of Newman's Catholicism, the Oxford Movement has, after all, been a penchant rather than a popular

power. There is, of course, much converting grace in High Church teaching, and Conversion was long the main business of the Evangelicals, who had to

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impart it into Anglican usage and phraseology, in order to do under Church of England forms their work in the world. But of late years the direct insistence on the New Birth has gone much into desuetude. Yet, if there is one irrefragable human fact, denied by none of any faith, it is that it must be right, and saving (in every sense) to turn with full purpose of heart to good and to God. The extent to which this must be connected, either in rationale or method, with this or that dogma must be decided by this and that Church. The important thing for the world is that all Churches alike should insist on the one central necessity on which Evan Roberts has been insisting, and for which, under his mystical stimulus, thousands personally and many thousands vicariously, have during the last few weeks in Liverpool been wrestling with angels. Perhaps the most pathetic incident of Saturday evening was when it was pleaded for a young man in one of the galleries that in infinite distress he was willing and wishful to 'decide', but that on Monday he would have to go to work among his companions, and he felt that then we might fall. Weak and foolish? Yes; but it is to strengthen such honest Faint-hearts and triumphantly to extirpate by grace such cowardly folly of unaided human nature that the Gospel ought to be preached, and effectually, every Sunday. Such is the accruing lesson of the Evan Roberts Liverpool mission.

One other thing must in honesty be said. Things that exist cannot be annihilated either by ignoring them or by denouncing them. Let it be quite understood that the real results of sound inquiry as to Revelation are not got rid of, either because Dr Torrey protests against them, or because Evan Roberts says nothing about them. It was distinctly no business of Dr Torrey as an Evangelist to make futile protests against the results of scholarship and reason. It was no business of Evan Roberts to deal with any such matter. He showed good sense, good taste, and a sound spirit, in adhering to what was his business. The important body of ministers, by whom the Welsh Churches are served, are more and more cultured. The juniors are taking B.D. degrees at the new Welsh University. For these degrees they are examined by some of the finest Biblical scholars. The testimony of those who know is that the members of Welsh

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congregations love the old unction, for which they have a special and untranslatable word, quite as well as ever, but they exact also weight and thought. It is natural and right that the pivot fact of the New Birth, not only should be continually urged, but may at times collect around it an accumulated force of special interest and attention. But the ministers will lead the people into blindness, if, either in their teaching or tacitly, they allow it to be thought that the truths of conversion are incompatible with the truths of the intellect. Happily, there is not even incongruity between them. We should deprecate

in the Revival atmosphere even an unconscious laying aside of intelligent conclusions. The New Birth not only does not render unnecessary—it demands—intellectual sustenance of the New Life.

II.

The Rev. Hugh Jones, D.D., Bangor, one of the leaders of the Welsh Wesleyans, attended a number of the Liverpool meetings; and in consequence, wrote to the 'Eurgrawn' as follows:—

We need no peculiar note to indicate to whom we refer. In these days, there is but one Evan Roberts probably in the mind of everyone—Welsh, English, Scotch, Irish, and the majority of European nations, and those of other countries. The reason for this lies in the fact that he appears as the leader of a religious movement that brings the Divine so unmistakably prominent. In spite of all that may be said of the degeneracy of the race, and of the ungodly tendencies of man, nothing can so effectually move him as a movement giving prominence to the Divine. God still maintains his place as the Supreme and the Infinite in the mind of man.

Notwithstanding all this, many fail to understand Evan Roberts, and make innumerable inquiries regarding him. Do not blame that, when it is done in a right spirit, and with the view of getting a better conception of God's way. The Apostolic instruction is, 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God'. But to do this with success, one should be in a suitable mood, with a worthy object

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in view, and aided by every possible light. I do not claim to understand Evan Roberts better than others, nor to be able to interpret the many peculiarities pertaining to him and his work. But still, I am fully convinced that he is entitled to our respect and admiration and that we should praise God for the work that is being accomplished through him. Many considerations should have place in our minds while forming an opinion of him, in order to give him his rightful place among revivalists in the history of the Church.

Before all things, he bears every sign of having been raised by God to do great work for the glory of his Name in the salvation of man. He has been through a long course of preparation for the work. He has no desire to show himself. His life's story one has to obtain through other means. Even now he is but a young man of twenty-six, and yet for thirteen years he has been impressed with the idea that Christianity has not attained its object in our country—nor elsewhere—to that degree that one might reasonably expect. His spirit, on that account, has been much depressed, and his soul has longed for a time of refreshing. He has been in sore mental agony with regard to his own personal spiritual condition, but he made an absolute surrender to God, and so came to a knowledge of the powers of the world to come in his own soul. His consecration was so thorough that it pleased God to reveal himself

unto him, and to fill him with the Holy Spirit. This consecration became a qualification for the work upon which for thirteen years his soul has been in deep meditation. As God has called him to the work, why then should we wonder at his success? I have no doubt had we been through the same process of preparation we should have been called to do similar work, and a like success would have been ours.

He is endowed with a natural fitness, whereby God may accomplish great things. For one thing, he has an extraordinarily strong, keen mind, full of wit and humour. This could be easily illustrated from his sayings, which are so apposite and bright. 'Make haste to obtain the names of those who accept Christ', said the Rev. John Williams. 'The angels are before you', said Evan Roberts. 'Let the stewards do their duty at once', said Mr Williams, 'Let anyone do it', said Evan Roberts, 'do

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not be robbed of your crowns by another.' True, he has not enjoyed great educational advantages, yet who knows but that God has raised him to show that education is not the chief thing in the salvation of souls. Perhaps he has another qualification besides his lively and quick mind. There are many signs that his nature is full of what is termed 'personal attraction', a mysterious power by means of which he attracts many, and induces in them an influence that is most sensitive to impressions. Such resources are doubtless possessed by many persons, but they are utilised to satisfy a vain, empty curiosity. Why wonder that the Divine Head of the Church should utilise this power in Evan Roberts to serve the Gospel work. It enables him to read and understand human nature, and it is of service in applying truths to various conditions and characters. It is a fact that Evan Roberts's glance has often penetrated the whole nature of those under his eye. Almost with a glance he takes stock of the thousands who flock to hear him. The grasp of his hands spreads influence. If this power be in his nature—as it is believed—there is no need to wonder that God doth make use of him to spread the moral and spiritual influence of the Holy Spirit. We should offer fervent thanks that God makes use of this power in the salvation of souls. But unquestionably the great reason for his influence and success is that he is a chosen vessel for the Spirit of God to work through him in the conversion of sinners. He is full of faith and of the Spirit; he lives in close, constant communion with God, and God reveals himself in and through him.

Inasmuch as he lives so near to his God, and is so fully consecrated to him, it is not surprising that he should receive revelations concerning men and characters, such as are not permitted, and will not be permitted to any other person. A familiar word with many ministers and preachers is the assertion that they have a message for their hearers. If that means anything, it means that they are under the guidance of the Holy Ghost in delivering truths suitable to the time and occasion. If ministers generally are convinced that they receive these messages from God, there is no room to wonder that one

so extraordinary as Evan Roberts should be favoured with such messages and revelations. It appears to me to be most probable.

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In this he is not an exception. Who has read the history of that great and good man, 'Morgan Llwyd, of Gwynedd', and has not seen references to such things? He foretold events which were afterwards confirmed by historical facts. We should take heed not to ascribe the revelations of God unto his consecrated servants as fancies and inventions. It approaches that evil known as the 'sin against the Holy Ghost'.

The only characteristic feature difficult to understand is the agonies he under goes in receiving the revelations referred to. I would not try to explain them. It should be borne in mind that a vital connection exists between mind and matter in man's nature. Consequently, the one has a deep, strong influence on the other. Such demonstrations were seen in the Methodist Revival in Wales and in England. We also know of one greater than Evan Roberts, who groaned in the spirit, and who sweated as it were great drops of blood, in his soul's distress on account of sin and sinners. Before speaking thoughtlessly of this influence of mind on matter—the influence of the soul on the body when striving with God—we should bear in mind the words uttered to Moses: 'Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy.'

III

After the keenest observation, the Rev. David Adams, B.A., Congregational minister, Liverpool, and a distinguished Welsh writer, contributed the article appended, to the 'London Celt':—

The minds of the readers of the 'London Welshman' have undoubtedly wandered to Liverpool during these last days. And this is not surprising. One of the most wonderful characters in many ways has paid a visit to our city. We trust that our fellow-countrymen in London will soon have the pleasure of seeing and hearing him. In order that one may form an opinion of him, it is as important to see him as it is to hear him. He is more than a voice—more than a speaker. To understand the man's charm, one must see him, and get an opportunity of beholding

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his face, or of watching his winsome smile. Ere long we are convinced that his magic power over a gathering of people consists neither in the subject-matter of his addresses nor in his oratory. At the same time, I must add that the tone and spirit of some of his addresses pleased me exceedingly. They were healthy, sincere, without respect of persons, and free from the sickly sentimentality, which, to me, spoils the work of some popular 'evangelists'. The burden of his message is obedience to Jesus, complete consecration to

his service, receiving the Holy Spirit, and allowing our selves to be ruled by him. He does not disregard the practical philanthropic and ethical side of the religious life. But he hardly lays so much stress upon this, as he does on time devotional side of religion. This amounts to saying that there is more of the mystic than of the prophet in him. Yet both are found in him, but not to the same degree. But it is my work to describe, not to criticize. The secret of his power, the mystery of his influence, is his personality. That always involves something unique—something that cannot be defined, because of the peculiarity already referred to. It is evident that Mr Evan Roberts lives in very close communion with God, and that to him Jesus is a wonderful reality. He seems to me to be more sensitive to the influence of the Holy Spirit within him than almost any Christian in our time. His joy breaks forth into a wave of calm delight or a heavenly smile upon his face. But when he perceives signs of disobedience on the part of sinners, or lack of faith on the part of Christians, or a want of sympathy with his mission on the part of ministers, his whole body, as it were, writhes with anguish, while agony twists his whole frame. In all this, to a great extent, he stands alone with regard to the intensity of his feelings. We are continually reminded of the transfiguration on the Mount, or of the Garden of Gethsemane—so extreme is the reaction of his spirit, as a result of his joy or his sadness. This it is which, to me, constitutes the uniqueness of his personality, and accounts for his magnetic charm one moment, his tragic and awful agony the next. I have been in four of his meetings in Liverpool. They differed considerably from one another. In one he was in a most joyous mood—a

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pleasant smile playing upon his face throughout, his utterances being interwoven with wisdom and wit. His intensity scarcely permits any humour, but his witty retorts suggest the presence of humour in the depths of his being, were it only allowed to appear. Some of the meetings were of an awful, almost tragic character. I shall not try to criticise them. I do not wish to justify all he does, nor yet would I condemn him for all the world. Evan Roberts, indeed, is not to be judged according to the standards employed to judge ordinary persons. To do this, we must get new weights and a new balance. In other words, we must wait patiently, and watch the influence and practical results of his mission before pronouncing final judgment upon his plans and his methods. We find him oftentimes as sane as he is attractive, and as composed as he is intense. On other occasions we are afraid lest his feelings of righteous indignation against evil should lead him into a spirit of punitive wrath. We sometimes fear lest Christ and Calvary be hidden from our view by Moses and Sinai. It is evident that his faith in the power of God's love in Jesus Christ is boundless. And in his threats of punishment for disobedience in the face of Love so great, we only have another aspect of his love for Jesus and His Spirit. At any rate, we believe that Evan Roberts does not get the Amen of the people when he ascends to Ebal to pronounce curses. It may be that lack of hatred of sin in us, and not any fault in the Revivalist that accounts for

this. I refer to it merely as a fact, without attempting to decide which attitude is the nearer to the Spirit of Christ. But there is a 'Purifying of the Temple' in the history of Jesus, as well as Gethsemane and Calvary. Without a doubt these two aspects are found in the character of Evan Roberts. The prophetic or fore-telling element in him is a great mystery, both to his admirers and his critics. He can certainly interpret character in an astonishing way. That he can foresee events as well is a matter of great controversy. We shall not venture to give an opinion upon a subject that has been, and still is, a problem that psychologists and spiritualists have hitherto been unable to solve. 'Judge nothing before the time' is the best maxim to follow in such cases.

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IV

A representative of the 'Porcupine,' a satirical Liverpool paper wrote an article on Evan Roberts, the greater part of which we insert here:—

My pilgrimage to the Shaw Street Chapel on Saturday was, in the main, the outcome of a curiosity—vulgar, if you will—to see and hear a man whose name and fame had spread beyond the confines of his remote village in South Wales to the uttermost ends of the British Isles. I was told the proceedings would be conducted entirely in Welsh. I was equally well aware that any knowledge of the language consisted of two words, and that I did not even know how to spell *them*. But I promised you long ago that if ever Evan Roberts should visit Liverpool, I would attend a meeting, and endeavour to gauge for myself the secret of his dominating personality. Saturday evening then, at seven-twenty of the clock, saw me descending from the tram-car at the appointed place, only to find that the doors and miter gates had been closed and bolted half-an-hour earlier against a crowd of over a thousand people, who had arrived too late to gain admission. Good order prevailed, and the presence of a body of policemen seemed wholly unnecessary.

Curiously enough, I found my own paste-board of more effect than the ticket issued by the Committee. The Liverpool police may possess their shortcomings, but they, to a man, read their Porcupine. An obliging sergeant directed me to a certain back entrance in Haigh Street, where another courteous member of the force piloted me through an empty schoolroom to a narrow staircase, at the summit of which was a door. I entered boldly, and found myself at the foot of the pulpit steps in the crowded tabernacle. For a moment, after stepping in from the outer gloom, I felt dazed and staggered by the sudden flood of light, and the deafening, jubilant burst of melody. They were singing one of those grand old Welsh hymns, as only the Welsh can sing them. In this matter, at all events, they can teach their English brethren much. Their 'Glory Songs' are the product of their own country, and they do not import their religion from Chicago.

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From a close coign of vantage I was able to make a leisurely inspection of the occupants of the pulpit (which, by the way, was of the old-fashioned commodious sort, designed to hold six or eight persons). Seated at the back were Miss Davies and Miss Roberts, becomingly dressed, and wearing large black hats of fashionable design. Miss Davies has a bright expression, retroused nose, sparkling eyes, and pretty dark hair. The revivalist's sister is younger than her friend, and has fair hair which hangs down her back. Some clergymen were also in the pulpit, the Rev. John Williams (of Princes Road) acting as director of ceremonies.

Seated close up to the front rail was Evan Roberts. He leaned his face on his right hand, and took a close and almost hypnotic scrutiny of the multitude before him. It was in this slow, deliberate taking the measure of his audience that I gleaned my first inkling of the strange magnetism of the man. Tier by tier, line by line, right to left, and left to right, no one among us but was destined sooner or later to come within range of those searching, compelling eyes. As his gaze met mine, I felt for a moment that there was no one present save he and I. He seemed to be asking for some sympathetic sign of recognition. I know not if I unconsciously gave it. I do know that by some quick intuition he felt he had awakened a response. For a too brief second, a smile, ineffably sweet, overspread the pallid face, and Evan Roberts had made, if not a convert, a friend of at least one member of his congregation.

It is good to see and judge of men and things for one's self. I had gathered an impression from newspaper accounts and photographs that Evan Roberts was little more than a longhaired, pale-faced boy, neurotic, over-wrought with a mistaken sense of his own scope, holding an almost blasphemous estimate of his standing with the Almighty. From one quarter it had been insidiously suggested that his mental condition was such that he should, in kindness, be placed under proper control.

I was thus prepared to meet a weird, irresponsible fanatic, who could so play on the feelings of a people, already by nature emotional, and of necessity simple and illiterate, that the hysterical side would be kept uppermost, and the good to be

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derived from his ministrations a doubtful and transient quantity. There is nothing of all this about Evan Roberts.

He acts almost as a silent dynamo, giving off the energy which moves the mighty machinery of his mission.

There is no order of service, no hymn books, no cut and dried readings and prayers. The wave of fervour is spontaneous, ceaseless, gathering force as it rolls.

It was when Miss Davies had started a hymn, in the midst of which she broke into tearful, beseeching prayer, that Evan Roberts stood up and exercised his almost uncanny power.

From a corner of the gallery came the music of a rich baritone voice in the solo part of a hymn. This was followed by a thunderous chorus from the whole assemblage. Then in different parts of the chapel men and women sprang up and prayed—the women quietly, while the men, in marked contrast, stood with clenched fists, and arms extended heavenwards, called aloud in a very frenzy of supplication, to a salvo of ‘Amens’.

Evan Roberts stood through it all unmoved, his face inscrutable. The upper portion of his head, finely formed, is reminiscent of Forbes-Robertson, the wavy hair helping the delusion. The nose is good, and it is only in the somewhat receding chin that one can trace a possible cause for the brief paroxysms of despair which creep into a temperament quick to receive impressions from its environment. He is alert, and I should say, strong and sinewy. There is nothing in his garb to suggest his calling. It was good to remember, too, as one looked at him, that the commercial element is entirely eliminated from his great work. There is no exploiting of harmoniums, or selling of hymn-books. He will not permit a collection to be taken. He receives no money, the committee in the present instance simply defraying the modest cost of his board and bed. If money is sent him, he discovers a deserving church where it is most required, and hands over the amount intact. He hates being photographed, and declines to speak into a gramophone.

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Evan Roberts left Liverpool on 18 April, and reached Capel Curig the same day, accompanied by the Rev. John Williams and the two lady evangelists. Mrs Roberts, Capel Curig, whose guest he was, showed him the greatest kindness; and in the letter inserted below, he indicates that he found a charming companion in the Rev. H.H. Roberts, B.A., of the same place. He attended the singing festival at Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, on 21 April, and the preaching association at Blaenau Ffestiniog on the Sunday and Monday following.

The writer being very anxious to know the state of his health, after the hard work in Liverpool, wrote to him, and he answered:—

Capel Curig,

5.v.05

Well, how are you? Quite well? How is your dear wife? And how is Edith? Here am I, in the window, and before me stands Moel Siabod, kissing the gray tinted cloud that has called on him for a brief respite for its wings on its journey to fulfil its Creator's commands.

I, too, am resting—and the ‘*Rock*’ is under; and the soul’s lips have been touched by the profound truths of Scripture. My soul has been possessed by the peace of Heaven. My bodily strength is much improved, each sinew is stronger, the nervous system more peaceful and normal, the circulation meeting no obstacles, flowing in full harmony. My mind is clearer, the memory revived, and the imagination ready to wing its flight to the distant country, but not to that far country where the *son of the troughs* had been.

Thanks for your letter I will endeavour to give you more next time. This afternoon I went out in company with Dr McAfee. He is well in health and spirits. Mr H.H. Roberts makes excellent company.

We intend climbing Snowdon tomorrow, the weather has changed. It is now lovely. Having climbed, I wonder shall we be nearer Heaven. Some people climb without getting higher,

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while others are exalted notwithstanding that they remain in the dust.

The sound of the Postman’s footsteps seems to be in the air.

Kind regards to you and your loving family.

I am, yours in the work,

Your young friend,

EVAN ROBERTS.

He roamed about the mountains in the coming weeks, and after having been to the top of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales, he wrote on post-cards to his friends.

The mountains are high—my hope is higher;
 The mountains are strong—my faith is stronger,
 The mountains will depart—my God, never.

Many places of interest were visited by him in the course of these weeks, and especially Beddgelert, the cradle of one of the Welsh Revivals.

From Capel Curig he went to Gwylfa, Cemaes, Anglesea, on 16 May, to rest until he would commence the Anglesea Mission. On 3 June, he accompanied the writer to an anniversary held at Abererch, near Pwllheli; and when the people heard of his arrival, the chapel was soon filled. On the Sunday evening, 4 June, all the chapels in the village could not contain the people, and some kind of a stage was put in a farm-yard for us to speak. The scene was one of the most inspiring. He spoke on Sunday morning and evening, as well as Saturday evening. The next day he returned to Cemaes to prepare for the Anglesea Mission.

He was sought for at Cemaes by persons from America, Scotland, and England, as well as other countries, the same as at Capel Curig. But in order to have a complete rest, he avoided seeing only a few very urgent cases. However, it should be mentioned that he endeavoured to see the sick and needy in both places, and consoled them to the best of his ability.

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PART III.—Continued

The Third and Fourth Journeys

THE ANGLESEA AND CARNARVON MISSIONS

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Long was the darkness,
Dense was the darkness,
Weary and dismal the night;
But the dawn in eastern sky,
Brought the glorious morning nigh,—
On 'the manger' we see heavenly light.

Sweet rose of sharon,
Bright rose of sharon,
Whitest of lilies we see;
Blush of earth, brightness divine,
In his countenance combine,—
Pure and spotless, beloved is he.

Led to Golgotha,
Led to Golgotha,
Weighed down by sin's awful load,
See the lamb upon the cross,
Dying to retrieve our loss,
Reconciling lost sinners to God.

Oh! blessed saviour,
Oh! blessed saviour,

Precious blood so willing to give;
 Lo, he hangs upon the tree,
 Suff'ring, dying there for me,
 Through his death the believer shall live.

Praise him for ever,
 Praise him for ever,
 Lo! Jesus paid our ransom due;
 'Hallelujah' praises sing,
 Golden harps of heaven shall ring
 (Harps of earth and heaven shall ring),*
 'Tis the song that will ever be new.

*As sung by Mr Evan Roberts.
Translated by T.R. Roberts.

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Chapter XLII

The Third Journey

THE ANGLESEA MISSION. 6 JUNE–3 JULY

The Isle of Anglesea had been spiritually moved soon after the Revival broke out, and hundreds had joined the different denominations. Many of the churches had gone through fervent experiences, and the young people had been captivated by the spirit of the Revival. Their prayers were expressed with such flow of fine biblical and poetical Welsh language as to surprise some scholars. But the island never experienced anything in its religious history like Evan Roberts's mission. This will be a salient point in its annals forever more. For the whole month very little manual work was done in the county. Farmers left everything and shopkeepers closed their establishments to attend the meetings. The congregations were too large for any chapel, and it was soon deemed advisable to hold the services in the open air. The enthusiasm of some of the meetings far surpassed anything that had been witnessed in South Wales and in Liverpool. Yet it was a controlled and sober enthusiasm—enthusiasm that the holiest man could enjoy, admire, and appreciate. The singing equalled that of the previous journeys, and the prayers were so

earnest and intense as to sway the large audiences, and often move them to tears. Spontaneity was the distinctive mark of all the meetings. Evan Roberts was delighted in most of them and delivered some of his finest addresses, which were always appropriate to the occasions.

We have no space to treat minutely on all the meetings, and as it was remarked in dealing with the Liverpool mission, there is so much in common between this

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and the other journeys, that a detailed treatment is impossible without a great deal of repetition. Therefore, only a brief survey will be given with the exception of Llanfachreth, where, on 14 June, it was arranged to hold the proceedings in a large farm-yard, and Llanddona, where he held a service in the Church of England. As it will appear, these places are of special interest, and therefore, we shall insert the greater part of the finely written articles describing them in the 'South Wales Daily News'.

The tour was commenced at Amlwch, 6 June 1905, and the Missioner's first words were—'Let us be careful to direct our expectations to the right quarter'. These undoubtedly were expressed because of the expectant attitude of the people. On 7 June, all the town of Amlwch and the surrounding districts were aroused, and Roberts's address on Christ's sufferings was most effective. He was on the same scene, 8 June, and the enthusiasm of the meeting ran much higher than on the previous night. Now it became evident, that it was, to a certain extent, useless to hold the services in chapels notwithstanding that some of them would seat close upon a thousand. Hence, preparations were made at Cemaes, 9 June, to hold the meeting in the open air. Here, Evan Roberts stands for the first time before an audience on the open field. One of the first things he heard after ascending the stage, was the rendering of a Welsh hymn, afterwards translated thus by Rev. Robert Parry B.A.:—

'Onward, ride in triumph Jesus,
Gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Neither earth nor hell's own vastness
Can thy mighty power defy.
In thy name such glory dwelleth,
Every foe withdraws in fear—
All the wide creation humbleth
Whensoever thou art near.

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Ere long the Revivalist stands to address the thousands that were before him, and his wonderful power of adaptation is soon in evidence. 'We have met in the fields,' he said, 'in the fields, the great temple of nature.' Some were in the fields in the dead of night, and to them the angels came. They were men at the post of duty. Let us do our duty, and the angels will come down, but if heaven were emptied of all its angels, archangels, and cherubim, and if they came to us, we would be no better off. They with all their glory cannot supply the wants of a thirsty soul.'

There was no meeting held on Saturday, and being that the Right Hon D. Lloyd George, M.P., was at Carnarvon, Evan Roberts went over to see him in the company of the Rev. John Williams, Liverpool. The two Welsh leaders—one in religion and the other in politics—met for the first time in the house of the Mayor of Carnarvon (Alderman D.T. Lake), and ever since a warm friendship has existed between them.

Sunday, 11 June, Llanerchymedd was visited, and a great number of strangers from different countries were present. The three meetings were not the same in their degree of spirituality, yet they were very successful. Whit-Monday, 12 June, he is still at the same place; but the thousands that poured in from Carnarvonshire and other directions made it necessary to hold the service in the open air. Anglesea had never seen anything like this concourse of people, notwithstanding its well-attended Preaching Associations. The sight at six o'clock in the evening was inspiring, and the nature of the proceedings was unprecedented in the history of the Revival.

Llanddeusant, a county village, comes next—13 June; and like the previous places, the service is held in the field. Thousands had come together, and the proceedings equaled any of those before-mentioned in fervour and spirituality.

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The scene on 14 June is Llanfachreth; and the meeting is described by the 'South Wales Daily News' thus:

Evan Roberts occupied John Elias's pulpit, and thus added value and interest to a quaint relic of a bygone age. The pulpit, in its prime, was attached to Ty'nymaen Chapel, which stands close to Llanthyddlad, where Elias lived for many years, and is now treasured as an heirloom by one of the leading families of this district. In honour of the Missioner's visit, it is today placed in a wagon forming a platform from which Evan Roberts is preaching the same Gospel to the descendants of the same people whom John Elms, in the same vigorous

Welsh, swayed with his matchless eloquence in the early decades of the last century. Thus history is repeating itself.

Evan Roberts, with all his varied experience, never spoke in a more curious place than this. Can I describe the scene? Imagine a large cobbled square, enclosed on three sides by farm buildings, and on the fourth by a tall farmhouse. Pack it tightly with human beings. Some of the farm buildings are open in the front from floor to roof, and inside on the ground and loft are from 500 to 600 people. All the windows of the farmhouses are open and occupied with spectators. Dozens of others are perched on dizzy heights overlooking the square. At the far end of the square stands a lurry fitted up as a platform, roofed over with sail cloth, with John Elias's pulpit in front. At the other end are large iron gates, and through the wicket-gate people have been admitted all the afternoon in single file, careful record being taken of the number. It is an ideal site for an open air gathering, for there is nothing here to distract attention, and in the shade of the surrounding buildings the congregation is protected from the hot rays of the sun. To all intents and purposes it is a roofless chapel, and every word uttered on the platform is distinctly heard in every part of the enclosure. ...

A few drops of rain fell as Evan Roberts, who had driven in from Cemaes, ascended the pulpit, and at once hundreds of umbrellas shot open. A second later they were as instantly closed. 'A few drops of rain will do you no harm', exclaims the Rev. John Williams. 'Put your umbrellas down. You are like

thousands of others throughout the country who put up their umbrellas to shut out the blessings of Heaven.' We were about to sing, 'Christ's triumph' when the Revivalist, who was eager for action, interposed. 'Before you sing,' he remarked, 'remember this: There is to be a competition tonight, a contest between instinct and law. Hark! the birds overhead. How beautifully they trill. There you have instinct and law. Are the birds to mock our faith tonight. The birds sing each one for himself. So must our worship ascend not in a mass but from each individual heart. Let every heart be open so to receive the blessing and, gazing on Jesus, we shall be drawn to him. Law and life, friends.'

A little later, for the Revivalist resumes not his seat for another fifteen minutes, he is in scathing language denouncing the sin of hypocrisy. 'Ah, you will be ready enough to sing in Heaven, you who are afraid and ashamed to open your lips in his praise on earth. Don't sing "Hosanna" today and crucify him tomorrow. What is dishonesty? Crucify him! What is deceit? Crucify him! What is drunkenness? Crucify him!' His concluding words are a pæan of praise for the Bible and of thanksgiving that 'Its truths are living facts in the history of Wales today'. After the old Welsh hymn was sung with fervour and a spirit of deep devotion. Returned prodigals, or, as they call themselves in Anglesea, 'The boys of the Revival', were present in great number, and in their prayers gave thanks that they had been sustained in the recent holidays

from succumbing to temptation. 'Gwyl Mabsant' still flourishes in Anglesey, and one was held on Tuesday at Bodedern close by. 'Oh, praise God', ecstatically cried a middle-aged worshipper in the brewhouse loft, 'this is a miracle. I, the greatest drunkard, the greatest blasphemer in Anglesea, have been permitted to spend Mabsant Tuesday praising the Lamb.' 'Praise thy Name,' cries another voice from the direction of the stables, 'that thou art giving us old reprobates strength to approach the Throne of Grace.' These are types of scores of other prayers offered. Meanwhile the audience hails the declarations with 'Crown him', 'Saviour to the fallen', 'Mount Calvary', and other stirring selections from Welsh hymnals. Presently

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Miss Annie Davies's voice rings out in one of Sankey's hymns, and every other voice in the throng became silent. During the brief interval of solemn silence that followed, Miss May Roberts, who is becoming wonderfully proficient in Welsh, reads Isaiah, chapter 55, 'O come to the waters', and bases upon the opening verse a winning and persuasive address.

The appeal for converts elicited tonight dozens of ready responses. 'The Lord be praised,' said the Revivalist, 'the Spirit is at work tonight, and the enemy is fleeing covered with wounds, but there will be too many left if only one is unsaved.' Among the first to surrender was an old veteran of eighty-two, and he was promptly followed by a well-known medical practitioner in the district, the son of a county magistrate, and his conversion led to a scene of indescribable rejoicing. A custom in North Wales which does not largely prevail in the South is that of calling out publicly the names of converts as they yield, and this adds no little to the interest and the excitement of the proceedings. Thus tonight it was found that among the women converts was the wife of a man who surrendered last night at Lanndeusant. 'Glorious!' cries the Revivalist, 'we must save them in families.' For those who tonight could not summon courage to yield many touching prayers were uttered. Announcements of refusals to yield led to distressing scenes, men and women weeping bitterly. To the refusers the Revivalist addressed the solemn warning that one day they would form part of a prayer meeting of lost souls, when there would be none to listen and none to answer. At the close three thousand voices joined in rendering in loud solemn tones the words of John 3:16.

Thousands came to Gwalchmar to hear him, 15 June. The visit to Bryndu, 16 June, was of the same character as the others in fervour. The Missioner paid a flying visit to the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George the next day, and returned the same night to hold services at Llangefni, 18 June. Mr Sam. Jenkins, the brilliant Welsh singer, accompanied him to this place. He remained here over the 19th, and addressed 6,000 people on the

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field. 20 to 23 June, he was at Holyhead, and stood before an audience of 9,000 the first day, and those of the following days were similar. Sunday morning, 25 June he met an audience of about 1,300 at Brynsiencyn, and in the two meetings which followed, the number had immensely increased. The day after he went to the Preaching Association, held at Llangefni, and addressed one of the meetings. The historic town of Beaumaris is reached by him on 27 June, and he remained there over the 28th. The meetings were held within the precincts of the ancient Castle, and here Evan Roberts delivered some of the fluent addresses during the mission.

He is at Menai Bridge the evenings of 29 and 30 June, as will be seen from the account of Llanddona.

Now we come, 30 June, to the interesting gathering at Llanddona, and the greater part of the article on it in the 'South Wales Daily News' is inserted here:—

Yet another new experience for Evan Roberts. For the first time in the whole course of his mission, he held a service in a parish church. ... The meeting was, announced for half-past one, but long before that time the church doors were besieged by a crowd which, having regard to the sparsely-populated character of the country, must have been drawn from a radius of many miles. The audience at once impressed me as essentially primitive. Everything in the preliminary proceedings was similar to the services of half a century ago. Looking at the pecked congregation filling the church, one was strongly reminded of the description given of earlier revivals in past ages, when, for instance, the celebrated Vicar Pritchard made such royal progresses from Llandovery to St David's filling every church on the route to overflowing.

Nonconformists were the majority of the congregation, and they were impressed by the happy combination of the finer features of the Church service with the freedom and enthusiasm of Nonconformity and revivalism. The Rev. John Williams, Princes-road, Liverpool, who assisted the rector in reading the lessons, made as striking a figure at the lectern as Evan Roberts did a little later in the pulpit.

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The Rector delivered one of the finest Christian addresses I have yet heard during this Revival. 'My friends,' said he, 'this is a great day in the old parish church of Llanddona, where the lamp of the Gospel has continued to burn brightly and continuously for thirteen hundred long years. This is a great day here, and will, I trust, be a great day in heaven, for it is a great day in heaven if there be but one sinner brought from the darkness to the Kingdom of Light, and there will be rejoicing in heaven and in the presence of the angels of

God for one sinner that repenteth. The day for which my brethren and I have looked forward for many weeks in faith, and hope has dawned, and we are today able to welcome our young brother, Evan Roberts, to this church. Everything comes in God's good time. Someone asked me why I had asked Evan Roberts to hold a service in this church. My reply is that I did so because I believe him to be a special messenger sent of God to perform a special work for Christ, at a special season in this our land of Wales, especially favoured by God. We thank God that the winds which began to blow in South Wales have been felt in the North, and that now they have blown across the Menai to Anglesea, and that in the island so many have been lifted to a higher and nobler view of life and its responsibilities. Another timid friend asked me what will the Bishop say. Well, my friends, the Bishop of Bangor has said nothing calculated to prevent today's meeting being held. The heart of the Bishop of Bangor and of each of the other Welsh Bishops beat in fullest sympathy with this movement, and are animated by the spirit of this blessed Revival. He may recall the parable of those who sought entrance at the portals of heaven, and who when they said they were Methodists, Wesleyans, Baptists, Congregationalists, or Churchmen were refused admission on the ground that those distinctions were not recognised in heaven, but when they called themselves Christians, found the portals thrown wide open for their reception. And this Revival is the same as heaven, in that it recognises no distinction of sect. Evan Roberts does not ask you to join this church or that, but he calls on all to come to Jesus, and that is why I so earnestly desired his presence here this day. Some may worship better in chapel than in church, others better in church

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than in chapel. To all such I would say seek Christ's Presence, and stay to worship in the place where you find your spirit best in harmony with the spirit of Christ, whether that be in church or chapel. And now may God bless this his young servant, Evan Roberts, and raise many another such as he to perform similar work.'

It is hardly necessary to say that such an address sounded strangely in the ears of many, and that it left a profound impression upon the audience.

Evan Roberts then got up, and after some introductory remarks, said, 'The Kingdom of God must conquer. Let us each see that we place no obstacles in the way, for, though the obstacles be swept aside, woe betide those who cause them. I thank God that heaven is so near to us this day. It was in September last that I was privileged to attend a religious service before in a parish church, and heard the prayer, "Quicken thy work, O Lord, in the midst of the years". But I little thought then that the prayer was about to be answered in so remarkable a manner. And this meeting may largely help that work. Each of us may go away carrying with us blessings sufficient for all eternity. But if we foster a single sin it may prove an effectual hindrance to possess that blessing. Have you ever thought that your happiness depends upon your

nearness to God, and that sin estranges you from God? Look at that drunkard in his once happy home. How do his little ones greet him? Do they run joyously to meet him? No; but each one hides himself from the father whom they long to love. Look at the blasphemer. Do you seek his companionship? You turn from him in disgust. Thus do evil habits estrange friends on earth, and equally keep God from us and us from God. We have prayed here today to our Father in heaven. If he is our common Father then are we all brothers and sisters and members of God's own family? In our earthly domestic life family ties are often broken, but in God's family the tie is to last forever and ever. Why then should Christians who are brethren in the family of God, maintain, as they now do, so great a distance the one from the other? Our God is a God of happiness and of joy. People may ask why at our meetings do we break out into public rejoicings. The answer is simple and

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sufficient, it is because people have there found God. Again I thank God for this service. We shall shortly part from each other here, but let us each and all strive to be found in the company where there is to be no parting.'

The meeting was tested and a number of conversions were recorded. A couple of women, however, said they were not ready to submit. 'What,' said Evan Roberts, 'not ready? Think of it. A Physician offering health, and the sick saying he is not ready to take it, a kind friend offering to relieve another of an oppressive burden and the heavily-laden one replying he is not ready to be relieved of the burden which is pressing him to the earth. My friends, you are ready enough, don't refuse because you are not good enough. Christ wants you just as you are. The physician does not want the healthy, but the sick. Will you who think you are well pray God to open your eyes to see your imperfections? It is the devil who is trying to hold you back. He has a rope of three strands binding you. The first strand is to tell you that you are not ready, the second that your feeling is not ripe, and the third that you cannot hope to live up to your profession of religion if you submit now. That is how the devil keeps you prisoners until death comes and makes you for ever his own, when he can laugh at you for all eternity. But, thank God, Christ has also a rope of three strands. All you have to do is to seize it. He wants you first to ask him to take you as you are. That makes your present right. He wants you to ask him to forgive your sins. That makes the past forever forgotten. He wants you to ask him for strength for the future, and that makes your future safe. This three-stranded rope of salvation is enough for the present, past, and future of every sinner.'

The meeting again being tested produced several additional converts, and an unusually impressive service was happily closed in triumphant songs of praise.

At Menai Bridge, notwithstanding a wet and cold evening, another great crowd was awaiting Evan Roberts in the open. A meeting extending over several hours was held. Evan Roberts was accompanied by his sister and Annie

Davies and by Mr Sydney Evans and Mr Sam Jenkins, the latter charming the

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crowd by his sweet rendering of Gospel songs. On the platform, among other distinguished visitors sitting throughout the long meeting, was Mrs Davies, Treborth, daughter of the late celebrated Henry Roes, one of the greatest pillars of Nonconformity. A number of converts were again recorded, and the Menai Bridge mission closed.

A place called Tabernacle, not far from Red Wharf Bay, gets the presence of the Revivalist 2 July; and the marvellous Anglesea mission closes with one of the most enthusiastic meetings at Llanfair P.G. 3 July.

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Chapter XLIII

The Third Journey (Continuation)

APPRECIATION BY THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, PRINCES
ROAD, LIVERPOOL

We insert the article below on Evan Roberts by the Rev. John Williams, Princes Road, Liverpool—now of Brynsiencyn, Anglesea—one of the leading Welsh ministers Mr Williams attended most of the Liverpool meetings, and as mentioned before, accompanied the Missioner to Capel Curig. He was present in a number of the Anglesea meetings also, hence, had the best advantage to estimate the young Revivalist. After these missions he contributed this article to the ‘Ymfogydd’ (‘Enquirer’), which I translated into English:—

This young man has leaped at once from obscurity to exceptional celebrity. It is doubtful whether the name of any other Welshman has been so well known throughout the world. During the past months his name and his portrait occupied the pages of all the newspapers and periodicals of the religious world. I heard a Welshman, who resides in Paris, remark that the name and the likeness of Evan Roberts were as prominent in the newspapers of that city as in those of London. People from all parts of the world flocked into this country, almost solely to see and to hear him. I received dozens of letters from the furthestmost corners of the earth inquiring about him. The world and the church vied with each other to honour him. Privileges were offered him by gentlemen and ladies, by railway and by shipping companies. I was alighting at a village in one of the counties of North Wales a few months

ago, and putting my horse in the stable of a small hotel there, as soon as the landlord saw me, he hurried forward, and inquired reverently and tremblingly 'Is Evan Roberts with you?' 'No,' I replied 'Well,' said he,

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'I am a wicked and disorderly creature enough, but I should like to do something to that young man. I know he is a man of God; the reports concerning him have strongly affected me.' While he said this, his two eyes were like two wells. And his words are only a specimen of thousands of similar things that were said about him by all sorts of characters during these past months.

Now, what accounts for all this? Not any one thing, or two things, but a combination of many things which are seldom found united in the history of the same individual.

A religious reformer can awaken a country more thoroughly than anyone. No one can probe human nature to the same depths as the man sent from God. There is a substratum of religion in every human soul, underlying the rubbish which the world, the flesh, and the devil have heaped together within it. The true reformer always penetrates through and reaches this, and finds a response.

The echoing stone is in every soul, but it will not respond except at the call of the Voice from Heaven. I have scarcely seen a better proof than that furnished these last months, that man, wherever he is, and whatever his history, is a religious being.

But, having said all this, we have not accounted for the popularity of Evan Roberts, for other reformers have been in Wales who reached nothing like the popular favour bestowed on him.

It is true the times are different—the various quarters of the world have become nearer than ever, the Press is a mighty power in every direction, and it did its part in bringing the Revival and the Revivalist to the notice of the world. But that again will not furnish the reason for the fame of Evan Roberts.

What, then, will account for it? I do not expect to be able to set that forth. There is some mystery attached to him which defies all explanation, and this always characterises every true reformer. 'Thou canst not tell whence he cometh, nor whither he goeth.' You are able to explain many a type of popularity with ease, you can trace all its roots, and speak with a great degree of clearness and definiteness concerning everything connected with it. But one of the tokens of true greatness

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always is, that there is attached to it an inexplicable element. Still, this much we can say—there is a wonderful combination of various elements congregated together in this brother. He is thoroughly independent, and yet, there is in

him some charm which draws all who become acquainted with him nearer and nearer to him. I have seen very kind people frequently exercising an attractive force, but I have never seen a man so independent as Evan Roberts fascinate his acquaintances with such completeness. And the charm lies not in his kindness only, but in his independence as well.

He thinks and judges for himself on every subject, and although that never makes him haughty, still it always makes him strong. Another combination in him is deep earnestness and great cheerfulness. The multitude can often observe this in the pulpit—storm and sunshine accompanying each other. His earnestness casts a congregation into an awful solemnity, and his smile spreads ripples of cheerfulness over the countenance of the same audience in an instant.

Hardly ever have we seen anyone who can so easily play on the soul strings of an assembly. He is as natural in company as a boy. He throws himself into every innocent merriment, but he never loses an atom of his dignity, nor, on that account, an atom of respect. Another strange thing in him is that while he is able to stir the most exciting feeling in an audience, yet he attaches no importance to excitement.

Very seldom does he praise an excited meeting; frequently he is strangely uneasy in such meetings. The meeting he likes is the quiet and intense one. No thunder, nor lightning, nor earthquake, but the still small voice. I noticed him many a time, with the audience raised by him to such a pitch that one shout from him would have set it ablaze, but he invariably exercised restraint over it, speaking in a mere intense and a quieter tone, although you felt that it was with great effort he was doing that. He is a young man of mental capacities far above the average. He has a strong and brilliant mind, he has written many excellent things, but is very reluctant to repeat what he writes. His address before the students at Bala was the best and most beautiful specimen of the product of his mind in its

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strength, its penetration, its sanity, and its brilliancy, of anything we heard with him. But after specifying all these things, and I could add many more unto them, I feel that the great thing, the centre of all, lies behind. The ordinary name given to that extraordinary thing is godliness. But his godliness is of a very special type. I have never seen anyone so godly. I have never seen anyone capable of living so near to his God, and I have never seen anyone so sensitive to the shadow of untruth. When anything hides the face of God from his spirit, he is at once distressed, and in that distress he will remain until the cloud flies from his firmament.

Bear in mind, I am not asserting that he is the most godly of all men; it is likely that would not be true, but he is the cleanest and the purest of the children of men that I have ever seen. But there are in his godliness some strange elements which make it unique. There is a great deal of mysticism in

him, as is to be frequently found in similar characters. It would perhaps be difficult to find a very religious man who has not a great deal of the mystic element in him. But this does not explain all.

There is something in him, consecrated to the gospel, which is sometimes found in other people brought under tribute to worldly ends. His natural constitution is very strange, with propriety can he say, in the words of the Psalmist: 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.'

Chapter XLIV

The Third Journey (Continuation)

CARNARVON AND BALA MISSION. 4-6 JULY

The meetings at the above places form a very important step in the history of the Revival. Evan Roberts complied with an urgent request from Carnarvon to conduct two services, on 4 July, at the Pavilion, which will seat 10,000 people. Two o'clock was the time announced for the first meeting, but the huge building was full long before that. Excursions ran in from all parts of the surrounding country, and the streets were thronged at twelve o'clock.

Before Evan Roberts arrived, the meeting had been carried on full of spontaneity for a long time, yet without very intense fervour. When he came in the writer was reading a portion of Holy Writ, and after he engaged in prayer, the Revivalist took a word from the petition, and delivered the address inserted below. His voice was clearly heard in all parts of the building, and every word was listened to with rapt attention. Ere long he was interrupted by someone praying, but he resumed his address again before the end, and his words created great enthusiasm. The writer took it down, and translated it into English:—

Thanks for the Name—the Name of Jesus. There is sufficient room for all in this Name. There is eternal freshness in it. It will remain eternally green. Do not stand on the Name. Determine to be in the Name. Does your life glorify the Name? Trample not the Name, nor disrespect it. Remember that God is going to care for this Name. Yes, God will care for it, whatsoever

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will be the consequences. God will have glory to the Name from all in some way or other. If there are some here trampling on the Name, move on, if you please! Move at once. Remember what Name you endeavour to trample! Have you felt how near God is? He is fearfully near. He is so near that he sees all things. He sees the tears of which man has not seen one. Tears will be shed here today that no man perhaps will see—but God will see them all, and will preserve everyone of them. God anoints the name of his Son with the tears shed out of love for him. ‘What a foolish weakness,’ says someone, ‘shedding tears for such a thing as that!’ Weakness to shed tears! What! Remember about the Son of God! What about him? Our salvation cost him many tears. It was not weakness that caused the Infinite One to shed tears. But what is said of him is:—‘When he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared.’ If you have not wept under the influence of the Gospel, there is reason to fear that you have not commenced to live it rightly.

When we see and love the Son of God, we cannot restrain our tears. A heart full of love for Jesus failing to shed tears! Such a thing is impossible. True love for him presses out our tears. To shed tears is a sign of the power of love. Some people laugh when they see the Christian shedding tears. That is a sign of weakness, and not of strength. Are there some laughing here today by seeing the tears of the children of God? Is there criticising here? Is there prejudice here? Yes, all these are here, but thank God there is something more here. That which can conquer is here. ‘And lo, I am with you always’, said Jesus. When is he with us? At all times. On Sunday? Yes, and in the prayer meeting also. ‘I am with you’—in the church meeting as well as on Sunday, and in the prayer meeting. With whom is he? With every disciple of his. It is easy to give thanks here when the Son of God is with us—but what will it be in Heaven? It will be a mighty flame of thanks there. He is with the ministers, the deacons, and the members. Thanks for one to be with us at all times, and with all who will ask for his company. If we could but see him for a moment we would all

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be bent. Let us go near the Cross, friends. Here the divine dawn breaks—here is revelation!—the revelation of life. Are we ready to receive this great revelation. What is in the revelation? One thing in it is that Jesus has died for us. Seeing this, why is it that we are so hard? Because we are so far from him. Being near to Jesus would set our spirits ablaze with love to him. The Holy Spirit is ready now to reveal Christ dying for us. This is Jesus’ power to draw the people together—his death for them. Here are the people together, but we can be nearer to Jesus than being here together. Let us begin to draw near God now. To begin to journey Godwards is a blessed thing. That is to begin an eternal journey. It is time to begin this journey, because it is eternal. It is

not too soon for anyone to come to God, because the journey is eternity. But some will not begin the journey. There are some here now wanting to go out from the service to make themselves ready for the next meeting. It would be better for them to pray for Jesus to bend them. Let us all pray for Jesus to come here tonight. Let us not pray for fervour or enthusiasm (*hwy!*) in the meeting, but that heaven may have enthusiasm or fervour in it. Men have held this meeting down through disobedience. It is this disobedience that keeps Jesus far from us. Disobedience raises its head towards heaven and says, 'Keep off thy blessings'. Once that is done, Heaven will keep the blessings. We come to the House to worship, and endeavour to bring all things from outside with us. This will not do, friends. When coming to the House, be careful to forget all worldly things. Our duty is to come here in the spirit of prayer. Have you all prayed for Jesus to come here? Have you all prayed for the salvation of sinners in this meeting? If not, it would have been better for you to have remained at home. Pray that God may save here now. Pray for him to save Wales and the World. Our prayers are much too narrow. It is needful to have the world to Jesus. He deserves to have the world. Are we going to do our best for him to have it?

Hundreds remained in the Pavilion for the evening meeting, fearing that they should have no room if they

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went out. The throng increased greatly by the evening; and although 12,000 entered the building, hundreds had to return. There were many strangers from other countries at this like the afternoon meeting. Some of them took part, and a gentleman interpreted their words to the audience. The enthusiasm of this meeting was many degrees higher than the afternoon one, and Evan Roberts delivered the following address, which I translated into English as he spoke it:—

Oh! that everything be broken that keeps this service down. God is in the service. Let us not turn our faces from him. It is an awful thing to turn our face from God. How can we turn our faces from him? By disobeying his Spirit. Hundreds of you have done so tonight by disobeying the promptings of his Spirit. We must bend to the Spirit. Obedience brought the Son down from heaven. Through obedience he suffered the mockery and despising, and through it he died. Through obedience Wales has risen, and through obedience it is to stand after having risen. Remember, friends, that by every one obeying personally we can make Wales a white Wales. What if this vast congregation were to determine to obey? These neighbourhoods would wear another aspect shortly. What if all Wales were to resolve to obey the Spirit? In a short time the country would be transfigured. Let us obey, that Jesus may come in. He says now 'Beheld, I stand at the door and knock'. Jesus knocks this minute. Will you open to him? Open to him instantly. 'But,' says someone, 'we cannot; the people are singing.' Do not notice their singing nor their praying, if the

Spirit moves you to say something for Jesus. The Spirit knows what you ought to do—hence, obey him. There is no danger of him making a mistake.

The commandments of God say, 'Behold, we stand at the door and knock'. Shall the commandments come in into our life? They must come in or we must lose our life. Many would like to invite Jesus in without doing his commandments, but he will not come in without his commandments. The commandments must be obeyed if Jesus is to come in.

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The promises stand, saying—'We stand at the door and knock'. Shall they come in, or are you going to leave them by the door to starve for want of food? Let the promises come in. The promises are for you all, if you want to have them.

Obedience must be given in small things, if you wish to have the great things of God. Obedience in these things is the only way to feel. Some wish to feel great things without obeying. They shall never feel great things in that way. Doing small things is the way to feel. 'I was moved to say a verse', remarks the man. 'Yes, only a verse.' Do not say—'only a verse'. If you were moved to say a verse, why did you not say it? A verse is the word of God. There is but little room for anyone to show himself in a verse. If you are moved to say a verse, say it. 'I had a prompting to relate my experience', says someone. 'Yes; but experience is a small thing.' If you had the prompting to relate it, it was the greatest thing that the Spirit of God could give you at the time. Say whatever the Holy Spirit induces you to say.

Some think to go to heaven to praise Jesus. Going to heaven to praise him! What of the praise here? How do you think you can praise him in heaven without having commenced here? Observe the coolness of some people confessing Jesus. Ought it to be thus? Nay, it is the duty of everyone to show the greatest fervour when confessing and speaking about him. If we love Jesus more than all and everything, we ought to be on fire confessing him. Jesus told his mother and brothers that it was necessary to love him more than father and mother and brother and sister. Do we love him more than these? Do we love riches, or possessions, more than we love God and his Son?

All of us must give either a bosom or a grave to Jesus. Give Jesus a grave, and you will have a grave in exchange. Give him a bosom, and you will have an eternal bosom. Joseph of Arimathea gave a bosom to Jesus. He gave him the loan of a grave, but he gave his bosom unto him a freehold rest for eternity. Jesus wanted the grave but for a short time but he wanted the bosom for eternity. He gave the grave back to Joseph, and also gave him his infinite bosom. The arms of

Jesus are now outstretched to receive the bosom in this meeting. Are you ready to give it to him? He will accept the enemy, the hateful, the vilest sinner, the curser, and the drunkard.

Praise God. He is the God of patience, or else there would have been no hope for great sinners. Yes, there would be no hope for church members were it not for his patience. His patience is more evident in public meetings than anything else. Some get up to pray in meetings without any object but showing themselves. To listen to those is intolerable to us, imperfect men; but what of the infinitely perfect God? Self must be buried in the Divine if we wish to have the blessing. Down in the Divine the pearls are found. Only for us to bury ourselves in the Divine, we shall find them and shall bring them with us to the surface.

Chapter XLV

The Third Journey (Continuation)

EVAN ROBERTS AT BALA, 5-6 JULY

From Carnarvon Evan Roberts proceeded to Bala in Merionethshire, 5 July, in answer to an urgent appeal to address the students of the Theological College of the Calvinistic Methodists. The College has been immortalised in the Principality by two of its Principals, who were among the greatest men Wales ever produced, namely, Dr Lewis Edwards and Dr T.C. Edwards, his son, and Dr John Parry, one of its professors. Evan Roberts stands in the edifice hallowed by the memory of these men of God, to address 80 students, and many of them degree men. Most, if not all of these, were led to forget their scholarly distinctions and everything human by his address, which lasted two hours. Fortunately, three or four of the students took copious notes of it, which were published in the 'Genedl,' the 'Seren,' the 'Goleuad,' and 'Pulpud Cymru'. From these the writer was able to put it together, almost full as it was delivered, and he divided it into sections, in order to make its sequence more intelligible. Considering that the Revivalist had only just passed his twenty-seventh year at the time, the address was remarkable for its insight and adaptedness;

and some of the students told the writer that it has formed an epoch in their history. Thus it runs:—

Now, friends, let us be homely here. I was afraid to come to you, but now I feel quite homely, after having heard the Lord's Prayer. Thank God for this simple prayer. It brought me to feel the most powerful thing in my life; and that on the top of a

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bare mountain. We were five there, and when praying, 'Thy Kingdom come', the words came to me with such power that I felt some holy fear filling the place. I shall never forget the feelings I had then in this prayer. God lays hold of his people, makes them one, and spiritually warms them.

I.—HOW TO GAIN THE EAR OF GOD

Friends, you have an important work to perform. What is it? Gaining the ear and heart of Wales. The question is, how to do this? The only way to gain the ear and heart of the world is by gaining the ear and heart of Heaven first. Without this, the ear and heart of man cannot be gained. The way to gain the ear and heart of Heaven is to go near enough to it. It is impossible to gain the ear and heart of Heaven and living far from it. Did you see the child endeavouring to gain his father's attention? The father is busily engaged in reading or some other work. 'Father', says the child. No answer. 'Father', he repeats, and draws nigh to him. But no answer again. Finally, the child goes close to him, and compels his attention. In a similar way, we must draw near to God, if we desire to have his ear.

II.—THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD'S EXISTENCE

The first thing of all we have to be certain of is, that One exists who hears prayer. Without this knowledge, there is no object in praying. It matters not what we possess, if destitute of this. There is much talk about Degrees, but this is the first degree! A.B.—Almighty Being. We must graduate in the knowledge of him first of all. The first problem I had to understand was, did God exist? Before I understood this, I believed that he existed at the extremities of Creation, and that he was some kind of an impersonal Being. But now, I know that he is a personal Being, yes, knowing and not believing, knowing and not hoping, knowing and not *thinking* that he is—*knowing*, friends. Have this certainty first, that God exists. Do not say your message, until you will have assurance firstly that there is *one* who hears

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the message. Thus I came to know that God exists. One Friday night in bed, I felt myself shaken to the depth of my being, and Oh! friends, it was awful. I jumped from bed with joy. Dan, my brother, held me, and asked, 'Evan, are you ill?' 'Oh! no,' said I, 'beginning to get well I am.' I had come to feel, friends, that God was near. That was the beginning to get well. After

this, praying became a pleasure to me, whereas it was often a burden before this. The joy I had that night continued until I went to school. After that I lost it, but before long I discovered the reason why. When enjoying that cheerfulness, I was going far from man, and by going far from man one gets far from God at the same time. Man is more like God than any creature on earth, and consequently, the nearer we are to man the nearer we are to God. Close to man, God is found. God caused me to lose the joy for a time in order to draw me nearer to man.

III.—KNOWLEDGE OF GOD'S NATURE

Not only we should endeavour to know that God exists, but that he is a God of love. More must be known than that God exists. It must be known that he is full of love towards man. I had a knowledge of this in my bosom, as well as an assurance of his existence. God is infinite in love, and loves the greatest of sinners, and it requires personal, experiential knowledge of this, if we are to offer his pardon to them. We must, friends, know God as the God of love.

IV.—KNOWLEDGE OF THE DEVIL AND HIS VOICE

God exists, and the devil exists also. Next to the knowledge that God exists, have a knowledge of the devil's existence. The enemy exists as well as the God of love. I received a certain knowledge of his existence some time ago. The devil came to me, but I did not know at the time it was the devil. He said to me, 'Thou art unworthy to be with this great and holy work; it is better for thee to give it up.' I was unable to know what to do for some time, because I did not know who spoke to me. But

shortly I came to know that it was the devil's voice, because I remembered that a good master never terrifies a servant. Remember this, friends throughout your lives. I want to emphasise this. *A good master never terrifies a servant.* I should like also to emphasise that the higher you go in the spiritual life the harder is the battle, and the more difficult it is to know the difference between the devil's voice and the voice of God. This is my difficulty now, how to know the difference between the two voices. The devil sometimes can make his voice very much like God's voice. Satan used to come to me once and say, 'Hast thou heard of Evan Roberts, and the wonderful meeting he had at such and such a place?' This was a great temptation to rejoice, and foster pride. But I determined that I would address him, each time he would come to me, with the words, 'Diolch Iddo' ('Praise to him'—to God). When Satan praised me, what I said in response was, 'Praise to him, Praise to him, Praise to him'. Now, when he brings praise to me, I say, 'Praise to him', and give all the glory to God, consequently I am not troubled by him, because he knows well that every word of approval he gives me is given a load of glory to God, and the devil cannot suffer to see God glorified for he is a robber of God's glory. He is tired of coming to me, therefore, because he brings a load of glory to God

with him each time. By this time, I do not care anything about this popularity pointed out by the devil. To God be the glory. I am nothing. Be careful, friends, to try and know the devil's voice. If there is a rule to know the difference, I do not know of it yet.

Sometimes, God can take the glory to himself from a hard meeting. I had an exceedingly hard meeting in one place in South Wales. If I had had a successful meeting that time, then it would have been a glory to the devil. I found out what was the cause. It was the minister desiring that I should have a good and powerful meeting for the sake of the credit of his Church, and not for the sake of the Saviour. Another time, a girl sang in the meeting, she was singing excellently also. She sang in the top notes with ease and in an intense feeling, but her singing was an occasion—not a cause, but an occasion for the Spirit to leave the meeting. I felt at the time that the Spirit was leaving,

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but I knew not why. The singing of the girl aroused the jealousy of another girl that was in the meeting. From this, you can understand that it is of first importance to know the voice addressing you.

V. OBEDIENCE AND ITS RESULTS

Endeavouring to know that God and the devil exist has been a great difficulty to me for years. It cost me years of hard struggle. Sometimes I had to grope in the darkness, and at other times, I felt the dawn breaking. The great difficulty was to bend, but I had to bend. By bending our will is not restrained, but melt it does, and act in harmony with the great will of God I had become able to say, 'Thy will be done', and now I do not care if I had to walk the road barefooted, if I could through that bring glory to God. At Newcastle-Emlyn it was a dark night on me, but the dawn broke at Blaenarnerch. I could not bend at Newcastle-Emlyn, but the sentence of the Rev. Seth Joshua, 'Bend us, O! Lord', sank into my heart at Blaenarnerch. Yet, this did not bend me, notwithstanding it left a deep impression on my mind; but the thought that 'God commendeth his love'. After obeying the Spirit in bending, conscience is perfectly calm. I was once in a train in South Wales, and in the compartment there were ungodly people. I had a message from the Spirit to give them, and he gave me power to obey. As soon as the words came from my lips I was despised, and the Spirit was wounded. But the Spirit is willing to be wounded if, through that, conscience gets peace, and my conscience was in possession of perfect peace after I delivered that message.

There was a time when I saved money, and put it by, and refused for a long time to give it up at the call of God, but at last I had strength to obey in this thing, and bend to the will of God. And Oh! the joy after that! Oh! it is blessed! It is a heaven now. The joy of the Spirit is not a thing for the soul only, it penetrates through my body also. To get this joy, everything doubtful must be given up—everything we are uncertain whether it is bad or not, or

else the Spirit will not come into our hearts. But how are we to know whether the baptism of the Holy Spirit

and the blessings contained therein are worth giving everything up for their sake? Let us remember this: We shall not know before obeying. To obey is the only condition of this knowledge. The knowledge is not to be had by going once to see the heavenly things, and then return. We must obey in all things, and continually. The altar must be built, the wood put on it, and the sacrifice must be on the wood before the fire will come. When this is done, the exceeding great joy will come.

VI. COMPLETE CONSECRATION

Some of you have had six years of college training. Only six weeks of Grammar School I have had. If the Lord has done such great things through me who has had so little schooling, how much could He do through you if all of you were entirely consecrated to his work? What if you were filled with the Holy Spirit? You would shake Wales, yes, you would shake the world. Consecrate everything to God, not only your life, but all the best things of your life, your talents, your faculties, and your enthusiasm. What would the farmer be better of having a field full of thorns and thistles? The same is true of God. What is he better of having our bad things? Give not only the good to God, but our best. Give your best to God, and he will make it better. The Holy Spirit does not reward laziness. He shakes away laziness. He does not crown the good, the better, but the best. God must have the glory, and only in our best he gets it. The devil will come and tempt us to take the glory ourselves, but remember that the glory of God is the highest goal of life. Other things can be taken as a goal, such as honour or riches. Although honour and riches are a power, it is an awful mistake to make them the goal of life. All our work must be conditioned by love to Christ. But the serious thing is that it is possible for us to give our life, our work, talents, and capacities to Christ without loving him. If it be so in our case, we shall be forever lost.

VII.—THE FILLING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

To be filled with the Holy Spirit does away with all fear and nervousness. I was very nervous when I began to preach. On

Wednesday, I would begin to be anxious, thinking of facing an audience the following Sunday, but now I do not look at addressing a million, if it were necessary, more than speaking to two. The Holy Spirit does more than doing away with nervousness. He gives joy in the soul, yes, and the Holy Spirit perfects the bodily senses, friends. My experience is, the higher I am in the spiritual world, all the more perfect are my bodily senses.

You cannot be baptised at once with the Holy Spirit. It took me years of preparation. And before you can receive it you must bend, and as remarked before, give up all things doubtful. The past must be in the graveyard, and buried forever.

VIII.—FEELING AND BELIEF

Too much importance should not be given to feeling. I was to preach at a place on a certain Sunday, and during the week I felt nothing—nothing, friends. Along the journey on Sunday morning the battle was fierce, and the higher I went the more fierce it was. Having entered the chapel, I felt nothing special. But when they were singing a hymn, something came over me, and I felt that my bosom was being filled. Then I remembered the promise, 'And lo, I am with you always'. Yes, friends, at all times. It is not feeling we want, but belief. When I feel weak, it is then often I am strong. In one of the meetings a man on the gallery was very obstinate to give himself up to the Saviour. He was talked to by those around him, but he continued in his obstinacy. I went to him, and he began to speak impudently to me, and accused me of using compulsion to bring the people to religion. In answer, I said, 'I do not use compulsion at all, but simply show that two powers are fighting for you, and that it is on your hand to give the victory to the one you choose'. But it mattered not what was said to him, he still kept in the same mood. When leaving him I said to him, 'On going to bed tonight say to yourself, "Here I am a guilty, condemned sinner retiring to rest"'. The meeting went on, and I was moved to say, 'That man will have given himself to Christ before the morning'. And he did in that meeting, five minutes

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before midnight. The darker the night, the nearer the dawn. In cases like these, feelings are not to be trusted. This man who seemingly felt nothing, believed. Faith we need, not feeling.

IX.—HOW TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE

The three important things in dealing with people are smile, voice, and hand, and sometimes the two hands, but not always. There is a great deal in a smile—more than is thought by half the world. So it may be said of the tone of the voice. Your voice may draw a man to you, or drive him from you. To know when to give the two hands to a person, and when not, is a great thing. Giving the two may repel some men. Approach people slowly, for fear they may think that you are going to war with them. Live religion, and you will force it into a man, talk religion, and you will force it out of him. When there is a break in a meeting, and you feel that you ought to take part for the sake of its success, refrain from doing so. Let others feel their responsibility, so as to feel that the ark rests on their shoulders, too. When impelled to take part in public, and afterwards finding out that an element of selfishness comes in, do not pray publicly, pray in secret until the selfishness is done away with.

At the conclusion of the address, some of the students asked questions bearing on certain points in it, the most important of which are given, with Evan Roberts's replies:—

QUESTION: 'You referred, Mr Roberts, in your address, to "doubtful matters". Are these alike in the case of every individual or can it be said that one thing is doubtful to one, and another to another? For instance, you referred to the abandonment of your savings. Do you mean that everyone should do so?'

ANSWER: 'Oh! no, I do not. This is the rule for knowing what are your "doubtful things": whatever intervenes between you and God when holding communion with him in secret—that is the doubtful matter. The same rule applies to smoking. Further,

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do not think you will become absolutely free from sin in this life, even after the baptism of the Spirit. Self will be in you while on earth. You cannot shake hands with self and say "Goodbye". But there are some things to be resigned at once.'

QUES.: 'You said that it is essential to love Christ above everyone and everything. At times I feel that I do, but at other times this feeling is not present with me. Do you consider such an one a fit and proper person to preach the Gospel?'

ANS.: 'Yes, I do; fully so. We must not place too much emphasis upon feeling. Feeling (emotion) is not everything. We cannot be in a passion of feeling at all times. If so, there would not be place for faith. You see the city from the top of the hill opposite. Descending the hill you lose sight of the city, yet you are continually drawing nearer to it.'

QUES.: 'Is it a duty upon one to go to everyone, everywhere, and speak of religion? Should I rebuke sin at every opportunity, without exception? For instance, is it a duty laid upon me, every time I hear God's name taken in vain, to speak to the sinner against his sin?'

ANS.: 'Oh! no; there is too much talking of religion, and not enough of the living of it. Some are too ready to speak, and so do much harm. Still, we must at all times be ready to speak. When you speak to a man, to win him for Christ, remember and think carefully of three things, which I touched upon: Wear a smile on your countenance, use a gentle voice, and extend a ready, helping hand. Approach men slowly and cautiously. Let them not think you are about to fight with them. Ask the Spirit *when to speak, what to say, and continue in prayer.*'

QUES.: 'What is your advice with regard to the reading of the Bible? Should the Bible be read daily, and—in many cases—simply because we have resolved to do so?—a matter of duty or habit?'

ANS.: 'Oh! this is it friends. If you are hungering for it, you will read the Bible, and again, if you read your Bible, you will, of necessity, hunger for it. Thus, there are two readings—reading because of a hunger for the Bible, and reading to create that hunger.'

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QUES.: 'I feel my life is not pure enough. Can I pray that I may be filled with the Spirit? There are some things that I am conscious should be sacrificed, but I cannot do so.'

ANS.: 'Had I a personal conversation with you, I would know what these things would be. But remember, again, we cannot, in this world, be sinless (without sin). Self will come to the front.'

QUES.: 'When a meeting falls "flat", should anyone engage in prayer simply from a sense of duty, for fear that the meeting should appear a failure?'

ANS.: 'Oftentimes a "break" in a meeting is most effectual; more so than anything. If you feel in this way, let others come to the same feeling. This may be the means of bringing people to feel their obligations. It will be an opportunity for the ark to rest upon shoulders that hitherto had not felt their responsibility for carrying it.'

QUES.: 'Should I pray in public while I feel that I am doing so out of egotism?'

ANS.: 'No, you should not, but you should pray in secret until that egotism is consumed.'

QUES.: 'I have recently had a new and strange experience in prayer meetings. When praying, I have done so now and then for fully half an hour without ceasing. That has occurred without my being aware of it. I felt lost in a communion with the spiritual. Is that an experience to welcome, or to beware thereof? Is it a safe ground to stand upon?'

ANS.: 'Do you pray for wisdom?' asked Mr Roberts. 'Yes, I do,' answered the questioner.

'Every day?' asked Mr Roberts.

'H'm! well, I——,' added the questioner.

'Ah! that's enough. Pray for the Spirit and wisdom, for "They were filled with the Spirit and wisdom". We must take care to be wise. Produce an ounce of ridicule and you lose a ton of power. If the Spirit of God leads you in prayer, even for half an hour, heed not any man. We receive the power from God, and the wisdom is to regulate the use of it.'

QUES.: 'How is the "voice" of the Sprit to be recognised?'

ANS.: 'Well, that *is* a question. There are three voices. Our

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own voice, the enemy's voice, and God's. If there is any rule whereby one can be certain of the voice of the Spirit, I am not acquainted with it. But sometimes I am conscious of the Spirit's influence as an impression; at times like an inward voice. My mind will be concerned with many matters, but this one thing will remain in my mind, and I shall feel compelled to give utterance to it.'

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Chapter XLVI

The Third Journey (Continuation)

EVAN ROBERTS AT BALA

On 7 July, it was arranged for him to address a meeting at three o'clock on a field near Bala, called the 'Green'. On this field great preaching associations have been held, and the finest pulpit geniuses of Wales have addressed audiences of thousands on the sacred spot in bygone years. It was thought that the congregation this day numbered 5,000. The singing was excellent, but the former part of the service was not characterised by intense prayers. Dr W. Sanday, of Oxford, was on the stage, and the day after expressed how delighted he was to be present, and that he was highly pleased with the singing, although he could not understand the words. Evan Roberts did not speak for some time after he ascended the stage. At last, he arose, and satiated the expectation of the audience. Being present, the writer was able to write the address, and here is the translation of it:—

Who are they that refuse to accept Christ? Are they Welsh? Remember, friends, if you are determined to refuse, you will have to accept a refusal some day. Do not sing too much in the meeting, and that without any spirit in it. In such a meeting I am compelled to sit, although that is very hard, and see the meeting go down. But I cannot get up to speak until praise raises its head. Do not sing until we are full of the spirit of prayer. The spirit of prayer must possess us before we can sing prayerfully. Have we all prayed for the success of this meeting. We have not, or else some could give themselves to Jesus here. Before we can have people to accept Jesus, we must pray. It is surprising how easy some try to go to heaven. They are as if they wanted to go there without any

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one knowing! If they could go in that way, I fear that they would be there without any one knowing. Our actions ought to draw attention to us as people with our faces heavenwards. Pray that Heaven may descend to this meeting to save; and after having come to the spirit of prayer, you can sing afterwards. There is glorious singing here. When I was coming in, you sang—

‘Let all the world bow down,
Unto the meek Lamb’s name,’

and though I have heard it sung hundreds of times, I have never heard it sung better than here. But there is something in the spiritual atmosphere cooling everything, and down goes the meeting continually. I must sit until I see need in the multitude. What need is there here tonight? The need of prayer. Yes, it is prayer that raises our heads. It is possible to go to destruction singing. Let us pray for saving the people. Show the Saviour to the people, there is plenty of room for all in His kingdom, and plenty of welcome. Is there anyone ready to come in? Here is a splendid place to accept the Saviour. Pray for the Holy Spirit. Everyone ought to pray for his coming. Pray for bending the people. Offer Jesus to them. There is not half enough working here. Is there anyone refusing to accept Christ? The day will come when refusal must be accepted. Is there anyone in the audience working now? That must be done before we shall have all the listeners in. We want to have every one in. You, who are out, why should you remain in the storm? Beware of remaining in the ship when it is on fire, and the life boat close by. There are people here despising the Son of God. How can we be so quiet then? Certainly, there is something not right. Can it be that there is someone here again not having prayed? We must all be workers and sincere in prayer. It will not do for us to go to heaven by ourselves. We must be on fire, friends, for saving others. We cannot be so without being workers. To be workers will draw Heaven down, and will draw others to Heaven. Oh! that we were filled with the spirit of the Great Teacher—the great love! Without readiness to work the spirit of prayer will not come. God wishes

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every man to be saved. Is there anyone here refusing salvation? There is a great meeting to be, not this side but the other side, and it will be the prayer meeting of the refusers. And whatsoever is the intensity and earnestness here tonight, all will be put in the shade by that wonderful meeting. That will be a meeting of praying and shouting, and the rejectors of Jesus will be shouting for the rocks to hide them. If you are determined to refuse Christ, go close to the rocks to practice shouting. Call on the rocks to fall on you, and for the mountains to hide you. Go close to the rocks, to see if you will be possessed with terror. If you will be terrified, come to the Rock of Ages. Oh! friend, pray for the Rock of Ages to hide you. This is a safe place for your life—the shadow of the Eternal Rock. You will hear the music of the storm, but no

fear will possess you here. All who will reject Jesus will be in the prayer meeting of the Day of Judgment—the kings of the earth and all grades of people. If they refuse to bend here, they will have to bend there. We must bend before here? Do you see, of are you blind? How is it with you—the rejectors? Where will you be spending your eternity? Is this Bible true? This offers eternal freedom. Yes, it offers eternal peace. Do you know what is eternal woe? How is it to be in reference to eternity? Is the great question. One of two things it must be. If you wish eternal peace, when are you going to decide to accept the peace? Do as you wish. Remember, God will do as he wishes also. Man is so wonderful that eternity is in his hand. 'I shall think of the question by tomorrow', says someone. Perhaps death will have laid hold of you by tomorrow. Oh my dear countrymen, do not be so foolish as to reject—do not wait till the morrow. Trust in the arms of the Eternal Love. If you are determined to reject the gospel, never come to a meeting again. Why? Hell will be more awful to you if you will come. Enjoy this world as much as you can, because no happiness will await you after crossing. Welsh people going to the Judgment! Oh! Be in Jesus, friends, before going to the Judgment. If lost, you shall see Jesus in the Judgment, but infinity will be between you and him there. Here is a

thing for you to remember tonight—The hand which now offers you life will be keeping you down in the Judgment. Blessed are you if you are coming to a state to offer your souls to Jesus. Take care to be in the Kingdom. Some through their conduct—full of self-righteousness—drive others out of it. Do not stay in the service of the devil. Let the devil lose his servants tonight. You can venture to smile when the devil loses and Jesus wins. The devil is being bound these days. Scores have bound him. Help to bind him, people. Say a verse or something you will be prompted to say. That is the power to free the world, when the man and the verse meet. It may be that someone by you will lose a blessing tonight, because you will not say a verse. Is there anyone here refusing to accept Christ because of the unworthy life of these who profess religion? It is *his* life that is our standard. A reason like that will not stand in the Judgment. It will not, indeed, friends. That excuse is a cloak to hide sin. Everyone must stand by himself in the Judgment. You will have to stand on your own feet. You will not be asked about the lives of others, but of your own lives. That is an old excuse—the life of professors—with people for living in their selfishness. Be careful to offer Jesus to all you see with their hands down in the audience. Do the members perform their work? That is now the Spirit of God's work—through the members. It is necessary for everyone to be a worker. If you are too weak yourself to offer Jesus to anyone, ask someone else to do so, and give your crown to him. Before closing the service we shall pray the 'Lord's Prayer'. You who disobey, and have refused to ask the people to give themselves to Jesus, do not pray it. Such a thing as that would be scoffing at Heaven. What would you be better of having a kingdom, and refusing to work? This is not a meeting with much fervour in

it, but it is one full of truth. Workers we must be co-workers with the Son of God. Think, friends, what a great privilege there is within our reach—being co-workers with God. Are we prepared to obey and do our best until the end? The distance to the grave is not far, and it is important to know what kind of sleep will be had there. Strange things have taken place here tonight, and the day will come to reveal them.

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He was the guest of Dr Hugh Williams, one of the Professors of Bala College during his visit; and on 8 July, Professor Ellis Edwards and the writer arranged for Dr Sanday and him to be introduced to each other. The Doctor had been delivering the annual address to the students on 6 July, and his subject was 'Inspiration'. Evan Roberts listened to it with intense interest, and caught the fine distinctions made by the lecturer. After having expressed his thankfulness to Dr Sanday for the privilege of being introduced to him, and the benefit and pleasure he derived from his able address, he said:—'I could follow your distinction between intellectual and spiritual inspiration through my feeling. I feel the former in my mind, and the latter in my heart.' Dr Sanday complimented him upon his great and good work in Wales, and wished him success, which he becomingly acknowledged.

This day he returned to Loughor to rest before the Carnarvon mission.

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Chapter XLVII

The Fourth Journey

The Carnarvonshire Mission

6 DECEMBER—14 JANUARY

Evan Roberts rested most of the time between the Anglesea and Carnarvon mission, with the exception of the meetings he conducted in the places mentioned below.

In this chapter we shall sketch his chief movements before giving a short survey of the next journey.

Soon after his return, he heard that the Rev. Llewelyn Lloyd, Anglesea, was ill. In accordance with his usual originality, he wrote a letter of condolence to him:—

Lougher,

South Wales

Dear friend,—

When I heard of your illness,
I was struck with silence.
Not because of its improbableness,
But because of its nobleness.

By now I hope that you have recovered from your battle in the deep; and that er'e long you will again sound forth the trumpet of the all and ever conquering gospel. Remember that your Master is with you. He never forsakes a servant—that is, a true and faithful one.

Be of good cheer,
Thy God is near—
Too near to be seen;
And his eyes are keen.

There are some things so near that we cannot see them. God is not only with us, but in us.

Thy will—will be done.

Yours in Christ,

EVAN ROBERTS.

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He spent a few days at Pontycymmer in July, proceeded to Swansea, and in August, went to Llandrindod.

After his return from Llandrindod, he sent a letter to Mr and Mrs Lloyd, Promenade, Swansea, to express his gratitude for their great kindness to him:—

Island House,
Loughor,

13/9/05

Dear ——, What? 'Friends', or 'Brothers and Sisters', or 'Dear Family'? Whatever as to that I shall say—

Dear Ones,—How are you? How strange it is today without your loving, genial, and edifying company. Was not the journey in the trap last night very

fine? And was not the moon at its best ascending the heavenly flights to light up our path? And nature shedding a tear of regret at our departure. Very natural tears were lost in the house—that was most natural. Nature shed tears on the way, and those were full of naturalness. Today I am well-nigh on the point of losing an occasional pearl. Pearls that are not seen until they are lost. The ladies are seen to wear then pearly chains day after day. But I believe that the white, crystal, and priceless pearls of the fiery seer excel them ten thousand times, and yet ten thousand more. But there, I must call back my imagination lest I speed over the steep descent, and then, and there, only destruction for myself and these under my care will be found. And so, now we shall slacken the pace in time lest the wheels take fire from the furious speed. The car has now come to a standstill. Down we go. Now for a word before we part.

A thousand thanks and more for all your kindness, wisdom, consideration, your watchfulness, and more than all, your religious zeal.

Accept my thanks, and may the answer to my prayers for you remain for all time, and in you to eternity.

Yours sincerely,

In his work,

EVAN ROBERTS.

Mr David Lloyd.

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P.S.—My regards to the family, and 'Essay' Jones. May especially desires to be remembered to you.

E.R.

On the date specified below we find him at Carmarthen, whence he wrote to myself and Mr Lloyd, Swansea:

The Bank,
Carmarthen,

October 9th, 1905.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

At last, behold a pen on paper. There is scarcely time to breathe in this thin, mild atmosphere of the home of the dear Mr Wheldon, The Bank. I came here for a day only, but, alas! Reuben has joined hands with Benjamin! It is a mistake for me to try and arrange, and carry out my future. The people cannot understand why I do not move; and I fail to understand why I am staying. But this I know, that I am moving swifter than ever—so swift, indeed, that I cannot perceive myself moving. What a commotion there is in the tents!

My soul is a kind of tabernacle, and self dwelling in innumerable tents around it, and what takes place is the slaughtering of the troublesome, howling, thankless, rebellious inhabitants, and so on. Oh! some ceaseless moving continues! The old man and the pure heart enraging, and getting furious for victory. I see today that 'self' has its houses, palaces, and dens. But how cunning this can be in his den! But away after him! Behold, he fleeth into his cave! Here cometh the Divine searchlight on its strong wings. Satanic, Ha! Ha! Ha!!! Lo! he is made a corpse by the pointed arrow. Is that the end now? No, no! The beginning of the end, and the end of the beginning. Is it so? Is it indeed? What shall I do next? Return to my strong castle, or seek for another enemy? Beware! What then? On thy knees in an instant and in gratitude let thy lips move. Moving the knee and lip? Is it not, Doctor? Then, moving into peace.

I must also move on, because the voice of duty calls aloud—'Come hither, I want to have a conversation with thee, and to give thee a cup of the sweet water of the person who loveth and

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followeth me'. As soon as I have interviewed this fair one, another awaits me, namely, enjoyment or pleasure. This is Martha—duty and Mary—enjoyment. Duty—calling, calling; pleasure—sitting, sitting.

Yet empty and faulty is the house where these two are not found to smile and serve.

Well, I must draw to a close. Convey my thanks to your church at Tylorstown for their pledge to pray for Dan and me. May God reward them abundantly for the sake of their reward. Thanks for the invitation.

Endless regards,

Yours,

EVAN ROBERTS.

The Bank,
Carmarthen,

9/x/05

Dear Mr Lloyd,—Yours duly to hand. I was disappointed to see its short step. This is a young one, is it not? Its brethren were fine, strong, eloquent ones. But, there! I must remember that it is not Spring now, but multi-coloured Autumn. Not the power of life do we see in this season, but the power of death, the graces of the trees being stripped and taken away. How true this is in the Christian's history. He, too, must be stripped of his good things—only the branches, bare, long, and pliable, left. Have we not oft and again felt

that we knew no word of prayer, nor thirst for the Word? What was the matter? Not our sins. What then? We had grown to depend on the graces instead of on God. Is not Autumn realy pleasant? Oh, such splendid variety. The beauty of death. The blue beauty of life, uniform—and so one never wearies of the sight. May Heaven’s blue be ever upon our lives, with no withered leaf, nor a withered branch to mar the beauty of the tree.

Thanks for the letter, and kind regards to the *Fron* family.

No definite answer can be given regarding the petition for me to visit Swansea.

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Thanks very much to Joseph for the photos. The trio is grand, is it not?

I am, yours,

In the hour of the battle,

Mr David Lloyd. EVAN ROBERTS

P.S.—Kind regards to your dear brother and his family

E.R.

On 27 October, he was present at a singing festival held at Mountain Ash, and delivered an address in the evening.

On 8 November, he wrote to me again, instead of wiring, on a certain point, as I requested him:—

Loughor,

Nov. 8th, 1905

DEAR FRIEND,

Inasmuch as it was necessary for me to write you, I thought it wise not to send a wire. I understand today that life is more of a life than I had ever thought. In the past, I believed that the line from my eyes to the horizon was the radius of life’s circle. Ah, me I know now that life has no horizon, nor sleep, turning circle after circle—it opens—extends—deepens—and what else? I know not.

I feel sin to be hell without a drop of blood to cool it.

Who e’er denies the Saviour’s merit
Will all the ills of hell inherit.

.....

Stay not to criticise, my friend,
Where angels in devotion bend.

.....

Beneath the cross—there I hear
The sweet psalm of a sinner.

I hasten to the end, for to every end there is a blossom and a harp. Hasten thou to exceed thy desire for the best, the crown, and the hero.

I am,

Yours, here and there, and humble,

EVAN ROBERTS.

On 16 November, he is again at Pontycymmer, for a four days mission. From 19 November, including 27th, he visited Pencoed, Bridgend, Kenfig Hill, Tonyrefail, Tylorstown, and Trecynon, conducting meetings at each of these places. On 2 December, he went to Bristol, at the request of Rev. P. Ferrier Hulme, M.A., and the result of his visit is described in the following letter from Mr Hume:—

Grettaville, Castlerock,

N. Ireland.

July 20, 1906

Dear Dr Phillips,—Your letter has just reached me in this little place on the North Atlantic. Evan Roberts spent Sunday December 23rd, 1905, with me, in Bristol, on his way to the series of services organised by the Carnarvonshire Free Church Council. He attended the morning service at Cotham Wesleyan Church, which is under my pastoral care, he took no part in that service, except as a private worshipper, sitting in the pew with my wife. He remained to the monthly communion, which was very largely attended, and gave a beautiful address in English for about fifteen minutes, which made a very deep impression. It was a truly memorable service, which those present will never forget. In the evening he went with me to Bushy Park Wesleyan Chapel, and occupied the pulpit along with me. After I had preached, he spoke with great power, in English, to the crowded congregation. His address was followed by a great outburst of spontaneous prayer and testimony, in which scores of people joined very fervently. Subsequently, scores rose to testify their desire to consecrate themselves to the Master's service.

Both morning and evening the presence of the evangelist produced a very similar effect on the English congregation to that with which we are all now familiar in the Welsh gatherings. He stayed at my house, and left the next morning for Carnarvon. He has since visited me twice, in Gloucester and Bristol.

Yours truly,

T. FERRIER HULME.

The Carnarvon mission was on the same lines as the previous ones. But Evan Roberts did not take anyone

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with him this time, not even his sister. He strongly believed that he was divinely directed to go alone. A seven weeks' mission was arranged, answering to the seven districts into which the county was divided. It was to commence at Pwllheli on 4 December, and end at Llanberis on 18 January. A whole week was to be given to each district, conducting meetings nightly. The general committee decided to relieve him on Sundays, owing to the strain the work entailed. The campaign was commenced at Pwllheli, 4 December, according to the original arrangement. But soon appeals came urging the Missioner to conduct two meetings daily, in order to avoid overcrowding at certain centres. In several instances he did this. He went out to country places in the day to hold services, thinking that the people would not follow him in the nights, but after him they went. Before the journey was finished, the General Election came in the way. Evan Roberts and the committee did not feel that an election excitement was consistent with the spirit of Revival meetings, and therefore, the journey came to an end at Bryn'rodyn, 14 January. Soon he returned to Loughor, and thence to Swansea, to rest.

The mission was identical in spirit with the others. There was no order of service. Everyone was left free to speak when the Spirit prompted him. In all the meetings there was no lack of spontaneity. Some of them were equal in fervor to any of the most intense ones of the previous journeys. The mission stirred the churches considerably, and was the means of adding many to their number. It is supposed that his meetings with the young people and the children on this journey were about the most successful of anything in his history. Like the Anglesea mission, it left a lasting effect on Carnarvonshire.

The hard work told so much on Mr Evan Roberts that he did not feel equal to going back to complete the journey as is clear from his letter to the Rev. David Roberts, Abererch, with whom he stayed for nearly a fortnight when

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conducting the Pwllhelli meetings and the surrounding districts:—

6, The Promenade,

Swansea,

Jan 31, 1906

Dear Mr Roberts,—Here is the last day of the 1st month of the New Year. The time flies this year again. It almost seems more speedy at the end of the month!

Thanks for the letter and the good wishes treasured in its bosom!

I do not know exactly when I shall come to the North again. I was quite run down at the end of the Carnarvonshire mission. I had had a fortnight down South Wales before coming up. In future the motto of the Methodist must be adopted: 'Ara' deg yw "motto" 'r dyn.' ('slowly' is the man's motto). Slowly, but surely, is the best way to advance, is it not? Well, I shall take it slowly now.

Best regards to you, may the peace of God fill your hearts.

Yours,

Rev. D. Roberts. EVAN ROBERTS.

The Rev. David Roberts says that his prayers morning and evening, as well as his Christian conduct in the house, have left an indelible impression on him and his family. The same is the testimony of all with whom he has been staying.

He spent a month with Mr and Mrs David Lloyd, Swansea, after the arduous work in Carnarvonshire, as this letter shows:—

Loughor, S. Wales,

12/3/06

Dear Brother,—It is hardly necessary to put S. Wales, eh? You know very well who lives there, and he has nearly changed his home. The difference is great here after being in town for a month. A hundred thanks to you for all your kindness to me while under your comfortable roof. Thanks very much to Mrs Lloyd and the children, for their services too. I am pleased to

hear about Joseph, and especially about the wet cheeks. A wet cheek will make a clean heart is this orthodox? If not, forgive. I imagined or imagine that I saw our dear Keri in the arm-chair before the fire. He is a dear soul—I hope he will live long to teach of the spiritual life. When I heard that the devil or the evil spirit attacked him, I could not but exclaim: 'Oh Lord, put him under the sign of the blood.' It is wonderful to think that only a few know of his daring attacks, and those are the people who have experienced 'the powers of the world to come'. Remember the blood. Count yourself dead. Count, and then what will the enemy do with dead ones? The dead are good for nothing but the grave. Hence to the cross with us, and then to the

grave, and let Christ our resurrection come to quicken us. 'Yea, come Lord Jesus, Amen.' We could not but say Amen—again, 'Yea come Lord Jesus'.

My regards to you,

May God abide in you, for the Blood's sake,

Yours,

EVAN ROBERTS

On 24 February, he accompanied the writer to Llanlluan, Carmarthenshire, where an anniversary was held. He spoke after the writer in the first service for an hour and five minutes, and this was the most powerful address we heard by him. It is too long to be inserted here, but it will be published in some form or other in future. He was quite as powerful in the three meetings that followed.

At the end of March, Mrs Penn Lewis, the distinguished authoress and public speaker, invited him to her home at the Woodlands, Great Glen, Leicester, in order to have a complete rest, so as to regain his physical strength. He received great kindness from Mrs Lewis, and benefited much in his health. The last week in April he attended a Convention at Bangor, North Wales, returned from there to Great Glen, and June 27th he made his appearance at a Convention held at Perth, Rhondda. After a brief respite at Loughor, he proceeded to Keswick Convention where he is these days.

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Chapter XLVIII

Harvest Of The Revival

These lists, showing the harvest of the Revival, have been taken from the *Western Mail Revival Pamphlets*. But it should be stated that they only cover the First Journey. Also, many places in Wales are not included in them, because they did not send in returns.

FIRST LIST

(From 8 November to 31 December 1904)

Aberaman	214	
Aberavon	178	
Abercynon	401	
Aberdare	292	
Abergwynfi and Blaengwynfi	412	

Aberkenfig	167	
Abernant	62	
Abeersychan, Pontnewynyddd, Talywain, Garndiffaith and Varteg		
	180	
Abertillery	1000	
Abertrdwr	42	
Aberystwyth and district	193	
Amman Valley	341	
Bargoed and Aberbargoed	175	
Beaufort	100	
Bedwas	39	
Blackwood	286	
Blaenavon	183	
Blaenconin (Pem.)	6	
Blaengarw	390	
Blaenpennal	6	
Blaina	54	
Bridgend	193	
Briton Ferry	220	
Bryncethin	63	
Brynmenin	22	
Brynmawr	120	
Buith Wells	13	
Burry Port	96	
Bwlchyllan	30	
Caerphilly	459	
Capcoch	138	
Cardiff	439	
Cardigan and district	55	
Carmarthen	250	
Cilfynydd	438	
Clydach-on-Tawe	187	
Coity	23	
Crickhowell	91	
Crosshands and Tumble	103	
Cwmaman	227	
Cwmavon	429	
Cwmbach	138	
Cwmbran	172	

Cwmdare	82	
Cwmgwrach	106	
Cwmsyfiog	100	
Dowlais and Pendarren	900	
Drefach	23	
Ferndale and Blaenllechau	460	
Ferryside	15	
Fleur-de-Lis, Pengam, and Gilfach	87	
Fforestfach and Cockett	264	
Fishguard	120	
Gadlys	113	
Gilfachgoch	419	
Glyncorrwg	83	
Goodwick	20	
Gorseinon	259	
Gowerton and Waunarlwydd	144	
Hafod	134	
Heolycyw	22	
Hirwain and district	230	
Hopkinstown	64	
Kenfig Hill	343	
Kidwelly	191	
Laugharne and Plasket	80	
Llanbradach	120	
Llanddewi-brefi	25	
Llandilo (Pem.)	12	
Llangeitho	37	
Llanharan	160	
Llanhilleth and Six Bells	250	
Llanishen	27	
Llannon	17	
Llansamlet	224	
Llwycoed	77	
Llwynpiod	25	
Machen	152	
Maenclochog	16	
Maesteg	1208	
Maesycymmer	136	
Mardy	477	

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EVAN ROBERTS

Merthyr	450	
Merthyr Vale	627	
Mid-Rhondda	455	
Morrison	1300	
Mountain Ash	400	
Nantyglo	68	
Neath and district	1050	
Nelson	169	
Newbridge	33	
Newport	240	
Newquay	55	
New Tredegar	273	
Ogmore Vale	247	
Pembroke	12	
Penarth	385	
Treherbert, Blaenewm and Blaenrhondda	866	
Treorky	927	
Troedyrhiw	361	
Tylorstown	300	
Watford (nr. Caerphilly)	26	
Whitchurch	85	
Ynyshir	217	
Ynysybwll	716	
Ystalyfera	263	
Ystradgynlais	400	
Pentre	1080	
Penrhiwceiber	290	
Pentre (Rhondda)	490	
Penygraig	232	
Penywaun (Aberdare)	43	
Pontardawe	212	
Pontardulais	314	
Pontlottyn	87	
Pontyberim	40	
Pontycymmer	675	
Pontygwaith	150	
Pontypool	100	
Pontypridd	402	
Pontttrhyl	98	

Porth	55	
Porthcawl	35	
Port Talbot	139	
Penclawdd	13	
Pyle	64	
Resolven	245	
Rhydfelen	69	
Rhymney	492	
Robertstown	50	
Rogerstone and district	100	
St Bride's	21	
St Clears	24	
St David's	16	
St Mellon's	8	
Senghenydd	186	
Taff's Well district	180	
Taibach and Margam	256	
Talgarth district	74	
Tonyrefail	139	
Trecynon	376	
Tredegar	over 800	
Treforest	35	
Tregaron	56	
Treharris	768	

Total 34, 131
Second List

(FROM 1 TO 31 JANUARY 1903)

Aberaman	236	
Aberavon	325	
Aberbeeg	153	
Abercrave	57	
Abercwmboy	140	
Abercynon	630	
Aberdare	715	
Abergwynfi and Blaengwynfi	420	
Abergynolwyn	50	

Aberkenfig	256
Abernant	97
Abersychan, Pontnewynydd, Talywain, Garndiffaith, and Varteg	453
Abertillery, Six Bells, and Cwmtillery	2,342
Abertridwr	98
Aberystwyth and district	220
Amlwch and district	120
Bangor	160
Barry	424
Bargoed	162
Barmouth, Dyffryn, and Egryn	100
Beaufort	100
Bedlinog	182
Bedwas	39
Bethesda	60
Blackwood	340
Blaenavon	810
Blaenconin (Pem.)	6
Blaengarw	545
Blaenpennal	15
Blaina	878
Bontnewydd (near St Asaph)	15
Bridgend	279
Briton Ferry	406
Bryncethin	86
Brymawr	274
Brynmenin	22
Builth Wells	163
Burry Port	264
Bwlchyllan	30
Caerphilly	685
Capcoch	45
Cardiff	1088
Cardigan and district	55
Carmarthen	300
Carnarvon	210
Cefncribbwr	75
Cefn Mawr	260
Cilfrew and Coynant	101

Cilfynydd	721
Clydach (Brecon)	56
Clydach-on-Tawe	270
Clydach Vale	689
Coedpoeth	70
Coity	23
Cowbridge	26
Coychurch, Treos, and Llangan	70
Crickhowell	91
Crosshands and Tumble	276
Crosskeys	500
Crummlin	18
Cwmaman	565
Cwmamman (Carm.)	471
Cwmbach	374
Cwmbran	172
Cwmdare	94
Cwmgwrach	141
Cwmllynfell	120
Cwmpark and Brithdir	135
Cymmer	79
Dowlais and Penydarren	1365
Drefach and Velindre	89
Ebbw Vale	1500
Ferndale and Blaenllechau	700
Ferryside	17
Festiniog	300
Fforestfach and Cockett	286
Fishguard	120
Fleur-de-Lis, Pengam and Gilfach	214
Freystrop	36
Froncysyllte (N.W.)	60
Gadlys	147
Gelligaer	17
Gilfachgoch	451
Gilwern and district	60
Glyncorrgw	135
Glyn-Neath	450
Goodwink	20

Gorseinon	304
Gowerton and Waunarlwydd	141
Gwaun-cae-Gurwen	20
Hafod	262
Haverfordwest	90
Heolycyw	22
Hirwain and district	327
Holyhead	250
Hopkinstown	84
Kenfig Hill	498
Kidwelly	191
Lampeter and district	110
Landore	746
Laugharne and Plasket	80
Llanberis and district	300
Llanbradach	194
Llanddewi-Brefi	40
Llandilo (Pem.)	12
Llandovery	87
Llandrindod Wells and Howey Village	10
Llandudno	120
Llandyssul and district	114
Llanelly, Loughor, and Felinfoel	1,317
Llanelly Hill (Brecon)	90
Llanfair P.G.	100
Llangattock	53
Llangeitho	45
Llangennech	68
Llangollen (N.W.)	54
Llangyfelach	24
Llanharan	245
Llanhilleth	162
Llanishen	27
Llannon	17
Llansamlet	274
Llantwit Major	136
Llwydcoed	87
Llwnyhendy	109
Llwynpiod	25

Llwynypia	112	
Machen	209	
Maesteg	2,115	
Maenclochog	60	
Maescymmer Maindee (Newport)	6	
Mardy	680	
Menia Bridge	90	
Merthyr	760	
Merthyr Vale	874	
Middle Hill (Haverford-west)	36	
Milford Haven	100	
Miskin	12	
Morrison	1,666	
Mountain Ash	778	
Mynyddbach	14	
Nantlle	200	
Nantymoel	58	
Nantyglo	307	
Neath	1,205	
Neath Abbey	71	
Nelson	293	
Newbridge	410	
New Milford	300	
New Quay	55	
Newport	900	
Newton (N. Wales)	192	
New Tredegar	301	
Ogmore Vale	26	
Pembrey and Pwll	160	
Pembroke	12	
Pembroke Dock	20	
Penarth	600	
Penclawdd	193	
Penderyn (Aberdare)	10	
Penrhiwceiber	433	
Pentre	1,362	
Penycae (N. Wales)	130	
Penygraig	406	
Penygroes and District	300	

Penywaun (Aberdare)	50
Peterstone	15
Pontardawe	212
Pontardulais	435
Pontlottyn	242
Pontnewydd	62
Pontrhydyfendigaid	30
Pontrhydyfen	12
Pontrhydygroes	20
Pontyberem	102
Pontyclun and district	120
Pontycymmer	810
Pontygwaith	270
Pontypool	407
Pontypridd	1,645
Pontyrhyl	98
Port Dinorwic	60
Porth	658
Porthcawl	49
Portmadoc	150
Pwllheli	320
Pyle	64
Resolven	651
Rhayader	100
Rhos, Ruabon	1,400
Rhuddlan	13
Rhydfelen	95
Rhyl (N. Wales)	45
Rhymney	770
Risca	630
Robertstown	62
Rogerstone	400
St Asaph (N. Wales)	6
St Bridges	21
St Clears	66
St David's	36
St Fagan's	50
St Mellon's	32
Sardis (Pem.)	30

Senghenydd	457	
Seven Sisters and Onllwyn	121	
Skewen	464	
Sutton (Pem.)	27	
Swansea	500	
Taibach and Margam	270	
Talgarth and district	84	
Talywain	74	
Tongwynlais	135	
Tonna and Aberdulais	102	
Tonypandy	340	
Tonyrefail	301	
Towyn and District	80	
Trealaw	15	
Trebanos	50	
Trecynon	516	
Tredegar	1,500	
Treforest	56	
Tregaron	60	
Treharris	1,003	
Treherbert, Blaenycwm, and Blaenrhondda	1,164	
Treorky	1,463	
Troedyrhiw	466	
Tylorstown	650	
Vale of Conway	250	
Walton West (Pem.)	50	
Watford (near Caerphilly)	47	
West Hook (Pem.)	32	
Whitchurch	106	
Ynyshir	458	
Ynysybwl	792	
Ystalyfera	392	
Ystradgynlais	618	
Total	65,319	

THIRD LIST

(FROM 1 TO 28 FEBRUARY 1905)

Aberaman	510
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Aberavon	325
Aberbeeg	206
Abercarn	280
Abercrave	83
Abercwmbwy	156
Abercynon	720
Aberdare	726
Abergwynfi and Blaengwynfi	420
Aberkenfig	256
Abernant	104
Abersychan, Pontnewynydd, Talywain, Garndiffaith, and Varteg	453
Abertillery, Six Bells, and Cwmtillery	3,467
Abertridwr	124
Aberystwyth and District	220
Ammanford	319
Barry	676
Bargoed	191
Beaufort	238
Bedlinog	190
Bedwas	50
Birchgrove	38
Blackwood	368
Blaenavon	1,200
Blaengarw	583
Blaenpennal	15
Blaina	1,069
Bontnewydd (near St Asaph)	15
Brecon	51
Bridgend	307
Briton Ferry	406
Bryncethin	86
Brynmawr	488
Brynmenin	28
Bryn (Port Talbot)	70
Brynseion and Carvan (Pem.)	23
Builth Wells and District	216
Burry Port	290
Bwlchyllan	30
Caerau	57

Caerphilly	570	
Capcoch	51	
Cardiff	2,753	
Cardigan and District	55	
Carmarthen	312	
Cefncribbwr	75	
Cefngarmydd Cilfrew and Coynant	122	
Cilfynydd	721	
Clydach (Brecon)	70	
Clydach-on-Tawe	200	
Clydach Vale	850	
Coedpoeth	70	
Coity	24	
Cowbridge	28	
Coychurch, Treos, and Llangan	70	
Crickhowell	156	
Crosshands and Tumble	339	
Cross Keys	500	
Crumlin	18	
Cwmamman	670	
Cwmamman (Carm.)	559	
Cwmavon (Port Talbot)	80	
Cwmbach	402	
Cwmbran	186	
Cwmdare	94	
Cwmgwrach	141	
Cwmllynfell	120	
Cwmpark and Brithdir	135	
Cymmer	79	
Dinas	64	
Dowlais and Penydarren	1,365	
Draythan	10	
Drefach and Velindre	89	
Ebbw Vale	1,720	
Ferndale and Blaenllechau	873	
Ferryside	17	
Fforestfach and Cockett	286	
Fishguard	120	
Fleur-de-lis, Pengam, and Gilfach	214	

Freystrop	36
Gadlys	195
Garnant	132
Gelligaer	17
Gilfach Goch	451
Gilwern and District	90
Glanaman Glynorrwg	135
Glyn Neath	470
Goodwick	20
Gorseino	328
Govilon	50
Gowerton and Waunarlwydd	141
Gwaun-cae-Gurwen	150
Hafod	262
Haverfordwest	150
Hendre and District	102
Heolycyw	28
Hirwain and District	361
Hopkinstown	134
Kenfig Hill, Cefn, and Pyle	608
Kidwelly	278
Lampeter and District	130
Landore	792
Laugharne and Plasket	80
Llanboidy and District	19
Llanbradach	264
Llanddewi Brefi	40
Llandilo (Pem.)	12
Llandyssilio	23
Llandovery	89
Llandrindod Wells and Howey Village	22
Llandyssul and District	114
Llanelly, Loughor, and Felinfoel	1,756
Llanelly Hill (Brecon)	90
Llangattock	53
Llangeitho	45
Llangammarch	20
Llangennech	66
Llangyfelach	24

Llanharan	245	
Llanhilleth	251	
Llanishen	27	
Llannon	17	
Llansamlet	295	
Llawhaden (Pem.)	6	
Llantwit Major	145	
Llwydcoed	93	
Llwynhendy	120	
Llwynpiod	25	
Llwynpia	464	
Machen	212	
Maesteg and District	2,091	
Maenclochog	60	
Maescymmer	196	
Maindee (Newport)	6	
Mardy	680	
Merthyr	946	
Merthyr Vale	913	
Michaelstone	25	
Middle Hill (Haverford-west)	36	
Milford Haven	100	
Miskin	12	
Morrison	1,666	
Mountain Ash	1,030	
Mynyddbach	14	
Nantymoel	58	
Nantyglo	581	
Narberth	28	
Neath	1,300	
Neath Abbey	92	
Nelson	383	
Newbridge	500	
New Quay	350	
Newport	1,759	
New Tredegar	404	
New Milford	300	
New Inn (Pontypool)	68	
Ogmore Vale	269	

Pembrey and Pwll	160
Pembroke	70
Pembroke Dock	150
Penarth	600
Penclawdd	193
Pencoed	250
Penderyn (Aberdare)	10
Penrhiwceiber	397
Pentre	1,384
Penywaun (Aberdare)	50
Peterstone	15
Penygraig	749
Penyfae	25
Pontardawe	212
Pontardulais	435
Pontlottyn	242
Pontnewydd	62
Ponrhydyfendigaid	30
Ponrhydyfen	75
Ponrhydygroes	20
Pontyberem	130
Pontyclun and District	120
Pontycymmer	971
Pontygwaith	351
Pontypool	440
Pontypridd	1,243
Pontyrhyl	92
Porth	658
Porthcawl	49
Resolven	702
Reynoldston (Pem.)	30
Rhayader	100
Rhuddlan	13
Rhymney	868
Risca	654
Robertstown	67
Rogerstone	426
Rudry	50
St Bride's	21

St Clear's	66	
St David's	36	
St Fagan's	50	
St Mellon's	32	
Sardis (Pem.)	30	
Senghenydd	526	
Seven Sisters and Onllwyn	121	
Skewen	502	
Sutton (Pem.)	27	
Swansea	550	
Taibach and Margam	270	
Talgarth and District	84	
Talywain	74	
Templeton (Pem.)	30	
Tongwynlais	135	
Tonna and Aberdulais	127	
Tonypandy	656	
Tonyrefail	301	
Trealaw	183	
Trebanos	50	
Trecynon	527	
Tredegar	1,560	
Treforest and Ryhdfelen	589	
Tregaron	60	
Treharris	2,000	
Treherbert, Blaenrhondda and Blaenycwm	1,164	
Treorky	1,486	
Troedyrhiw	581	
Tylorstown	757	
Walton West (Pem.)	50	
Watford (nr. Caerphilly)	87	
West Hook (Pem.)	36	
Whitchurch	163	
Whitland	24	
Williamstown	11	
Ynyshir	458	
Ynysybwl	747	
Ystalyfera	392	
Ystradgynlais	563	

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EVAN ROBERTS

Ynystawe	70
Total	79,566
South Wales	76,566
North Wales	7,370
Total for Wales	83,936

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PART IV

The First Sermon, Prayers, Addresses, Sayings And Letters Of Evan Roberts

Hast thou ever heard of the saviour of men,
That willingly died on the tree?
He gave up himself as an offering for sin;
He sorrowed and suffered for thee;
He died on the cross, but he rose from the grave,
A saviour that's able and willing to save.
O, for thee he is waiting,
O, for thee he is waiting,
O, for thee he is waiting just now.

Hast thou ever heard of the sinless and true.
Who pities a sinner like thee?
Did father or mother to child ever tell
Of any so gracious as he?
He healeth the sick and restoreth the blind,
To all that accept him the saviour is kind.
O, for thee he is waiting, &c.

O sinner, come to him, he calleth for thee,
A prodigal life lead no more;
He seeketh to save thee from sin and from death,
He's knocking even now at thy door;
Accept him this moment, it is not too late—

Thy sin he will pardon, although it is great.
O, for thee he is waiting, &c.

In prayer continue, he will hear thy voice;
For thee in thy weaknesses he pleads;
In glory, he has not forgotten thee, friend,
But for thee in love intercedes.
Forgiveness, forgiveness, he'll freely bestow,
And make thee, poor sinner, even whiter than snow.
O, for thee he is waiting, &c.

Translated by Dr Edwards.

One of the favourite hymns of the soloists of the Revival.

Chapter XLIX

The First Sermon

We give here a translation from the Welsh of the first sermon composed by Evan Roberts, and completed on the date appended at the end of it. I have kept closely to his words in the translation—

‘And he said to them all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.’—Luke 9:23.

To the believer, all the words of the Lord Jesus are like the honeycomb, a shower of rain, or the morning dew on the sun-burnt earth. They bring life and survival in their bosoms. We find that man sometimes, when in the spirit of the gospel, is ready to and desires what is expressed in the words.

‘Speak, Oh speak, thou gentle Jesus,
For thy words are sweet as wine.’

As long as the words have a sweet element, rejoicing our souls, running parallel with our desires, and without cutting sharply and striking against the natural inclinations of our spirits, our hearts are ready and enthusiastic to confirm them with a warm and eloquent ‘amen’. So of the crowd whose history we got in the paragraph preceding the text. They saw Jesus receiving the five loaves and the two fish, and closing his eyes; they saw his lips move, and heard his wonderful words—the gems of creation—

speak creation into the food—into the five loaves and the two fish. He spoke sufficient and a remainder to five thousand people. It is perfectly easy on such an occasion to desire Christ to speak to us, to speak so wonderfully as to satiate curiosity—to speak heaven into earth.

But even the words of the Lord Jesus are not always sweet

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to the sinner—those words which descend like pointed arrows on his dear sins and loved habits. Then there is a desire in the depth of his soul not to ask the Saviour:—

‘Speak, Oh speak, thou gentle Jesus,

but

‘Oh! be silent, gentle Jesus!’

because his words are like fire on the skin, or an edged sword cutting between the sinner and ‘self’. So too this verse. It is not sufficient for fruit trees to receive the dew, heat, and rain—the mild dispensation, but they need also a harder dispensation. The withered and fruitless branches must be cut off with an edged instrument in order to strengthen the living ones, that they may bear better fruit. The same is true spiritually. These two principles are revealed in the teaching of Christ. The latter is the one found here. The severity of right, the essential requirements of the gospel of the Kingdom, and the edge of truth pruning the worthless branches of self from our inner life. The multitude had been called together before Christ spoke these words; and in the thin cloudless atmosphere of Bethsaida they were spoken. They descended on the people like the transparent dew of heaven. If the poet’s words are correct, that the words of Christ are sweet as wine, then we can infer that the experience of the multitude was like the man in the parable, namely, that the ‘old’ was better. They preferred to hear Jesus speak plenty for the temporal need of the body than speak sufficient for the essential, spiritual, and eternal needs of the soul. Christ only can speak these things to the soul.

Now God’s order is this—he calls first, and then gives. He called Adam and then gave the promise. He called Noah and gave him the commandments. He called Moses and made him a leader; He called Samuel and gave him a revelation. He called the fishermen and gave them the apostolate. He calls us also, and if we will obey we shall have the greatest gift of God—eternal life through the obedience of the Son. This was the ultimate purpose in calling the multitude. Christ only is sufficient to the multitude

in its various aspects, and to the individuals composing it. Christ for the multitude and the multitude for Christ. He only can satiate its deepest and most intense longing. The moment he is accepted, the beginning of the eternal fullness and

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the exhaustless riches satiates something wonderful and immortal that is in us. If the eternal sea of life and happiness does not wash the shores of our souls, it is not the fault of the gospel nor of heaven, because they have plenty for all and for eternity, so that countless multitudes may live for eternity on the infinite riches of the Lamb.

Therefore, let us persuade the world to come to Christ. This is what all who have received the grace of the gospel must do—call others to Christ. And how careful we should be, because our life either calls to Christ or drives from him.

This verse is a truth for the multitude. It was spoken to a multitude, but it fell on the ears of the Church also. The multitude should hear the requirements of the Gospel of the Kingdom, and the Church should have its truth impressed on the tablets of the heart with the Divine hand of the Holy Spirit.

In the preceding paragraph Christ asks the disciples what was the world's opinion of his Person, but Divine inspiration took care to note in what spirit the question was asked. According to verse 18, it was asked in the spirit of prayer. How unfeigned and pure is a question perfumed with the spirit of prayer! Although it is not of much importance what is the world's opinion of our persons, yet its judgment as to our conduct is of great consequence. The deepest cry and desire of every Christian's soul is for a knowledge of the world's opinion concerning his life. This is not the result of curiosity, the desire for praise, nor to escape being spoken evil of; but a humble longing for a knowledge whether his life is of any influence for good or not. It is not due to a desire for general glory, because, woe unto us when all speak well of us. Some think that we should not listen to what is spoken of us by the world, but we should remember that the world is not so blind as not to perceive our weaknesses, if it cannot recognise our excellences.

Should we ask the opinion of the world concerning us? The example of the great teacher should be followed. Ask the disciples and not the world, and remember to ask in the spirit of prayer in order to keep out pride. As the dew of the morning and the rays of the sun draw out the

beauty and perfume of the flowers, so does a word of praise with the humble heart of the

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Christian. Who can but rejoice when he hears that his efforts to better the world are successful and acceptable of God?

A pure life is a powerful and elevating influence. Who is the highest in his influence to change the world to the requirements of heaven? Not the lowest in his morals, but the highest. Because the higher the opinion of the world of us as Christians, the more will our influence be instrumental in saving the world.

The second question of Christ is more personal, direct, and nearer. 'But whom say ye that I am?' And the Saviour asks us today what is our opinion of him. Were we to refuse to give him a spoken answer, yet, our conduct gives a rather clear answer. Look at Peter in the court when accused by that maiden of belonging to Jesus of Nazareth, he curses swears, and shouts he knows not such a man. But it was almost impossible for him to hide his opinion. Notwithstanding that Peter pleaded that he did not know such a person, the world was more certain and definite that he knew Christ. The world today interprets our God in the externals of our conduct.

Although Peter's conceptions of Christ's person were to some extent clear, yet they were erroneous concerning his work. After Christ had revealed to the disciples the manner of his death, we find Peter beseeching him, being he was Almighty, to prevent the Jews to crucify him. He wanted him to walk to the crown without carrying the cross. It is said that Peter's words were a repetition of the temptation in the wilderness, being that he wished Jesus to take the crown without suffering death. And it is also said, the strong reproof of his master in the words—'get thee behind me, Satan' was due to Peter's wrong conception. After the reproof he calls the multitude and the disciples together, and speaks to them the text and the verses that follow. It may be that what occasioned them was the unwillingness of Peter for our Saviour to suffer the despised death of the cross, or that the multitude fed by him at Bethsaida followed him with the intention of being fed in a miraculous way, led him to speak them, or it may be, that both these conditioned their utterance.

We shall draw attention to two truths from the verse.—

I.—That man as a moral being has freedom to choose the objects of his worship.

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II.—That Christ as a Divine Being has a right to lay down the conditions of his worship.

What accounts for the feeling of unlimited emptiness which is in his soul? When has the soul been conscious of fullness? Only in one period in the history of humanity has the soul had a consciousness of perfect fullness—the Paraisada period—the period when Heaven dewed creation with its smiles.

Is it possible then to look at humanity as it was in Adam, its root and chief federal head, forming one perfect humanity, and that God, through Adam's transgression, left his home in the soul and therefore, that a depth of emptiness is to be felt in us? The contrary was the consciousness of humanity, as it was in Adam, of God dwelling in the soul—for the empty always presupposes the full. And the consciousness of emptiness suggests the consciousness of fullness. And it must come to this. The feeling of emptiness is in our soul, and it needs being filled, and if possible, that must be done. This is an important truth, and it is the experience of the best people of all countries and nations under the sun, and in every age. And it is most likely that our experience will run into this ocean. This is their judgment and experience—that it is impossible for anything visible to the senses, finite, carnal, and temporal, to satiate the deepest inward longing of an immortal soul.

And, being it is impossible for any man not to use his freedom to choose the object of his worship, God, by means of his infinite love, has prepared a way to direct man to use it correctly. The Gospel comes in and shows him the right of Heaven to his person. This right is threefold.

(1) A Creator's right.—Not a right to do, but to ask. God holds unmistakably the right to do unconditionally. As the potter has a right over the day, so, but in an infinitely higher sense, is the right of God. He has planted us, as it were, in the midst of natural laws—laws in and outside us, laws above and below us; and the smallest transgression of them brings an instant punishment. The creature cannot look at his Creator at any time, nor on any occasion, nor in any condition, and ask 'Why should this be?' for common sense is ready to testify that the created must be subject to the Creator. The Creator has not only

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a right to do, but to ask. And, whatsoever be his wisdom and will when asking, our duty is to obey him, for in creating man, God breathed into

his nostrils the breath of life. To man was given a pure, invisible, and immortal spirit, and he is asked to stand in that high position, and if he fell, that his face is to be always towards that high standard, and to use all means and efforts to regain it.

(2) The right of a Sustainer of the created.—This claim is deeper than the other. The mercies of God nearly blind us. He gives so much. He gives continually. He heaps mercy upon mercy, blessing upon blessing, and grace upon grace. When one mercy turns from our door, another knocks at it and presents its message. They come every day, every hour, and every minute. Yet we press through this multitude of blessings without touching Jesus. This claim is very strong, because God's providence and care safeguards our persons, and keeps need and its consequences far from us.

(3) A Saviour's right—This is the highest claim, it is the strongest claim, the most attractive, tender, and powerful in its authority—the claim of love. And especially love revealed in such a great sacrifice, and towards creatures rebellious and ungrateful. There is an ascension in these points, and they can be looked at as:—(1) The claim of God's words. (2) The claim of God's hand. (3) The claim of God's heart—'For God so *loved*.' The claim of God's heart is infinite, eternal, and divine. It is an incomparable claim because of the greatness of the gift—'That he gave his only begotten Son.'

The life and sacrifice of Christ are a revelation of the eternal love of God, and of his purpose to send his Son to be the Saviour of a lost world. What is the first claim of a Saviour? Immediate obedience! For if those, to save whom Christ gave his life, are unable to come out of their dangerous state, it is reasonable for such persons to give immediate obedience. Two considerations show that Christ claims this from men.—(a) Their dangerous condition. (b) His work for them. The word 'Saviour' at once suggests three things—(a) danger; (b) inability; (c) a way of escape.

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The human race, by nature, are children of wrath, and therefore, in a dangerous condition. 'We have come short of the glory of God.' Every one has gone his own way.

And there is an awful future to anyone who will remain in this dangerous condition. They must remain under the displeasure and wrath of God for eternity. What an awful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. It will be falling eternally, and drinking out of his judgment for

ever. The Scriptures show clearly that humanity was in such a condition that it could never command nor cultivate sufficient power to come out of its critical state. Christ came in the fullness of time, before it sank too low and lost all hope for life.

Eye-witnesses say that it is a pitiful and heart-rending sight to see a man having gone unknowingly to himself to a quicksand on the sea shore. Oh! what a scene, when he endeavours to come out, he is possessed by terror and fear. There, his feet have sunk, he cannot move a step, he is terrified; he makes another effort, but sinks lower; sinking, sinking, gradually, yet another effort, but he continues to sink. Now he has sunk very low; he struggles again in terror, and cries 'Help!' Struggle after struggle, it is hard on him. Every struggle and every movement makes him sink lower, his shoulders are almost out of sight, he throws up his arms hopelessly and cries 'Oh! help, help!' The place is too dangerous to approach him. There, his head has disappeared. Another minute, and all is over. This is our condition, says the Scripture. We are sinking, sinking in sin, sinking to eternal destruction, sinking to utter darkness, sinking to pain, shame, and wrath, sinking to the place 'where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth'.

Jesus is able and willing to save from this awful condition. And, as a Saviour, he offers his help, and asks for an immediate reception of it. Lest he be offended, and leave us in our misery and distress, let us accept his help. If we shall refuse him as a Saviour, this will be an awful thought—the hand which is offered to raise us, will be the one keeping us down eternally. And this is the next truth—that to save is as easy for Jesus as it is for us to stretch out our hand. The moment the soul says 'Save me', the help is near, and the soul is safe.

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Christ is a sufficient Saviour. The gospel proclaims that. His history has proved that, and the experience of the churches confirms it. This threefold claim outweighs all other claims, and therefore, should be responded to. Christ suggests two ways of using the human right, by two different classes.

1. Those who use it to choose Christ.
 2. Those who use it to choose another and reject Christ.
- The latter class resolves itself into two divisions again—
- a. Those who possess knowledge of Christ—but reject him.

b. Those who possess no knowledge of Christ—and cannot wilfully reject him.

1. To the latter class belong the idol-worshipping pagans, and an innumerable multitude of men who bow down before gods, that are not gods. Of the world's inhabitants over 830,000,000 are pagans, consisting of over 200,000,000 Brahmans, and about 600,000,000 Buddhists. The Parsis and Confucians number over 100,000,000, Mohammedans nearly 200,000,000. The Shintoist religion has 14,000,000 adherents, while the Jews are 7,000,000 in number. All the inhabitants of the earth are estimated at 1,483,000,000. And there are multitudes who have never heard of the name of Jesus. But we can praise God that the Gospel breezes bear the glad tidings to all parts of the world, and that a degree of success follows the preaching of them, through the untiring efforts of the Missionaries and the influence of the Spirit of God. *2.* Out of these 1,483,000,000, only 494,000,000 have accepted Christ—only a third of the world's inhabitants, and only a sixth part are Protestants. All those who have heard of Christ, but have not accepted him, do so wilfully. They will to reject him; they use the power to reject Christ.

But Jesus will not advance a step—not one step, to compel anyone to follow him. But it was not too much for him to leave Heaven and become incarnate, endure the passion of Gethsemane, and the scorn and shame and agonies of the shameful death on the cross, in order to win the sinner's affection, by love, but he will not come one step to compel anyone. The saint's will in Heaven will be perfectly free, the lost in hell will have their will

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in a sense free. Hence, a question arises naturally, why then is Christ rejected? If the principle is the same in the rejection of both earthly and spiritual things, then the rejection of Christ may be looked upon as resting upon two things—(1) A sense of sufficiency; (2) a sense of independence. Naturally, when things are offered us and we gently refuse them, we do so either because we have better things than these offered us, or because we do not need them. The rule is, refuse the bad and choose the good, reject poverty and choose wealth. Is this not our history too? Choosing the best always—that is, what appears to us to be the best. There is another rejection, arising not from a sense of sufficiency, but independence—rejecting because the gift or the giver is scorned or despised; or it arises from pride or stubbornness of the will. To see a man

in great poverty, too proud to accept substantial help touches the heart, but when this takes place in a spiritual sense, it melts one's heart to behold it. If those who have not accepted Christ think that the world with its pleasures and wealth is enough for them, we have nothing to do but pray for them, and try to show them Jesus only, and the true sufficiency. But if they are of an independent spirit, and cannot, nay, will not, bend to receive Christ, though they perceive their danger, such have our deepest sympathy. And Oh! that the Spirit of God would come to reveal the Saviour so as to melt the frozen heart. Every human device hardens the heart, but the merit of Jesu's blood under the blessing of the Spirit is enough to soften the hardest heart.

The other class is made up of those who have exercised the power to accept Jesus.

This class again resolves itself into two:—

1. These who choose Christ for the sake of the earthly, and from earthly motives.

2. These who choose Christ for the sake of the spiritual, and from love.

1. From those who have not come to him Jesus asks for immediate obedience. From those who have come he asks for complete obedience. This multitude gave him the former, but when Jesus asked for the latter they turned their backs upon him, and we find it written—'From that time many of his disciples

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went back.' That multitude, it maybe, followed him because they saw in his miracles a possibility for them to leave their daily occupations, and obtain their daily bread by means of his miracles. They were willing to follow him everywhere on their own terms, viz., that he would feed their bodies with bread and their curiosity with wonders. This class of people follow Christ from earthly motives. Their life, therefore, will be earthly, and unprofitable. They are amazed at the slowness of God's people, as compared with them; they can walk lightly and sprightly. But the secret is this, they carry no cross. As long as they get the crown let others have the cross. And being that that multitude erred, and we like them are but finite, are we not open to the same thing? It is not enough to give immediate obedience, but complete obedience must be given.

2. That is a glorious class who choose Christ for a Saviour, for the sake of the spiritual, and from love. These alone have exercised their freedom to the satisfaction of Heaven. Why did they receive Jesus? Were they

frightened by the terrors of the unseen world? Were they charmed by a description or imagination setting forth the glories of the fair, wondrous, happy land that awaits the saints? These might have served as mediums to show Christ, as the sycamore tree was a help to Zaccheus to see Jesus, but Christ is the main object. Here are people who had felt that sin was slavery and a burden, and the need of a Saviour from sin is not felt save where sin is felt to be like cancer consuming and destroying the constitution.

The lifeboat is a child of storms and difficulties. In the storm it is that its worth and sufficiency are proved. So, spiritually, the soul of the sinner must find itself in the storm and in straits ere the worth and sufficiency of Jesus as a Saviour are seen. This is the only time that he is so seen and felt, and he alone is sufficient; and he can break forth to say with the bard from Pantycelyn—

‘Jesus, thou art all-sufficient,
More than all the world contains.’

The immortal bard had meditated on and had seen his sufficiency, and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he saw the unsearchable treasures in him; and his infinite superiority over

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all else. That is what made him break forth in joyful song, and from his inmost heart to say that he would give up all in order to enjoy his fellowship. The moment we, too, see his beauty and glory, the world and its charms will pass away as the night before the morn.

Lastly—

3. The consequences of the exercise of this freedom rest entirely upon the possessor. As man possesses the freedom to choose the object of his worship, and as he must use it, and being that some reject him, though Jesus offers himself, it would be well to note two things.—

(1) Will, we wonder, the rejecters be courageous enough on the Day of Judgment, to tell Jesus the reasons they had for rejecting him? Will the reasons be such that Jesus will have mercy upon them? Not likely. As on earth they had things better than Jesus, and as Jesus is the great Centre of Heaven, Heaven cannot be Heaven to them. (2) The other is, if the Saviour is rejected, at the same time the Judge is rejected. And in justice, He must punish the rejecters. He must place them forever in the company of their lusts and sins, and there will be nothing there to satisfy lusts, and they will increase for ever.’ Their worm dieth not,’ ‘Outer darkness.’

Jesus offers one of two cups for us to drink.—

1. An intense longing stamped by his heart's blood that we should accept him.

2. Woe; with all the bitterness of his wrath and vengeance.

To those who have accepted the Saviour as their very own, there is in store an eternal day, with no cloud to darken their sky. For ever, in the land where there is a perpetual summer; the land of the anthem and the harp, of the palm and the crown; where the streets are resplendent with glory, a land where Jesus is the theme of everlasting wonder and unceasing praise. And in truth, 'eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for those that love him'.

May God give us wisdom to make the right use of this freedom, for his Holy Name's sake.—Amen. 1/6/04

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Chapter L

Prayers And Addresses

PRAYER

Delivered at Bangor, 24 April 1906. Translated from the Welsh by a Minister, and written to the *Life of Faith* by Mrs Penn Lewis:—

'Lord Jesus, help us now through the Holy Spirit to come face to face with the Cross. Whatever the hindrances may be, we commit the service to thee. Put us all under the Blood. O Lord, place the Blood on all our past up to this moment. We thank thee for the Blood. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ bind the devil this moment. We point to the Cross of Christ. It is our Cross, and we take its conquest. Reveal the Cross through the name of Jesus. O, open the heavens. Descend upon us now. Tear open our hearts—tear—give us such a sight of Calvary that our hearts may be broken. O Lord, descend now—now. Open our hearts to receive the heart that bled for us. Reveal the Cross in its glory and power. Do what thou wilt with us. If we are to be fools—make us fools for thee. Take us, spirit, soul, and body. We are thine. Thou hast purchased us. Reveal the Cross for the sake of Jesus—the Cross that is to conquer the world. Place us under the Blood. Forbid that we should think what man say of us, but what God thinks of us. O, speak, speak, speak, Lord Jesus.

Thy words are “wine indeed”. O reveal the Cross, beloved Lord Jesus—the Cross in its glory. Reign in every heart for the sake of Jesus, Amen and Amen.’

ADDRESS

After the above prayer the melted congregation then listened with rapt attention to the address that followed, of which the

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following is a rough and abbreviated translation:—

You have been singing ‘Ride, Lord Jesus, triumphantly’. It is one thing to sing this, and another to say it in our lives. Not simply to say it with our lips, but from the depth of our soul. Is there anyone present unwilling for Jesus Christ, the Son of God, to ride victoriously? Jesus is to ride victoriously and all enemies are to be trampled under his feet. How is it that he does not ride victoriously amongst all nations, families, and in every heart? Shall we say to him tonight, ‘Ride victoriously’? If so we must not check the reins. If you try to stop the white horse, beware, you will be under the horse’s feet. What does checking the reins mean. Everything in our lives not in keeping with the Rider’s heart. I must admit that this afternoon my hand was on the reins—when we were asked about being willing to be fools for Jesus Christ—that is, a fool in the opinion of this world’s wisdom. But by tonight I have let go. We must be satisfied to go out of sight, so that Christ may be revealed in us. The Lord said to me ‘Go, for I am with your’, and I have ventured all on his word.

Shall we as a congregation give our hearts to Jesus? The heart he wants, not the intellect, although he will make the best use even of this; but it is the heart and the life he wants. Ah! but what will the people say? This is not the question, but, What will *God* say? If we wish Jesus to ride victoriously he must have the heart. How much light we have had in this Convention! Nay, but it comes to how much *life* will be the result. Are we ashamed to shed tears for him? See how he wept tears over the city.

How can we be like him? (1) See him on the Cross. Perhaps some of you, like myself, have been deceived regarding the Cross. ‘*Don’t preach about the Cross; it is too awful*’, said the father of lies to me. Don’t believe him. The Cross is full of glory. The Cross reveals sin. Can we face the Cross in the light it throws upon sin—*Face the Cross*? Is there any sin

worth keeping when you get there? If you mean to keep your sin you mean to close Heaven's door. *Face the Cross!*

The Cross not only condemns sin, but (2) delivers from sin. It need not be a slow process. Give up your sin, and take the

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battle to Jesus. The Cross is the power of God, the power of God even to deliver us from self. It works death to the life of self. Let us *face the Cross*, and thus face liberty, and face the throne, for the Cross is a throne of victory. The cross used to stir me to tears, but this is not sufficient—it must stir us to a change of life.

Face the Cross. There you find the wisdom of God. Yea, more: wisdom would only meet the intellect—you will find in the Cross the *heart* of God. Shall his heart move our hearts?

Face the Cross, and you will trample on sin, self, and all the powers of darkness. But before we realise this conquest we must do what God did. He gave his all to the Cross. We, too, must yield all—that is, give up your will to God. This has been emphasised often these days. 'Thy will he done', said the Son of God. God's will is the best for all of us. You say it is difficult. But we must bend. Tell him how hard it is. If he asks it of you, he will give you strength. May he give us a revelation of the Cross!

PRAYER

This was offered in English at Porth, 28 June 1906, in a meeting addressed by Mrs Penn Lewis, and taken down by the writer:—

Oh Lord, do thou give us a calm. Speak to us so as to calm our bosoms. Still the storm in our hearts. Speak to every heart here now, and give us peace. Lord we look to Calvary. Do thou help us to see there the dying Saviour. Help us to realise his love, and to feel his love burning our heart's corruption. Enable us to see him conquering the host of darkness. Claim victory for thy Son now, Lord. He is worthy to have the victory. Thou art the all-powerful God. Oh, claim victory. We shall give all the glory to thy name. No one else has a right to the glory but thee. Take it—Lord. Glorify thy Son in this meeting. Oh, Holy Spirit—do thou work through us and in us now. Sanctify us. Bring us all under the blood of Calvary. Take thy handmaid and speak through her the word of power, for thy name's sake, amen.

Address

Delivered at Porth, 29 June 1906, in a missionary service, conducted by the Rev. Dr John Roberts, Khassia; translated from the Welsh by the writer:—

A word from God's mouth—that is what we have heard here tonight. All the words from his mouth stand. A word from man's mouth is expected to stand. God ought to be in all our words. Man ought to speak like God. His words ought to be true, and full of reality. God spoke through the prophets, and man has spoken by persecuting the prophets. God has spoken through his Apostles. He has spoken through his Son, and God is here tonight speaking through him. His words are as clean as himself. All the words of God are holy. Are our words so? Could they bear the light this moment—the light of God—the spiritual light of his countenance? We are here tonight in his presence, in the midst of the light of God. He sees us all. We are transparent to Him. Can our words stand this very minute in His light? When we to realise that we are in His light, could we keep from blushing? Angels blush in the light of His presence. Shall we listen to God incarnate speaking tonight? We shall have to listen to His words in the Day of Judgment. All our words, deeds, thoughts, desires, and plans will be brought to the light that day. They will be weighed and judged in the light. When reflecting upon the past we say, 'Oh! that we could have lived differently.' The past is awful. It is enough to dishearten us sometimes. But God be thanked, it is possible to reform. It is possible to have the old life blotted out forever. Would you like to have it blotted out? The one who can blot it out is here now offering to do that.

Thanks to him, that the one who died liveth, and is able to forgive all the past. It is possible through him to have God to cleanse the past with the Blood. But be it under stood that God does not forgive for us to live in our corruption, and according to our plan, and to follow our own ways. He forgives, that we may walk in the light. 'But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the Blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

By walking in the light, we get the fellowship. What about us tonight in the sight of God? Every word, every thought, every desire, every feeling, and all our secret wishes are written down. He sees them all, and weighs

them. Just now you sang heartily about following Christ to Calvary. Did you think what was in that? It is possible to sing and whisper empty words—words without reality in them. There are plenty of empty words in the world. But every word should be full of God. He is full in all his words. Is it not to be so in our case? Yes, if we think seriously what is the import of our words. Do you think we could follow Christ to Calvary? Just understand what that means. Proceed slowly in this direction. There is a great deal too much ‘go’ in the Church. The world goes quickly, and there is too much of the world in the Church. Let us weigh our words, weigh our resolutions, and weigh our thoughts. To follow Christ to Calvary requires this.

What about the sentence, ‘I will follow him to Calvary’? What does it mean? Walking in his footsteps. If we do not walk in his footsteps, we are none the better of coming here to sing and pray. Here we are face to face with the Cross of Christ. What is Christ doing on the Cross? Freeing you from the guilt of all sins. Let us walk to Calvary by faith tonight. God laid on him all our iniquities. Why do we not take our iniquities to the Cross, and lay them on him. Let us glorify the Saviour by giving his place to him. He wants you to believe and trust him, and he will take all your burden away.

Many know that God has forgiven them, but some one sin remains. But that should not be, because God has delivered you from all sin. Ask for strength to cut off that one sin. When that is got rid of your life will be full of joy. Blessed be God, he throws light on the Cross. I thought once that I would have to fight with sin for a lifetime. But there is no need, only for us to believe that the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ is able to deliver us from all sin. Do you believe that it does deliver from all sin? If you do, take all sins to Christ. Ask him to destroy that one sin that besets you; ask him to do so at once, and thus you shall have deliverance.

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Oh, that the day may come when the Church of God will be one. Christ unites all that is good, and separates from it all that is evil. He separates and frees you from all sins. Christ waits to have all his enemies under his feet, and he is to see them all under his feet. And under our feet they are to be, if we are going to conquer. But, remember, we can only have the in the same way as he had them, and is going to have them. How did Christ conquer his enemies? By laying, down his life. Are we ready to lay down our lives? If not, we are not ready to go to Calvary as

he did. And, remember, we must go to Calvary if we are to have our enemies under our feet. Is there anyone here who would wish to have sin under his feet? If there is, take your liberty, friend. Is there anyone here who is desirous to have self-conquered? Take your liberty. Is there anyone here who longs to have hell under his feet? Take your freedom. The one who can enable you to conquer these enemies offers you strength now to have dominion over them. This cannot be accomplished at once. Why? Because there are depths of self in us. Whatever aspect of self will be revealed in you, take it to the Cross. The Cross for the mortification of self, and not weeping. What are we better of weeping for over without a pure life? The life of the Cross is the pure life. What is the power of the Cross? Not a power to weep, but to slay self—to bend the will. Can we say, ‘thy will be done’? ‘I have been crucified with Christ’, said the Apostle. What is that? It means to believe in Christ. Believe into Christ. Believe until we are in him. If in Christ in one place, we are in him in all places. Is there anyone here not in him? Now, shall we face the Cross in order to have the throne? When at the Cross in the right spirit, we find a throne everywhere—a throne over self, sin, the devil, and the world. By the Cross the atmosphere is perfectly pure. If pride troubles you, take it to the Cross; if a quick and unruly temper conquers you, take it to Calvary, and there drink of the meekness of Jesus, if desire for riches burdens you, take it to the Cross, face to face with the poverty of Christ. But we must be tired of these things before we take them to the Cross. It will not do to take them there, and love them at the same time. Oh! for being tired of them all,

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and ask God to take them to the Cross, and apply the death of our Lord Jesus Christ to them. That will give us a full conquest over self. But this is the thing—are we willing to bend to God’s will whether ill or well, rich or poor? We want to be ahead of all continually. The aim of some is to be before others. Let us be ahead in doing God’s will. God works in us—‘For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.’ Shall he come in to give us victory over self? We sing, ‘As thou wilt let me be’. But are we ready to lay ourselves in his hand entirely? Why should anything keep us from doing that? What are houses and lands compared with being in God’s hand? Let such things go. If you want happiness, let the world go. What is there in the world for the soul? Nothing—nothing. Were you to have all the thrones of the

world without doing God's will, what would you benefit? 'By doing his will, everything is yours—everything. But wait a moment. You must be possessed by Christ. Christ must be your master. There are many willing to be active with religion if they shall rule. But it is not to be so. Christ must rule the heart! It must be entirely under his authority.

Now are you prepared to go with Jesus to the Cross? What was in his Cross? Not the nailing, but the agony of his soul. It meant the breaking of his heart. He suffered to be scoffed, despised, and reviled at, and that when doing the greatest kindness. When you do a kind deed to a fellow man, and that one serves you meanly afterwards, scarcely can you bear the cross. Think of Christ, my friends—the greatest Benefactor—how he suffered. Although we were worthless in a sense, he bore all the afflictions on our behalf. We! what are we good for? For nothing but fire. What have we? Nothing I have a mental capacity, some one may say. Mental capacity! can that save? If it could, almost all would be saved. It is not mental capacity God requires. If it were so, God could create millions of beings with mental capacities superior to ours. It is a soul God requires. God desires people to know him. By honouring him, they can enjoy him. Who will be able to praise Christ best in eternity? Those who understand him best on earth. Can we sing now that we resolve to follow Christ to Calvary? There is only

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one on Calvary—one Spirit. Are we of one spirit here? Is there an adverse spirit in the meeting? Send that to Calvary. The bending of the spirit will cost dearly perhaps—bending the will, the heart, the mind, the self. But what did it cost him? He set his face like adamant on going to the Cross. It was not the Roman soldiers, the authorities, and the people that sent him to the Cross. No; he set his face on going to the Cross. His whole life inclined to the Cross. He stood steadfastly in the face of all. Oh! blessed be his name for this firm unchangeableness. He looked steadfastly towards the Cross. Thanks that he stood unmovable. All who are in him are the same. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Nothing can move him who has had Christ's life. Do you desire to have his life? Only this can give you unchangeable firmness and liberty. It is the truth that makes one free and able to stand. But no one can stand in the truth without the truth being in him. Here is life—the life of God himself in us. Shall he have your will? He asks for the heart, 'My son, give me thine heart'. Do not offer him houses and lands, but the heart,

do not offer him niches, but the heart. Nothing but the heart is acceptable. Why the heart? Because by giving the heart you give yourself. The giving of the heart involves bending the will. The whole man is moved to Calvary when the heart is given to God. When you bend the will to God you bend to His infinite wisdom. By bending thus you get the best of God. Shall he have your will? If you are too weak to give it, ask now for strength.

What blessedness! To have all our enemies under our feet! Are you thirsty for a victory over them? Would you wish to sit as kings? That is only possible by going to Calvary. Shall we say to him now that we are coming to Calvary, or to the throne; because there and there only the throne is. By that we shall be one with all who are there, because all that are on Calvary are on the same level. Once you come to Calvary, the Omnipotent God is on your side. Hell is on your way there; but there is one stronger than the powers of hell on the Mount. Shall we bend in his presence? Heaven looks at us, shall we look towards Heaven?

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Chapter LI

Sayings of Evan Roberts—Taken from his Diary

Prayer is the secret of power

If the path of life be steep and rough,
Oh! remember the way of the Blood!

I carry not the Gospel, but the Gospel carries me.

There is nothing like fire to bring down the temper of iron and steel. So, also, with man. Burning furnaces of life do, and will do so. But the work is spoiled unless re-tempered by the Divine hand.

Lay not too great stress on thy resolutions; rather thou should'st emphasise thy actions. It is certain that out of thy mouth shall proceed no word of thy vile deeds—more shame to thee! Much more surely, if there be grace in thy heart, thou wilt not mention thy righteousness, for that would be boasting. For a man to boast of his virtues is like putting a double-edged sword in his heart, making the whole as nothing. Thou can'st not, therefore, boast and emphasise thy goodness. So let thy life be emphasised and thy boast be in the living God.

The Resurrection.—Silence! The judgment trump is sounding! Lo! the tombstones reel and fall! Yea, the earth moves and heaves, and the mortal body of one arises and the eyes open in eternity! Then, in union with the soul, it ascends and looks down upon the empty grave being itself buried in the great fire, and Death sadly sighing at the falling away of the fetters of his prisoners, and then, turning to his officers, Pain and Fear, saying, ‘Tell me now, can you now enthrone me?’

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It is not possible for all to be corner-stones. In this way there will be no house to eternity.

The Christian’s life is not a grave, but a fair garden—though there may be weeds in plenty.

Why so much anxiety for the showers before the time of sowing.

Some glory in their talents. If so, there is one talent still missing, and that is the one to prevent boasting. Give thanks to the Creator for thy talents, and ask him to draw his Divine fingers over them, to pacify anger and delight love.

Jesus could enjoy wit.

Between man and his Canaan there is ever the sea, the rocks, and the wilderness. Probably he will stand at the foot of the rock, probably stand and weep and look in awe and horror on the raging billows, and the thought of the burning wilderness may cause him to murmur and sadly sigh. Yet, in spite of all, his footprints will be heavier and more frequent on the land of the enemies.

If the Church utters not warnings, the ungodly advance nearer and nearer to the last and twelfth hour—the sinners last hour, and the hour of God’s eternal wrath.

Stop all the clocks of the universe, Time will still glide.

Time goes, though the clock strikes not.

When there comes a pause in the services, then is there a danger of someone swinging the pendulum instead of raising the weights.

Think before you answer, but when the answer comes, let it be the answer.

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While rejecting the Gospel car in thy life, do not think to receive the chariot of fire to bear thee into eternity.

’Tis well thou hast balm for wounds; but yet it is folly to wound in order to make use of the balm.

The Hypocrite.—The face of an angel, but an evil spirit. The depth of his religion is really the depth of superficiality. The depth of a Christian's religion is that of a pure heart.

Thy soul must sink into and blend with another if thou would'st keep it pure.

The best music is the harmony arising between the soul and the laws of God. The finest hymn is that of the wine got from the press of the soul in God's hand. The soul in straits sings sweetest.

Thou canst always smile on the world while Heaven smiles on thy soul.

Obstacles! These must be removed. The stumbling stones not only must be moved from the path, but must be used to level up another path.

No one ever refused to go by train on account of failure to understand the mechanism of the engine; yet the worldly wise reject salvation because they understand not the Divine secrets therein. On the Judgment Day the lost will be near to Jesus, but will be infinitely separated from the Saviour.

The prayer is buried, and lost, and Heaven weeps. If all prayed, the wicked would flee from our midst, or to the refuge.

You are old enough to die, and young enough to accept salvation.

Praise be to him that he has passed through the land of Canaan, but glory to him that he has come into my heart.

A feeling of need and not the force of habit will make thee a sincere suppliant.

A great man has no time to think of his greatness. To do so would lead him to compare, and for a great man to compare is not greatness. Compare thyself not with any greatness, but with the Son of Man.

The true friend is always at hand, near, but not so near as to tread on thy heels.

The path of life is obedience.

Heaven is sustained by truth. Hell, likewise, is held by it.

I draw strength from thy cross to carry my cross.

If I have not his photo in my hand, I have his image in my heart.

Do not press—but strike the keys of life.

Time wears away the mirror, not the many times thou hast stood before it.

Thou may'st stand and stare
But the glass (truth) won't wear.

Jesus found but two resting places—a loving bosom and the grave.
'True life hath no place whereon to lay its head.'

If in death thou would'st diffuse fragrance, take heed that thou doest
so in life.

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Thou would'st boastfully set up thyself! Thou art but a subject of
ridicule. Talk of thyself, and thy strength and wealth are impaired. Speak
only of God and thou shalt have riches from the Almighty. Some Christians
sing, but cannot say, 'Come to Jesus'.

Through the Son cometh life,
Conviction through the spirit,
Sanctification through the Word.
And through the Church salvation.

The love of the Son brought life,
The power of the Spirit brings conviction,
The truth of the Word sanctifies,
The purity of the Church brings salvation.

Some Christians *sing*, but cannot *say*, 'Come to Jesus'.

Make not religion a scaffolding for thy business transactions; rather
make thy business a scaffolding for the erection of temples to the living
God.

Crowns are given for carrying crosses, not for making them.

If crowns were given for making crosses for others, this earth would
be groaning under the load of crowns gained by its people.

The song that for ever is new—Sufficient newness to extend to eternity.

Secret prayer is the spring-time of life.

Set the fingers of thine enemy to the chords of thy harp.

A seat to the foolish is merciful. But to enthrone the foolish is to
dethrone reason.

If in my best yhou find a sin, remember this—it is sincere.

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Think of the hand that guides the dark cloud.

The darkest cloud is still bright enough even in itself.

The object of night is not to reveal the stars, but the work of the stars is to hide the night.

Envy stalks through the gardens of Jesus, trampling some of the finest flowers of the Divine gardener.

If you miss your foot, do not slip your tongue.

Prejudice is over-weighted with its quiver of arrows; his delight and aim is to wound the children of God.

If not a worker do not aspire to be a preacher. Remain not a preacher on the feeble throne of hire.

Man is a sinner before the throne, but becomes a child at the festal table. The throne must precede the table. We must meet God on his throne ere we join the Father at his table.

If the sun were in partnership with many a one, he would have accomplished a world of work ere his partner had his eyes open, and would have raised a world of pearls ere his partner had left his bed.

Chapter LII

Letters of Evan Roberts

Specimen of his answers to invitations to hold meetings.

To the Rev. Robert Jones, Rhos, North Wales:—

Chester House,

Llandrindod,

25/7/05.

Dear Mr Jones,—If hope in man causes weakness, faith in God strengthens. When in Anglesea, I proposed calling at Rhos on my way home; but such was not the will of God. When the Royal call comes, saying 'Go to Rhos', my answer is ready—'Here am I, send me'.

Dear Mr Jones,—If ever there was need for the church of God to be watchful, it is more so today than ever. 'Watch.' This verse is ever present with me. 'Watch and Pray.'

I am,

Yours, on the tower,

EVAN ROBERTS

Rev. Robert Jones.

To the Rev. T Powell, Treorchy:—

Loughor,

31/7/05.

Dear Friend,—I should be pleased, and very pleased, if convenient to have a conversation with you. At present I cannot, because I do not know where I shall be; if I should see my way clear I shall appoint a day to see you, face to face, word for word, smile for smile, and spirit for spirit.

Countless regards,

EVAN ROBERTS

Rev. T. Powell.

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To the Rev. J.H. Howard, Cwmavon:—

Trecynon,

28/11/05.

As soon as the wind will blow to the direction of the Valley, I shall be under its wings. With the night's breeze sweet odour blends; On Sunday morn manna descends.

EVAN ROBERTS.

A letter of acknowledgment for the writer's Commentary on the Epistles of St Peter, which was dedicated to him:—

The Woodlands,

Great Glen,

Nr. Leicester,

4.4.06.

MR DEAR FRIEND,

I see that the iron is being heated, beaten, and beautifully formed by thee. How does the arm bear it? The first point is to have the fire red-hot, strong, and trim, then the hammer and the anvil, but we must have '*him*'.

May thy work hold like steel, making the heroes of our country more heroic than ever in the uppermost parts of the mountains. Speaking of heroes! Here they are. The heroes of the Mount of God. The suppliant on his knees, who can command the hosts of hell to retreat. Thanks for such heroes. But this is the furnace—Calvary.

Do not overwork yourself. Be moderate. Can you? I hope Mrs Phillips and Edith are in good health—physical and spiritual.

Thank you for the honour you bestow on me. No! Not on me, but on *'him'*, who called me out of the depths. Had *he* not spoken, I would have been still in obscurity. The glory I give to him. And yet, I cannot but give thanks, although I should rather be out of sight. Blessing on thy efforts. Without any flattery, one can say, 'Blessing on every honest effort'.

Long life to you; and may God, through the windows of Calvary, smile on you. In time past, dark was the Mount; but, now, it is divinely white. Then, the sound of battle, but, now, the sound (?) of peace reigns on its summit.

O yes, thanks for the copy. Thanks for what has been and will be received. My warmest greetings to you and your family.

Yours, in Christ,

EVAN ROBERTS.

Letter to Mr David Lloyd, Swansea:—

Great Glen,
Leicestershire,

12/4/06.

My Dear Friend, Many thanks to you for your letter and for the 'cuttings'. When I think of your comfortable home and the mercy of the Lord in sending me there for that month, I feel truly grateful to you and to heaven. The thankfulness drops over my lips now. I should be glad this minute to set my foot on your hearth once more. I hope that the Lord will grant me that again.

I am pleased to hear that the country is thirsting for God. The drier the earth the more ready it is to receive the rain, is it not? Let it get drier still! Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst. 'Blessed are they!'

What about the rain? Is there a cloud to be seen? Where is the prophet? The Fashioner of the prophet and the cloud—is alive. He can raise the one and call the other in a twinkling. Before raising the cloud the prophet must descend on his knees; and again, before descending we must ascend to the mount; and to do this, we must abstain from everything that will rob us of our strength to pray after ascending.

True, there are many ascending unto the mount; but without strength to call upon God after the ascension; the world in its affairs is too heavy a burden. Now for it! Away with all form of evil. Up unto the mount—unto seclusion, face to face with God, face to face with the earth; face to face with need;

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face to face with difficulty, face to face with the blessing. Praise God! Who is the youth? Hope, is it not? Here is a portrait of faith and hope. Faith conquering! Hope looking—hope without faith is nothing.

Therefore, let the prophets ascend unto the Mountains. Let them call on God. Then the rain will come—the heavy rain! It is needed is it not? Well, continue to ask for it and expect, and it will come in his time.

My regards to the other members of the family.

Yours humbly,

Your Friend,

EVAN ROBERTS

A letter to the writer regarding religion in Wales:—

The Woodlands,

Great Glen,

Near Leicester,

18/5/06

DEAR FRIEND,—

How does your strength keep up? Are you still hard at it? Proceed slowly, that is the way to advance. Your advice to me was, 'Don't work so hard'. Thanks for it. But don't you forget it, too! How does the work of the Cross go on? Does the Cross continue to attract the people of Tylorstown? There is nothing like the Cross of our Lord to melt the hardest hearts. It is the wisdom and power of God in the uplifting of mankind. But are we, its followers, loyal to him who endured it? The Cross is the Throne.

What are the themes that attract you most these days? Is the Cross in its power to remove 'sins' and 'self' eagerly accepted by the people today? Let me have a word, if you have time for it, making known your opinion regarding the near future as far as religion is concerned in Wales.

With very kind regards to you and yours,

I ever remain in him,

Your Friend,

EVAN ROBERTS

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EVAN ROBERTS

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PART V.

THE POETICAL PRODUCTIONS
OF
EVAN ROBERTS

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Oh! send the Holy Spirit, Lord,
In Jesu's blessed name,
Oh! let thy spirit now descend
In tongues of sacred flame!

According to thy promise, Lord,
Shed freely from above,
The Holy Spirit in his strength,
To manifest thy love.

Lord, let him come from thy good will
To lift the world, and save;
To guide thy children far beyond
The precincts of the grave.

Oh! Precious Jesus! hear us, now.
Fulfil thy words today,
Let the great Comforter begin
His work in us, and stay!

Rev. John Hughes

Translated by Mr Abraham Thomas, J.P., Llansamlet.

POETICAL PRODUCTIONS

I

MISCELLANEOUS

WHOSOEVER WILL COME SHALL NOT BE REJECTED.

*The First of his Poetical Productions published (Children's Treasury, June,
1899)*

Mercy's door is still wide open,
And the Throne of Grace is near;
Let us then go straight to Jesus,
He our feeble cry will hear.
He will grant us full forgiveness,
He will hear us when we pray;
In his Holy Word he tells us
'No one will be cast away'.

Now for us he's interceding
In his Father's home on high;
Brother, Friend, and Saviour is he,
When the helpless to him cry;
He will lead the weary pilgrims;
He will cheer them on the way;
And his voice declares for ever,
'No one will be cast away.'

Jesus Christ today is calling
From the glorious realms above,
'Come, all nations, come, and welcome,
To the feast of heavenly love'.
Those who seek will find the treasure;
Blessings come to those who pray.
To his Throne we'll go believing—
'No one will be cast away'.

We must make a full surrender—
 'Tis the path that Jesus trod;
 Faith in him alone will lead us
 Through the desert, home to God.
 In our weakness we'll draw near—
 His own arm shall be our stay;
 Though we're faint, and weak, and helpless,
 'No one will be cast away'.

Little children, youths, and maidens,
 And old men, with one accord,
 Come to own him as your Saviour,
 And adore him as your Lord.
 His great love and sovereign power,
 With his wisdom, seem to say,
 In a voice both loud and clear,
 'No one will be cast away'.

Listen to him, wretched sinner,
 Listen to the voice Divine;
 If thou wilt rely upon him,
 Life eternal will be thine.
 Oh! how sad without a Saviour
 In death's hour to be thy stay!
 Sinner, come, Oh, come to Jesus!
 'No one will he cast away'.

'A SACRIFICE FOR TRY SAKE'
 (*Composed at Mountain Ash, 1899.*)

Gently the vessel o'er the tide was sailing,
 The pearly wavelets all round her sparkling.
 The sun of joy illumed the scene with brightness,
 And every breast heaved with a mystic gladness.
 Some laughed aloud, and clapped their hands together,
 While others tried to moderate their pleasure.
 'Twas sunshine everywhere, on rock and billow,
 And every heart was light and free from sorrow.
 But, ah! in thundering tones a voice is calling—

'The vessel leaks! Look, how the flood is rushing!
The ship will sink, and sink within an hour,
Unless we manage to keep down the water.
Now, to the pumps, all hands! Lose not a minute!
Perhaps we may be able yet to check it.'

No sooner said than done—they rushed together,
And strove with might and main to keep it under;
But, ah! no hope remains—in vain they labour—
The water rises higher still and higher.
The men sink on their knees, faint with exhaustion,
Add pray to him that rules the mighty ocean—
'O! gracious Father! bear our humble prayer;
O! save us, Lord—let us not perish here!'
Hark! 'tis the captain's voice—what is he saying?—
'Friends, all is lost!—but there's one thing remaining
Yet to be done—our boats are three in number,
And these will carry thirty altogether—
Ten to each boat—the law must not be broken—
Remember this—the final word is spoken.
One must remain to perish in the waters—
One must be sacrificed to save the others.'

The lots were cast, and upon David Parry
The lot came down—of all the mast ungodly!

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This when he saw, he stood aghast with fear—
His countenance was changed like King Belshazzar,—
His heart grew faint; his limbs began to tremble;
His mind grew weak, and all his thoughts unstable—
His brow was wet with clammy perspiration,
Whilst gazing at the hopeless situation.
Who can describe the agonies he suffered,
When, blind with tears, in accents low he murmured:—
'O! wretched state!—hell opens wide before me—
I feel the scorching flames—O! awful misery!
In colours vivid all my sins appear
Before my eyes—O! God! I'm lost for ever!
The storm of conscience in my ears is roaring—

Lost! all is lost! O! words of dreadful meaning!
The waves of heaven's vengeance, loud and angry,
Break on the damned soul of David Parry!

With arms stretched out! now perceive the demons
At the black portals of the nether regions.
Farewell, farewell, my friends, before the morrow,
My grave shall be beneath yon sounding billow,
And I, O! Heavens! for ever lost—a wretched sinner
Treading the burning mart of hell for ever!
'No, not O! no!' the godly captain shouted—
'Go thou into the boat, and rest contented;
My life a sacrifice I'll give to save thee—
Believe in Christ, my Saviour, and be happy.'

The boats are lowered, and o'er the heaving billows,
From the doomed ship, they bear their precious cargoes;
The men look back—the vessel now is sinking,
But on the deck the hero's voice is singing—

'In the swelling of the river
Who will keep my sinking soul?
No one but my blessed Saviour
Who once suffered ...'

The song dies on the breeze—and all is over—
The vessel sinks beneath the surging water!

Behold, on Calvary, our blessed Jesus,
Sinking alone in Heaven's wrath to save us—
Faith in his sacrifice will bring, in safety,
A countless number to the realms of Glory.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS

Sometimes, alone, I meditate
On Jesus and my future state.
Then in my breast this thought will wake
'What have I done for Jesus' sake?'

Though I am but a little pet,
 With rosy cheeks and eyes like jet,
 The day will come—perhaps ore long—
 When friends will chant my funeral song.

While I'm allowed on earth to dwell
 I'll strive to serve my Maker well;
 And Jesus Christ and Calvary
 Shall be the sweetest theme for me.

Let all the little children now
 Before the throne of Jesus bow;
 Then we, some day, with wondering eyes,
 Shall see his face in Paradise.

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GRACE AND SIN

*(Written to his friend, John Hughes, Loughor, from Mountain Ash, October
 3rd, 1899)*

In a strange country now we live,
 Amid the snares of evil,
 But God to us his strength will give
 To overcome the devil.
 Grace, and the damning power of sin,
 Are struggling here for ever;
 Neither will in this war give in;
 One must destroy the other.

We'll ask our God, from hour to hour,
 To rule and guide our actions;
 For in his own Almighty power
 We'll pass through all temptations.
 May grace destroy the power of lust,
 And reign supreme for ever,
 Till Zion rises from the dust,
 Radiant with holy splendour.

SIN AND THE COVENANT OF GRACE

*(Written to his friend, John Hughes, Loughor, in the form of a letter—30
 November 1899)*

Good-day to you, mine own true friend,
 May you be always well,
 And joy your footsteps e'er attend
 While on the earth you dwell.
 May all your days be calm and bright;
 May sunshine fill your life;
 May virtue guide you through the night,
 And nerve you in the strife.

Some storms must meet us on our way—
 'Twill not be always fair;
 Some bitter herbs must every day
 Fall into each one's share;
 Temptations like wild billows roll,
 Sins in a deluge flow;
 And these oft fill the weary soul
 With bitterness and woe.

Sin's gloom has filled the universe—
 It's stains have marred the mind;
 The flowers wither 'neath the curse,
 And thorns and briars we find.
 'Twas not so when the race was born—
 Then, in the leafy bowers,
 The balmy breezes in the morn
 Kissed Eden's blooming flowers.

But, ah! great clouds of deepest gloom
 Stretched o'er the vision fair!
 Ten thousand messengers of doom
 Rode on the murky air!
 Then o'er the earth, without a pause,
 Rushed floods of misery—
 Man's disobedience was the cause
 Of this calamity.

E'er since that time all men have trod
 The gloomy depths of woe—
 Dependent on the grace of God—

While to the grave they go.
 No friendly star, no glimmering light,
 No strength, no hope have they;
 Bewildered 'mid the shades of night,
 Around the tomb they stray.

But in the eternal plan I see
 A Covenant of Grace,

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Made by the blessed Trinity
 To save the fallen race.
 The Life-Boat must be sent some day
 From Heaven's bright Throne on high;
 God's only Son without delay
 Must lay his glory by.

For twice two thousand years and more
 They watched with longing eyes
 To see the Life-Boat, from the shore,
 Depart to seek the prize.
 God's promise, somiding night and day,
 They heard across the wave;
 They knew the boat was on the way,
 The drowning crew to save.

On Advent's morn, in accents clear,
 I hear the angels sing:
 'The promised Saviour now is here—
 Hail to the new-born King!'
 The Life-Boat has arrived at last;
 'Tis firm, and fair, and strong;
 'The danger now for e'er is past—
 Lift up to Heaven your song!

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT PISGAH

(This poem was enclosed with the above.)

You had a splendid meeting
 At Pisgah—this is true.

You hail some lovely singing,
And elocution, too.

The songs were sweet and tuneful;
The recitations rare.
The dialogues were tasteful
By youths and maidens fair.

I thank you most sincerely,
Because you are so ready
The lost to seek, and help the weak
Out of the depths of misery.

I ask of you, now, Johnny,
Come, put in rhyme a story—
Compose a stanza, neat and fine,
Without a line of folly.

John and myself, I'm glad to say,
Are both now very well.
This message to the friends convey
Before the Sabbath bell.

Kindest regards, and greetings true,
From the lost boy to all of you.

DRINK AND TEMPERANCE

(*'Children's Treasury'*, November, 1899.)

Foremost of all evils is the drink today,
And the greatest barrier on the narrow way.
'Tis the thief that snatches every true delight—
Leading all its victims to the land of night.
Thousands have been lured by the phantom gleams;
Thousands have been poisoned by the putrid streams;
Now, the pains they suffer, man can never tell—
Seeking lethean waters in the streams of hell!

Keeping countless numbers from eternal woes.
 Temperance is a blessing which kind Heaven bestows—
 Handmaid to religion—pointing to the sky;
 She will lead us safely to our home on high.

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On the earth 'tis sunshine; in the home a light;
 All are soon transfigured by the glory bright.
 May fair temperance prosper e'er throughout the land;
 May she load her millions to the shining strand!

THE NEW CENTURY

Welcome, welcome, new born Century,
 Thou wilt gaze on wonders many;
 Thou to me art full of strangeness,
 All enwrapped in deepest darkness.

Thou art like a little baby,
 Motherless, and very lonely;
 Like a snowflake or a blossom,
 Like the morn's first blush of welcome.

New born Century, full of wonders—
 Fold on fold, in countless numbers;
 'Round the earth and sky encircled—
 On time's pathway to be sprinkled.

New born Century, can we measure
 All the woe, the pain and pleasure,
 Which thy face to us may furnish;
 Or must all, like billows, vanish?

New born Century, book most sacred,
 'Twixt two volumes all completed—
 Those who live with thee must here
 Write their deeds in letters clear.

New born Century, thou shalt wither,
 When the shadows 'round thee gather;

Sixty of thy sires have fallen
Prostrate 'neath time's heavy burden.

New born Century, let religion
Find in thee a high position;
Grant to science easy progress,
But let sin lose every fortress.

New born Century, give to Zion
With thy dawn a new commission;
To reflect, in all its splendour,
The bright glory of her Maker.

THE WHITE LEAF OF THE NEW YEAR

(*'Children's Treasury', March, 1900*)

Gwen sat one morning at her desk,
Turning the pages over:
She paused, and glanced a moment at
A white leaf spread before her.

'Now I will take good care,' she said,
'To keep this clean and tidy;
No blot shall mar this new white sheet
To cause me pain and worry.'

'Well done, my child,' the mother said,—
Her heart with joy o'erflowing,—
'Thy life is like a now, white leaf,
And thou must do the writing.

Remember now to yield thy heart
Entirely to thy Saviour;
And he will always keep it clean,
And make it glad for ever.'

What is this bright and glad new year
To every human scholar?
'Tis a white leaf, which he must fill
From one end to the other.

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The other years—all stained—are rolled
 Safe in the 'Book of Ages';
 We ne'er shall have a chance again
 To clean the blotted pages.

We've had another clean, white page—
 A year without a history;
 The rest are in the Saviour's care,
 Far, in the realms of mystery.

Let us all strive to keep it clean—
 Unstained by sin's corruption—
 And write it with a life adorned
 By love and consecration.

JOHNNY AND HIS PITCHER
 (*'Children's Treasury', September, 1900*)

When Johnny took his pitcher,
 To fetch some clean, fresh water,
 He pumped until his face grew hot—
 But he forgot the cover.

He paused in grief and wonder,
 But soon perceived the blunder—
 He took it off, then, easily,
 His pitcher filled with water.

If to the well of learning
 You take the understanding,
 You must remove the cover first,
 Then stay to do the pumping.

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A YOUTH'S LONGING FOR HOME

Far from my native land I roam
 Beneath an alien's garment,
 While in the days gone by a home

Enclosed me with contentment.
 This I must wear through woe and weal;
 In rain and sunny weather;
 Ha! who can say what pain I feel
 When thus attired I wander.

Be silent, world! and hear my prayer—
 Out of the depths of fear,
 O! let me breathe a tale of care
 Into thy listening ear.
 If thou wilt ease my misery,
 I'll praise thy name for ever.
 What didst thou say? Ah me! Ah me!
 'Tis far too much—Oh! Never!

Great sun, that lookest from on high
 On each terrestrial limit;
 Thou canst the cherished spot espy—
 Oh! are they happy in it?
 Wert thou a glass, then would I try
 To bring the old home nearer;
 But since thou art so great and high,
 O! hear my humble prayer!

I had a home, so snug and white—
 Hard by a streamlet murmured;
 It sighed love carols in the night,
 And laughed when sunbeams glimmered.
 The banks are consecrated still
 To me—the child of sorrow;
 When thoughts of youth my bosom fill
 New strength I daily borrow.

I see them in my dreams tonight—
 They sit around the fire;
 Each face reflects a heavenly light—
 They speak of Christ, the Saviour.
 O! spot most dear! O! happy place!
 Emblem of rest celestial!

Within the vast domain of space
I cannot find thine equal.

Though now amid a merry throng,
Far from my home I'm sighing;
This hidden grief I've cherished long,
And now my heart is breaking.
My thoughts are wayward, oft I find
I cannot read a chapter;—
I cannot manage my own mind,
It flits like a grasshopper.

My home! the bright sun of my life!
Each day thou growest fairer;
While breath remains, in peace and strife,
I'll bless thy name for ever.
The thought of thee brings healing light
Into my wounded spirit;
And in thy memory, warm and bright,
My star still finds its orbit.

My own sweet home! O! tell me, now,
Shall I again behold thee?
More dear than all the world art thou,
Clad in thy humble beauty.
E'er in my weary breast thou art
As fresh as early summer;
But when I feel thy throbbing heart
At once I cease to murmur.

THE SKY-LARK'S SONG

His copy discarding,
His notes he blends,
While over his dwelling
Providence bends.
The melody heightens;
The morn is glad;
And nature listens,
In verdure clad.

Heaven with his carol
Softly lowers;
The lambkins gambol
Among the flowers.
He charms with his lyre
The waning night;
And his strains inspire
The dawning light.

Low is his dwelling-place—
High he sings;
Celestial solace
To earth he brings.
When he chants, with gladness
The dawn will glow—
Music and brightness
Together go.

Let my lyre be ready
By night and day—
In want, and in plenty;
When sad, when gay.
For music will here
Illume the night;
And Heaven, in its splendour,
Is song and light!

SATISFACTION

To be contented every hour
Is not an easy matter,
When safely held in sorrow's power,
Where hope can never enter.
Though grumbling will not ease the pain;
Nor help the load to carry;
Contentment can the soul sustain,
And nerve the enfeebled body.

The stream that rushes down the hill
In sweet contentment murmurs;

And in the glen, far sweeter still,
 The mystic music lingers.
 The waves that move along the main
 All swell with satisfaction—
 But man must strive this bliss to gain;
 'Tis not an earthly portion.

The woodland choir this blessing share,
 We hear no bird complaining,
 From smiling morn to twilight fair
 Their notes are sweet and charming:
 They carol whilst, from hour to hour,
 Their daily food they gather;
 And often, with some mystic power,
 They cheer the lonely dreamer.

Oh! fairest of the scenes of life—
 A man in prayer kneeling—
 Faint with a long and dismal strife;
 And darkness 'round him falling.
 Wearing a saintly smile, he cries—
 'Contented, Lord, contented;
 I'll roam beneath thy watchful eyes,
 By thy fond love befriended.'

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Be like the reeds that by the wave
 Stoop down to kiss the water;
 The sturdy oaks, though strong and brave,
 Fall in the storms of winter.
 'Tis always best the will to bend
 On life's tempestuous journey;
 The sorrows of the night must end
 When morn shines bright end rosy,

Contentment, like the dawn of day,
 Illumes man's life with brightness;
 If sorrows linger o'er his way,
 It changes these to gladness.
 When death comes through the midnight air

To steal the mother's darling,
Contentment, like an angel fair,
Comes to the house of mourning.

The Infinite was satisfied
In him, the well beloved;
Man's debt was cleared when Jesus died,
And all the bonds were cancelled.
The holy and the righteous one,
Well pleased with the Redemption,
Smiles on the sinner in the Son—
The great propitiation.

Now let us every power employ
To reach this blessed station—
To fill our homes with peace and joy—
Our hearts with satisfaction:
And let us sow the seed of love;
'Twill in the future ripen;
Then shall we say, in realms above,
'Contentment—this is heaven!'

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

Filled is he with the love of Christ the Saviour;
Equipped with learning, wisdom, and inspiring power;
Willing and faithful, strong in work and prayer;
Led by the Atonement's light from hour to hour.
He is responsible for souls immortal;
But cleansed from day to day by duty's claim:
He pleads for the whole class at Mercy's portal—
To see them saved, this is his only aim.

His opportunity will make the angels envious—
Fain would they with heaven's roses deck the earth—
But God reserves for men this duty glorious;
The real teacher must 'pass' through the second birth:
'His character and words together sound to all his scholars
Like mystic strains of music from above;

'To feast their souls with luxuries Divine he labours—
He teaches them to read, to understand, and love.

His exhortations all, like the king's highway,
Are wide, and fair, well trimmed, and safe and sound;
And his example, like the shining light of noonday,
Illuming and refreshing all around.
What are his fruits? His work, his prayer, and study—
These show there is no 'Tekel' written on his wall:
With thankfulness and joy to school he'll hurry,
Eager to teach at the great Teacher's call.

BUT

By chance one Summer day we came
To see a little hamlet—
An ancient place, well known to fame,
And praised by many a poet.
We saw the sights; and quickly learned
The folk-lore, quaint and funny;
And in the waning light returned
To those who loved us dearly.

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We cared not for the doubtful light
That glimmered through their rumours,
They seemed to mingle black and white
When speaking of their neighbours!
Now, so and so was 'good enough',
But, lo! his faults were many;
His words were always cold and rough;
His face was dark and sulky.

And Jones, the smith, was 'very well',
But to the drink addicted;
And through this failing-truth to tell—
He oft became demented;
Then would his blows fall thick and fast
On helpless child and mother;

His vice he followed till, at last,
He perished in the river.

With right good will he oft would run
To bear another's burden;
He loved his neighbours, every one,
But not his wife and children.
His virtues we could ne'er relate;
But, still, his sins were many;
His life was strange, and now his fate
Is unto all a mystery.

Another's name was mentioned—he
Was true, and just, and clever;
A better man could never be;
But, ah! he was a miser.
He went to chapel day by day;
And in the church he laboured;
And very often he would pray
For those that were afflicted.

But God will never take a prayer
Instead of honest labour;
And hypocrites will never share
The blessings of his favour.
The Christian's eyes must always turn
To Christ, the great Example;
His life a sacrifice must burn,
Till death destroys the temple.

'A good man' with a *but*, this does
Not harmonise completely;
And oftentimes it puzzles us
To see the meaning clearly.
Whene'er a but is worn by man
It mortifies his spirit;
Let him discard it if he can,
'Tis better far without it.

MEASURE THYSELF BY A GREATER ONE

'I am the tallest,' with swaggering pride
 The six-footed youngster exultingly cried;
 A smaller boy answered, with cheeks all aglow,
 'To measure thyself with a taller one go.'

Some men seem to think they get more than their share;
 The heaviest burden they always must bear;
 But when it is weighed then they find 'tis not so—
 'To measure thyself with a greater one go.'

In the church, and in politics, letters, and trade,
 The small man will ever his virtues parade
 Friend, when in thy pride thou wilt walk to and fro,
 'To measure thyself with a greater one go.'

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And if, in the fame of the heroes of earth,
 No lustre is found that will equal thy worth;
 There's One, before whom all the angels must fall
 'Go, measure thyself with the Greatest of all.'

While onward we press on our journey below,
 Two blessings this maxim will ever bestow—
 We'll see our own frailty, and feel a desire
 To emulate always the nobler and higher.

EXPECTATION

The sermon of the light is o'er;
 Nature is charmed—the night once more
 Rocks the whole universe to sleep,
 And spreads a pall of terror deep
 O'er all the world; and, for a while,
 Life basks in death's alluring smile.
 Hark: through the gloom these accents stray—
 'Oh, God! I'm waiting—haste the day.'

While tired Nature sinks to rest,
 I see a maid, in beauty dressed,
 On shining paths she seems to tread,

A golden chaplet 'round her head.
 Her song floats on the balmy air;
 Her heart is light and free from care.
 Soft blushes dock the angel's face—
 She's waiting at the trysting place.

While night o'er earth and ocean bends,
 A longer, deeper night descends
 Upon the drunkard's home of woe
 The spot where Sodom's apples grow.
 This is the nursery of sin,
 The flowers of virtue fade therein.
 The inmate's eyes the passage scan—
 They're waiting for a drunken man.

The thunders roar, the lightnings flash;
 The heavens are rent, the forests crash.
 The ocean foams its seething froth,
 And mounts the heights with maddening wrath.
 The timid stars now hide their light;
 Oh! awful scene—a storm at night!
 Hark! some one prays amid the strife—
 She waits in fear—a sailor's wife.

As on the coast I roamed one day,
 A barren tract before me lay;
 Said I, 'If men would here repair,
 And set to work with spade and share,
 This vast expanse of mud and sand
 Would soon be profitable land':
 But, low and clear, the shore replied—
 I'm waiting for the flowing tide.'

In this a picture, clear and bright,
 Of some church members greets our sight.
 Astounding fact! they plant the shores
 Of their own souls with worthless stores
 Of worldly thoughts that quickly rise
 And form a lustful paradise.

They would not plant these gardens wide
If waiting for the Spirit's tide.

A sinner and a saint I see;
One weak, the other strong and free:
They lived apart, but on death's shore
They say—Good-bye for evermore!
The sinner, in the shades of gloom,
Is waiting for the crash of doom—
The Christian, in the waning night,
Is waiting for the dazzling light.

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Time swiftly moves from day to day;
We see its footprints on our way,
It rushes with bewildering light,
And changes all things in its flight;
But, yet, its movements lag behind
The aspirations of the mind—
Fond Memory clings to days gone by,
But hope must to the future fly.

SOLDIERS' WELCOME HOME

Plead now the past with eloquence and zeal,
And let the light of memory reveal
And spread athwart the line of sight once more
The deeds that languish on oblivion's shore.
'Twas in the near past these deeds were wrought,
When to the War-god's shrine our country brought
Her richest store 'twas more than glittering ware;
From her own heart she gave her children fair.
Oh, noble gift! No man thy depths can sound—
It ebbs and flows with mysteries profound!
Alas! the heart of Gwalia bleeds today;
Her tears rush like a flood that bears away
The strongest barriers, and upon the tide
The tenderest feelings like frail shallows glide.
But more than feeling sinks beneath the wave—
Ten thousand hearts are buried in one grave;

For all is lost! Yet Hope beholds, afar,
 On the horizon's verge, a glimmering star;
 It sees the day when, o'er the stormy main,
 Our own brave soldiers will return again.
 Who could refuse to welcome home the brave,
 Who bravely fought, their native land to save,
 And, when the bugle's notes rang clear and high,
 Learned to obey, to stand, to win, or die?

If I could now the elements command,
 And hold the powers of nature in my hand,
 Then should they sound 'Welcome!' from morn till night;
 The storm, the thunder, sea, heaven's azure light,
 The brook, the birds, the mountains great and high,
 All should combine to raise the joyful cry;
 Then would the forests clap their hands and sing,
 Till the alarum bells of nature ring.
 This power no mortal over will obtain,
 Yet 'Welcome!' he can shout with might and main.
 We'll cry together, 'Welcome! Welcome!' e'er;
 Our pockets and our hearts with them we'll share.

'NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE'

Blessed words of comfort
 Echo from on high—
 There shall be no wounded
 On the plain to die.
 Now all wars will languish,
 Sheaths the blades adorn;
 Peace brings to the people
 Flowers without a thorn.

War's fierce tempest rages
 Through the land today;
 Many will be wounded
 In the deadly fray:
 Sorrow's dismal portals
 Will be opened wide,

When the graves are counted,
By the silent tide.

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Many hearts are rending,
Grief their only goal,
Each fond pleasure pining
With a wounded soul.
Children lose their parents;
Wives their husbands mourn;
And the household's darling
From the hearth is torn.

Who can count the terrors
Of the battle-field?
There the Christian slumbers
On a blood-stained shield;
There the sinners perish,
In their wretched state:
Meet for hell the picture—
'Scene of mortal hate!'

Let the bright day hasten,
When all strife shall cease;
Let our country's breezes
Kiss the flags of peace;
Let Christ's kingdom prosper,
Spreading far and wide,
And let joy celestial
In man's heart reside.

Lift thine eyes, O Zion!
To the hills of love;
Send at once this prayer
To the courts above
'Lord fulfil thy promise,
Let the Prince of Peace
Ride abroad to conquer,
Till earth's sorrows cease.'

THE LAST BLACK CLOUD

Aurortb quickly came,
Armed with a sword of flame
 God's pure light.
Where death's dark shadows loom,
She pierced the inky gloom;
And rushed o'er every tomb
 With all her might.

Bereft of all his friends,
'The last black cloud' descends
 Upon her breast.
Then one slight turn she takes,
And one bold thrust she wakes;
And when her spear she shakes
 He sinks to rest.

Man dwells in deepest gloom.
Allured to his doom
 By sin's false gleams;
But, though his footsteps stray,
God takes his guilt away;
The dawn of heaven's bright day
 Upon him beams.

The clouds of sinful lust,
The foes of all the just,
 Will quickly fly:
The Sanctifying Day
Reflects a brighter ray,
And lights the upward way,
 While heaven draws nigh.

'The last black cloud' is near;
The Christian treads in fear
 Life's border line:
He kneels, he prays, he sighs
He strains his longing eyes

And Christ illumines the skies
O! love Divine!

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THE LILY AND THE ROSE

The elements of nature,
Throughout the world today,
Bring happiness and pleasure
To pilgrims on their way;
They raise the drooping spirit,
And cheer the weary heart;
Heaven's strength, which knows no limit,
They to the earth impart.

The high and rugged mountain
Looks down with proud disdain;
Whilst from some hidden fountain
The stream winds through the plain.
The hillside in its grandeur,
The beauty of the field,
And the sweet songs of Nature,
Mysterious pleasures yield.

Though the world's charms are many,
And rich beyond compare;
Some shine with modest beauty,
And some are passing fair:
But, in the competition,
The lily and the rose
Maintain the first position,
In spite of countless foes.

Fair is the white-robed lily;
Her charms are ever new,
No face more pure and holy
Shines in the morning dew.
Among the thorns her sweetness
Betrays a heavenly birth;
And with angelic meekness
She consecrates the earth.

The rose, in robes of crimson,
Is beautiful and gay;
It cheers the heavy-laden,
And drives dull care away:
This is the lover's flower—
Its praises spread abroad;
It shows, in all its splendour,
The glory of our God.

Nature said, 'Pretty lily,
Thy face is wondrous fair!
Reign with the rose in beauty;
His crown of glory share.'
The rose received a message
That nature's plans were laid;
The flowers all paid homage,
Yet no complaint was made.

Their odour softly biended,
As by my door they grew—
She was the fair intended;
He was the lover true.
This was the scheme of nature
The lovers to unite;
And thus increase their pleasure,
And multiply their light.

One morn, on meadows sparkling,
The sun shone merrily—
The flowers all were laughing,
Although they were not free—
The twain stood in the garden,
In bridal robes bedight;
And Nature was the parson
Who joined them in the night.

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Adorned with gold and silver
 And priceless gems they stand,
 While all the flowers murmur—
 ‘All hail the morning grand!
 The bright rose and the lily,
 As king and queen shall reign—
 On one high throne of beauty,
 Henceforth let them remain.’

When earthly joys are over;
 When time shall be no more;
 We’ll see a brighter picture
 On Heaven’s peaceful shore:
 There the sweet Rose of Sharon,
 Who for his loved one died,
 Shall clasp his saintly Zion—
 His fair and faithful Bride.

THE TRODDEN ROSE

One day as I passed through the street,
 In the rear of the marketing train
 The tramp of the hurrying feet
 Half drowned in the pattering rain
 In the mud a sweet rose-bud I saw
 The picture I’ll never forget
 It filled me with pity and awe,
 As it lay there all mangled and wet.

I murmured, ‘How sad ’tis to view
 A flower, so lovely and fair,
 Which the dawn has just washed in the dew
 Its sweet odour scenting the air
 Bereft of all virtue and grace,
 Neglected, degraded, and sere?
 O! why was it torn from its place,
 Where many a heart it could cheer?’

A child could have gazed at the flower,
 And smiled with contentment and peace,
 That smile might have lived for an hour,
 The joy of sonic heart to increase;
 Then a prayer, to regions above,
 Would morint on the soul's deepest breath,
 For purity, sweetness, and love—
 The virtues that fade not in death.

Who knows what the rose could have done
 If left in the sunshine to bloom?
 But, Ah! ere the morning was gone,
 It dropped like a child to the tomb.
 Its death was a warning to all;
 When falling it struggled to say—
 'Great evil will always befall
 The fair who from virtue will stray.'

In the past many youths did I know,
 And maidens all modest and fair,
 With garments as white as the snow,
 And virtues that angels could share:
 But they fell in the morn's dewy hour;
 Hell's vapours polluted their breath;
 And now, like the withering flower,
 They smell of the odour of death.

The rose of humanity drooped,
 And fell in the withering rain;
 But love from her loftiness stooped
 To lift the degraded again.
 If Mercy and Goodness descend
 To cleanse and uplift the lost soul,
 Earth's wild hallelujahs will blend,
 And praises in thunders will roll!

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My friend, dost thou know of a rose
 Degraded by passion and lust,
 All torn by its merciless foes,
 And left by the fiends in the dust.
 My friend, if thou knowest of one,
 Endeavour to raise him, just now—
 The Saviour will whisper—‘Well done!’—
 Heaven’s crown will encircle thy brow!

THE LOST VERSE

(‘*Children’s Treasury*’, May, 1901)

‘Now, Annie dear, have you a verse today?
 What! No! What is the matter?
 In sobbing tones I heard the maiden say,
 ‘I can’t the verse remember!’

Like little Annie, we sometimes will fail
 To don God’s shining Armour;
 And many a Christian says, when foes assail,
 ‘The verse I can’t remember!’

God’s promise in his Word can never fail—
 This is the Christian’s shelter;
 But oft he whispers, ‘Tis of no avail;
 ‘I can’t the verse remember!’

Far in the realms of night they ask in pain,
 While in the gloom they wander,
 Is there no word that speaks of hope again?—
 We can’t the verse remember!’

The Comforter brings from the realms of light,
 The secrets of the Saviour.
 When the sad Christian murmurs in the night,
 ‘I can’t the verse remember!’

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A FATHER AND MOTHER’S ADVICE

(*'Children's Treasury', October, 1901*)

When through dangers we are passing,
 On the soul it lays a spell;
 'Tis a very fount of blessing—
 No one e'er its worth can tell:
 It will keep us from the power
 And the hidden snares of vice;
 Pure, unselfish, ever tender,
 Is the parents' sound advice.

AN ODE ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF MR
 JOHN THOMAS AND MISS KATE ROGERS, LOUGHOR.

(*Written, 1901*).

'Tis folly, some will say,
 To go awooing;
 For soon the light of May
 Shines on a wedding.

When to the gay youth's song
 The maid's smile answers,
 Their hearts will rhyme ere long
 In tuneful numbers.

Some in the Spring begin
 Love to encourage;
 But Winter bleak sets in
 Before the marriage.

Some in the month of March,
 Through fields of flowers,
 Will pass, through Cupid's arch,
 To Hymen's-bowers.

Their love, like Phœbus' light
 Serenely shining—
 Their nature in its light
 So sweetly blushing!

Sometimes it is too late
 To send a letter:
 Not so with John and Kate;
 They fared much better.

Fair as the dawn of day,
 Their muse aspires;
 Love is the Mystic 'play',
 And they the actors.

But, ah! the scene is o'er;
 The wooing ended;
 The curtain, nevermore,
 Will be uplifted.

I cannot see it, quite,
 'Tis very funny!
 The hills of life grow white,
 When people marry!

May Kate and John possess
 Two tuneful lyres,
 Heaven's music to express,
 Till life expires.

Perhaps you'll hear some day
 Another lyre;
 But his small harp will play
 Beside the fire.

I wish you joy and light—
 The sweets of virtue;
 May all your days be bright—
 And God be with you.

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LINES WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE
 OF MR JOHN POPKINS AND MISS MARY ESTHERLEWIS.

(December 18th, 1902).

All hail the bright pair on life's happiest morning!
 Whilst all the harps play and the merry bells ring;

Though I am unskilled in the mysteries of rhyming,
 Yet, out of my heart a small tribute I bring.
 In Cupid's fair temple love's numbers oft blended
 In anthems that rolled through the edifice grand;
 But now all the mystic devotions are ended,
 At Hymen's bright altar Wgether you stand.

When starting anew on life's perilous voyage,
 Friend, where is thine anchor in storm and in peace?
 If Jesus will grace with his presence thy marriage,
 The clouds will disperse and the tumult will cease—
 Then, in the bright light of religion, for ever,
 The pathway of virtue together you'll roam;
 While often the muse with her sweet sounding lyre
 Will join in the praises that gladden your home.

Let David, the strong, blend with John, the beloved;
 Let valour and mercy's star shine on thy breast—
 Then foes will lie 'round thee like giants beheaded,
 Thy lyre shall soothe the wild passions to rest;
 Then wilt thou repose on the breast of the Saviour;
 Heaven dazzling around thee—an exile no more!
 The meek and the valiant discover the treasure
 That Mercy has hid on eternity's shore.

Thy sweet spouse, too, beaming with virtue and meekness;
 Fair, gentle, and humble—an Esther of peace
 Illuming the paths of her home with her brightness;
 And striving for ever earth's joy to increase—

Her heart all aglow with the light of devotion,
 At Jesus' feet sitting, like Mary of old;
 And chanting for ever, bedewed with heaven's unction,
 The truths of the Gospel, more precious than gold.

May joy like Heaven's spring-tide, all fresh and luxuriant,
 Smile now on your pathway made radiant with light;
 May virtue's fair flowers bloom rich and abundant—
 The lowly, the noble, the fair, and the right.

And may the sweet music of God's benediction
 Descend in life's twilight, in accents of peace,
 To waft your souls o'er the waves of earth's ocean
 To the bosom of Jesus where sorrow will cease.

MRS WILLIAMS ('GRANNY'), LOUGHOR.
 ('*Children's Treasury*', May, 1903)

She sweetens all the ills of life
 With promises divine;
 She often carols in the strife,
 When heavenly glories shine.
 Her smile is full of eloquence;
 Her face is lit with joy;
 Contentment is her recompense—
 Pure gold without alloy.

Zeal burns the barriers on her way,
 When God's own Mount she climbs;
 She sees the Throne, bright as the day,
 She hears the heavenly chimes;
 She charms dull sorrow with her song,
 She buries all her care;
 Her heart is warm, her faith is strong,
 And constant is her prayer.

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The shades of darkness quickly move,
 When unto God she calls;
 And, like a star from heaven above,
 The radiant blessing falls.
 She lives and moves at mercy's door,
 Attired in robes of light;
 She loves her Saviour more and more,
 And serves him day and night.

CONSECRATION
 (Written at Newcastle Emlyn, 1904.)

Here I have built my altar;
 The wood I've placed in order;
 The sacrifice is ready, now,
 Send thou, O Lord! the fire.

My soul is weary, weak, and lustful.
 But to the end I will be faithful:
 Though hellish hosts revile for ever,
 I'll lay myself on Christ my Saviour.

THY WILL BE DONE

*(Verses sent to the Rev. Llewelyn Lloyd, Anglesea, in his Illness. Written in
 1905.)*

Let thy will be done in
 Us for evermore—
 Lord, think of Llewelyn
 While the billows roar.

Friend, when thou art weary
 In the long, dark night;
 Think of the sweet 'Lily',
 And the 'Rose' so bright.

Think of Christ, the Healer—
 Strong to save is he;
 And the love that ever
 Shines from Calvary.

If too weak to follow
 The bright paths of bliss,
 Think of Jesus' sorrow—
 Who can fathom this!

When thy strength is failing
 Lift thine eyes to God—
 Think of Jesus' suffering
 When this earth he trod.

If thou canst not join them
 In his temple bright;
 Thou canst hear the anthem
 Of the sons of light.

To the choir of glory
 Press for ever on,
 Singing on thy journey—
 'Let his will be done.'

Wait while time is passing;
 Cast on him thy care;
 Wait for the glad morning,
 And the Sunshine fair.

See, the night now dies in
 The fair dawn's embrace;
 Wait, O! wait, Llewelyn—
 'Tis the Plan of Grace.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF WALES
 IN THE WINTER OF 1905.

A thousand teachers,
 With rousing song,
 And flaming colours,
 Marching along.
 King Jesus riding
 In majesty;
 And multitudes shouting—
 We're free! we're free!

The chariots are moving
 In heaven above;
 The minstrels are playing
 The harps of love.
 I see hell's powers
 In grand array;
 But; alas! the sinners
 Are hastening away.

BEND ME

(These were the last lines Evan Roberts composed before the Liverpool Mission—March, 1905).

'Bend me'—this was the prayer of the flower at the end of the day;
 'Bend me down, low, lest my faith should decay';
 And when the dawn broke, on its knees it still lingered,
 Thanking the Lord, for the prayer had been answered.
 God bended the flower with the weight of the blessing;
 And washed it all white in the dew of the morning;
 Then the blessing was shared, and the heart of the giver

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Expanded with love, and the mind became clearer.
 Next day, through the meadows, the strains of its lyre
 On the breezes were wafted, the world to inspire.
 'Tis thus with the Christian who gives to another—
 The blessing is music in heaven for ever!

THE MESSAGE OF EVAN ROBERTS TO THE WELSH OF
 ARGENTINE

Old Cambria's children, Welshmen true,
 Let Christ be all in all to you.
 May Argentina's Welshmen be
 The heirs of Immortality.

A POST-CARD SENT TO THE EDITOR OF 'TARIANY
 GWEITHIWR' ('THE WORKMAN'S SHIELD')

Trecynon, November 28th, 1905.

The wish of the 'Shield'
 Was clear and strong;
 'Twas a shield to my shield,
 And a song to my song.
 The 'Shield' was ever
 A shield to me;

Now take my prayer
A shield for thee.

Peace and prosperity to you and yours,

EVAN ROBERTS

P.S.—All are secure, and all in their place,
When bearing and wearing the shield of grace.

E.R.

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II.

HYMNS

(1)

LET US WORK FOR JESUS
(*'Children's Treasury', October, 1899.*)

Let us work for Jesus,
Always, night and day,
To bring back the lost ones
Who have gone astray.
Let us work with patience,
Lifting up our cry;
Ever pressing onward
To our home on high.

Chorus—
Jesus was a toiler
In this world of pain;
May we all be like him
While we here remain.

Let us work like heroes
In the Saviour's name;
Let us help the fallen,
And the lost reclaim;
Let us do our utmost
To bring souls to God;

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EVAN ROBERTS

Treading on our journey
Where the Master trod.

Jesus was a toiler, etc.

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Let us work till night comes,
In the vineyard fair;
When the day is ended
We a crown shall wear.
Let us work together,
'Neath his banner bright,
Then we all shall see him
In the realms of light.

Jesus was a toiler, etc.

(2)

THE FATHER'S CUP

(Written in 1905)

In the twilight's lonely hour,
Lead me to Gethsemane;
Show me there the praying Saviour
Draining judgment's cup for me.
May his Spirit
Melt my heart for evermore!

(3)

CALVARY

(Written at Newcastle Emlyn, 1904.)

Clothe us with thy heavenly power;
Show to us the strength of guilt;
Show its darts on Calvary gleaming
When the Surety's blood was spilt.
There my Saviour
'Neath my burden bowed his head,

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THE SAVIOUR AND THE SPIRIT

Smile upon us, gracious Saviour;
 Let our work be blessed by thee;
 May we feel the Spirit's power,
 And the love of Calvary.
 Come, Great Spirit!
 We will praise thee evermore.

(4)

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.
(Written at Newcastle Emlyn, 1904)

Send thy Spirit, blessed Jesus,
 Into every waiting heart;
 Lest the fear of man oppress us
 Thine own strength, O Lord! impart.
 May we speak thy words for ever;
 Grant us eloquence and grace
 To attract souls without number
 Now to see thy smiling face.

(5)

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT
(Written in 1905.)

Send the Holy Spirit now,
 Lord, I pray thee;
 Let my foes together bow
 Down before me;
 Then will I, without delay,
 Tune my lyre
 Thee to praise, from day to day,
 And for ever.

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(6)

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT
(Written in 1905)

O! Holy Spirit, come from high,
 The Saviour now to glorify;

Bend all the Churches at his shrine,
And purge the World in Blood Divine.

Translated by Rev. D. Evans, Bridgend.

(7)

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT

Search my soul, Oh, blessed Spirit!
Turn its darkness into day;
Take my sin-stained heart and cleanse it
In the blood, from day to day.
Jesu's merits
Clothe my soul with heavenly light.

Search, oh! search again, and deeper—
Show the sin, the guilt, the woe:
For thy love, Divine and tender,
I can every lust forego.
Do not leave me—
Thy sweet presence is my life.

Though my sins cannot be counted;
Though my heart be dark and sail;
With the Triune God united,
I am pure, I am glad.
Here I'll worship,
Here I'll love for evermore.

540

Praise the Lord! The Holy Fire
Burns within my heart today,
Rising higher, still, and higher
While I tread the heavenward way.
Now I'm trusting
In the Spirit and the Blood.

(8)

THE CONQUERING CHRIST (John 8:36.)
(Written in 1905)

Break all the fetters,
 Break all the fetters,
 And let my spirit be free;
 Let my foes all suffer loss;
 Grant me victory through the Cross
 Let the faithful rejoice, Lord, in thee.

Jesus the Conqueror!
 Jesus the Conqueror!
 To thee my crown now I bring;
 Thou didst bear the curse for me:
 Thou didst die on Calvary,
 Let the bells of eternity ring!

Now 'It is finished!'
 Now 'It is finished!'
 The great Atonement is made;
 Now my guilt is rolled away;
 Jesus is my King today:
 All my foes at my feet have been laid.

 541

Open the prisons,
 Open the prisons,
 The gloomy dungeons of woe.
 We will call them all to thee;
 Lord, say thou, 'Blesséd are ye!'
 And our praise like a deluge will flow.

(9)

THE POWER OF THE RESURRECTION

(Written in 1905.)

Nail to thy Cross my sins today,
 And let me there a captive stay;
 And may thy resurrection's power
 Dwell in my spirit every hour.

In thine own strength I will not fear
 To testify in accents clear:

Kindle thine altar's flame in me—
The burning love of Calvary.

'Thanks be to God!'—His love is mine!
Heaven's dazzling rays around me shine!
Freed through the cross!—the night is o'er!
Take, Lord, the glory evermore!

EPIGRAMS

THE MEDIATOR

God's own Son in agonies!—His heart bursts
In torrents of mercies!
Here Heaven's love perfection sees;
Two worlds will ring his praises.

THE BELIEVER

In his house at twilight's hour—he seeks for
Heaven's token of favour;
Humming a hymn—at God's door
Two hearts will blend together.

THE UNEQUAL WORSHIPPER

For one hour a saint sincere—then treading
The track of the traitor.
'Tis pain to end the chapter—
Spell-bound in prayer, and hell near!

JUDAS ISCARIOT

At bright morn, and twilight dim—he sought for
His innocent victim:
But now he groans, 'mid terrors grim;
God's anger burns within him.