

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN WALES 1904

BY

AWSTIN

& OTHER SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OF THE "WESTERN MAIL"

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Preface by "'EILIR'"



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ABOUT THIS PAMPHLET

The "Western Mail," a popular newspaper during the Welsh Revival, assigned various reporters to chronicle its progress each day. The principle reporter was Mr. T. Davies, commonly known by his pen-name "Awstin." The reporters were eye witnesses and were generally very sympathetic to the movement. Their articles were collected into six 32-page pamphlets of which this is the first. These pamphlets make very fascinating reading as they follow the ministry and travels of Evan Roberts. They are essential reading for all those studying the grass-roots activities of those glorious days.

Preface by 'Eilir': Past and Present Revivals in Wales

The daily press in Wales during the present revival is passing through a new and strange experience. For the first time in its history its columns are devoted to reporting the proceedings in connection with any movement of the kind. Considering that it is a novice in this kind of work, it must be admitted that it performs its task by no means an easy one tolerably successfully. In the estimation of some critics, indeed, so successfully does it do its work that the present awakening has been called, somewhat irreverently, ""a newspaper revival."" The press, it is true, has been the means of making it known, but the revival itself spreads by its own inherent force and would have covered the land independently of any encouragement from the daily or weekly newspaper

It was a small fire that burnt at Loughor when the ""Western Mail"" gave its first account of the revival, but it required no seer to perceive that in that bright flame were all the possibilities of a huge conflagration that would sooner or later affect the whole country. The Loughor movement bore all the marks of a genuine and spontaneous revival, as anybody who tested it by the light of past awakenings in Wales might have seen. Such upheavals invariably spring from small beginnings, so small that for weeks; and some months, they fail to arrest public attention.

The Welsh people have always been easily acted upon by religious influences. This is characteristic of the emotional Celtic race. In ancient and medieval Wales the people were often roused from spiritual sleep, now by a missionary saint, and again by some fiery preaching friar. The history of the pre-Reformation Church contains several notable instances of religious emotionalism. In the seventeenth century pulpit power was greatly in evidence in some parts of Wales.

One or two instances must suffice. The famous Vicar Prichard by his preaching attracted immense congregations everywhere, and made a deep impression upon the people. Revivals on many occasions broke out under the moving eloquence of Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror. Jones, in fact, was the precursor of the greatest revival Wales has ever experienced, that of 1755, of which the preaching of Howel Harris, of Trevecca, was the immediate cause. Almost simultaneously, however, with the Breconshire movement occurred that of Llangeitho. A notable fact in connection with both is that they originated in church. Harris felt himself endued with power from on high after partaking of the Holy Communion in Talgarth Church on Easter day, 1735, and Rowlands, whilst in the act of reading the Litany at Llangeitho Church, brought down the Divine spark which eventually grew into a consuming fire. In a few years' time no fewer than ten ordained clergymen (Harris himself was a layman) were engaged in the work of preaching the Gospel in all sorts of places, both consecrated and unconsecrated, and of spreading the revival in Wales. Ecclesiastical authority interposed, but to no purpose. It was only a fighting against stronger odds.

The movement grew and developed despite all obstacles, until at length it touched Wales at all points. We are now able to realise that it was destined to change the whole course of Welsh history. Though, however, it began in church, it was carried on outside its pale, with disastrous results to the 'Old Mother.' We who live in these far-off days can form no adequate conception of the mighty influences that operated in those days in religious circles in Wales and the marvellous results which followed. The face of the whole country, morally speaking, was changed. A new and powerful denomination sprang up, and new life was breathed into those religious bodies which had previously existed, one only excepted the National Church itself.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century several revivals were witnessed, but they were all more or less local. Seven revivals, it is said, broke out in Harris's time at Llangeitho alone. The most notable of the awakenings was that which occurred during the last decade of the century (1791-2). It is difficult to form a correct estimate of its scope or its results, but we know that it was a very powerful upheaval, and produced marked effects upon young people of both sexes, thousands of whom abandoned their sports and amusements for religious exercises and the bidding and the shebeen for the chapel and the Sunday School.

North Wales was visited by a religious conin 1839, and again the following year, and South Wales witnessed exciting scenes in 1841, 1842 and 1843. The late Dr. Tom Rees, of Swansea, in a letter to the ""Christian Witness,"" in 1843, states that the motive power in the revival of that year was the perusal of a Welsh version of Finney's ""Lectures,"" issued by Mr. E. Griffiths, of Swansea. The effects produced, however, seem to have been transient. for Dr Rees states that the period from the end of 1843 so the summer of 1849 ""was a season of almost universal declension.""

At the latter date another awakening was experienced in Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, and also in parts of Brecknockshire and Carmarthenshire. It is stated that the terrible visitation of cholera was principally the means of arousing peoples attention in 1849. Fear seems to have had a most rating effect upon peoples minds, for conversions on that occasion were not accompanied by loud cries or promiscuous singing or jumping as had been the case in some former revivals.

We have no record of the number of conversions made on that occasion; but Dr Rees gives a list of Congregational churches with the number of new members added. At Brynmawr there was an increase of 409, Beaufort 396, Alltwn and Pantteg 400, Neath 460, Aberand Carnarvon 650, Tredegar 250, and at Merthyr from 1,200 to 1,500. Other denominations doubt, counted similar gains. A great feature of the revival was the great number of converts 'who pressed together at the same time to the meetings. At Dowlais 240 were given the right hand of fellowship the same Sunday, and at Beaufort 200.

We now come to the greatest shaking of the heavens and the earth the last century knew that of 1859. Its pioneer was Humphrey Jones, a Wesleyan returned from the States, where a powerful awakening had broken out. Jones commenced his campaign at Treiddol, and his preaching soon attracted great attention. In due time Cardiganshire was deeply aroused, and eventually the adjoining counties and the whole of Wales felt the strange new power that was at work. The leading features of the revival were spontaneous prayer meetings among the masses, spirit of union among all religious bodies, and zeal for the conversion of the irreligious. The meetings almost everywhere were conducted just as ""the Spirit moved without programme or method and without leader. Anybody prayed or gave out a hymn, and

meetings generally terminated owing to the sheer physical exhaustion of the revivalists. In hundreds of places people were carried out of chapel unable to move hand or foot. Of an evening the revivalists would, perhaps, go the round of all the chapels in a town or a neighbourhood, and meetings often continued until daybreak. Open-air prayer meetings were frequently held, and ordinary men and women were endowed with a remarkable "gift of tongue," and were unaccountably eloquent. Physical manifestations of feeling were very marked and people often became delirious, giving vent to their emotions by jumping and shouting "Hosannah," "Hallelujah," and such exclamations.

It is estimated that 100,000 new members about a tenth of the population of Wales at the time joined the several religious bodies. One important result of the movement was the improvement produced in the morals of the people. The cause of temperance and social purity was given a powerful stimulus; in fact, the social and religious life of Wales was altogether lifted on to a higher plane.

The 1859 revival also marks a new era in the history of Welsh sacred music. That date saw a revival quite as much in congregational singing as in religion. It was the year in which that landmark in Welsh singing appeared "Teuan Gwyllts" tune-book. The introduction of the tonic sol-fa system, also, is co-incident with that year, and it was now the singing festival began properly to be the great power we know it in Welsh religious circles to-day. During the past fifty years music has become of paramount importance in Welsh churches and chapels, and sacred song has been powerfully stimulated from outside by the eisteddfod and the concert. No wonder a master of song once observed that "the next revival in Wales would be a singing revival." The remark was founded upon knowledge of the national character and experience of the past half-century. Events around us to-day establish its correctness, and the following pages would serve to illustrate its force.

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Chapter 1 - Welsh Religious Revival, 1904

The first public reference to the 1904 revival in Wales was made in the following paragraphs which appeared in the "Western Mail" on November 10.

A WONDERFUL PREACHER.

GREAT CROWDS OF PEOPLE DRAWN TO LOUGHOR.

CONGREGATION STAY TILL HALFPAST 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 saying he does not know what he (will be led) to say, but that when he is in complete harmony with the Holy Spirit the Holy Spirit (will lead) and he will be simply the medium of His wisdom. The preacher soon after launches out into a fervent and at times imoration. 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. Shopkeepers are closing earlier in order to get a place in the chapel, and tin and steel workers through 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 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 move 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.

This remarkable message indicated such an unusual state of religious fervour that the 'Western Mail' despatched a special correspondent to Loughor to make inquiries, and his vivid report showed that the long-expected revival had really arrived. The special correspondents will now tell their own stories.

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Chapter 2 - The Scenes at Loughor

LLANELLY, Friday, November 11.

The ancient township of Loughor, near Llanelly, is just now in the throes of a truly remarkable "'revival,'" the influence of which is spreading to the surrounding districts. Meetings are being held every night attended by dense crowds, and each of them is continued well into the early hours of the next morning. The missionary is Mr. Evan Roberts, a young man who for some years worked at the Broadoak Colliery. He has spent the whole of his life in the place, and was always known as a man with strong leanings towards religion. He is now preparing for the ministry at a preparatory school at Newcastle-Emlyn. Whatever the source of his power may be, there can be no mistaking the fact that he has moved the whole community by his remarkable utterances, and scores of people who have never been known to attend any place of worship are now making public profession of their conversion. During my visit to Loughor I found that the "'revival'" was on everyone's tongue, Colliers and tin-platers, shopkeepers and merchants in fact, all classes of the community are to be found among the auditors of this fervid young enthusiast, who declares that the message which he brings to the people is that which is revealed to him by the Holy Spirit. At the close of the remarkable service which is described below I had a short interview with Mr. Roberts. This was at the unearthly hour of 4.30 a.m., after I had gone through a unique seven hours' experience. In answer to my questions Mr. Roberts said that the only explanation of what was now taking place in Loughor was that the Spirit of God was working among the people. Recently death in a very terrible form has come home to the people of Loughor in the wrecking of the express train, and I inquired of Mr. Roberts whether that might account for their readiness to receive the message. He did not, however, think that was at all likely. Asked as to whether he intended devoting himself exclusively to mission work in the future, Mr. Roberts said that in that matter he was in the hands of God.

The meeting at Brynteg Congregational Chapel on Thursday night was attended by those remarkable scenes which have made previous meetings memorable in the life history of so many of the inhabitants of the district. The proceedings commenced at seven o'clock, and they lasted without a break until 4.30 o'clock this (Friday) morning. During the whole of this time the congregation were under the influence of deep religious fervour and exaltation. There were about 400 people present when I took my seat in the chapel, about nine o'clock. The majority of the congregation were females, ranging from young misses of twelve to matrons with babies in their arms. Mr. Roberts is a young man of rather striking appearance. He is tall and distinguished-looking, with an intellectual air about his clean-shaven face. His eyes are piercing in their brightness, and the pallor of his countenance seemed to suggest that these nightly vigils are telling upon him. There was, however, no suggestion of fatigue in his conduct of the meeting. There is nothing theatrical about his preaching. He does not seek to terrify his hearers; and eternal, torment finds no

place in his theology. Rather does he reason with the people and show them by persuasion a more excellent way. I had not been many minutes in the building before I felt that this was no ordinary, gathering. Instead of the set order of proceedings to which we are accustomed at the orthodox religious service, everything here was left to the spontaneous impulse of the moment. The preacher, too, did not remain in his usual seat. For the most part he walked up and down the aisles, open Bible in hand, exhorting one, encouraging another, and kneeling with a third to implore a blessing from the Throne of Grace.

A young woman rose to give out a hymn, which was sung with deep earnestness. While it was being sung several people dropped down in their seats as if they had been struck, and commenced crying for pardon. Then from another part of the chapel could be heard the resonant voice of a young man reading a portion of Scripture. While this was in progress from the gallery came an impassioned prayer from a woman crying aloud that she had repented of her ways, and was determined to live a better life henceforward. All this time Mr. Roberts went in and out among the congregation offering kindly words of advice to kneeling penitents. He would ask them if they believed, the reply, in one instance being, 'No, I would like to believe, but I can't. Pray for me.' Then the preacher would ask the audience to join him in the following prayer, ""Anfon yr Ysryd yn awr, er mwyn Jesu Grist, Amen"" \("Send the Holy Spirit now, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.") This prayer would be repeated about a dozen times by all present, when the would-be convert would suddenly, rise and declare with triumph, ""Thank God, I have now received salvation. Never again will I walk in the way of sinners."" This declaration would create a new excitement, and the congregation would joyously sing:

Diolch, iddo, diolch iddo,
Byth am gofio llwch y llawr.

I suppose this occurred scores of times during the nine hours over which the meeting was protracted. A very pathetic feature of the proceedings was the anxiety of many, present for the spiritual welfare of members of their families. One woman was heartbroken for her husband, ""who was given to drink."" She implored the prayers of the conin his behalf. The story told by, another young woman drew tears to all eyes. She said that her mother was dead, and that her father had given way to sin, so that, she was indeed orphaned in the world. She had attended the meetings without feeling her position, but on the previous day, while following her domestic duties, the Spirit had come upon her, bidding her to speak. And she did speak!her address being remarkable for one who had never spoken before in public. Yet another woman made public confession that she had come to the meeting in a spirit of idle curiosity, but that the influence of the Holy Ghost worked within her, causing her to go down on her knees in penitence. It was now long past midnight, but still there was no abatement in the fervour of the gathering. Fresh fuel was added to the religious fire by Mr. Roberts, who described what had appeared to him as a vision. He said that when he was before the Throne of Grace he saw appearing before him a key. He did not understand the meaning of this sign. Just then, however, three members of the congregation rose to their feet and said that they had been converted. ""My vision is-explained,"" said Mr. Roberts, ecstatically; ""it was the key by which God. opened your hearts.""

One of the most remarkable utterances of this remarkable night was that of a woman who gave a vivid description of a vision which she had seen on the previous evening. ""I saw,"" she said, ""a great expanse of beautiful land, with friendly faces peopling it. Between me and this golden country was a shining river, crossed by a plank. I was anxious to cross, but feared that the plank would not support me. But at that moment I gave myself to God, and there, came over me a great wave of faith, and I crossed I safely.""

At 2.30 o'clock I took a rough note of what was then proceeding. In the gallery a woman was praying, and she fainted. Water was offered her, but she refused this, saying that the only thing she wanted was God's forgiveness. A well-known resident then rose and said that salvation had come to him. Immediately following a thanksgiving hymn was sung, while an English prayer from a new convert broke in upon the singing, The whole congregation then fell upon their knees, prayers ascending from every part of the edifice, while Mr. Roberts gave way to tears at the sight. This state of fervency lasted for about ten minutes. It was followed by an even more impressive five minutes of silence, broken only by the sobs of strong men. A hymn was then started by a woman with a beautiful soprano voice. Finally, Mr. Roberts announced the holding of future meetings, and at 4.25 o'clock the gathering dispersed. But even at this hour the people did not make their way home. When I left to walk back to Llanelly I left dozens of them about the road still discussing what is now the chief subject in their lives. They had come prepared with lamps and lanterns, the

lights of which in the early hours of darkness were weird and picturesque. In the course of a conversation with our representative on Friday afternoon Mr. Roberts said that he believed we were on the eve of one of the greatest revivals that Wales had ever seen. All the signs of this were present. It was time for us to get out of the groove in which we had walked for so long. He himself was converted twelve or thirteen years ago, and ever since then he had been praying for the Holy Ghost to come upon him. That it had come he was certain. It was one thing for a man to be converted and quite another to receive the baptism of the Spirit. The meetings they had had were glorious experiences. When they opened a meeting they had no idea when it would conclude. Only one thing could be said, and that was that it would not conclude until some definite point had been gained.

Asked how many converts had been made, Mr. Roberts said that he did not call it conner did he believe in the counting of heads. Some people had said that he was doing goodwork. It was not his, however. He was simply an instrument in the hand of God, and he wanted men to receive the joy of religion,, as he had found it. Our fathers had their religion, and too often it made them gloomy. In those cases the ""joy"" of religion had not been experienced.

The revival originated in the Calvinistic Methodist Church, New Quay. The ""fire"" broke out on the morning of the second Sunday in February last, in a crowded Christian Endeavour meeting, after the morning service, when a young lady, moved by the words and appeal of a lay speaker, arose in the midst of the congregation, and in a clear voice, intense and pathetic, I love Jesus with all my heart."" Her soul seemed to be in every word. Unaccountable power accompanied her simple testimony, and seemed to overwhelm the people. After this the meetings multiplied, and some were held in private houses, wherever entrance could be got. In all the neighbouring villages and towns people were everywhere electrified by the intense passion of the meeting.

This remarkable message indicated such an unusual state of religious fervour that the 'Western Mail' despatched a special correspondent to Loughor to make inquiries, and his vivid reportshowed that the long-expected revival had really arrived. The special correspondents will now tell their own stories.

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Chapter 3 - The Revival Spreads

LOUGHOR, Sunday, November 13th.

The publication given to the, great ""revival"" in progress at Loughor and the surrounding district has been the means of attracting thousands of people to the various chapels at which these remarkable gatherings are held. I described the meeting held on Thursday night, which did not conclude till close upon five, o'clock on Friday morn. Friday's meeting, was equally protracted,while the meeting on Saturday night even exceeded this length, the lights in the chapel not being extinguished until after five o'clock.

All the gatherings were alike in that they were marked by the same ecstatic fervour, as distinguished the meeting already described. By this time Mr. Evan Roberts who is the guiding spirit of this wonderful mission, has come to dispense with the address with which, in the earlier days of the movement, he commenced each gathering. His impassioned oratory has done its work, and now the conduct of the proceedings is left almost altogether in the hands of the congregation. How thoroughly they enter into it may be gauged by the length to which each, meeting is carried on.

As might have been expected, some extraordinary incidences are taking place each day outside the chapel walls. On Friday afternoon, for instance, a young man engaged on a farm in the vicinity was sent by his master with a cartload of turnips to Loughor. Earlier in the week he had come under the spell of the missionary, and might be described as one of his converts. When nearing Loughor he was approached by a woman in deep distress, who, with tears in her eyes, besought him to come and pray for her husband. Like the disciples of old, he forthwith "left all," and followed the woman to her house. Over an hour elapsed when his employer came to town, and found his horse and cart in charge of two young children. He was directed to the house, and the scene that presented itself there so affected him that he remained to join his prayers with those of the woman and his servant.

During the whole of Saturday prayer meetings were held in various houses, these being continued up to the time of the evening meeting at Moriah Chapel. On Saturday afternoon two young women who are prominently identified with the revival, went on a preaching mission to Gorseinon. They were joined by other enthusiasts, and they preached and sang outside several public-houses. Crowds quickly gathered. Here again there were heard heart-broken outbursts of contrition among the listeners men and women so like children.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable service of the day was that held in the middle of a, large gipsy encampment on Kingsbridge Common. The dwellers in tents received the missionaries with a degree of suspicion, which augured ill for the success of the service. Before the meeting had been long in progress, however, this suspicion gave way to wonderment, and later on to devout awe. Then came paroxysms of grief from the female members of the encampment, some of them tearing their hair in their self-denun. When the meeting came to a close a collection was made on behalf of the poor gipsies, and a promise was given them that another service would be held on Sunday afternoon.

On Saturday night Moriah Chapel was besieged by a tremendous crowd anxious to obtain admission. Hundreds of people had come from Llanelly, Swansea, Gowerton, Gorseinon, and other places, and after the chapel had been filled to its utmost capacity there was yet a surging mass of people in the roadway. Mr Roberts, seeing this, ordered the old chapel which is close by to be opened, and services were then simultaneously held in the two buildings. The scenes that I described on Saturday were re-enacted at these two meetings. On all hands it could be seen that the people had been moved to their very heart core. What could not fail to impress even the most callous was the impassioned eloquence of men and women who up to this juncture in their lives had never uttered a word in public. It was thrilling to see young colliers uneducated, ignorant, if you like rise from their pews and speak as if inspired. Mr. Roberts was joined on this occasion by a fellow-student. Mr. Evans roused his hearers to new enthusiasm with his account of the revival in Cardiganshire.

Mr. Evans described his visit to Cardigan Fair, and how the crowd at first refused to hear the message, preferring to go on with their business. By- and-bye, however, the people gathered around, and they had a most successful meeting.

The high-water mark of fervour was reached at the meeting in the old chapel, where, after a young woman had asked the audience to pray for her brother, a man rose in the gallery and, speaking with passionate eloquence, described the vision which appeared to him on the previous evening. He said that he was alone in his bedroom, when he suddenly felt that, he was not alone. At the same time a voice seemed to be calling upon him to pray, but he could not pray. This command was thrice repeated, and he fell on his knees, but not a word escaped him. Then, however, the voice bade him to "Throw out the life-line!" Upon this the entire audience rose as by some common instinct and sang as it has been rarely sung before the well-known hymn of which those words are the refrain.

The experience of a young man engaged as a clerk in a Llanelly office is worthy of notice. Like many others, his curiosity was attracted by these meetings, and he determined to be present on Saturday evening. "By reason of the throng" it was nearly three hours before he gained admittance. Seated next to him was a man whose prayer so affected him that he implored the prayers of the congregation in his own behalf, and later on he rose and spoke as a newly-made convert.

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Chapter 4 - Meetings and Trecyn

Trecynon, Monday, November 14.

Modest almost to the point of despair was the beginning made by the Evan Roberts revival mission at Trecynon this evening, and the omens pointed to orthodox quietness rather than to a repetition of the exuberance of emotional fervour which has characterised in such a remarkable degree the revival services at Loughor. When the service was timed to commence at Ebenezer Chapel the empty pews were more numerous than the people assembled, and there was a coldness in the atmosphere which boded ill for a successful meeting. Those who know Trea little village which nestles closely on the borders of Aberdare with its trade of religious zeal, will be most surprised to know that Ebenezer was not besieged on such an occasion, and, perhaps, at the same time, they will best appreciate the laconic remark of a village stoic that "the fair at Aberdare was a powerful counter-attraction."

Instead of finding an eager throng outside the gates of the chapel I was surprised to see only some half-dozen small groups of miners and their wives and sons gathered together, just as is their wont on the occasion of the ordinary weekly prayer meeting. Later in the evening the reason for this sparse attendance became obvious. The service commenced so early that workmen had not been given sufficient time to go to their homes from their work and to change their working clothes for those which they considered to be better befitting a religious service. While the few who had seated themselves in the chapel were waiting for the arrival of the young revivalist an elderly man sitting beneath the gallery offered up a prayer, and a young man who was sitting in another part of the building recited the words of the popular Welsh hymn, "Disgwyl 'rwyf ar hyd yr hirnos," the last two lines of which were being repeated when the five young ladies from Loughor who have played so prominent a part in the mission with their speech and song walked up the aisle and seated themselves in the "set fawr." One of them, possessing a sweet mezzo-soprano voice of singular tenderness, sang Happy Day, and the early coldness was already beginning to thaw under the influence of the intensifying fervour with which the refrain was sung and sung again. The melody was in full swing when Mr. 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 intellectual 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 terrors of everlasting punishment. His belief was that the love of Christ was a powerful enough magnet to draw 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 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 gipsies 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 must, at any rate, have been deeply impressed with the profound earnestness 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 "'Duw mawr y maith,'" 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.

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Chapter 5 - Full Day of Noble Work

TRECYNON, Tuesday, November 15th.

The indications of the spread of a religious revival in Wales are increasing in force as well as spreading over a larger area, and the fact that the movement is not due to the overpowering fervour and eloquence of any great preacher or preachers only proves that the country seems to be ripening for manifestations of the "'hwyl'" in a rising tide which thousands are apparently waiting, watching, and praying for. The gatherings at Trecynon, Aberdare, conducted by Mr. Evan Roberts, of Loughor, and the five young singing evangelists who accompany him are attracting crowds, not only from the immediate neighbourhood, but mixed companies of the sceptic, the doubtful, the curious, the zealous, the enthusiastic, and the stern believer in the advent of the revival from distant towns and villages; and when the silver-tongued orators of Welsh pulpit and pew shall have caught the infectious spirit of these pioneers of the movement there can, in the present state of expectancy, only be one result an upheaval of religious forces which will undoubtedly electrify the Principality.

Ebenezer Chapel, where today's proceed were conducted by Mr. Evan Roberts, is the Welsh Congregational Chapel so famous in connection with what was known as Edwards Morgan's revival in 1859, and although Aberdare does not appear, as yet, to have particularly joined Trecynon, there can be no doubt that before the week is out similar services will be held there.

Perhaps the greatest mystery of the whole movement at present is that the central figure of the revival, Mr. Evan Roberts, is not gifted with the remarkable eloquence which is generally the attribute of a man who sways multitudes. As I heard a man remark, wonderingly, "'We have plenty of better speakers, and, possibly, abler men, but they do not seem to be imbued with the same power as he wields in drawing these immense crowds and keeping them together. At present I can only account for it by the fact that he comes from the midst of the Loughor fire.'"

That is just it. He neither preaches nor harangues; he simply talks, pleads, exhorts, explains; tells his own story simply

and winningly, and smilingly invites. He does not even give out the electrifying Welsh hymns with the effect which many can impart to the stirring words; but he is evidently sincere, and he prays with the fervour of a man whose heart is deeply moved. The young ladies who accompany him are not professional singers; but they are manifestly touched with the spirit of singing pilgrims, and, in summing up the strangeness of the power thus introduced, one can only be reminded of the story of the humble origin of the disciples of old, as "the fishermen of the Sea of Galilee." But the spontaneous striking up of a hymn or the starting of an address in Welsh or English, or the uttering of a devout prayer by men or women in the congregation, in the body of the chapel, or the gallery, from pulpit, big pew, or anywhere that may be occupied by the person who rises, naturally tends to infuse enthusiasm and decentralise the work.

The prayer meeting held at Ebenezer this morning is described as a wonderful one, lasting from ten o'clock until 1.15. Men had remained home from work in order to attend it. People who had come long distances the previous day had remained in the village overnight in order to join.

"Who conducted it?" I asked.

"No one," was the reply; "but Evan Roberts prayed."

The "Holy Spirit led." declared Evan Roberts himself.

At the night meeting, announced for seven o'clock, there, was a full chapel before the time fixed, and Evan Roberts, now and then rising and pacing the "set fawr," seemed agitated with expectancy. He got up at five minutes to seven and gave out a hymn of the Church Militant "Mae'r Iesu'n myn'd I ryfel," and, after it had been sung, took the words for the text of an address lasting nearly half an hour. Then he invited the congregation to sing:

"Marchog Iesu yn llwyddianus,
Gwisg dy gleddyf ar dy glun."

and the tide of feeling seemed to rise gradually as the meeting proceeded. One of the young ladies in the big seat started singing:

"O happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,"

And the congregation joined heartily in the refrain, which was repeated again and again. The singer stopped, and stated that she had that day visited some gipsies, and that two of them had accompanied her to that meeting. It was a happy day for her, and she could not help singing "Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away," and she commenced singing again, and the "repeats" were more fervent than before, indicating clearly the influence of the words and the music, as well as the feeling, upon the congregation.

A man in the gallery afterwards prayed. Mr. Roberts then delivered a brief address. He remarked that it was not for ministers or deacons to do the work of the Churches alone, but for all to work together, and then the revival of which they were now only opening the gates would come. Would any "backslider" get up and re-join the Lord's Church? They need not be afraid of the term "backslider." Coming back was the great thing. Promptly came the response, A man rose in the congregation, and spoke a few words in a low voice, and spontaneously the crowded congregation sang:

"Gwaed y Groes sy'n codi fyny,
Reiddil yn goncwerwyr mawr;
Gwaed y Groes sydd yn darostwng
Cewri cedyrn fyrdd i lawr.
Diolch iddo,
Byth am goflo llwch y llawr."

Without repeating the full verses, the now thoroughly roused congregation sang the refrain of the next verse:

""Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'm cof.""

An old lady rose in the body of the chapel and delivered an impassioned Welsh appeal to all to join the people who could sing ""O happy day,"" and a man seemingly a worker at the lower end of the chapel, gave out, voluntarily, the hymn, ""Ni fuasai genyf obaith,"" which led to fervent singing of the well-known ""repeat"":

""O rhyw anfeidrol gariad
I gofio am danaf fi,""

the eloquent words and music with which the late Gabriel Williams, of Treherbert, thrilled the vast audience in St. James's Hall, London, on a memorable occasion. some years ago. By this time the pulpit, or, rather, rostrum, of the chapel was filled, as well as the pews, and while the conductor of the meeting was walking about quietly, now in the gallery, now in the aisles, four local ministers sat in the rostrum, thoroughly enjoying the service and joining heartily in the singing.

Presently there was a moment's silence, and a North Walian rose and shouted, ""Thank God for Llwynffortun, the only man who in days gone by took an interest in the gipsies,"" and then proceeded to speak at some length, raising and lowering his voice in the cadences of the Welsh ""hwyl,"" as the old lady already referred to had done. 'While he was proceeding a girl's sweet voice rang out with the words and music of ""Gwaed y groes sy'n codi fyny,"" and the congregation joined magnificently.

Into the ""big seat,"" and, at the earnest invitation of others, on to the rostrum went a clerical-looking gentleman the Rev. T. O. Thomas, formerly schoolmaster of Bedlinog who, without announcing, or being announced, read a portion of Scripture, and fired his hearers by declaring that he had just come from Loughor, where he had been ""in the midst of the fire."" He had spent Sunday there, and could testify to that which was being done. He was, he said, keenly interested in it. He remembered an old woman praying for this revival before this young man (pointing to Mr. Evan Roberts) was born in the words (which he sang)

""O anfon Di yr Ysbryd Glan,
Yn enw Iesu mawr,
A'i weithrediadau megys tan,
O anfon Ef i lawr""

Needless to say, the touch of the ""fire"" kindled a kindred fire in the congregation, and the service was still further strengthened when Mr. Roberts once more declared that the revival was coming that they were only ""opening the gates,"" and he asked them to sing:

""Duw mawr y rhyfeddodau maith.""

He interspersed maxims and exhortations, even in giving out the hymn, and then came the deep roll of the resounding bass on the lines:

""Ond Dwyfol ras, niwy rhyfedd yw
Na'th holl weithredoedd o bob rhyw,"" &c.

Thus were the proceedings continued until a late hour.

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Chapter 6 - Crowds at Pontycymmer

PONTYCYMMER, Wednesday, November 16.

Pontycymmer has never witnessed such scenes as those which made a huge throng tremble with a strange excitement at the Congregational Chapel to-night. In response to an invitation from the religious bodies of the town of Pontycymmer, Mr. Evan Roberts came down to the colliery village from Aberdare, and in his simple and unostentatious way created a convulsion of feeling which must have convinced the most sceptical that the revival in Wales is sweeping over Pontycymmer with telling force. People had come from all parts of the Garw Valley to hear this young man, whose fame has spread on every hand, and whose name is already on every tongue. He is spoken of now as the John Wesley of Wales, a man whose message is peace and goodwill. His gospel has no terrors for anyone. There is no gloom in it. His countenance reflects happiness, even to joyousness, and this he imparts to all who listen to him and believe in what he preaches.

His address at Pontycymmer was similar in tone to that delivered at Trecynon on Monday evening. No attempt was made to set a flame to people's passion with the torch of rhetoric. Evan Roberts's methods are in keeping with his character. He is plain and simple in the severest degree, and his own constant endeavour is to sink his own personality in the depths of his subject.

Those who heard him tonight for the first time were so full of curiosity to know what manner of man he was that their minds for a time were solely intent upon a close and keen observation of his style and mannerisms rather than upon listening to what he had to say. They had read in the "Western Mail" of his habit of swaying his arms and walking along the aisles. He varied not these little idiosyncrasies in the conduct of this meeting, except that he did not walk up and down the aisle's. To have done so was an impossibility, unless he had walked on the heads of the people.

There was not a cubic inch of vacant ground space anywhere. People clambered up the rails of the pulpit, sat on the steps leading from one pew to another in the gallery, and scores struggled in vain at the entrance to the chapel to get within bearing distance. The atmosphere was excessively oppressive but the man who seemed to feel it least, or to feel it not at all, was the man who worked the hardest as the pale faced young revivalist. Women fainted and had to be carried out while He was speaking, but he went along with the same smile on his face. "Don't take them out; don't take them out," he pleaded. "Let them go on their knees and ask for forgiveness. That is the sovereign remedy."

Having spoken for over an hour, he asked the assembly to sing, and someone started "Gwaed y Groes sy'n codi fyny." There was, not sufficient spirit in the singing to please Evan Roberts, and he asked them to sing the hymn again. Immediately the refrain was repeated for the last time a young woman, who seemed to be greatly excited, stood up in a pew, and, turning her back on the missionary, addressed the people in the rear part of the chapel. What she said could not be understood where I was sitting, and she seemed to be oblivious of her surroundings. She was still speaking when the stentorian voice of a man drowned that of the woman. He was singing, 'Dw mawr y rhyfeddodau maith,' and the congregation promptly joined him and sang the tuneful old hymn with thrilling fervour.

Without any invitation, a young woman came forward to the "set fawr," and, going on her knees, made a piteous appeal for forgiveness. The impression produced was intense, and her voice was drowned in a sudden chorus of "amens."

Then an elderly woman stood up in her pew. She also prayed, and was remarkably eloquent. Strong, rough-looking men, who had hitherto showed no signs of emotion, now took up their handkerchiefs, and wept bitterly. One of these shrieked "amen" again and again in a shrill voice, which was weird and piercing. The scene was a memorable one. With greater enthusiasm than ever "Mae addewid Nef o'm hochr" and the repetitions of the refrain, "Pwy a wyr na wrendy clustiau?" became so numerous, and the feeling growing so intense, that people here and there were seen to be impatient to take some apart in the service.

O man arose from his seat and made gesticulations, but could not make himself heard. His voice was choked with weeping and he had to sit down without having spoken a single word. Then every man and woman joined simultaneously, some praying, others singing, and others again, endeavouring to speak. All this while Evan Roberts sat in the "set fawr," clapping his hands and exhorting the people to go on. The enthusiasm and ecstatic fervour of the meeting were evidently delightful to him.

After a large number of people had confessed their belief, the meeting closed at 11.30, a very old woman pronouncing the Benediction.

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Chapter 7 - The Wesley of Whales

PONTYCYMMER, Thursday, November 17.

That the religious revival is increasing its scope and embracing more and more of the people of Wales was plainly demonstrated by the remarkable services held at Pontycymmel tonight. Never before in the history of the Garvi Valley have such services been seen. Mr. Evan Roberts, to whom the title, of "The Wesley of Wales" is now generally applied, and the young ladies from Loughor who accompany him were early astir, and between five o'clock and 5.30 were on the road, intercepting the night-shift, men returning to their homes from the collieries and inviting them cordially to a prayer meeting to be held at 7.30. There was no need, however, for any invitation to be extended to these miners, for the remarkable experiences at Pontycymmer on Wednesday night were the sole topic of discussion throughout the day.

There was a large attendance at the morning prayer meeting, and all who were present will long remember the fervour of the meeting. Almost everyone present loudly raised his or her voice in praise. Another prayer meeting held in the afternoon was characterised by the same deep religious feeling.

Long before the hour at which the evening service was to commence great crowds of people from all parts of the Garw Valley and the surrounding districts, including a large number from Bridgend, belonging to all denominations and no denomination at all, had flocked to Bethel Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, and hundreds failed to obtain admission.

The meeting opened quietly, but there was a subdued feeling which gradually found expression in various ways. The singing of "Diolch iddo" ("Thanks to Him") was repeated over and over again. Mr. Roberts then invited the people, with his peculiar wave of the hand, to accept the eternal grace which was freely offered to all, and, finding little response read with great effect a few verses from the Book of Revelation, commented with, "I saw a large multitude which no one could number." He interspersed the reading with appropriate remarks, and before he had completed the passages someone near the door said that an old lady had fainted, and he could not get her out. Then someone in the gallery struck up "Lead, Kindly Light," in Welsh to the tune of "Sandon," and the refrain was taken up with remarkable enthusiasm and repeated several times. This was followed by the rendering of "Eto unwaith mi ddyrchefais," to the tune of "Llanidloes." Before this was finished "Throw out the life-line" was struck up from the gallery, and the rendering of this had a remarkable effect on the congregation. The Rev. J. T. Rees, Pontycymmer, offered a most impressive prayer, asking for a downpour of the Holy Spirit, especially on the young people. The responses were general, and disclosed intense feeling. "Showers of blessing" was followed by "Ni fuasai genyf obaith," a female in the audience repeating the refrain. Another woman struck up "A welsoch chwi Ef?" which was the means of further intensifying the feeling.

The Rev. Mr. Evans, Blaengarw, then offered prayer, in the course of which he remarked that they were too moist with

the Heavenly dew to be damned. Miss Cranogwen Mess, the well-known lecturer, who has taken an active part in connection with the services, followed with an eloquent appeal to the young people on the subject, ""Place your trust in Jesus.""

Mr. Roberts then resumed the conduct of the meeting, smilingly inviting all to receive the great and eternal fortune offered them. From all parts of the building cries could be heard from penitents, With tears coursing down their cheeks, they declared their acceptance of the offer. Prayers were invited, and a middle-aged man under the gallery immediately responded. There was no half-heartedness about the prayer. The man's eyes were closed, his fists clenched, higher end higher rose the voice, supplicating, entreating, bursting now into agony, now into overwhelming grief. Then a question was asked which created a convulsion throughout the building. ""Who will accept Jesus?"" exclaimed a young wife. Another shouted ""Diolch, diolch!"" The enthusiasm now was unbounded. Rough, uneducated colliers spoke with a fluency that nothing could check. A middle-aged woman sitting in the aisle declared, ""I have fallen as low as it is possible for anyone to fall, and He has received me. Come unto Him all of you."" A chorus of ""Amen"" followed, and the majority of the congregation burst into tears. A large number now announced their conversion, some shouting, ""O Arglwydd, cymer fi!"" \("O God, take me!"). At eleven o'clock the meeting had not lost any of its fervour.

What was to follow was even more remarkable, and at a quarter-past twelve the enthusiasm was maintained to the fullest degree. A large number of new converts was announced, and after each confession the congregation would burst into singing ""Diolch iddo byth am gofio llwch y llawr,"" which was repeated on some occasions a dozen times. Ministers of the Gospel were to be seen weeping for joy, and prayer after prayer went forth on behalf of some of the penitents. One of the penitents was an old man in the eighties. Shortly after stop-tap a man slightly under the influence of drink entered the chapel, and immediately prayers were offered on his behalf. One of the young ladies who accompanied Mr. Roberts rendered the solo, ""Calon Ian,"" the chorus of which was sung over and over again. Another of the young ladies, who was formerly a school teacher, came across one of her old pupil's, who is now working underground at Pontycymmer, and he became a convert.

Within the past fortnight two very remarkable cases of conversion have occurred. The first was that of a collier whose besetting sin was excessive fondness for the drink, and who seldom attended a place of worship. One night last week he went to the lobby of the Baptist Chapel, and the noise he made there attracted the attention of the minister, the Rev W. Saunders, who went out to see what was happening. This man was there in a state of great mental perturbation, and when spoken to by the minister said that he wished to confer with him privately. Mr. Saunders took the man into his private room attached to the chapel, and there full and ample confession of sin was made. ""The black clouds of the Day of Judgement are hanging over me,"" he said, ""and I want to live a better life."" Minister and penitent knelt in prayer there and then, and the man has now for all his old haunts and lives up to the standard of a good, respectable citizen.

Then on Wednesday evening, while Mr. Evan Roberts was holding a service at the Tabernacle Chapel, a Church meeting was being held by the officers of the Methodist Church in the village. Here, again, the Rev. W. Saunders was summoned from outside, and, going out, he was approached by one of the most notorious characters in the Garw Valley. He was taken into the minister's private room and asked what his message was. The man first took out a card of membership of one of the local institutions, and said, ""I want you to burn that first of all."" Mr. Saunders hesitated, and asked the man if he was quite determined in his desire.

""Yes,"" he replied, ""burn it, and don't look at it. Here are three more cards; burn these also, I have felt terribly uneasy within me since I heard you preach a fortnight ago, and I can't go on in this way any longer."" After a prayer, this man said that he had called at a public-house for a pint of beer but he could not put his hand to touch it. ""I tried my best to take it in my hand, but it was no use, and I left it on the counter before coming here.""

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Chapter 8 - Greatest Day of His Life

PONTYCYMMER, Friday, November 18.

Evan Roberts will be leaving Pontycymmer tomorrow morning. Since he came to the village on Wednesday he has revolutionised its religious and social life as no man has ever done before. The effects of his work are visible everywhere. Nothing else is talked about but the revival, and Evan Roberts's name is on every tongue. He is surrounded by people wherever, he goes. Children follow him, and find a new joy in life by talking to him or touching his hand. He has had only one hour's sleep since he has been in the village, but his vigour and enthusiasm are undiminished.

When I called upon him this afternoon he looked as fresh as if he had been resting like any other man. His health is excellent. Mrs. Maddocks, who is his hostess, told me that he eats very little food, and she never knows when to expect him to his meals. There was a gentleman from Cardiff in the house at the time I called, and he was pressing Mr Roberts to come to the Welsh Metropolis and hold a meeting or meetings in the Torrey-hall.

""I prayed this morning,"" said the young revivalist, ""but there was no bidding for me to go to Cardiff. and until I receive a message from God I shall not go there.""

What is your programme for the future?"" I asked him.

""I don't know,"" he replied, except that I go to Bridgend tomorrow and to Abercynon for the whole of next week.""

""Have you heard anything from the Methodist authorities to the effect that you are to cease your work as a revivalist?"" ""

""No. I don't want to say anything on the subject except that I don't believe they will interfere with me, a surmise which, I understand, is confirmed by Methodist leaders in your columns.""

When asked to relate some of his most stirring experiences Mr. Roberts shook his head and, after a long pause, said: ""I would rather not speak. I want to keep myself in the background.01-!""

""Is it true that no watch you carry will keep time?"" ""

""Yes; that is perfectly true. No watch will keep time with me.""

In the course of a general conversation Mr. Roberts remarked that the press had been of great assistance, and added, ""Especially the 'Western Mail.' They have been very good.""

He also said that Thursday was the greatest day of his life. It appears that some remarkable scenes were witnessed at a prayer meeting yesterday morning. Mr. Maddocks, the young revivalist's host, told me that he remembered tile revival of 1859.

""It was nothing like this one,"" he said. ""I never saw such a thing as that prayer meet yesterday morning. Mr Roberts fell prostrate, and remained with his face on the floor for some time, He seemed to be in agony. I shall never forget the meeting. Then, between midnight and two o'clock this morning the state of feeling in the service was quite beyond imagination. One young man who had come from a dance stood up before the end of the meeting and made open confession. Scores of notorious drunkards were there, and they are now changed men.""

Speaking to one of the people prominently identified with the revival, Evan Roberts made this remarkable statement:

""When I go out to the garden I see the devil grinning at me, but I am not afraid of him; I go into the house, and, when I go out again to the back I see Jesus Christ smiling at me. Then I know all is well.""

Four young ladies who had come under the spell of the ""Welsh Wesley,"" and who were not religiously disposed prior, to this week, are now full of zeal and enthusiasm One of them is a beautiful singer, and she and three others banded themselves together and made a round of the public-houses and the clubs, where they sang hymns and induced men who were drinking there to come to the meeting at Bethel.

I used to go to dances,"" said one of them. ""and I thought I could never give it up, but I shall never go to a dance again."" She spoke these words at the close of the afternoon prayer meeting. Evan Roberts was there, and he was observed to be weeping like a child.

The whole village, if not, indeed, the entire Garw Valley, is in a maelstrom of religious emotion. From two o'clock until nearly four o'clock this morning a large number of men grouped together and broke the stillness of the night with song. The few people who were in their beds were awakened by that thrilling melody:

Calon lan yn llawn daoni
Tecach yw na'r lili dloss;
Dim ond calon Ian all ganu.
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.

At five o'clock this morning Mr. Roberts was at the pithead waiting for the night shift to come up from below. When the men appeared he shook hands with them all, and invited those of them who were not too tired to come to the prayer meeting. Most of them came. Stirring scenes were witnessed, strong men of rough exterior sobbing almost hysterically, and bearing testimony in quiver broken accents.

Ostensibly, all this commotion is the result of the plain, simple appeals made by Evan Roberts the man without the remotest claim to the title of orator. His language, even, is extremely colloquial and it cannot be truthfully said that what he says is above the common-place. Wherein, then, 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 the belief in what he preaches is impregnable. His restlessness is marvellous he is walking about all day with the springiness of a man treading on wires, his arms swaying unceasingly. He is proof against weariness or fatigue.

""Is your health good?"" I asked him.

""Oh, splendid,"" he said, with a smile. ""I was never better in my life.""

Imagine a man who has had only an hours sleep since Wednesday addressing such a meeting as that held at Bethel in the evening. The chapel was crowded, and the atmosphere stifling. The people seemed to be piled up in one huge mass nearly an hour before the meeting was due to begin. Seeing that press was so great at Bethel, Evan Roberts asked that the Tabernacle Chapel should be opened: This was done, and the building was filled at once. Mr. Roberts addressed this meeting first, and the people in Bethel had to wait for him. No one conducted the service in the orthodox way, but this made no difference. Leadership was not wanted. There was a constant unbroken flow of song, prayer and exhortation from young men alone. The meeting was seething with enthusiasm.

An old man, an octogenarian, rose in the ""set fawr"" and shouted out in ecstasy, ""Diolch, diolch i'r Nefoedd."" It was only with great effort He unburdened himself, his final words in Welsh being, ""We thank Heaven for this awakening in Wales, but Heaven ought to be gracious to Wales because there are hundreds of Welshmen there.""

Intensity of feeling was almost at breaking point when some man who sat in the front gallery gave a vivid description of a drowning man being saved by a comrade. He was about to point the moral when a young lady started singing

Throw out the life-line, throw out the life-line,
Someone is sinking to-day.

The effect was dramatic. The enthusiasm with which the refrain was repeated again and again was uplifting. For some of the ""weaker vessels"" the effect was too much, and women had to be carried out in a state of collapse. But the tide only rose to its full height when

Marchog Iesu yn Ilwyddiannus

was sung to the tune of ""Ebenzer,"" or more popularly known as ""Ton y Botel."" The balance of parts was suggestive of a trained choir, and perfect intonation, coupled with the huge volume of song, made the rendering majestic. The hymn was sung at the request of Evan Roberts, who made his appearance at Bethel a little before nine o'clock.

Striking scenes were enacted among the hundreds of people congregated outside the chapel. Three or four hundred assembled in front of the Pontycymmer Hotel, one of the largest licensed houses in the village, and sang ""Diolch iddo"" and other familiar hymns, and the scene was one of great impressiveness.

To attempt to adequately describe the scenes which marked the meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Trecynon, during the early hours of Friday morning would be a futile task, and the nearest approach to a due portrayal thereof would be the statement that men and women had become helpless victims to religious fervour. To employ a forcible remark which was used by one of the local ministers, who was present. ""The incident was the embodiment of emotional pain which has so overcome the people that they were quite unconscious of the manner in which they unburdened themselves of their overemotion."" There can exist no doubt that the movement has penetrated into the very marrow, for prayer services were being held at the outside villages long before nine o'clock on Friday morning.

A well-known Atheist, named Tom Hughes, of Trecynon, got up at the meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, and said that during the day he had burned all his books. Then he went on his knees and prayed fervently for a very long time. In the course of his prayer he earnestly counselled all those persons, who, as he himself had done, were reading those Atheistical books to discard them forthwith, and to follow his example by embracing the faith.

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Chapter 9 - Bridgend and Abergwynfi

ABERGWYNFI, Sunday, November 23.

The spirit of the revival is spreading, and there is now ample evidence of the accuracy of the statement which I made on Wednesday that the Churches of all denominations were, and for a time had been, waiting, watching, and praying for the wave which now seems sweeping over the southern half of the Prince of Wales. The visits of Mr. Evan Roberts and his singing evangelists appear to be merely what he himself so aptly described them, ""opening the doors"" of the revival, for the work which is carried on by others is becoming vast in its extent and wonderfully effective in its operations. People who attend his meetings get ""fired"" with the zeal of the revival, and proceed to the neighbourhoods in which they live and spread the ""infection"" wherever they go not only in the Churches, but in the works, in the streets, in the trains, and the subject has become, especially in the mining valleys, the principal topic of conversion among all classes of the community.

One excellent feature of the movement is its absolute freedom from sectarianism and the absence of any attempt at proselytism. The only gospel promulgated is the gospel of love, and the most effective sermon heard on Sunday,

beyond question, was the performance of a young girl, with a beautiful voice, at Abercynon, singing with the most, thrilling pathos:

""Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,
Tosturiaethau fel y lli;
T'wysog bywyd pur yn marw
Marw i brynu'n bywyd ni;
Pwy all beidio coflo am dano?
Pwy all beidio canu Ei glod?
Dyma destyn na'd a'n anghof
Tra bo'r Nefoedd wen yn bod.""

It was all the more effective because the words and the music expressed the thoughts of all, and because the hymn expresses, in eight lines, the real gist of the gospel of this revival,

But, in order to give some chronological order to this account of Saturday's and to's principal gatherings, let me just glance at the movements of Mr. Roberts and his immediate supporters. From Pontycymmer he went on Saturday to Bridgend. It was market day, and there was a large influx of people from the outlying districts, so the Town-hall was filled by half-past ten, and there was no difficulty in keeping the proceedings going, although (as is the case at the opening meeting in most of the places visited) there was what was described as acoldness which was not completely broken through for some time. Various well-known local people took part, and towards the close a very fervent spirit prevailed, but no converts declared themselves. It was the usual gathering with no consecutive order in the doings, and the incidents were not remarkable when compared with what has occurred elsewhere.

But when Mr. Evan Roberts had left for Pyle and taken with him that is, they follow him apparently all the prominent lay and ministerial elements of the place, there were extraordinary scenes enacted at that same Town-hall at Bridgend. Shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon there stood at, the side door of the hall two young men and five young ladies singing the touching lines

""Calon lan yn llawn daioni,
Perffaith fel y lili dios;
Dim ond calon lan all gana,
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.""

I entered, and found the Town-hall absolutely empty, but, I was quickly followed by the singers, and gradually by people from the street, and to hear and see the service that was conducted by these young people, alone and unaided except as they were, as they prayed, ""directed by the Spirit"" was a sight, which I shall never forget. A workman, who came and sat near me in his working clothes, remained untouched until one of the young women sang. ""What a Friend we have in Jesus,"" and he cried, ""Yes, He is my friend, too,"" and the 'Diolch iddo' which resounded through the half empty hall, must have carried a message to the streets, for the crowd grew and grew until, between half-past three and four, there was a very large audience. Three converts were made, and by the time the visitors had to leave for Abergwynfi one of the preachers from Pyle, after hearing of the gathering, returned and took up the work.

At, Pyle the chapel was not overcrowded, but it was a Saturday afternoon meeting, and the place was not so well calculated to attract outsiders as the populous mining district. Yet it was here that Mr. Evan Roberts proved that an injustice has been done him by me and others in the press. It has been said that he is not gifted with eloquence, and that he has no pretensions to oratory. Well, he has no pretensions, it's true. But these later services show that his ""visions"" are remarkable, not only in their influence upon himself, but in their influence, when related by him, upon others as well. The dramatic incident of Pyle will rank with the highest efforts of the silver-tongued, poetic, imaginative preacher of the Welsh pulpit.

Mr. Roberts had spoken calmly, deliberately, upon his work, and dwelt upon the ""love of Christ which passeth all understanding,"" when he suddenly asked, ""Is there no one here who will confess Christ?"" A young man falteringly got up, and, after cheering him with the remark that no one need be ashamed to confess Christ, Mr. Roberts said.

""Strange that we are so weak as to be unable to face a few, like we have here, to acknowledge Jesus Christ!"" He then went on, with his eyes fixed upward. ""I see a vision. I can see the King of Kings on His Throne I can see around Him, on each side of Him, and behind Him, a vast throng myriads of saints. angels, seraphim and cherubim and before that Throne stands our elder brother, Jesus. He stands there, and boldly acknowledges us acknowledges you and me in the presence of that vast assembly. Jesus does not falter. Jesus is not, afraid. Jesus is not ashamed. Yet we very often are afraid or ashamed, or too weak, to stand up before a few people to acknowledge the Saviour Who died for us.'

The effect was remarkable.

Just one other touch, and I shall have done with the Pyle meeting. Speaking of the work that is being done, Mr. Roberts joyously clapped his hands and shouted, ""Aha, aha,"" but remarked that this sort of thing could not go on for ever in this fever-heat could not be kept going long, but let them keep it going as long as they could; I let them keep it going with a swing (which he illustrated with a swing of his right arm) to raise the Churches to a higher level, and then they could ""settle down to business."" The convert's at Pyle numbered fifteen, and two more actually declared themselves at Tondy Station.

From Pyle to Abergwynfi Mr. Evan Roberts went on Saturday evening, and was there joined by the young men from Loughor and the young ladies from the Bridgend Town hall meeting. The crowded congregation was not as sympathetic at first as might have been anticipated, knowing how the people of the adjoining district have been caught by the ""fire"" of the revival; but as the time wore on there were remarkable scenes of excitement and enthusiasm. Mr. Evan Roberts appealed for active workers in the Churches. He declared that God does not want idle people. ""Are you not prepared,"" he asked, ""to take off your coats?"" and immediately a young collier in the gallery got up and actually pulled off his coat, which he threw upon his seat, declaring himself ready for work. The incident created great excitement, and was the means of arousing several others to respond to the call figuratively, though not so literally as the young man already mentioned.

Seeing the Abergwynfi meeting in full swing, after counting 27 converts, Mr. Roberts and his party proceeded to Abercynon, ready for to-day's meetings, and the torch which had ignited the blaze at Abergwynfi was taken to the Sunday's scene of operations. Tabernacle Chapel at Abercynon was crowded even before Mr. Evan Roberts appeared this morning, but the service seemed too much like the ordinary Sunday service to lead one to expect what soon followed.

I have already referred to the ""sermon"" conveyed in the wonderfully touching hymn rendered by one of the young ladies. It was not the first incident of the meeting, but it was ""the sermon."" for Mr. Evan Roberts did not preach a sermon. The gentleman who read a portion of Scripture read it with the spirit of one ""touched by the Living fire."" The congregational singing was at, times very effective. But ""the sermon"" contained in that pathetic hymn caught the congregation and swayed it considerably with emotion. Tue missionary (Mr. Roberts) in the course of his address spoke very solemnly of the value of a soul the purchase price, he said, of one soul was the Divine blood. He declared that he had, like others, in the past been more or less imbued with the spirit of anxiety for material position, for an easy retirement from active life and so forth, but he had now given all to God, and did not trouble to look ahead. The God which called for these things was the God Who could provide for all. He had among the letters received last night one containing a cheque for one guinea, the donor asking him not to refuse it. Refuse it, no! He took it for God and would use it for God's work. Another letter told him to write if he wanted money; so that God opened hearts to provide, and he had absolutely no care for the future. Some people, he said, strained their eyes to look ahead, and did not see or smell the beautiful flowers at their feet. Then he came to a climax in relating a, simple incident. While listening to a sermon at Newcastle-Emlyn once, he said, he received much more of the spirit of the Gospel from what he saw than from what he heard. The preacher was doing very well, was -warming with his work, and sweating by the very energy of his delivery. And when he (Evan Roberts) saw the sweat on the preacher's brow he looked beyond and saw another vision: his Lord sweating the bloody sweat in the garden (and then as Mr. Roberts thought of the ""vision"" he utterly broke down). The congregation sang ""Diolch iddo,"" and presently Mr. Roberts recovered sufficiently to proceed. On this occasion he invited those who were saved to stand on their feet. The majority of the congregation did so. He then invited those who wished to ""confess Jesus"" to rise, and several responded. He urged his friends to take down the names, and presently he and others spoke earnestly and privately to a number of others who had not risen. They were not in all cases successful, but at the morning service the new roll-call numbered nineteen, among them being people from Ynyshir, Ynysybwl, Pontypridd, Treharris, and other places. Thus is the ""fire"" spread.

In the afternoon the meeting was held at the Welsh Congregational Chapel, one of the largest sacred buildings in the town, and the accommodation even then was quite inadequate, and an overflow meeting was held at Bethania. A pathetic rendering of a Welsh hymn was given by Miss Stevens, who broke down, but quickly recovered herself. Mr. Roberts spoke for over an hour, and remarked that, although some people laughed and scorned at the movement, he did not mind, and trusted in the Holy Spirit.

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Chapter 10 - At Mountain Ash

MOUNTAIN ASH, Monday, November 21.

Contrary to his original intention not to go to Mountain Ash until next Saturday, Mr. Evan Roberts arrived at that place shortly after ten o'clock this morning, in obedience, he said, to a summons he had received from the Holy Spirit during his stay at Abercynon. Although the news of his coming was only slightly known, large throngs of people had congregated at the railway station to receive the young revivalist and his lady supporters, who proceeded at once to Bethlehem Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, where a service was held forthwith. The building was quickly crowded to its utmost capacity. The service was opened with a fervent rendering of the hymn, ""A welsoch chwi Ef"" \("""Have you seen Him?""")

After numerous repetitions of the few closing lines, Mr. Roberts proceeded to address the congregation. According to his wont, he walked to and fro. In a deep voice he briefly narrated the history of the revival, which, he said, with a solemn look upwards, was the outcome of a call from God to His people on earth. To him no credit was due for the great manifestations of religious awakening which was traversing the country, for he was only giving vent to the devotional fire which had been instilled into him by the Divine Hand.

No sooner had the last words fallen from his lips than the tall form of a young lady was seen in the gallery, and the gathering was thrilled with the singing of ""O rest in the Lord."" It was a stimulating and effective rendering, the singer being Miss Rachel Ann Thomas, a well-known soprano. The emotion was now at its highest point, and the congregation was evidently under some spell which it would be futile to try to describe.

Owing to the large number of people who had congregated outside the chapel for the afternoon service, it was decided to hold an overflow meeting at Bethania. Both buildings were crowded long before the time of starting, and Mr. Roberts, after speaking for a few minutes at Bethlehem, went to the other place, where he spoke in the same terms as at the morning service. The proceedings were marked with great fervour, and were interspersed with spontaneous prayers and singing. ""Dyma gariad lel y moroedd"" \("""Here is love in copious torrents""") was sung, with telling effect.

In the evening three meetings were held, but, owing to the limited accommodation, hundreds of persons were obliged to return to their homes. What has been said as to gatherings in other places may be repeated with regard to the beginning of the revival movement at Mountain Ash. On all hands it is said that the ""fire"" has been smouldering for a long time, and that the great outburst could not be long deferred.

In the course of a conversation the Rev. D. Anthony, pastor of Providence Chapel, Mountain Ash, said the movement was only in its infancy, and before long there would be such a wave of religious awakening as the world had not seen

for a long time, as the atmosphere was charged with it.

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Chapter 11 - A Voice From Macedonia

MOUNTAIN ASH, Tuesday, November 22.

Not only is the religious revival going on with vigour and zeal wherever Mr. Evan Roberts appears, but the "fire" is spreading amazingly where he has been, and also among people in districts from which visitors have attended Mr. Roberts's meetings. News from Aberdare is that there were no fewer than a dozen great meetings being held during to-day and evening in Aberdare alone, and from Porth and Pontypridd come tidings of a new life in Churches which are seemingly in no way directly connected with the movements of Mr. Evan Roberts. Yet it is unquestionable that, although he is not the actual cause of the revival, his movements and his indirect influence inspire others to help forward the realisation, of the yearnings with which so many of the Churches are possessed for greater spiritual life and activity.

At Trecynon and Aberdare the revival inaugurated by Mr. Roberts's mission increased immensely in power during this week, although Mr. Roberts has not been there since last Wednesday. The communion service at the Welsh Congregational Chapel, Aberdare, on Sunday last is described as the most impressive ever known to have been held within the memory of anyone present. At Heol-y-felin, Aberdare, arrangements have been made for what will, undoubtedly, be an extraordinary and impressive sight next Sunday when between 90 and 100 adults will be publicly baptised by immersion. At Aberthe great gatherings held on Monday and Tuesday were inspiring in their fervour.

And while these things are going on all around Mr. Evan Roberts continues his unostentatious mission in Mountain Ash, drawing on Tuesday crowds which overcrowded Bethel Chapel and its vestry, and filled the English Presbyterian and Welsh Congregational Chapels all three at the same time. He was present at Bethania (Congregational) in the morning, and the service was an exceedingly important one, the "'arddeliad' of the Spirit, as it is so idiomatically described, being remarkable.

In the afternoon, at Bethel Chapel, the scenes which were enacted were different in many respects from those which have been witnessed elsewhere. Some of the hearers were so moved by the prayers of others as to rise to their feet and shout, the interjections being running comments on the prayers themselves, but it was more like the "'hwyl'" of a great "'cymanfa'" that the usual Welsh fire elicited by these revival meetings, It partook more of the "'sot fawr'" element. Still, there was great enthusiasm, and Mr. Evan Roberts himself said he was a different man from Monday, when he felt somewhat depressed. To-day he was buoyant in spirit, and in the course of his address once more laid stress on the absolute necessity for relying not upon him, nor upon any human being, but upon the Spirit. Later on he dwelt upon the importance of praying for a baptism of the Spirit, to infuse life and to invest each person with some power to work for the Lord.

In the evening, when the three meetings to which I have already referred were held simultaneously, there were some striking scenes enacted. At Bethel there was at first an apparent lack of voluntary service in prayer, and the response to Mr. Evan Roberts's appeal for prayers on behalf of the two young men who had gone to start a meeting at Tyntetown was somewhat slow, the intervals, however, being filled with Hymn singing. Suddenly there stood up in the aisle a man attired in corduroy, who bore powerful testimony to the value of religion and prayed that the influence of the revival might spread across the border to England. Later on a young Turk elbowed his way to the front and managed to

send a note to Mr. Evan Roberts, When the note had been read Mr. Roberts asked the friends to invite the young foreigner to the platform, but before introducing him to the congregation asked the huge assembly, ""Would you like to hear a cry from Macedonia?"" and when the surprise had given way to cries of ""Amen"" Mr. Roberts said, ""You shall hear it now!"" The congregation began singing ""Dioich iddo,"" and when the singing ceased the stranger began, in broken English, but otherwise with a wonderful flow of words and thoughts, to explain the pleasure he felt at being permitted, as a saved Turk, to give his testimony to people who had the privilege of living in a Christian land. He stated that he first heard of the love of a crucified Christ from a young black girl from Macedonia in his own country in Turkey.

Proceeding to give illustrations of matters which created surprise in his mind in this country, he said some people in this ""land of the Bible"" dared to say that there was no God. In one instance, he said, when he was working in the coal pit at Cilfynydd, Pontypridd, he had as a fellow-workman one of such men. When he (the speaker) prayed, as he usually did, before partaking of his meal, that man asked him, ""What good has that done you?"" his reply was, ""No good to my body, but I am better in Spirit."" Presently he heard the timbers crash. There was a scream, and the colliers present would understand what he meant by that scream. Men rushed to the face of the coal, and then the first he heard crying out ""Lord, save me, was a man who just previously had said that there was no God. The man who had been injured asked him (the speaker) to tell the man's wife to bring up their children in the religion of this converted Turk, as he (the father) had lived. There were men who fought against this movement to-day, and against the spread of the Christian religion, but God would remove the stumbling-blocks. He then gave illustrations of the good that could be done by private conversations more could be done by a simple act of kindness than by public speaking or even singing. The Turk then sang an English hymn, in the refrain of which the vast assembly heartily joined. Then he made another startling statement, startling in more than one sense. He said he would sing a verse of the same hymn in his own Turkish language, because there might be one or two Turks present who did not understand either Welsh or English. ""It was surprising,"" he said, ""what numbers of them were scattered here and there in the collieries."" He then sang the Turkish hymn, the refrain being taken up by the audience in English.

One man in the audience fervently prayed the Lord to move the people in those crowded congregations to go out into the streets of Mountain Ash to sing the Gospel into the hearts of sinners, and there was every evidence that before the night was over the suggestion would be carried into effect.

I ought to have mentioned earlier that during the afternoon a lady in the congregation asked for prayers for the spread of the revival to Llantrisant, and she then sang the sweet hymn, ""To save a great sinner like me.""

It was understood that Mr. Evan Roberts would confine his services to Bethel Chapel at night, but during the interval he suddenly disappeared from the platform, and was away from the meeting for some time. When I left, in order to visit the English Methodist Chapel and Bethania, I met Mr. Evan Roberts in the street, bareheaded, in the cold, snowy air, returning from a surprise visit to the English Methodist Chapel, ""Mae'r Ysbryd yn, eu plith nhw"" (""The Spirit is among them""), he said. When quietly reminded of the danger of going about bareheaded on such, a cold night he smilingly said, ""I don't think of it,"" and immediately returned to Bethel Chapel, where he infused his own energy once more into the proceedings.

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Chapter 12 - Sweeping Like a Wave

YNYSYBWL, Wednesday, November 23.

""Sweeping like a wave"" over the mining districts of Glamorganshire, the Welsh revival is overwhelming places which have not been visited by Mr. Evan Roberts. Not only in the towns and villages which I yesterday referred to, but in others around, strange scenes are daily enacted, indicating not merely the intense longing for a spiritual revival among the Churches, but the actual presence of a spirit of religious fervour which rouses people to unwonted activity. At Porth (where the Rev. R. B. Jones is on a mission) meetings are held in various chapels during the daytime. At Havod similar gatherings are attended with great success. From the Great Western Colliery comes news of an extraordinary character that prayer meetings have been held there underground for over a week!

Those who attended the earlier portions of Mr. Evan Roberts's meeting at Mountain Ash can have but a faint notion of the work done during the late hours of last night, for the congregation were only thoroughly aroused about eleven o'clock at night. Then, as denoting the way in which the ""fire"" is spread, it is as well to mention that at Mountain Ash and Abercynon Stations there were services held on the platforms while people were waiting for their trains to depart homewards.

The visit of Mr. Evan Roberts to Ynysybwl was anticipated at that place by a strange awakening among the young people, many of them who had never, probably, prayed before having during the past week been prompted by the Spirit for they were not invited or urged by minister, deacons, or members to take public part in the ordinary services. Then this morning there was a largely attended meeting at Jerusalem Chapel, and a, very successful service was carried on, although Mr. Roberts did not arrive until the two o'clock train. When he arrived another meeting had been commenced, and the chapel was simply overcrowded from pulpit to doors, along the aisles, in the lobby, and on the pulpit stairs. The address delivered by Mr. Roberts was an impressive one, and when he commended the proceedings to the care of the Spirit there were some remarkable testimony given and especially the news given of the spread of the revival in Cwmpark. The young man who gave this information said he had come to that meeting to hear Evan Roberts, but he thanked God that, he had heard someone greater than Evan Roberts that day. ""Diolch iddo,"" shouted Mr. Roberts, joyfully, and there followed some enthusiastic hymn-singing. Miss Annie Davies, of Maesteg, was now accompanied by a number of young ladies from Mountain Ash, who rendered assistance in connection with the pathetic rendering of some of the pieces sung. Miss Davies herself was again wonderfully effective in her extraordinary rendering of ""Dyma gariad fel y moroedd"" (""Here is love in copious torrents""), and one peculiarity of her stirring work ought to be extraordinary. Yesterday when a ministerial gentleman broke down in prayer she continues the fervency by singing in a very low, pathetic voice:

""O ainfon Di, yr Ysbryd Glan.
Yn enw'r Iesu mawr,
A'i ddylanwadau megys tan,
O anfon Ef i lawr.""

Later on, when in the midst of a powerful prayer, one man asked the Lord to enable them all to realise the greatness of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, Miss Davies, very gently and with quivering voice, sang:

""Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,""

and then she stopped, but presently added the second line,

""Tosturiaethau fel y llii,""

and there was another pause as if she were playing a touching accompaniment to the heartfelt prayer of the suppliant. The incident was, to me, the most artless and yet most effective feature of the gathering. The same thing happened on Monday, when she punctuated with glorious music the rousing remarks of a speaker who stood in the front of the gallery. Mr. Evan Roberts himself does not at all object to this method of pro and he experienced it to-day, when he smilingly went on with a number of exhortations to the tender accompaniment of music, which was so modified in volume as not to interfere with his voice, but seemed to come from a distance, although in one instance Miss Davies, who sang, was standing at his side.

Mention of the Cwmpark incident reminds me that Mr. Evan Roberts in the course of his address had, dwelt very emphatically upon the absolute necessity for casting all self and everything human out of the movement, for if success was to be assured all the work must be the spontaneous outcome of the moving of the Spirit.

Then, as confirming what has been said with regard to the spontaneity of the movement in various directions, I was told that over a fortnight ago a ministerial prayer meeting had been held by the Wesleyans of the district, and that the activity and earnestness of the young people were very marked.

The apparent coldness of the first portion of the afternoon meeting had a somewhat depressing effect on Mr. Evan Roberts himself, for his face occasionally became sad

But later on and at night, when the large chapel was crowded not only to the doors, but when people were standing in crowds outside, there was every evidence of a strong accession of power. Mr. Evan Roberts spoke at some length. After an impassioned address from a speaker who had followed the meetings from Mountain Ash, the great audience, led by a soloist, sang very sweetly and pathetically Sankey's soulful hymn, ""Jesus of Nazareth,"" and it was noteworthy that the service was more typical of the English element than, perhaps, any of the others, except that which was held last night at Duffryn-street English Methodist Chapel, Mountain Ash, when Mr. Roberts himself left Bethel to proceed to the overflow meeting and delivered a very practical address in English. His addresses to-day, however, were in the Welsh language.

The singing was now varied by the rendering of several voluntary - sacred solos, the refrains of which were sung with splendid effect.

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Chapter 13 - Second Day at Ynysybwl

YNYSYBWL, Thursday, November 24.

The second day's proceedings of the revival meetings conducted at Ynysybwl by Mr. Evan Roberts were marked by extraordinary scenes of religious fervour, and the news from other districts continues to show that the tide is still rising. ""Throw out the life-line"" is not only being sung, but acted upon. At Ynysybwl the highest expectations are being fulfilled, for from morning until night the gatherings have been large and successful in every sense. The morning meeting at Jerusalem Chapel today began at 10.30, and the spiritual tendencies of the congregation were aroused even before the arrival of Mr. Evan Roberts, but the personal appeals of the missionary in his address focussed the aims of the meeting on securing declarations for Christ rather than merely allowing the already converted to sing songs of praise, good though such work might be.

In the afternoon (when, owing to the announcement made in the ""Western Mail,"" it was generally thought that Mr. Roberts would be in Merthyr) there was a crowded audience in Jerusalem, Ynysybwl, and it is advisable here to explain that the arrangement with regard to the Merthyr meetings had not been ratified by Mr. Roberts or the deacons of the Ynysybwl chapel. It was felt that the flow of the tide of the mission at Ynysybwl might be interfered with if the man whose personality is mainly identified with the revival were to leave so soon, and the Merthyr invitation was, consequently, gently declined.

Before Mr Roberts's arrival the chapel was overcrowded, and an overflow meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel. When he arrived, shortly before three o'clock, the meeting was well on, the Rev. J. C. Lloyd, Congregational minister,

having aroused it to a high pitch of enthusiasm by his leadership of the singing. But the meeting had started well. A man in the gallery had risen and delivered an impassioned appeal to all, but especially to his fellow-workmen, to "come over to the right side." The congregation sang "Diolch iddo," and when the hymn was concluded an Abercynon minister rose and exclaimed, "Yes, diolch iddo ('Thank Him'), if it were only for saving the last speaker, He is one of the Abercynon converts." He then explained the difficulty found in getting the last speaker to "break through?" He went away from the first meeting, and was unable to sleep that night, but came voluntarily the next day. He was glad to tell them that the converts at Abercynon now numbered 300.

Mr Roberts utilised as the text of his address the stirring words, "Throw out the life-line." He asked the audience to fully realise the meaning of the words, and consider that there were friends around them, on all sides, who were drifting away or "sinking." The response was prompt and effective, for the beautiful hymn was sung with a heartiness which was very striking.

From this incident onward the zeal and enthusiasm became almost unbounded. hymn after hymn was sung; a prayer, "experience," testimony, appeal, exhortation, solo, duet, or recitation of verse or hymn followed in rapid succession, men, women and children, ministers, laymen all classes taking part, and when Mr. Evan Roberts invited those who were "saved" in that vast congregation to stand up there was a mighty response. Then, from among those seated, at the second invitation for those who wished to be saved to rise, six or seven young men sitting together in one row on the front of the gallery rose, and others stood up in various parts of the building, so that when the rapturous "Diolch iddo" of the congregation broke forth it was like the mighty peal of a great anthem of triumph. The scene was really indescribable. While it was thought some were hesitating Mr. Evan Roberts invited the congregation to sing Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," and it was pathetically sung in Welsh and English. Then there arose again the inspiring strains of "Throw out the life-line," and there were further responses. The Rev. J. C. Lloyd sang to the tune "Haden," full of rolling slurs and beautiful cadences, an old hymn of days gone by:

"Dewch, bechaduriaid, dewch,
Yn filoedd maith diri',
Ar anghrediniaeth na wrandewech,
At orsedd freiniol Nef
Mae croesaw, mae croesaw,
Mae croesaw i'ch bath chwi;
Y Gwr bia'r wlad sy'n dwedyd dewch"

And when Miss Annie Davies, of Maesteg, sang her peculiarly pathetic rendering of "Jesus only," there was a totally different style of evangelisation brought into play:

"Os caf Iesu, dim ond Iesu,
Bydd fy Nef yn oleu' i gyd
Bydd fy heulwen wedi codi
Ar fy mywyd yn y byd"

Personal prayer for individuals, in some instances named, were asked for, and in at least one instance the person referred to confessed Christ.

Perhaps one of the most striking incidents of the night meeting was the rendering by Miss Annie Davies of "Dyma Feibl anwyl Iesu," which was given in a remarkably effective and original manner, the young lady herself holding the large pulpit Bible in her arms as she sang. It was announced in the course of the meeting that one of the converts received that night was one for whom prayers had been offered specially in the course of the afternoon, It was confidently expected that at least one other convert would be brought in in the same way in the course of the night, although it was stated that he was supposed to be in a public house in order to avoid coming within the influence of the revival.

The proceedings were protracted until a very late hour, and were not expected to finish till the early hours of the morning.

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Chapter 14 - Temporary Indisposition

CILFYNTDD, Friday, November 25.

Although Mr. Evan Roberts was so far exhausted after his labours at Ynysybwl as to be unable to reach Cilfynydd this afternoon, there was an extraordinary meeting in the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel shortly after, two o'clock. To begin with, however, let me say that the revival has been going on in Cilfynydd all the week, and indeed, for some time previously. Several converts have been added to the local Churches at meetings held every night, and the visit of "the missionaries" was expected, not to start, but to give additional impetus to the work. The prayer meeting held in the morning was very largely attended, and some converts were enrolled. But this afternoon, when Miss Annie Davies, Maesteg, and her sister, Miss Maggie Davies, and Miss S. K. Jones, of Nantymoel, entered the chapel, the singing became very powerful, and the gathering became a remarkable one in many senses.

The absence of Mr. Evan Roberts was not alluded to publicly, but several visitors afterward privately expressed regret at having been unable to see and hear the man about whom so much has centred in this extraordinary movement. Several of the local ministers were present, and, in so far as any one took charge of The proceedings at all, the conduct of the meeting was in the hands of the pastor of the Church (the Rev. Michael Williams); but very soon men from the gallery and from various parts of the floor of the chapel burst forth in praise and prayer, in exhortation and recital of Scriptural verses. Three or four prayed simultaneously, others sang, and at times it would be impossible to describe the condition of things except as indescribable confusion. And yet, out of seeming chaos would come order, and a pathetic prayer or a touching hymn would once more unite the whole of the vast congregation in one common object. When the congregation stood it was noticed that several remained seated, and Miss Maggie Davies and Miss Jones promptly left the platform to talk and pray with the unsaved. Every now and then the striking up of "Diolch iddo" ("Thanks to Him") indicated another name enrolled, and when special prayers for individuals were called for there were fervent petitions offered in English and Welsh.

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Chapter 15 - Every Chapel Filled

PORTH, Sunday, November 27.

Mr. Evan Roberts had so far recovered from his indisposition as to enable him to proceed at mid-day yesterday to Cilfynydd, whither he was accompanied by Miss Davies, of Gorsand the afternoon and evening meetings at that place proved that the work of the revival is still going ahead at a rapid rate.

In the morning, in the absence of Mr. Roberts, there had been a very successful gathering conducted mainly by the Rev. Michael Williams (pastor of the church) and the three young ladies who had arrived the previous day, viz., the Misses Annie and Maggie Davies, of Maesteg, and Miss Jones, of Nantymoel, reinforced by Miss Harries, of Mountain Ash. The proceedings were of practically the same character as those conducted by Mr. Roberts, and it was noticed that among the various classes represented in the gathering were several from distant places.

In the afternoon Mr. Roberts delivered an address of upwards of an hour's duration, in the course of which he emphasised the idea that the members of the Christian Church were all one family. They sank at these meetings, when in the right spirit, all denominations divisions, and met as one family around one hearth. Presently, there was a reference made by one of the speakers to Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and Mr. Roberts again got up, and pointed to the necessity of accepting Christ as King. Some of old had said, "'We will not have him to reign over us!'" The children accepted Christ as King as well as Saviour. The vast congregation then began singing "'Crown Him Lord of All.'" Another missionary from Merthyr spoke, dwelling upon the significance of the Kingship of Christ, and the recitals of testimonies were very numerous. During the time when the congregation stood to test the meeting for converts Miss Davies, Gorseinon, and Miss Marries specially devoted themselves to quiet talks with waverers in the gallery, and a converted number of names were enrolled.

Miss Maggie Davies, of Maesteg, sang with wonderful effect

Bendithiaist goed y meusydd
O'r brigau hyd y gwraidd
Porthaist y pum mil gwerin
A'r pum torth bara haidd,
Yng Nghana Galilea,
droest y dwr yn win,
O, Dduw, rho im' ollyngdod,
O'm caeth bechhodau blin.

The quaintness of the words and music were very striking, and fully in accordance with the simplicity of the service.

At night, not only was the large chapel filled, but I believe every chapel in Cilfynydd and the neighbourhood were also fairly filled. There was no work at the colliery owing to "'stop wagons,'" and the men certainly very largely availed themselves of the opportunity to attend the revival meetings.

Among those who attended from a distance were the Rev. Penar Griffiths, of Pentre Estyll, who prayed and spoke with great force and earnestness, adding materially to the spiritual character of the gathering. He said he had come there for inspiration for his Sunday's work, and he had received it. He thanked God he had raised a young man to rouse the Churches of his native land and when reading the accounts of the services held in various parts he had felt his heart overflowing with gratitude for having lived to see this great revival wave brought over the hearts of the people by the Spirit of God. In reading the account of the meetings at Trecynon, and the taking of the names of converts, he wondered whether some of his erstwhile companions and men who in their younger days had worked with Him at Nantmelyn Colliery, Aberdare, were on the "'saved-list.'" He hoped they were, and, if not, he fervently prayed that they might yet be saved.

Subsequently all eyes were centred on a tall figure, attired in a long robe not unlike Father Ignatius standing in the big seat. The man, who rose to speak, soon got silence, and in the course of a few clearly expressed sentences he said he had come from about 80 miles the other side of London to see and hear the wonderful things that were being done for Christ in Wales. He and others had been for several weeks I think he said two months "'praying and fasting'" praying four hours a day for God to save souls in Wales, and then at the beginning of this week he began reading paragraphs in the London papers and subsequently full accounts in the South Wales papers of the power with which, God spoke through Evan Roberts to the people of Wales, and of the great work which was being done. The spirit of the revival, he, declared, was spreading into England, and he hoped and prayed that it would extend until it took possession of the

whole of Great Britain. The speaker was Mr. M'Taggart, "formerly an Anglo-Catholic, but now only for Christ and for souls," to use the phrase he used himself. The same gentleman visited some of the chapels in the Rhondda on Sunday, and spoke very effectively. I understand that he is a gentleman of position who has given up a considerable amount of his wealth and position in order to devote himself to the work of spreading the truths of the Gospel. He subsequently also (i.e., on Saturday night) spoke to the young men coming out from a Pontypridd public-house, and advised them to go and hear "Evan Roberts, the man of God," who would be at Porth next day. Like Mr. Garrett, of Whit who takes a keen interest in this Welsh revival, Mr. M'Taggart has visited the Holy Land in order to be able to speak from greater observation of the scenes associated with the "earthly footsteps of the Man of Galilee" At no meeting which I have yet attended in connection with Mr. Evan Roberts's mission had there been such universal, "testimony" offered as at this great gathering at Cilfynydd. From all parts of the building, simultaneously at times and then in quick succession, came public confessions of the "love of Christ," and when during an interval Miss Davies, Gorseinon (seeing a struggle going on in the mind of a waverer), struck up "Throw out the life-line," the singing of the congregation became intense in its pathetic earnestness.

At Porhi today Mr. Evan Roberts was not well enough to undertake the morning service at Calfaria. Miss Davies, Gorseinon; Miss S. A. Jones, Nantymoel; and the two sisters from Maesteg the Misses Annie and Maggie Davies and the Rev. Emlyn Jones (pastor of the Church) took charge of the proceedings, and there was upon the whole, an impressive gathering, although the warmth which characterised some of the other meetings seemed to be lacking for a time. The coldness of the weather, doubtless, accounted for this, to some extent, for the meetings held in the other chapels in the afternoon (also in the absence of Mr. Roberts) were very enthusiastic. However, it was not by any means a fruitless meeting, for several converts declared themselves desirous of joining the Churches. Miss Annie Davies, Maesteg, again, sang the Welsh version and my translation of

"Here's a Love like mighty torrents,
Pity like the boundless sea."

This afternoon Mr. Evan Roberts conducted the service at Calfaria, and the congregation filled the chapel and the lobby and occupied the steps outside in the intense cold and overflow meetings were held in the Welsh Congregational Chapel and Bethlehem. At the last-named the evangelists who assisted the Rev. T. P. Thomas were Miss Davies, Gorseinon, and Miss Jones, Nantymoel. In the course of his address the Rev. T. P. Thomas dwelt very strongly upon the great influence wielded by the press in this matter, and declared that hundreds of people wept with joy in reading the very full and sympathetic accounts given of the revival meeting. Reading the accounts had spread the desire for similar gatherings, and had inspired many to go and work for the cause, while it had induced some at least to go to the meetings, and by so doing they had had their souls saved.

To revert to the meeting addressed by Mr. Roberts himself, however, let me say that, undoubtedly, many hundreds had to turn away from the doors, and although, of course, some of these were accommodated at other chapels, there was keen disappointment felt at the fact that only those in one common small chapel could hear, or even see him. True, Mr. Roberts would be the first to say that people should not look to him; but it was felt by very many that it was a great pity one or two of the largest chapels in the town had not been officially announced as the meeting-places.

This was still further accentuated at night. Bethlehem Chapel (Calvinistic Methodist) was the meeting-place, and, obviously, when it was announced at the afternoon service that Mr. Roberts would be there that night it could be seen that the building could not possibly hold one-fourth of the people who would flock to try and hear him. Long before half-past five the chapel was crowded to its utmost limits, and although six o'clock was the time announced for opening the service, the crowds seen turning homeward or to other chapels were immense. A whisper had gone forth that Mr. Roberts would also speak at Salem Baptist Chapel the largest available so I saw Mr. Evan Roberts in order to ascertain whether that would be so, and was told it could not be done. The difficulty of handling the work at two different meetings simultaneously is a great one, and (as Mr. Roberts's host informed me) the doctor has emphatically forbidden the missionary from indulging in the practice of going from one hot meeting to another through the cold night air as he has been doing. The work had, therefore, to be carried on under the disadvantage of addressing a crowded congregation in a small building. The service was of the same character as that which has become typical of the mission, the enthusiasm being very great but the conversions were, comparatively, not so numerous as at other places. Two reasons probably account for that. In the first place, the revival wave had reached a very high level before Mr.

Roberts arrived, and scores, if not hundreds, of converts have been enrolled, so that "drawing in the life" could not possibly be expected to show so many immediate results. In the second place, the chapels were crowded at an early hour by people who were mostly members of the different Churches, so that the crowd who had to turn away may have included many who could have been directly benefited by admission.

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Chapter 16 - The Revivalist Jubilant

PORTH, Monday, November 23.

Hundreds have seen and heard Mr. Evan Roberts to-day who were unable to gain admittance to the revival meetings on Sunday, and the wave is still rolling on with mighty vigour, while the news pouring in from all sources shows that the converts in different places in the Rhondda and Pontypridd during Sunday must have numbered hundreds. I understand there were forty converts at the Cymmer Independent Chapel on Sunday; that there were numbers at Salem (Baptist); at the hall of the English Baptists, and elsewhere in Porth; while from Pontypridd I hear of 28 at the Welsh Baptist Tabernacle, 60 at the Porth Primitive Methodist Chapel, twelve at the People's hall, nine at the Town-hall (English Baptist), and eight at Calvary, Treforest, and that at Ynysybwl the converts up to the present time number upwards of 400, The "lists" are not yet properly collated in regard to Mr. Evan Roberts's meetings at Perth, but, the "flowing tide" is in the same direction everywhere. I hear that at Treharris there was a great meeting in the "Square" on Saturday night, and that men who had been in public-houses were induced to go to the meetings in the chapels afterwards, and many of them were sobered and converted.

But to come to Porth. There was a morning service at Perth Chapel (Congregational), where the missionary (Mr. Evan Roberts) attended, and the spiritual character of the proceedings may well be described as equal to any that has been held in the Taff and Rhondda districts, In the afternoon the Welsh Independent Chapel, Cymmer, was crowded, and an overflow meeting became absolutely necessary, so the doors of the old chapel on the other side of the road were thrown open, and that was promptly filled when it was understood that Mr. Evan Roberts would call there on his way to the larger chapel. At the old chapel Principal Prys, of Trefecca, was among the audience. At the new chapel Principal Edwards, of Cardiff, sat in the "big pew," and there were many visitors from Cardiff, Penarth, and other places. Mr. Roberts spoke at both chapels, and said when he came to the new chapel that the warmth of the service in the old chapel was refreshing. His address was not so long as the addresses which he has lately delivered, but it was buoyant and practical. "If you have the love of Christ in your heart," he said, "you will love everybody, and you cannot do a mean trick," "If you are not prepared to forgive others, it is no use going on your knees to-night to ask God to forgive your transgressions. I don't say don't do it, Please yourselves, of course, but one thing is certain absolutely certain God will not listen to you.

This simple truth is carrying considerable weight, and on all hands I hear of friendships renewed and family feuds ended by hearing the recital of this trite saying. But, to proceed with the meeting, let me say that I felt there was at first too much of the "Cymanfa Ganu" in its hymns to set tunes, with a well-known conductor leading, Of course, he did his work splendidly, but, as he himself afterwards declared, there might be and there was too much of that style of singing. It was not so spontaneous as that which has been witnessed at other place. Still, the volume of sound and the beauty of the harmony were very striking, and between the hymns there were some fervent and eloquent prayers and some remarkable testimonies.

One man in the gallery said he had been a member of the Baptists and a "saved man" since he was fifteen, but he had not received the Holy Ghost into his heart until recently. He said he was not a drunkard, or a swearer, or a bad

man in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but the baptism of the Spirit had not come to him until lately. Since then he had, for the first time, conducted family worship in his own house, he had done what he could to tell his fellow-workmen about salvation, and he had gone about the public-houses of the neighbourhood delivering tracts, and was ready to do anything he could.

Another referred to the fact that a young footballer in Cilfynydd had burnt his newly-bought outfit, and offered his season-ticket for international matches to his brother, who burned it, A woman from Mardy declared that she had caught additional fire to go home to Mardy, but she could not be so well satisfied as, perhaps, she ought to be if she did not have an opportunity of shaking hands with Mr. Roberts.

Later on again Mr. Roberts invited Christians publicly to declare themselves, and, Slowly, but surely, came the response. Here and there came one or two, reciting verses; hymns, or making use of their own words; and then from gallery and floor simultaneously came a chorus of voices repeating certain verses together, until at last it was almost impossible to tell who was speaking or what anyone was saying.

Evan Roberts smiled and clapped his hands in joy. "Go on," he said, "don't stop you can all confess Christ at the same time scores of you hundreds of you," and while the excitement was increasing a man from the gallery shouted, "Here is reality! Hear is reality! Thank God!" This state of things continued for some time with an occasional outburst of hymn-singing and "throwing out the life-line." Miss Annie Davies, 'Maesteg; was present with her singing Gospel, and the rapt attention given when she sang in Welsh and English,

"Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,"

was only broken by sobs and "Amen," This remarkable meeting continued until after five o'clock and when leaving the chapel with a brother journalist the last words that were literally shouted with joy at us by a man standing in the doorway were, - "Thank God for the press to help the cause of God!"

While this was going on at Cymmer Miss Davies (Gorseinon), Miss Maggie Davies (Maesteg), and Miss Jones (Pontycymmer) were at an Ynyshir chapel a mile and a half away conducting another service, and there, also, there was a very successful gathering.

But just look at Salem Chapel, the large building of the Welsh Baptists in Hannah -street, Porth. The missioner was announced to speak there at seven o'clock that evening, Therefore, people took their seats in the chapel as early as half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and long before the hour fixed for opening the chapel was crowded, and the approaches were thronged with people, while hundreds stood in the streets hoping to get in when any of the others came out, and others merely in the hope of catching a glimpse of Evan Roberts.

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Chapter 17 - Converts at Treorky

TREORKY, Tuesday, November 29

The appearance of Mr. Evan Roberts at Treorky to-day was hailed with joy by thousands, and the meeting addressed by him were attended by immense crowds. almost, if not quite, as great as those at Porth on the previous day. It should, how be noted at the outset that the revival appears to have reached "high tide" in the upper part of the Rhondda, prayer meetings having been held nightly for weeks before the wonderful story of the Loughor "fire" was published in the "Western Mail."

The streets to-day were slippery, and in parts dangerous, from the effects of the ice and snow, and the dripping clouds of mist which enveloped the Rhondda hillsides made the roads muddy in places, and in others they were much too smooth. Yet people trudged to Aion Chapel, at the upper end of Treorky, and filled it literally to over before I reached there in the afternoon. For a time I had to content myself with listening from the vestry to the sounds of voices coming through the four doorways behind the rostrum. After a while I managed to work my way in, for I am gaining experience in this difficult task. The meeting was, in a measure, similar to others which I have recently attended. It was decidedly warm, sympathetic, and quite typical of Treorky's active congregations. The hymns were started quite spontaneously, very often by young people and were sung; with fervour and in excellent time. The prayers were earnest, and in many instances marked by simple, but burning eloquence, some of the women being particularly pathetic in their appeals for "wandering boys," and the public confessions by members of churches were extraordinary in character and in number. I think I can safely say that practically all the adult members of the various denominations present and very many children, gave brief testimonies or quotations of Scripture.

But, listen! Mr. Evan Roberts, in one of his incidental addresses, says, "A oes heddwch?" ("Is there peace?") "The question," he said, "is often asked in the eisteddfod. It is quite time that it should be asked in many Churches." He mentioned the topic which I quoted yesterday as to family feuds and personal animosities. Then, he asked, had they ever seen a religious revival in a Church which was torn by dissensions in which members and deacons, or members among themselves, were quarrelling and bickering? Had they seen religious fervour and success in a Church in which the members were cold towards each other? No, never; and the question, "A oes heddwch?" ought to be put wherever there was anxiety to be active for Christ if success did not attend the efforts put forth.

It is a striking truth, and has a practical bearing upon the work of the Christian Churches, as well as upon that of individuals.

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Chapter 18 - Drunkards Reformed

TREORKY, Wednesday, November 30.

Further proofs of the extent to which the revival spirit has taken hold of Treorky and its neighbourhood have been furnished me by many who have not only attended Mr. Evan Roberts's successful meetings, but who have witnessed the remarkable progress of spiritual work which has marked the past few months. The great gatherings at Bethlehem to-day, at Cwmpark Baptist Chapel in the morning, and simultaneously at Bethania, and the extraordinary prayer meetings held nightly at Noddfa, indicate the intense earnestness which prevails, for all are not only well attended, but conducted with an energy which betokens the presence of real, active spiritual life. And before entering into an account of the meetings which I attended to-day, a few words must be said about the effects of the revival upon the community, for the effect is very apparent in many directions.

Perhaps the most prominent feature is the lessening of drunkenness, for the night marches of praying and singing converts seem to have induced a considerable number of well-known drunkards to abandon their evil ways, and, in some instances, to identify themselves with the religious movement. Instances of the "toning down" of the language of underground hauliers have been occasionally referred to, but a colliery official told me to-day that he had quietly and unseen, watched a haulier, while walking toward the pit bottom, turn aside more than once, and when at last he came up to him found him praying fervently for forgiveness of the sins of his life and he had been a somewhat notorious young fellow.

In another instance I heard of a ""banks-man"" who continually talks to his fellow workers at the pit top about religious matters, and of groups of three or four men praying together in their working-places. But, perhaps, the most striking case is that of a ""master-haulier,"" who takes such a prominent part in the prayer meetings at Noddfa, Treorky. He was at one time, the captain of the local football team, and in one of his public prayers he said the Lord knew that those who formerly took the leading part in football now led in the tug-of-war team for Jesus Christ. He is most inspiring, and takes part in these meetings every night. In one of his prayers he earnestly asked the Lord ""to come with us to the Cardiff-square meeting"" (meaning the open-air meeting in-the square near the Cardiff Arms Hotel).

As indicating the influence which this movement has had upon the ""football craze"" in the neighbourhood, it is said that there is in Noddfa Sunday School a ""football class"" comprised almost entirely of ex-footballers. A prominent colliery official connected with the Rhondda and Treharris, speaking in a revival meeting at Ton Pentre, spoke highly of the noble work done by the ""Western Mail"" in connection with the revival move and said he hoped the day would come when they would publish a prayer meeting edition instead of a football edition. Last week the Rev. B. W. Davies, Ton, publicly announced that among the people who had come into his chapel (Hebron) was a man who had handed him what he called his ""bona-fide club"" ticket.

The colliery managers in many places can tell some interesting stories about the effects of the revival upon the workmen. Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P., informs me that the manager of the colliery in which he is interested tells him that the revival had made them better colliers, and I have heard similar remarks made by other colliery officials, the clearest indication of the effects of the revival being greater regularity in the attendance of the men at work.

Perhaps, however, the most direct case of the influence of Mr. Evan Roberts's pithy remarks is that of a Cilfynydd collier who was ""cropped,"" or threatened, for ""filling dirty coal."" He told the officials that he would ""make them sit up for it,"" because he would get the works committee to take it up with the Miners' Federation. Instead of going to the committee, he went to hear Evan Roberts, who talked about the Spirit in a man's heart making it impossible for him to do a mean action, and the result was he went back to the colliery office, and asked to be allowed to work on, that he did not intend bringing anything before the works committee, and that he would never again give cause of complaint about ""dirty coal"" being filled into his trams. Needless to say, his offer was promptly accepted.

Surely, a revival which does these things must be good for the community generally.

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Chapter 19 - An idle Sipendiary

TREORKY, Thursday, December 1.

From a merely spectacular point of view, apart from its warmth, intelligence, and spiritual fervour, the great meeting held in Noddfa Baptist Chapel, Treorky, this evening was the most remarkable I have yet attended in connection with Mr. Evan Roberts's progress through the mining districts in connection with the Welsh revival. There is ordinary sitting accommodation for upwards of 1,500 people in the building, and it has often accommodated 2,000, yet it was manifest about an hour before the time fixed for opening the evening Service that on this occasion it would be totally inadequate to meet the needs of the vast crowds who were flocking its precincts. The danger of a ""rush"" was so great that arrangements were made to provide for the safety of the people. When the congregation was in its place the sight from the rostrum was a magnificent one as one looked at the tiers of people on the galleries which surround the entire

chapel, while the body of the immense structure was simply packed.

But the day's work had been begun at Blaencwm with singular fervour, the pro's being very impressive, and the converts names being called out faster than they could be taken down, while the ""testi"" were hurled out to such an extent as to interfere occasionally with the practical work of filling in the ""saved list"" With this preparation and the manifest ""fire"" already existing at Treorky, no wonder the night gathering was of a deeply moving character.

By the bye, there is plenty of scope still in the Rhondda for any and every effort that may be put forth, for, although Sir Marchant Williams states that the result of the revival in the district over which he presides as stipendiary magistrate has been to reduce drunkenness to such an extent as to leave him practically nothing todo with such matters. I regret that hitherto the effect upon the work of the magistrates in the Rhondda is not appreciable. The ""drunken"" cases were heavy at Ystrad on Monday, and there was no marked difference at Porth to-day. Still, the police in the upper part of the Rhondda, as elsewhere, foresee the probability of much good being done. Both in the upper part of the Rhondda and in Pontypridd some of the police themselves men of high repute in every sense quietly identify themselves with the movement, some of the converts being in the force. But the number of converts hitherto made in the Rhondda, large as it is, is as yet not so great in proportion to the population as it was in the Trecynon, Mountain Ash, Aberand Ynysbwl districts (swept by the revival)all in Sir Marchant Williams's stipendiary district; and the direct results in police-court records are, therefore, yet to come.

In the collieries the best attendance at present is in the portion of the district furthest away from the centres visited by Mr. Evan Roberts. Why? Well, because this week is less regular than usual, the men in hundreds of cases keeping away in order to attend the revival meetings. But there are hopes of better attendance in future, because as I was informed by an Ocean Colliery official to-day, a considerable number of ""regular boozers"" have joined the Churches, and there is a decided diminution, in the consumption of intoxicants. As bearing, upon another aspect of the effects of the revival. I may mention that Mr. Middleton, manager of the Park Colliery. Cwmpark, states that he has only heard one oath in his colliery during the week, whereas previous to the starting of this religious revival in the district he used to hear hundreds, if not thousands, daily. He points to the quiet demeanour of the workmen. In this he confirms the version given, by other officials, who, however, described the condition of things somewhat differently. ""There is no cheek,"" said one. ""There is a good deal of singing, underground and above ground,"" said another. ""Hymns instead of comic songs,"" added still another.

But to return to the great night meeting. Passing into the immense building through the crowd which surrounded the chapel, Mr. Evan Roberts was so impressed with the scene that he immediately asked for prayers for a blessing on those who were outside, as well as those who had gained admittance. Thin was instantly responded to, and the young revivalist next called for prayers for a young man who had, not consented to come to Christ while he (the speaker) was on his way into that meeting. It was a sister's request, he said, and if they prayed that the man would be saved before dawn he would be. He was certain of it, for the Bible told them to expect such answers to their petitions. What they needed was not only to get the world to believe, but to get the Church to believe. He was confident that they were going to have souls saved at the afternoon meeting, and they came³⁵ of them. But there was not an atom of credit due to man, to any man, it was simply, due to the Holy Ghost. The principal subject of the evening's address was ""Faith.""

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Chapter 20 -Unexpected Features

PENTRE, Friday, December 2.

There was a change in the programme of the revival meetings to-day, and the interest was, if any-thing, heightened by the absence from Pentre of Mr. Evan Roberts in the afternoon. In order, presumably, to give the young evangelist a little rest, it had been decided that the Pentre meetings should not begin until Friday evening, and it was only very late on Thursday night it was announced that there would be an afternoon prayer meeting at one of the chapels. But the people of the district, calculating upon the unceasing continuance of the gatherings had come in crowds, many from a distance in the morning, and were turned away. Mr. Evan Roberts, taking advantage of the occasion, left for Llantrisant, in order to put in an appearance with the young ladies who have for some days been carrying on a mission there, and on his return he looked stall eager for work.

The evening meeting at Moriah Chapel had been announced for six p.m., and long before that time the building was full, although it was known that Mr. Evan Roberts would not be there for some time, if at all. The first of the revivalists to come in was Miss Rees, of Loughor, the young lady whose story of her visit to the gipsy encampment thrilled the Trecynon meeting about a fortnight ago. She took her seat, alone, in the "big pew," and presently began to sing some of the beautifully touching hymns of the revival. After the congregation had joined her she opened the meeting with prayer, and afterwards spoke alternately in Welsh and English, taking practically charge of the proceedings, as there was at first, a seeming lack of readiness on the part of individuals in the congregation to take part. Gradually, however, the reserve broke down, and prayer after prayer, "testimony," exhortation, and hymn came with a promptitude and enthusiasm which was refreshing for a first meeting. Miss Mary Davies (Gorseinon) and Miss Annie Davies (Maesteg) came, and the solo-singing became more and more touching so that the crowded congregation could not help being imbued with the spirit which everywhere prevails, while the mere state of curiosity to see Mr. Evan Roberts has been overcome. The most eloquent and fervent in prayer, certainly, were the women of the congregation, and the number who spoke and prayed here was larger than at any of the previous meetings.

There was also another feature which I had not expected to find at Pentre, viz., more English in the speaking, the praying, and the singing. Another was the state of things when, at half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Evan Roberts arrived. Then there was a general hush of expectation, soon broken by an 'enthusiastic outburst of

"Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'm cof."

The revivalist was in a cheerful, aggressively cheerful or, should I say, cheerfully aggressive mood. He took the "Diolch iddo" of one of the verses of the hymn sung as a kind of text, and dwelt upon the necessity for unstinted, active, cheerful gratitude to God. He compared the state of the heathen with the state of Wales, and pictured in forcible words the surprise which he felt at the fact that so many in Wales rejected the Love of Christ. Practically applying this to the business of every-day life, the speaker dwelt upon the advantages, even from a temporal point of view, of absolute faith in God. It was not until the Church itself was fully imbued with faith that the pagan would receive the blessings of the Word. Many who sang, "Iesu, Iesu, 'rwyd ti'n ddigon" ("Jesus, Jesus, all-sufficient") could not possibly believe what they were singing, or they would not go to the places which they frequented. They were, therefore, hypocritical in singing it.

Suddenly a voice from the rostrum breaks in with music, and the congregation begin singing,

"Duw mawr o rhyfeddodau maith,"

and the rolling basses are heard as they have been heard at so many places. But Mr. Evan Roberts is not satisfied. He actually tells the people that they lack the spirit of gratitude. They had, he said, been fervent and spirited in their appeal for his presence, whereas now they sang a triumphant song of praise as if they were half-hearted. Of course, there was a second rendering of the hymn, with much more life and energy in it, and the revivalist took up the thread of his discourse as if nothing had happened. But he had not spoken long before there came an interruption from the front of the gallery a young lady singing, to the tune of "The Last Rose of Summer," the words of the hymn,

"Dyma Feibl anwyl Iesu."

a rendering made popular by Miss Annie Davies.

However, as the interruptions to Mr. Roberts's speech had come, so did the interruptions come even to the work of reciting verses and giving testimonies. The congregation on this particular night seemed to be full of singing, but it was noticeable that it was very fine and fervent singing, tenderer than has been the case in any other place. The hymn

""O, yr Oen, yr addfwyn Oen,""

-was sung with thrilling effect, and even though it interrupted a peculiarly impressive portion of the service, the young revivalist simply clapped his hands and cried out ""Ardderchog.""

During one portion of the proceedings some of the people in the congregation cried ""Hush!"" when more than one spoke at a time or when a singer interrupted Mr. Roberts himself, whereupon Mr. Roberts said he hoped they would not indulge in any such interruptions as crying ""hush"" to anybody. If a drunken man had come forward to sing or say anything he would not have interested him, because, in his experience, he had known a drunken man coming in to a service and yet being saved within a quarter of an hour, for the Spirit sobered even a drunken man. ""Therefore,"" he said, ""in any case don't say 'Hush' to anyone.""

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Chapter 21 -Enthusiasm at Pentre

PENTRE, Sunday, December 4.

Crowded with incidents and crowned with success is a phrase that may very well be applied to the visit of Mr. Evan Roberts and his band of evangelists to Pentre, for there were stirring events on Saturday and to-day. The meeting at Siloh Congregational Chapel on Saturday afternoon was largely attended even at the outset, although operations at the neighbouring collieries had not ceased. When I entered the chapel shortly after two o'clock, Mr. Roberts was not there the lady evangelists had not arrived and yet there seemed to be in the atmosphere that indefinable ""some"" which invariably betokens fervency before a word had been spoken. Presently a ministerial visitor rises in the ""big pew,"" and said this year had been a wonderful year wonderful in many respects. He referred to the Russo-Japanese War and other matters, and added that not the least wonderful was this religious revival in Wales. The news of the success of this new crusade was wonderful. While he was speaking Mr. Evan Roberts walked in, and a woman in the body of the chapel recited, as a fit complement to the minister's few words, the Welsh hymn:

""Newyddion braf a ddaeth i'n bro,
Hwy haeddant gael eu dwyn ar go,
Enillodd Iesu mawr y dydd,
Caiff carcharorion fyn'd yn rhydd""

This is usually sung to the tune ""Ernan,"" but here it was sung to ""Luther's Hymn,"" as soon as the last notes died away, another single voice in the distance started ""Dyma gariad fel y moroedd,"" and, alter this, from a rev. gentleman who sat on the pulpit stairs, came the first three words or Cardinal Newman's ""Lead, kindly Light,"" and the congregation very sweetly joined in rendering the hymn to Purday's tune, ""Standon,"" which is the only one heard at these gatherings. Then there came the voice of a workman, engaged in earnest and really eloquent prayer in Welsh,

supplicating the blessings of the Spirit on that gathering, and, in rhythmical cadences, recounting the ""saving"" scenes witnessed elsewhere. They had for years, he said, been praying for an outpouring of the Spirit, and it had come upon the Churches. ""Yr ydym wedi gweled gwaethaf Satan lawer gwaith,"" he declared, ""ond nid ydym wedi gweled goreu Crist hyd yn awr"" (""We have seen Satan's worst many times, but have never seen Christ's best until now"").

Mr. Evan Roberts, ascending the pulpit, exclaimed, ""You need not ask God to send the Spirit to this meeting, friends; the Spirit is here. Pray that you may be baptised with it""

A young woman, sitting under the shadow of the balcony, rose, and in passionate tones, but in a voice evidently almost lost by recent straining, proclaimed:

""I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me.""

The young revivalist smilingly remarked, ""She has lost her voice in telling the people about her Saviour.""

While the great congregation sang the well-known hymn, I inquired who the lady was, and was informed that she hailed from Trewhere, during the past nine or ten days, full of the revival ""fire,"" she had been so active that she alone had brought no fewer than 105 converts to the local churches.

When the singing was finished, Mr. Evan Roberts resumed, pointing out that the object in view in praying now was, not so much to ""achub"" (save), as ""Plygu yr Eglwys"" (Bend the Church). Our belief in the Churches was a stumbling block. It was not open unbelief, but half-belief, and there must be no such stumbling-block. Just as Achan was cast out of the camp of old, so must any and every Achan be cast out of Christ's Church now. But he maintained that all that was necessary was to get the Churches to realise thoroughly and absolutely the love of Christ. While he was speaking, there arose from the ""big pew"" the voice of Miss Annie Davies, Maestag, bursting forth into song

""Wrth gofio'i ruddfanau'n yr Ardd
A'i chwys yn ddefnynau o waed,
Aredig ar gefn oedd mor hardd,
A'i daro a chleddyf ei Dad;
Ei' arwain i Galfari fryn,
A'i hoelio ar groesbren o'i foddd,
Pa dafod all dewi am hyn?
Pa galon mor galed na thodd?""

It is often sung to the tune ""St. Andrew's,"" but Miss Davies had found a tune more suitable to her purpose from a slow, impressive, appealing solo, but I was unable to ascertain the title of it, for scarcely had silence come upon the touched congregation before the young lady from Treherbert already alluded to, was again on her feet, and, with her face glowing with fervour, she exclaimed:

Count your blessings, count them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord, hath done.

This was instantly struck up by Miss A.M. Rees, of Gorseinon, one of the evangelists; who sang very effectively, the congregation, after a while, joining in very heartily. Then on subsequent ""rereats,"" Miss Rees varied the last line into ""Go and tell the people what the Lord hath done.""

This ""caught on"" immensely, as it seemed to suit the spirit of the meeting admirably. Just a few words of prayer for the saving of souls, and someone struck up ""Throw out the life"" which was sung by the congregation with some warmth, but it was not energetic enough for Mr. Roberts. He got up and asked if they had actually seen men saving life at sea. If not, let them try to realise what ""throwing out the life-line"" meant, and they would sing it with a power

which was now lacking. It was, he said, one of the lessons of the revival to show that they really were anxious to save souls. One notable feature of this gathering was the change in the character of the hymns, for although different tunes are sung to the same hymns, varying generally according to the denomination that predominates in the particular congregation, there has not hitherto been such a series of departures from what has been regarded as the most popular hymns. "O na bawn i fel Efe" may be taken as an instance, as well as those already quoted in Welsh and English.

While Mr. Evan Roberts was speaking on implicit obedience to the Spirit, and summarising the point into four words, "You must do anything and everything, anywhere and everywhere" (which he repeated in English), there was a stir in the aisle, and three young people marched up towards the "big pew." Down from the pulpit came the evangelist and, extending his hand to welcome the newcomers, he said, "This is Sidney Evans and two other workers," and within a few minutes the newcomers were at work.

Mr. Sidney Evans ascended the pulpit, and with the familiarity of a brother Mr. Roberts turned to him and said, "A oes genyt ti air i'w ddweyd wrth y bobl?" ("Hast thou a word to say to the people?"). Replying with a smile, Mr. Evans (whose boyish appearance was very striking) said he had come there to receive, and in a few pithy sentences he dwelt upon the fulness with which God could endow people who came ready to receive. He declared that upwards of 300 people had been converted - at Morriston since last Sunday. Then, taking up his theme, he said, "God has a blessing for every one who asks. He does not throw His blessings as a father sometimes throws nuts for his children to scramble for it is a blessing for each one."

When the recital of testimonies came the scenes witnessed became very impressive, and in the course of the proceedings a number of converts were enrolled, one young man remaining obdurate, though under deep emotion, until the meeting had actually been closed. In the last group he was spoken to by Mr. Roberts, and was added to the "saved list."

It may be added that among the workers who arrived during the meeting were Mr. Evan Roberts's young sister, seemingly only fifteen or sixteen years of age, but full of the work, and Miss Hopkins, of Loughor. The two subsequently proceeded to Tonypany to assist in a meeting that evening, Miss Williams, of Gorseinon, joining the others at Ton.

The evening meeting was an extraordinary one altogether. Jerusalem Chapel was simply crowded and overcrowded body of chapel, aisles, galleries, lobby, staircases, big seat, pulpit, and outside stood a seething mass of people waiting for possible chances of getting in, Hebron Chapel, only a stone's-throw away, was also full; so was the Congregational Chapel.

When I had managed to work my way slowly and with considerable difficulty into Jerusalem Chapel the first disfeatures I caught were those of the radiant missionary, Mr. M'Taggart, whose abandonment of his Anglican Catholic position in order to "work for Christ and for souls" I have previously mentioned. He sat in a deacon's chair just under the pulpit, and presently, when invited by Mr. Roberts, he spoke a few sentences in English, crisp, trite sayings, which were thoroughly appreciated even by the Welsh section. He also told his hearers that his adopted son had reached there that night, having walked all the way from London in order to receive some of the blessings of the Welsh revival,

When he was describing the picture which he was trying to impress upon his hearers Miss Annie Davies, Maesteg, broke in with

"Wrth gofio'i ruddfanau'n yr Ardd,"

and when she had concluded Mr. Roberts proceeded, but had not gone far before she again, evidently under very deep emotion, began singing,

"Dim ond Iesu"

("Jesus only"), when she utterly broke down, and, sobbing aloud, exclaimed, "O! Iesu, Iesu, drosof fi" ("O! Jesus, Jesus, for me!") She wept bitterly, and caused hundreds to sob, raising her voice in loud lamentation. The tension

became painful, overcoming the revivalist himself, and the position was only relieved by the chapel presenter striking up.

""Pen Calfaria,
Pen Calfaria,
Nac aed hwnw byth o'n cof,""

and it was sung by the congregation with pathos as well as fervour. Miss Annie Davies, whose voice has been to some extent strained by the work of the past fortnight, was unable to take any part in the service afterwards. Mr. Roberts, however, spoke at some length, and the scene when ""testi"" were called for was a very remarkable one. Miss May John sang with splendid effect the Welsh rendering of ""Oh happy day,"" viz,

""O, hapus awr, hapus awr,
Maddeuodd Iesu 'meiau mawr,""

and the refrain was taken up with unenthusiasm by the vast congregation. Presently the strange mixture of impromptu which often comes with the hymn ""Come to Jesus just now,"" was, if possible, extended here. The names of converts were being enrolled, and there was an extraordinary number of them. They were shouted from all parts of the building, and great enthusiasm was aroused. ""Dyma Nefoedd"" (""Here is Heaven""), exclaimed Mr. Evan Roberts, and Miss May John from the front of the gallery took it for a cue, sing as she clapped her hands

""Dyma Nefoedd, dyma Nefoedd,
Dyma Nefoedd, 'r awr hon;'
R awr hon, dyma Nefoedd
Dyma Nefoedd 'r awr hon.""

and the new verse rang through the building with a note of triumph that must have reverberated from the open windows through the street and along the hillsides.

An old lady, with snow-white hair, got up in the congregation, and, after thanking God for the privilege of being present and wishing that she could have enjoyed the many blessings which the Welsh friends enjoyed, she asked if it was not possible to have a few words from Mr. Roberts in the English language. But in any event, she added, she rejoiced to see that great meeting and to see the great work that was being done.

Mr. Roberts replied in the English language that they would do the best they could, but the time was very short, and they were anxious to save souls. It turned out that the lady in question was Mrs. Anderson, of Margate, sister to the editor of a London paper. Afterwards she privately confirmed what she had said about the joy she felt, and hoped the work would go on increasing.

After the results of the night meeting, from the point of view of the enrolment of converts, I was not surprised to be informed that no fewer than 55 converts had declared themselves.

Notwithstanding the steady downpour of rain at Pentre on Sunday, the various chapels were literally besieged, crowds of people waiting for hours outside in the cold and damp in the hope of being eventually able to gain admission, hundreds having to wait in vain.

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Chapter 22 - In Fresh Fields

CEARPHILLY, Monday, December 5.

Coming from the midst of the huge population of the large centre of the Rhondda Valleys to Caerphilly, Mr. Evan Robert and the 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 overcrowded state of the building, the work was carried out with enthusiasm. Mr. Roberts was accompanied by three of the young lady evangelists. Miss Rees (Gorseinon), Miss Mary Davies (Gorseinon), and Miss Annie Davies (Maesteg). 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 ""inspira"" 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.""

The Van-road chapel was crowded before six p.m. for a service supposed to begin at seven. There was no wasted time, 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 to 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 staircase 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. He had, he said, himself seen a vision of a candle burning brightly, and then the light of the sun shining upon all; and he took it to mean the light of the Gospel first as a, candle, and then the great sun shining upon the whole world.

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, ask, "What! Is this the number of these 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 response 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 life-line" 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, December 6.

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 bear and see, or try to hear and see, Mr. Evan Roberts to-day 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 missionary would speak, or 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 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 123 converts.

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Chapter 23 - "Fire" at Senghenydd

SENGHENYDD, Wednesday, December 7.

The arrival of Mr. Evan Roberts at Senghenydd to-day was hailed with joy by large numbers of people.

There was before half-past one in the afternoon a crowded congregation in the Calvinistic Methodist, Chapel, and the hymn-singing mainly in Welsh here, was very effective. A hymn that I have not heard at any of the previous meetings was sung here:

""Cof am y cyfiawn Iesu,
Y Person mwyaf hardd,
Ar noswaith oer anesmwyth,
Yn chwysu yn yr Ardd;
A'r eliwys yn ddafnau cochion,
Yn llifo tua'r llawr
Bydd canu am ei gariad
I dragwyddoldeb mawr.""

This was sung to the old tune ""Penry,"" and. repeated with emphatic heartiness. A young lady from Bedwas rose in the gallery and, in English, said she had gone to Mr. Evan Roberts on the previous night to ask him pray for her. ""What do you, want?"" he asked, and she replied that she did not think she was doing enough for Jesus Christ. Ultimately, he advised her to tell her neighbours in Bedwas, and others, about her Saviour. She went home, and in the morning when in the train she spoke to a woman from Pentre, Rhondda Valley, who said neither she nor her husband went to any chapel, although some of the children went. She prayed with the woman, but at first without avail. She prayed again, and the woman accepted Christ, and then promised to try to influence her husband. Then the young lady added, ""I hope my brother is in this congregation. Will you pray for him?"" Several prayers were offered, and ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later a shout was raised from the far end of the gallery. Her brother was converted, and there was a mighty shout of ""Diolch iddo"" and ""Songs of Praise I will ever give to Thee.""

But perhaps the most peculiar instance of her work which she now gave was that of a young man who did not know how to break off an engagement for a championship fight. She was going to pray for him, and, as there was yet time during the week, she would go to work, and she believed she would succeed.

An elderly man in the gallery got up and declared that He was one of the 63 converts of the previous night. He had, he said, been a backslider, and rejoiced that he had been brought to see the seriousness of his position. He earnestly appealed for prayers for himself and others of the same kind who required strength to keep steadfast.

Meanwhile, Mr. Evan Roberts, accompanied by Miss Mary Davies (Gorseinon), Miss Annie Davies (Maesteg), and Mr. M'Taggart, had gone to the Welsh Baptist Chapel, where there was a somewhat smaller congregation, and where the meeting was, for a time, decidedly colder, so cold, indeed, as to affect the young revivalist with deep emotion. He prayed and asked others to pray for a downpour of the Spirit, and presently there was a warmer feeling, the responses to the invitation to ""confess"" being numerous.

Among those who spoke from the gallery was one of the converts, who had come to the meeting at Caerphilly after prayers had been specially offered for him, and he now publicly referred to his own and his father's conversion. He also made special reference to the conversion of some of his ""pals,"" one of them a somewhat noted pugilist, and hoped that another whom he and other friends had been trying to get to join them in turning over a new leaf would now be won over. He appealed very forcibly to young men in the congregation to listen to the appeals that were being made to them, and not to waste their time any longer in idle pursuits.

""Throw out the life-line"" was sung with great earnestness, and in this context I may be allowed to introduce a really useful Welsh translation of that popular hymn

""Teflwch raff Bywyd dros war y don ddu,
Mae aew frawd yn rhyferthwy y Ili;
Mae'n frawd i rywunpwy feiddia yn awr
Daflu rhaff Bywyd i'r perygl mawr?
Teflwch raff Bywyd,
Teflwch raff Bywyd,
Mae rhywun yn myned i'w fedd;
Teflwch raff Bywyd,
Teflwch raff Bywyd
Mae rhywun yn suddo'n ddihedd.""

Written on a ""papyr bach"" (checkweight ticket) of a colliery worker, this translation was handed to me by Mr. J. T. Williams, of Rhymney, who stated that it is the work of Mr. Daniel Davies, a deacon with the Calvinistic Methodists at that place. I think, it will ""take"" well at the meetings, and commend it as a useful addition to the repertoire of those who so spontaneously strike up the hymns which send such a glow through the hearts and the countenances of the Welsh section at these meetings.

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Chapter 24 - The Rhondda Re-visited

RHONDDA, Thursday, December 8.

The return of Mr. Evan Roberts to the Rhondda Valleys had been looked forward to with considerable interest by the people of Ferndale and the Rhondda Fach generally. When it was announced that Mr. Evan Roberts and the lady evangelists had not arrived in Ferndale on Thursday afternoon there was some disappointment felt, but there was a crowded congregation in Trerhondda Chapel at two o'clock in the afternoon and the usual revival meeting was proceeded with, the hymn-singing, addresses, and prayers being particularly fervent and earnest. Amongst the speakers during the afternoon was Mrs. Baxter, wife of the editor of a London religious paper, who said that she had for 46 years endeavoured to work for Christ's Kingdom, and she was glad to see this great revival going on in Wales. ""Diolch iddo,"" she said, and many in the congregation shouted ""Amen.""

Some of the colliers of Ferndale and Mardy were very enthusiastic in their exclamations and in their prayers, several of them laying special emphasis upon the work which was being done in making men sober. One of them said that a little more than six months ago he himself was singing in a public-house to amuse people, but he now sang songs of praise to God, and was more earnest to-day than on the day of his conversion. He laid special emphasis upon the necessity for workmen who were professing Christians to be circumspect and upright in their conduct lest the lads who worked with them should emulate their bad examples.

About a quarter to five o'clock. Mr. Evan Roberts arrived by train at Fendale, accompanied by Miss A. M. Rees (Gorseinon), Miss Mary Davies (Gorseinon), and Miss Annie Davies (Maesteg).

Trerhondda Chapel was well filled before six o'clock for a meeting announced to comat seven, and although overflow meetings were announced to be held at Tabernacle Chapel, the Welsh Wesleyan Chapel, and with the English Presbyterians and at the higher Grade School, the congregation continued to grow until the precincts of the chapel and the vestry had been filled, while a crowd stood patiently waiting in the street outside the gates.

Mr. Evan Roberts arrived at the meeting about a quarter to seven and found it warm and enthusiastic. He proceeded to deliver an address in Welsh, in the course of which he dwelt upon the imperative necessity of awakening the churches to the realisation of the greatness of God's works and the love of Christ. While he was dwelling upon the beauties of God's work as seen in Nature the vast congregation burst out into the rousing hymn, "'Duw mawr y rhyfeddodan maith,'" which was repeated again and again. Then, proceeding, he said that there was no middle place between Heaven and hell, and it was as well for everybody to realise it, whereupon a voice was heard crying out, "'Here is one for Heaven at any rate,'" and another enthusiastic member of the congregation shouted out, "'Any passengers for Mynydd Seion!'" a quaint way of inviting converts.

"'I have come 200 miles to confess that I love Christ,'" said one, "'and I have come a great distance to enjoy what you are getting,'" said another. "'I need Thee every hour,'" was sung in Welsh. One speaker said what was necessary was, as Mr. Evan Roberts had told them, to pray to save the congregations and to awaken the Churches. Another speaker referred with joy to the news he had received of public-houses being emptied at Kilgerran. A young lady from Ferndale got into the pulpit and said, "'They have asked, me to sing. I don't understand much music, but Christ may sing through me,'" and she sang very sweetly "'Tyr'd ato, bechadur.'" This meeting continued until a late hour, and was carried on with the utmost enthusiasm.

Simultaneously with the proceedings described, another remarkable meeting was being held in the Higher Grade School, where Miss A. M. Roes, of Gorseinon, conducted an English service. At the outset, as no one seemed to take the initiative, Miss Rees rose and said that at the revival meetings it was not usually necessary to ask anybody to take part, even to the extent of giving out a hymn, for when the Spirit moved them the people were only too ready to take part, and she hoped that no one at this gathering would for a moment quench the Spirit in their own hearts or in those of others. A hymn was given out by a gentleman in the congregation, which was taken up very energetically by all.

Then occurred one of those remarkable incident which now and again mark the proceedings in connection with this strange revival. A young man rose in the middle of the congregation, and said he had come all the way from Caerphilly to give his testimony. He could not be quiet, although his past conduct, to which he was about to refer, was such as made him feel heartily ashamed of himself. He was one of those who had been referred to as one of the converts at Caerphilly. He was a member of the Caerphilly Football Club, and he regretted to have to say it, he not only played football, but wherever he went, in the train or otherwise, he used to take with him in his pocket a pack of cards, with which he used to gamble, frequently losing money which he ought to have given- to his poor mother. He used to take about with him in his pocket also bottles of whisky, young though he was, and last Christmas, between the cards and the whisky, he lost 26 shillings, and there was his poor mother in the house, and he broke down sobbing, and could not comprehend his narrative. The congregation fervently sang "'Diolch iddo, byth am gofio llwch y llawr,'" and "'Songs of Praises,'" Miss May John, R.A.M., taking the leading part in the singing. Resuming his narrative, the young man said that last Monday night he was for three-quarters of an hour wrestling with the devil, but ultimately he found salvation, and hoped to be able to devote his energies to the work of telling young men of his own age all he could about the love of the Saviour. He said that after his conversion he handed to Miss Rees a dance card, "'for,'" he added, "'he had also wasted valuable time in connection with dances.'"

Miss Rees, in confirmation of this narrative, held up one piece of the card indicated, and said she kept it as a trophy of the young man's victory in giving himself up under the circumstances. The other part of the card, she said, was in the possession of Mr. Evan Roberts. Then Miss May John struck up with enthusiasm,

"'O happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee my Saviour and my God,'"

In conclusion the young man referred to asked if there were any young fellows like himself in that meeting who had been foolish enough to do what he had used to. If so, he hoped they would do what he had now done, for he certainly could tell them that, this week had been the happiest week in all his life. Miss Rees then left to join Mr. Evan Roberts at the other meeting.

Chapter 25 - Service in a Coal Mine

CWMDARE, Thursday, December 1.

In Ancient Rome Christianity was cradled in persecution and found an asylum in the catacombs. The thought of those secret services, held in a far-off time, came into my mind as I tried to imagine an underground revival service which I was about to attend at the Nantmelyn Colliery, Cwmdare, the property of the Bwllfa and Merthyr Collieries (Limited), whose managing director (Councillor Rees Llewellyn) had given me permission to descend the shaft in order to see the effects of the "revival" underground.

But what a difference to-day. There is no need for secrecy now. Only yesterday there might have been scoffers; to-day there are none. The very atmosphere tingles with a new emotion, and the faith which of old thrived under the persecution of Ancient Rome thrives to-day under the encouragement of all the forces of modern Wales. Scarcely three weeks ago the "Western Mail" held up the lamp of the revival, then burning steadfastly at Loughor. To-day the whole of Wales is ignited. Not alone in sacred buildings and in streets that echo with the pilgrims' hymns, but far down in the bowels of the earth, in the dark coal seams which spread abroad the commercial fame of Wales, a kindlier lamp has been kindled. Christianity calls it the greatest safety lamp that was ever invented for mortal souls.

I went down to the prayer meeting at the Nantmelyn Colliery, 450 feet below the surface, with the manager, Mr. Edward Pugh, a staunch Methodist, for my guide. The workmen on the night shift had gone down half an hour earlier than the usual time so as not to interfere with the operations of the pit. Seventy yards from the bottom of the shaft, in the stables, we came to the prayer meeting. One of the workmen was reading the 6th chapter of St. Matthew to about eighty comrades. He stood erect amongst the group, reading in a dim fantastic light that danced with the swinging lamps and vanished softly into the surrounding darkness. A number of lamps were attached to a heavy post, closely wedged to support the roof, and around the impressive figure the colliers grouped themselves. Some were in the characteristic stooping posture, others half-reclined against the side of the road, with their lamps fastened to their pockets; others, again, stood, in the middle of the passage. Earnest men all of them; faces that bore the sears of the underground toiler; downcast eyes that seemed to be "the homes of silent prayer"; strong frames that quivered with a new emotion.

What must the thoughts of these men have been as the words of the Gospel fell on their ears in this stable transformed into a temple, with the perils of their occupation crowding around them? If the minds of men are moulded by environment, surely they could be subjected to no more impressive experience than this.

Presently the reading of the Scripture stopped, and there came the familiar Welsh hymn

"Gwaith hyfryd iawn a melus yw
Molianu D'enw Di, O! Dduw,
Son am Dy gariad foreu glas,
A'r nos am wirioneddau'th ras."

The hymn must have penetrated through the whole of the workings of the colliery. It echoed along the low roofs and the narrow walls, and when the last echoes were dying away, ever so far off, it seemed a supplicatory voice broke upon our ears. One of the colliers was speaking. "It is not enough to pray," he said, in Welsh, "because if we do not also watch the promises which we make in our prayers will remain unfulfilled. The motto of every true Christian is

'Watch and pray.' Look at that ship which is leaving port. Though she be bound for some definite destination she will never arrive there unless her compass and her helm work in unison. So it is with us. It is easy to cause the roof of a chapel to fall in as the result of prayer; but of what avail is such praying without the necessary watch to walk along the right path?'" The speaker went on to refer to attributes of the Christian, and, after alluding to the coldness which prevailed in certain parts of Aberdare towards the revival, he concluded: "'In years to come some of us will be sorry to have unheeded the salutary counsels given at the Nantmelyn stable.'" "'Amens'" punctuated the short address, and then the congregation joined in singing the tender verse:

Dyma gyfarfod hyfryd iawn,
Myfi yn llwm a'r Iesu'n llawn;
Myfi yn dlawd, heb feddu dim,
A'r Iesu'n rhoddi pobpeth im.'

Such was the simple service of rugged men: honest, earnest, plain. It was kept up until the moment came for commencing the night's work, and not once, but many times, was God's blessing asked for the honest and proper execution of the work. I stepped into the cage to return, followed by the haunting echoes of the hymn that pleads for a blessing

"'Dan dy fendith wrth ymadael
Y dymunem, Arglwydd, fod,
Llona'n calon a Dy gariad,
A'n geneuau a Dy glod;
Dy dangnefedd
Dyro i ni yn barhaus,'"

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Chapter 26 - Welsh Methodists and the Revivalist, by Rev. Cyndlylan Jones, D.D.

[Reprinted from the "'Western Mail,'" November 19]

I read with amazement an account of a supposed interview with Mr. Evan Roberts. Anyone acquainted with the genius of Welsh Calvinistic Methodism can, without any inquiry, pronounce the insinuations made by the interviewer to the young evangelist not by the evangelist to him to be absolutely baseless, namely, that the Calvinistic Methodists wish to check the present movement or in any way limit the efforts of the young revivalist. I have this week visited both East and West Glamorgan, and never heard a syllable from any quarter derogatory to the young man or his work, but found everywhere manifestations of great rejoicing that God has at last visited His people. The lust of money and the lust of sport have, for the last few years, been imperilling all that is highest and noblest in our history as a people. The Churches, in their ordinary routine work, have proved themselves powerless to stem the tide of iniquity and to check the revival of barbarism. Now it seems as if the Spirit of God is about to interfere. Thousands of prayers are offered daily that this may prove true.

The young revivalist, like all candidates for the ministry of our Church, is amenable to the presbytery within whose jurisdiction he lives and to the rules and regulations of the connexion at large. But we have provided ample room for men of exceptional intellectual and spiritual endowments, and even if no provision had been made our rules are sufficiently elastic to meet all possible requirements we can always suspend them where they act injuriously on the

spiritual life or limit unduly the usefulness of our adherents. The young revivalist need fear no censure or restriction; we view their enthusiasm with gratitude and praise.

Should this movement spread and continue as we pray it will, it is just possible, though not probable, that a committee will be formed, not to hinder or restrain it, but to help it forward and to give it a new impetus. Should the conditions arise to make this desirable. I may be permitted to express sincere wish that it may be inter-denominational. Let no sectional or local names be mentioned. Who knows but this movement, if properly fostered and encouraged, will burn to the ground the thorny partitions between the several sections of the Church of Christ in Wales? Shall we not labour and pray that it be a national spiritual movement welding all good men and women into one homogeneous community, all aspiring after the same lofty ideals the salvation of souls and the purification of character, private and public? How paltry the explanation in the "Daily Chronicle" interview that the secret of all this great influence is electricity! If it be as described, we must say, "This is the finger of God."

Before I close permit me to refer to this movement in Ammanford and the attitude of the young poet, the Rev. Nantllais Williams, towards it. Some three years ago I chanced to stay at the house of Mr. William Herbert, of that town, when the latter gave me the narrative of his conversion in Australia. "He told me the story simply as a little child," and I embrace this opportunity of testifying that no book I ever read, no sermon I ever heard, left a deeper mark on my soul. This testimony, remember, comes from one who lived at the heart of the great revival in 1859-60, and went through it, all from beginning to end. The pith of it was the manner he attained to "the full assurance of the forgiveness of his sins." A year or so afterwards the young bard of Ammanford was preaching with me at the anniversary services of Maesybar Chapel, Llansamlet. In the course of conversation I discovered, that he was inclined to look upon Mr. Herbert as the entertainer of eccentric notions, not having come into close personal contact with him. I strongly urged him to seek Mr. Herbert, simply to hear the wonderful story of his conversion to listen without controversy or gainsaying. Imagine, therefore, my joy when I read in your paper this morning that in his teaching and preaching This young and able minister gives prominence to "assurance of forgiveness," the distinctive tenet in the creed of my friend Herbert.

This does not necessarily mean that, no one can be saved without attaining this assurance, but it does mean that all Christians should strive for its attainment, and that without it all effort at the evangelisation of the country is feeble and half-hearted, with its conversion is only half completed. To Mr. Nantllais Williams I, therefore, say, "Go on, preach forgiveness on the part of God and assurance of forgiveness on the part of man, for that is the law and the prophets, that is the Bible and the Creed, that is the Gospel and the Confession of Faith." I say this to prevent any misunderstanding on the part of the Calvinistic Methodists of Ammanford respecting the teaching of their pastor, and they will, I believe, acknowledge that I ought to know something about the theology of our connexion. My only excuse for this reference is to remove all hindrances from the way of our young ministers, who seem to strive after the higher life, and whose spirits are baptised "with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Cerdd yn mlaen, nefol dan,
Cymmer yma feddiant glan

P.S This does not mean approval of the unseemly interruption which, according to your report, a good lady occasioned by asking the preacher for the day 'if he was truly saved' Indiscretions of this kind occasion much harm. She ought to have taken for granted that he, as a servant of Christ, was truly saved.