

## When God Stepped Down

by Duncan Campbell

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Now, before I begin the story, I would like to say one thing, and that is; that I did not bring revival to Lewis. It has grieved my heart, again, and again to read articles about "The man who brought revival to Lewis". Notices on church boards, "Come, and hear the man, who brought revival to Lewis". My dear people, it's not true! I don't carry revival about with me in my pocket. Revival broke out in Lewis, sometime before I went to the island. I thank God, for the privilege of being in its midst; for over three years. I went at the invitation, of one parish minister for ten days, but God kept me there for three years. Now, I'm thankful to God for the privilege of (perhaps in some small way) leading that movement, and teaching the young converts in the deep things of God.

Now, having said that, I want to read you a few lines from this little book; Lewis awakening. It will give you an idea of the desperate state, of this island prior to this gracious movement. The presbytery of Lewis meet to consider the terrible drift away, from the ordinances of the church. Especially, the drift away from the church by the young people of the island. Now, here are words, from a declaration that was read in all the congregations. The presbytery affectionately plead with their people, especially with the youth of the church, to take these matters to heart, and to make serious inquiry, as to what must be the end; should there be no repentance. My dear people, take that to heart, should there be no repentance, and they call upon every individual as before God, to examine his or her life in the light of that responsibility, which pertains to us all. But, happily, in the divine mask, we may be visited with the Spirit of repentance, and return again unto the Lord, whom we have so grieved with our iniquities, and waywardness. Especially would the warn their young people, of the devils man traps, the cinema, and the public house. That was a declaration by the presbytery, read in all the congregations, and published in the local press.

Now, you might ask me, "What do you mean by revival"? There are a great many views, held by people today, as to what revival is. So, you hear men say, "Are you going out to the revival meetings?", "We're having a revival crusade", and so on. There's a world of difference, between a crusade, or a special effort in the field of evangelism. My dear people, that is not revival. As I already said from this platform, I thank God for every soul brought to Christ, through our special efforts, and for every season of blessing at our conferences, and at our conventions. We praise God for such movements, but is it not true that such movements do not, (as a general rule) touch the community? The community remains more or less, the same, and the masses go past

us to hell, but in revival the community, suddenly becomes conscious of the movings of God; beginning with His own people. So that, in a matter of hours, (not days) in a matter of hours, churches become crowded. No information of any special meeting, but something happening that moves men and women to a house of God, and you'll find within hours, scores of men, and women crying to God for mercy before them that kneel at church. You've read history of revivals, the Jonathan Edward revival in America, that was what happened, and the Welsh revival, that is what happened, and the more recent Lewis revival, that is what happened.

When God stepped down, suddenly men, and women all over the parish, were gripped by the fear of God. Now, how did it happen? This to me is an interesting story, and I want to tell it in full. One evening, an old woman, eighty-four years of age, and blind; had a vision. Now, don't ask me to explain this vision, because I cannot, but strange things happen when God begins to move, and this dear old lady, in the vision saw the church of our Fathers crowded with young people. crowded with young people, and she saw a strange minister in the pulpit, and she was so impressed by this revelation, because a revelation it was. She sent for the minister, and told her story. The parish minister, was a God fearing man, a man that longed to see God working. Oh, he had tried ever so many things to get the youth of the parish interested, but not one single teenager attended the church, that was the situation. Well, heart to this dear old lady to say to him, I'll tell you what she said, "I'm sure Mr. McCie, that you're longing to see God working. What about calling your office bearers together, and suggest to them that you spend two nights a week; waiting upon God in prayer. You've tried mission, you've tried special evangelists, Mr. McCie have you tried God?". Oh, I tell you this is a wonderful old woman. So, he meekly obeyed, and said, "Yes, I'll call the session together, and I will suggest that we meet on Tuesday night, and Friday night, and we'll spend the whole night in prayer". I told you dear people, here were men that meant business. The dear old lady said, "Well, if you do that, my sister and I will get on our knees at ten o'clock on Tuesday, ten o'clock on Friday, and we'll wait on our knees till four o'clock in the morning". I tell you, this puts us to shame. So, they went to prayer, and I want to mention that they had, but one promise from God, and that promise was, "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground:"

◆ Isaiah 44:3a. That's God's promise, and in their prayers (according to the minister), they would say again, and again, "God you're a covenant keeping God, and you must be true to your covenant engagements". The praying, and the meetings continued for several months.

Until one night, a very remarkable thing happened. There, knelling amongst straw in the barn, the barn of a farm house; when suddenly, one young man rose, and read part of psalm twenty-four: "Who shall ascend into the hill of God? Or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his

soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord". He shut his bible, and then looking down at the minister, and at the other men who were kneeling there, he said this, (rather crude words, not so crude indelicate), but this is what he said, "It seems to me just so much humbug. To be praying, as we are praying, to be waiting as we are waiting, if we ourselves, are not rightly related to God. Oh, my dear brethren let's take that to heart." He began to pray, "God, are my hands clean? Is my heart pure?", and that dear man got no further. He fell on his knees, and then on his face among the straw, and with in a matter of minutes, three of the elders fell into a trance. Now, please don't come to me at the end of this meeting, and ask me, "What I really mean by men falling into a trance?" I cannot answer that question. All that I know is this, that when that happened in the barn, (now it's happened in the Jonathan Edward revival; remember that. Not peculiar by any means to Lewis. It happened in America, it happened in the fifty-nine revival in Wales, not the nineteen-hundred revival, but the fifty-nine revival) this I can say, the moment that, that happened in the barn, a power was let loose that shook the whole of Lewis. I say shook Lewis! God stepped down. The Holy Spirit began to move among the people, and the minister (writing about what happened the following morning) said this, "You met God on meadow and moo land. You met Him in the homes of the people. God seem to be everywhere".

What was that? Revival! Revival!! Not an evangelist, not a special effort, not anything at all organized on the basis of human endeavor, but an awareness of God that gripped the whole community. So much so, work stopped. What was happening? People were meeting in groups, young men were gathering in a field, and begin to talk about this strange consciousness of God that had gripped the community. In a matter of days I received a letter inviting me to the island, I was at that time in the midst of how very gracious movement on the island of Sky, it wasn't revival, but men and women were coming to Christ. God was glorified in the number of prominent men, who found the savior at that time, but it wasn't revival. I mention that in Canada, or America, they would refer to it as a "Big Revival", but it was definitely a move of God. So, I received this invitation to come to Lewis for ten days, and I wrote back to say that it wasn't possible for me to do that, because I was involved in a holiday convention, on this island, and the speakers were arranged, and accommodation in the different hotels for the people that were coming from all over Britain. I cannot take time to tell you how that convention had to be cancelled. Largely because, the tourist board took the hotels over my head for a special Sky week that they were going to have. So, I had to cancel everything. I wrote the minister, he received the letter, and he went to the old lady with me, and read the letter to her, and this is what she said, "Mr. McCie, that is what man is saying, but God has said something else, and he'll be here within a fortnight". I tell you, the convention wasn't cancelled then, but she knew. Oh, my dear people listen: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him:" ♦ Psalm 25:14a,

and she knew Gods' secret. I was on the island within ten days, and to spend ten days among the people.

I was met at the pier by the minister, and two of his office bearers. Just as I stepped off the boat an old elder came over to me, and faced me with this question, "Mr. Campbell, can I ask you this question, are you walking with God?" Oh, here were men who meant business. Men who were afraid that a strange hand would touch the ark, "Are you walking with God?" well, I was glad to be able to say, "Well I think I can say this, that I fear God". The dear man looked at me and said, "Well, if you fear God, that will do". Then, the minister turned, and said, "We're sure Mr. Campbell, that you're tired, and you must be longing for your supper, and supper will be ready for you in the manse, but I wonder if you would address a meeting in the Parish church, just on the way to the manse, to show yourself to the people. There'll be a fair congregation, I'm not saying a great number, but, oh anything between two and three hundred I expect. You see, there's a movement among us". Well, it will interest you dear people to know that I never got that supper, because I didn't arrive at the manse until twenty minutes past five in the morning. I went to the church, (now this is the interesting bit, because it deals with the outbreak of God in supernatural powers. The God of miracle reveling Himself in revival.) I preached in the church to a congregation of about three hundred, and I would say a good meeting. A wonderful sense of God, something that I hadn't known since the nine-teen twenty-one movement, but nothing really happened. I pronounced the benediction, and I'm walking down the aisle, when this young man came to me, and said, "Nothing has broken out tonight, but God is hovering over us. He's hovering over us, leave it be, and He'll break through any moment". Well, I must be perfectly honest, I didn't feel anything, but you see here is a man; much nearer to God than I was. Oh, he knew the secrets. We're moving down the aisle, and the congregation is moving out. They're all out now, except this man and myself. He lifted his two hands, and started to pray, "God you made a promise, to pour water on the thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground, and you're not doing it". He prayed, prayed, and prayed again, until he fell again onto the floor in a trance. He's lying there, I'm standing beside him for about five minutes, and then the doors of the church opened, and the session clerk came in. "Mr. Campbell, something wonderful has happened. Revival has broken out. Will you come to the door, and see the crowd that's here? (eleven o'clock mark you, eleven o'clock). I went to the door, and there must have been a congregation of between six, and seven hundred people gathered around the church. This dear man stood at the door, and suggested that we might sing a song. They gave out psalm a hundred and two "When Zion's bondage God turned back, as men that dreamed were we, then filled with laughter was our mouth, our tongue with melody. They sang, and the sang, and they sang, and in the midst of it, I could hear the cry of the penitent, I could hear men crying to God for mercy, and I turned to the elder and said, "I think we had better

open the doors again, and let them in". Within a matter of minutes, the church was crowded at a quarter to twelve.

Now, where did the people come from? How did they know that a meeting was in progress in the church? Well, I cannot tell you, but I know this that from Village, and Hamlet the people came. Where you to ask some of them today, "what was it that moved you?" they couldn't tell you. Only that they were moved by a power that they could not explain, and the power was such to hard to understand, and see that they were hell deserving sinners! Of course the only place they could think of, where they might find help, was at the church. Here they were, between six, and seven hundred. There was a dance in progress that night in the parish, and while this young man was praying in the aisle; the power of God moved into that dance, and the young people (over a hundred of them) fled from the dance, as those fleeing from a plague, and they made for the church. I endeavored to get up into the pulpit. I found the way blocked with young people, who'd been at the dance. When I went into the pulpit, I found a young woman, (a graduate of university) who was at the dance, and she's lying on the floor of the pulpit crying, "Is there nothing for me? Is there nothing for me? Is there nothing for me?". God was at work, and the old lady's vision, now actual and real. A church crowded with young people, as well as old.

Well, that meeting continued until four o'clock in the morning. As I was leaving the church a young man came to me, oh he's not a Christian, but he's a God fearing young man. He told me this story, "Mr. Campbell, there must be anything between two, and three hundred people at the police station. They're gathered there, and some are on their knees. Now, I cannot understand this." Now, he wasn't in the church you see, but here a crowd of men and women, from a neighboring village, five and six miles away, were so moved by God, that they found themselves moving to the police station, because the constable there was a God fearing, and well saved man. Just next to the door Peggy's Cotton. They were there, and this young man begged off me to go along to the police station, and I went along, and I shall never, never forget, what my ears heard, and my eyes saw that morning. Young men were kneeling by the roadside. I think just now of a group of half a dozen, one of them under the influence of drink, and his old mother kneeling beside him, and saying, "Oh Willy, Willy are you coming at last? Willy, Willy are you coming at last?" Willy today is a parish minister, and from the group of young men, who sought the Lord that night; there are nine in the ministry today. God moved. My dear people, that's revival. That's God at work, and I make bold to say in passing, "That is the crying need of the Christian church in Canada today, but not this effort, and effort on the basis of human endeavor, but a manifestation of God, that moves sinners to cry for mercy before they go near a place of worship.

My dear people, that was how it began there. That was how it began, and then it leaped over the bounds of the parish to neighboring parishes. We are now addressing meetings through the day, we're addressing meetings right through the night. I can remember once within twenty-four hours addressing eight meetings; crowded churches five times, twice out in a field, once down at the shore where men would come across a lot there, old men, and they were sober that night. So many of them found a savior, that we followed them to a shore, and there we sang the songs of Zion at two o'clock in the morning before we left for their homes. Oh my dear people, that's God at work. That's God at work. That's revival.

I remember one night a man coming to me, and saying, would it be possible for you to visit our parish? Well, I said, it all depends on when I could visit the parish, I think it would be possible for me to go, you could have me between one and two o'clock in the morning. So, it was decided that I should go at one o'clock. Half past one I arrived there to find a large church (one of the large churches in Lewis) crowded to capacity with as many outside. I spoke there for an hour, and then left the church with hundreds crying to God. I say hundreds, crying to God for mercy. I left the church, and another young man came to me, and said, Mr. Campbell there must be between three, and five hundred people in a field down here, and they're re wondering, the elders there are wondering if you could come down and address them? I went down, and I found this crowd; oh it was easy to address them cause the spirit of God was hovering over us. The spirit of God moving, and I seen a man lying on the ground. Oh he's in distress of soul, in terrible distress. Then, four young girls, I would say about sixteen years of age, they came over and they knelt beside him, and I hear one of them saying, listen to Jesus that saved us last night, can save you now, and that man was saved of the four young lassies prayed around him. My dear people, that's revival.

But, I think I ought to tell you a rather amusing incident. We weren't in favor with all. There was a certain section of the Christian church that bitterly opposed me. Oh I was a matter minion, and I was teaching strange doctrine. When I was proclaiming that the baptism of the Holy Ghost was a definite subsequent experience to conversion. Now, my dear people I believe that, well it is. I want to say this in passing, that I believe it was because the people grasped that truth, that we can say today, we know practically nothing of backsliding, from that gracious movement of years ago. It is because they entered into the fullness, because of that a stream of men and women going out into full time service. We're singing at this meeting, when I saw the door of a cottage opening, and I saw an old women coming out with a black shall on her, and she walked over, and she got a hold of one of the elders. A tall man, a strong man, a heavy man, and she said to him, "I wish you people would go home, and let people sleep". I can still see that dear man going over to her, and taking her by the shoulders, and shaking her, and saying, "Woman! Get a way home, you've been asleep long enough",

From that meeting I went back, back to Belfast, and when we arrived at the manse (the minister was with me) we found an elder waiting us to say that a farmer was in great distress of soul. Now, this man hadn't been in a church for twelve years. He just lived for his cattle, and horses. He lived for the earth, and he had a Godly wife, and a Godly daughter and they were concerned about him. They invited me prior to this incident to the farm, and I spoke to the old man, and he said, "Ah well, I may turn up at the church sometime". There to after that he was seen walking down the road to the church, and one of the elders said, that he thought the suit he had on was the suit that he married in. It wasn't certain if it was or not. He went to the church, and the church was so crowded that he had to sit on the pulpit steps just quite near to me, and God spoke to him. Oh he was in a fearful state. Crying, and repeating "God Hell is too good for me! Hell is too good for me!" oh, that we could see conviction, and there's one thing that I'd been crying for at this conference; that conviction of souls will get men and women prostrate in the presence of God. Oh give it to us! give it to us! That night, after being at this field meeting, I among the elder, and the minister went to the farm. We found every room in the farm house packed with people praying. Oh they were praying for the farmer. They were afraid that he would go mental. So, I said to the wife, where is Donald? Oh, he's down in the room there, he's in a terrible state. Oh, that God may have mercy on the mightiest sinner. Oh, she was speaking truth, may God have mercy on the mightiest sinner. So, we went down the passage, and she gently opened the door, and there's a farmer on his knees, and again he kept repeating, God can you have mercy on me? Can you have mercy on me? I seem to feel that hell is too good for me, and there he is. We're standing at the door, he's quite unconscious of us being there, and then the wife spoke. Now, you needn't laugh at this, I'm just stating a fact. The wife spoke, and this is what she said, "There's the mighty sinner, and may he take his tummy full of it". That was the word she used, "May he take his tummy full up" what does she mean? Oh, she was crying to God, with God would shake him out of his sin, that his experience of God would be real. Let him stew in his conviction, in the words of Millie Morris. Let them stew in their conviction, leave them there.

Leave them there, let God be with them. Though that I feel dear people, that we take things out of the hand of God by our council. Oh, that we might get to the place where with implicit confidence in God, we leave the work to Him. The following night, he asked for a meeting in the house, in the morning God met with them, in a glorious deliverance he asked for a prayer meeting. Do you know that out of that prayer meeting there were four ministers in the church today. Donald McCloud's prayer meeting.

Now, I could go on, talking to you about incidence, and how it began, but I think that I ought to mention of one or two of the supreme features of the movement. First of all,

of course, it was the awareness of God. That to me was the outstanding thing. This sense of God, the fear of God in the parish, and in the neighboring parish. You could speak to any person, and you'd find them thinking about God, and crying for mercy. Now, that is a fact that cannot be disputed. God was everywhere, and because of this awareness of God the churches were crowded; crowded through the day right on through the night, till five and six o'clock in the morning. In revival time does not exist. You see, the presence of God puts to plate purulence, how oft have I cried to God would so move in our midst that the program would go, and the oppression take the place, but that was what happened.

Perhaps, one of the main and outstanding features, was this deep; deep conviction of sin. Now, I can't explain this. You'd have to be there to see it, and there are two incidents. That dear old lady came to me one day, and she said, "I feel lead to ask you to go to this particular part of this parish. There are mighty sinners there, that need salvation". Well, I said to her, you know I've no meetings to go there. There are men there that are bitterly opposing me, and ah, I don't suppose I could get any place to hold a meeting, and she looked at me, and said this; "Mr. Campbell, if you were leading us near to God as you ought to be, He would reveal His secrets to you also". I took that as a rebuke, and I went back to the manse and I said to the minister, I think we ought to spend the morning with old Peggy, and wait upon God with her in the room. So, she agreed, and she and her sister knelt with her in their little room, and that dear woman began to pray, and I can give you her prayer. "God, you remember the conversation we had this morning at two o'clock? And you told me you were going to visit this part of the parish with revival, and I've just spoken to Mr. Campbell about it. But, he's not prepared to think of it. You better give him wisdom because the man badly needs it". Well, that was her heart, and when we rose from our knees; I said to her, well Peggy now, where do you wish me to go, and where is the meeting to be held? "Oh, you go, and God will provide the congregation, and the meeting place". Well Peggy, I'll go, I'll get better; get better. I went on the following evening, and there must have been a congregation of anything between three and four hundred. Gathered around this bungalow (seven room bungalow), and the bungalow was so packed, and so many young people anxious to be in it, that the man of the house (who wasn't a Christian, but a God fearing man) suggested that they should get into the beds in rows of threes, take off their shoes, and pack themselves. Well, that was what they did. Rows of threes on their knees in the different beds. Not one of them could tell you what moved, by a sovereign God they were aware. I spoke for about ten minutes when one of the elders came to me, and said, "Mr. Campbell, will you come around to the end of the house? Some of the leading men in the village are crying to God for mercy, and if you go there, we'll go to the peach shack over here where you she those women crying to God on their knees". I went around to the end of the house, and there they were. The men that old Peggy saw, that would become pillars in the church of

their Fathers, and today those men are pillars in the church. My dear people that's the revival that I believe in.

In the midst of those crying to God for mercy, there were two pipers. I think most of you know that I was a piper, and playing the bagpipes at a concert, and dancing, God met with me, and spoke to me and saved me. Miracle working God. Well, two of them are there. Now, those two pipers were advertised to play at a concert and dance in a neighboring parish, and the minister of that parish was there. He was the man who spoke to me, and said "Go to the end of the house", and he and his wife are looking at the two pipers. Oh, they're there crying to God for mercy. He turned to his wife, and he said, "Look here, we'll go back to the parish, and we'll go to the dance, and we'll tell them there what is happening in Belfast". So, off they went (fifty miles), arrived when the dance was in progress. Went to the door, and was met by the son of a schoolmaster. "What are you wanting here Mr. McLennan"? Oh, I just come to the dance. "Oh, but we know you haven't come for the dance to dance". But, as parish minister, he claimed the right, and went in. There dancing, and he stepped onto the floor. Young men, young women, I've an interesting story to tell you. The two pipers aren't with you, they're not with you, they're crying to God for mercy in Belfast. A stillness. Oh, the stillness of eternity (in putting the words of the minister) came over the dance, and then he said, young listen, I would like you to sing a psalm with me, and I think we ought to sing psalm fifty, where God is depicted as a flame of fire. He began to sing (he's leading it himself). When he came to the second verse, suddenly there was a cry, the young man fell on the floor, and began to cry to God for mercy. In five minutes the hall was empty, and are now in three buses (coaches that brought young people from other parishes), and in the coaches on their knees crying to God for mercy. Listen, the young man who fell on his knees that night, was now serving in a parish church, just before I came across to Canada. That's God at work. The Spirit of God so moved, the conviction was so terrible, that we could only leave them there.

I suppose you've read about the most remarkable movement. The Acts of the Apostles repeated again. It's in the village, a young girl (who was with you here for several years, and came to us last year) she was up there just now, and she was over at the house that shook when the elder prayed. Now, that was what happened at midnight. The situation was difficult, again bitter opposition, bitter opposition. He's teaching error. So, it went on, but at midnight this man got up to pray, and I still recall his words. "God do you know that your honor is at stake? Do you know that you made a promise that you're not fulfilling? Now, there are five ministers here along with Mr. Campbell. I don't know where any of them stand. Not even Mr. Campbell. But, if I know anything at all about my own poor heart, I think I can say that I'm thirsting. I'm thirsting for manifestation of your power", and then about quarter to two in the morning he stood up, and said this, "God, on the basis of your promise to pour water

on the thirsty, I now take it upon myself to challenge you to fulfill your covenant engagement". When that man said that, the farm house shook like a leaf. Now, the elder minister said to me, "I'm a sinner". When John Smote stopped praying I pronounced the benediction, and went out of the church to find the whole community alive. The whole community alive, and a gracious movement broke out, that, is spoken of in Scotland today as the revival.

One of the mighty movements in the midst of this gracious dissertation. You know that the drinking house was closed that night, and it's never been opened since. Never been opened since. The men who used to drink there, and spend their evenings there are now praying in our prayer meetings, and one of them is a minister in Southern Arabia. Oh, I could go on, but that was how the movement began. Conviction, distress of soul, thirty young men standing at a hall, holding nothing but the amount of beer that was to be brought the parish for the dance on Friday. Some of them come to the others and says, "Boy's let us increase the amount I believe that this is the last time that beer is going to come to this parish". Another young man said, (angered) "Are you suggesting that revival is going to come to this godless parish"? "I cannot say what is going to happen, or what is going to come, but something is happening to me". That was all that he said. Listen dear people, thirty young men fell on their knees in front of the public hall, and where there for over an hour, and all of them saved, and eleven of them are office bearers in that church today, and that is one community. After that gracious movement, when you couldn't find single unsaved soul in the parish, and that community.

My dear people, do you good folk understand what revival means? Have you a conception of what it means to see God working? The God of miracles, sovereign, and supernatural. Moving in the midst of men, and hundreds swept into the kingdom. Oh, that we might see it, that we might see it. Now, my time's gone, but ah, you ask what are the fruits of it? You already said that you know nothing about backsliding, well, that is true. I could count on my five fingers, all who dropped out of the prayer meetings. You see, in Lewis, and in the high land generally, they would no more believe that you were a Christian, than they would believe that the devil was a Christian, if you don't attend the prayer meetings. I agree with them. I certainly agree with them. When a soul is born again, suddenly there is created a hunger to be among the praying people of God. The prayer meetings become crowded. You couldn't find a parish in Lewis today that hasn't five prayer meetings. It was stated in the midst of the movement, "There are more people attending the prayer meetings now, than attended public worship on a communion Sunday". Now, that's true. Well, that is one of the outstanding features relative to the fruit that remains, and from those prayer meetings, now get a hold of this, from those prayer meetings a movement has began now, that is sweeping through Lewis. Where is it? Among whom? Among the teenagers, among

young men, and young women that some time ago would be making their way to the town to the pictures, or to the dance, or to the drinking houses in the town, but today in their scores.

Now I'm not saying it's revival. Not in the sense that we witnessed it some years ago, but in parishes tonight you will find perhaps half a dozen prayer meetings in progress. They're in the church, and from the church they go for a bite of supper, and then to houses here and there, to wait upon God till two o'clock in the morning, and in those prayer meetings, young people, young men and women, teenagers, and others are coming savingly to Christ. There's a woman recently who has a story to tell. Perhaps when she comes back, she'll tell you all about it. That is if we let her go. I think I said to Mr. Maxwell, "If you can give us half a dozen other Miss Bangles, will work with them with open arms, in the work of the mission in pagan England". But, that is true, the movement continues, and perhaps another feature, one of two, the fruits the number of men and women that had go forth into full time service in the ministry, and in the foreign field.