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THE

CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE

(FORMERLY THE EAST LONDON EVANGELIST),

A TREASURY OF REVIVAL LITERATURE,

AND

A RECORD OF EVANGELISTIC WORK AMONG THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

"And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great multitude believed and turned to the Lord."—Acts ii. 21.

JULY, 1871.

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AND BY ORDER OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION,

Under the Superintendence of Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH.

THE NECESSITY FOR THIS MISSION.

THE appalling temporal and spiritual destitution of the East of London, with its population of nearly a million souls, not one in a hundred of the great bulk of whom attend either church or chapel. In the Whitechapel Road, only half-a-mile in length, 18,600 persons may be seen enter the public-houses on the Sabbath; while the most squalid poverty, the most hideous vice, the most dreadful crime, and the most abject misery abound in every direction.

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This Mission is entirely dependent on the *Voluntary Offerings* of the Lord's people. Over £50 are required weekly. *Contributions* will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. N. J. POWELL, 101, High Street, Whitechapel, or by Mr. BOOTH, 3, Gore Rd., Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.; or may be paid into the account of the CHRISTIAN MISSION, at Messrs. DIMSDALE, FOWLER & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill. *Small Sums may be sent in Stamps.* P. O. O. should be made payable at the London General Post Office.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1871.

Chapters from the Story of a Sanctified Life.

(Continued from page 85.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

VERY soon Satan came as an angel of light, and suggested, You have the blessing of full salvation, but you had better, as you are situated, say nothing about it; just live it, but do not profess it. For a moment it looked so plausible that I assented, and said, Well, perhaps it would be better for me to live it, and not profess it. Immediately a cloud came over my mind. I ran right to God and asked Him if I should confess and make known the great things that He had done for me? Soon my heavenly Father made me to understand that I must not "hide His righteousness in my heart."

The next day, in conversation with the brother who under God had been the means of leading me into the blessing, I told my simple story, all the particulars of my late experience. He said, "My sister, you enjoy full salvation just as much as I do." When he was leaving, he said to me, "Sister, I will give you an opportunity to-night to confess what the Lord has done for you." I replied, "Oh, brother, not in a general class-meeting. I will tell what the Lord has done for me in my own private class, and to my intimate friends." "No, sister," he answered, "you must dare to confess Christ publicly, and thus put the devil at once under your feet." The brother left me, and I went to my room and prayed God to give me grace to be willing to confess his righteousness even in public, if it would glorify His name.

I went to church that evening with some trembling, knowing, although it was a general class-meeting, that there would be many persons present from other churches who did not believe in full salvation. The brother, soon after the meeting commenced, said: "There are some present this evening who have lately received the blessing of full salvation; let them arise and confess what God has done for them." One and another spoke; at last I arose and said, "Through grace I can say that I love God with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, and I love my neighbour as myself." I then sat down; but, oh, how strong I immediately felt in the Lord; I indeed realised that the devil was under my feet. I felt that if all the world should doubt the state of grace which I professed, I would, in the strength of God, stand alone.

From that time I constantly realised the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, that my life was hid with Christ in God. My communion with God was constant. The Bible was to me a new book. As I read it by the light of the Spirit it was indeed to me the Word of God in a sense that I had never known before. The promises of the Bible were *mine*, given me by the Holy Spirit, and oh how sweetly they would be brought to my remembrance as if an angel spoke to me. I felt that every prayer I uttered, every petition I made to God, would be answered, because I knew that I desired nothing, I wanted nothing but His will. That passage, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage," was brought to my mind by the Spirit with great

force. I immediately bowed before God in prayer and asked, for His own glory, to grant me grace to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free, to let me never backslide to a lower state of grace, but to put a thorn in every path that would draw me away from God; lay upon me any suffering necessary to keep me at the foot of the cross and seal me for ever His. Soon I felt the clear witness of the Spirit, that I was *sealed* for ever the Lord's; that I would never backslide or lose the grace I now enjoyed, but would be kept by the mighty power of God close to the bleeding side of Jesus while I lived. Now I felt that I was eternally saved; just as sure of heaven as if I were already there. Yet this assurance did not prevent me from constantly praying that I might be kept, for I continually felt that I needed the merits of Christ's blood, and realised that Jesus was constantly interceding for me. Prayer was no longer only a duty but a glorious privilege. God was always near me. Before I called, He would answer; and my prayers would often be turned to praise and such adoration of God that I have no language to describe it.

The preceding year of my Christan life had been very different. Although I realised that I was a child of God, and daily felt His Spirit witnessing with mine, yet the life of God in my soul was stifled and kept down by the uprising of the roots of evil in my heart. My enjoyments of God were interrupted by the strivings of unbelief, and I felt a constant warfare to keep the life of God in my soul; I now saw that much self-righteousness had been mingled with all my former acts of devotion. All my former religious life came up before me as if it had been written in a book. I saw how tenderly the Lord had watched over me. How fully and completely the prayer I offered up from my heart, the first time I spoke in class-meeting after my conversion, was answered. Just the afflictions and sufferings that were necessary to pluck out a right eye and cut off a right hand, yea, annihilate my will, destroy self, crucify me to the world and the world to me, had been given me, and the work had been effectually done. I had not suffered one particle too much. I thanked God in my soul for all the suffering that He had permitted to come upon me. For my enemies I had no feeling but love, and I could say with Paul, "Would to God that they were altogether such as I am, except these bonds." I would not inflict on them the suffering that I had endured, but I wished their hearts were as full of God as mine. Truly I could say, "No good thing hath been withheld from me. All things have worked together for my spiritual good." I realised that I was nothing—that it was only as God dwelt in my heart, and as Christ's righteousness covered me, that I was accepted in the sight of God. My desires for the knowledge of this world were gone, I now desired the wisdom and knowledge that come from heaven. I could truly say with David, "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so pants my soul after Thee, O God!" Oh, what communion I had with the Father, with the Son, and with the Holy Ghost. The Trinity which had always been such a mystery to me was revealed, made clear to my mind by the Holy Spirit. At one time, while in sweet communion with the Triune God, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost overshadowed me. I can but imperfectly describe this manifestation; language fails me when I attempt it; neither can I tell of the deep, holy, heavenly communion that I then had with the Three Persons in the Trinity. What perfect adoration I felt for the Triune God! If I had an angel's tongue I might tell it, but human language is too faint to describe the deep things of God. The Holy Spirit did indeed continually "take of the things of God and reveal them unto me." It is true that I lived on earth, but I *walked and talked with God*.

Soon I began to feel a burden of prayer for individuals and for the church. It was very common for me to awake at three o'clock in the morning with a heavy burden of prayer which would hold me pleading with God, sometimes for hours, till I realised that my burden was cast on the Lord. When those for whom I was led to pray resisted the influence of the Spirit, my burden was greater. I now understood what the command meant, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." I continued to groan out these inspired petitions before God, and led by the Holy Spirit I could comply with the injunction of the Apostle, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." The most insignificant matters as well as things of greater moment, I carried to my Heavenly Father. I truly realised that in every word I spoke, every thought uttered, all I did, yea, in every event and movement of my life, I was guided and led by the Holy Spirit. How strange it appeared that I had been contented for so many years to live at such a distance from God, when it was my privilege to enjoy such close, intimate communion with my loving Father. Oh that all Christians would live up to their high privilege, and walk with God as did Enoch of old. How highly favoured are we, worms of the dust, that we may come covered with Christ's righteousness, into the immediate presence of God, yea, into the Holy of Holies, and talk with God face to face!

CHAPTER V.

"He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him."—PSALM cxlv. 19.

It may be asked if I was constantly filled with joyous emotions? was I never in heaviness through manifold temptations? I answer, I did not depend on frames, or feelings, or joyous emotions. "I walked by faith and not by sight." Often for days I would feel bowed down through manifold temptations, but my faith in God would never be disturbed. Underneath all the sorrow of spirit, I had peace and rest in Christ. I felt moved to pray for wisdom, that I might continually be wise as a serpent, but harmless as a dove; that I might be quick to discern the temptations of the devil, and ever have grace to resist them. God heard my request, and gave me the wisdom I sought, and I have ever been enabled to know the approaches of the enemy, even when he appears as an angel of light. Often when bowed down by temptation I knew that the Lord permitted it for the trial of faith, and I would say to my God and Father, "Let it endure as long as Thou seest necessary, and let it do me all the good Thou intendest: then beat back the powers of darkness." My faith has been greatly strengthened by every such trial.

I was thus learning more and more of God as I continually cast all my care upon Him. My anxieties for myself, for my family, for the church, He permitted me to cast upon His strong arm. My dear nephew was given to Him wholly, unreservedly. He led me in His kind providence to make a distinct dedication of this beloved one to Him. One Sabbath, during a college vacation, I accompanied my nephew to church. A minister from a distance preached. Taking for his subject the sacrifice of Abraham, he urged upon parents and guardians the duty of dedicating their children to the Lord, as did the Jews of old. The appeals that he made to parents and guardians awakened unusual interest; I thought of my nephew who was sitting near me. His parents were both dead, and he had been left in my care by his mother. All the responsibility rested upon me. Was I willing to give him up to the work of the holy ministry? I recalled his childhood, when his mother had given her son to me, of my care of him, and the manner in which I had brought him up. I felt that I could appeal to God that, as far as in me lay, I had endeavoured to bring him up for the Lord, and I said, "If Thou wilt accept of him, I offer the child to Thee; and if there is any failure or fault in his training or education, let the evil of it rest on me rather than on him; but, my Father, accept the child a spotless offering." Instantly, as I said this to God, the Holy Spirit overshadowed me, and more clearly than language can express was the witness given that God accepted the offering, that my nephew would be converted and become a minister of the Gospel. A heavenly peace flowed through my soul. From that moment I was just as sure that my nephew would be called to preach the Gospel, and at last reign with Christ in glory,

as that I breathed. I kept all these things in my heart. All my anxious care for my loved one's salvation was gone. I enjoyed the sweet, peaceful assurance that he belonged to the Lord, and that He would call him to His service in His own time. I still continued to pray for him, that he might be kept day by day from evil.

Some months after this, his next vacation occurred. On Sabbath evening he went to the Presbyterian church as usual, and I attended my own church. When I came home I found him there before me, and waiting to see me. He begged me to come into his room. I found him bathed in tears, and under deep exercise of mind. I said to him, "What is the matter? why do you feel so bad?" He replied, "Oh, aunt! I am such a great sinner; you don't know what a wicked heart I have: this evening, while sitting in church, all the sins of my life came up before me. Do pray for me, I am such a sinner in the sight of God." I knelt and prayed with him, then pointed him to the Saviour, and made plain to him the way of faith. For three days he continued to agonise before God for the pardon of his sins. During this time he never left the house. His distress was so great that he could think or talk of nothing else. His minister called repeatedly, prayed and conversed with him. Other friends, chosen of the Lord, also came in and talked to him of Jesus. The third day he found peace in believing, accepted Christ as his Saviour, and enjoyed the Holy Spirit's witness with his spirit that he was indeed a child of God. In a short time he offered himself as a candidate for admission to the church, and soon he felt that it was his duty to study for the ministry. Of his life, the way in which God led him, I will speak more hereafter.

I cannot make known by words the deep gratitude I felt to my God for His great goodness. My soul did magnify the name of the Lord. What a covenant-keeping God is ours; we have but to believe and wait upon Him, and He does for us more than we can think or ask. My confidence was strong that God would accomplish all His will in my nephew. I could quietly and calmly trust Him for the future.

About this time many very remarkable answers to prayer were granted me, one or two of which I will relate: I was accustomed, when Satan approached me as an angel of light, to appeal immediately to God, thus trying the spirits. One day, while engaged in reading the Bible, suddenly my mind was filled with very unpleasant and vile thoughts. Instantly I thought it must be from the adversary, and said to God my Father, "If it is Satan that is suggesting such thoughts to my mind, I ask Thee, in the name of Jesus, to banish them for ever." Immediately they were gone, and I could not recollect even what they were about, nor have I ever since remembered them. To the glory of God be it made known.

At another time it was necessary for me to have a large tooth extracted, and I always suffered so severely when my teeth were being extracted, that I was led to pray much that I might have grace to bear all the pain that it would be necessary for me to endure in this operation. The morning of the day on which the dentist was coming, I was moved to go repeatedly to my room and pray most fervently for grace to endure the pain. The dentist came; I sat in the chair, my brother holding my head. The doctor took his instrument and cut around my tooth, then took his forceps, drew with all his strength, and then was obliged for a moment to rest; again he took the forceps, and succeeded in taking out the tooth. During all this time I felt no more pain than if I had been incapable of suffering. I believe that this interposition of God in preventing pain was not merely to save me from physical suffering, but to exemplify the glorious truth that He hears the cries of His children, and *fulfils their desires*, and also for the purpose of strengthening my faith in His power to "*do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think*." I only asked for strength to endure the pain, and God saved me from *even feeling* it! Oh, how I was moved to adore my God, who had done for me beyond all I had asked or thought! I said nothing to the dentist, who was not a Christian, but I told my brother all the particulars—how I had prayed so fervently that morning, and how wonderfully God had answered me.

At another time I had a violent pain in my side, and desiring to attend meeting in the evening, I prayed to God, if it was His will and for His glory that I should go, to relieve me of the pain in my side. Instantly it was gone!

At another time I was taken suddenly with pleurisy; the pain was so violent at every breath that I groaned aloud. This time I did not have the pain removed, but God gave me grace not only to bear the pain, but to rejoice that I suffered! I praised the name of the Lord that I was permitted to suffer. This illness proved quite serious. I remained ill for some weeks. My friends thought my recovery doubtful; my strength was reduced, my nervous system shaken. As I began to recover, I regained my strength so slowly that I could scarcely perceive any amendment from one day to another. One morning, as I had been placed in the easy chair, supported by pillows, I was so exhausted by the effort to sit up that for a moment I felt that, in all probability, I should remain the rest of my days a helpless invalid. Preferring rather to help myself than to receive assistance, it did indeed appear to me in my weak state of health a great cross thus to live. Satan, too, came in as an angel of light, and said to me, that I could no longer be of any use in the world, being so enfeebled both in body and mind; that it would be much better for me to go to heaven. I immediately cried to God, and He gloriously manifested Himself to me. He condescended to come down to my feeble capacity, and explain to me that my work on earth was not yet done; no matter if my health should be so feeble, and I should never again be able to leave my room, yet while I lived I could *pray*. Then was revealed to me, as I never understood before, the mighty power of prayer. That the arm of God was stayed or moved only as some of His children were praying; that "prayer moves the arm that moves the world;" that it was the means that God had appointed through which to bless the children of men; and that I, desiring nothing but the will of God, could, through prayer, shake this earth, and call down blessings upon the children of men, the greatness and extent of which eternity only could reveal. Language can but imperfectly express all that God by His Spirit revealed to me of the power of prayer. I was lost in wonder, love, and praise, while in my heart I thanked God that I still lived and could pray. The beauty and sublimity of the Lord's prayer I more fully understood than I had ever done before. Never since that time have I given utterance to any part of it without a deep awe and reverence. The words, "Thy kingdom come," and "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," fill my soul with thoughts unutterable. Will He not, in answer to the petitions which His own Spirit inspires, cause turnings and overturnings until all this earth shall acknowledge the great Jehovah,—until Christ shall reign king of nations as He now reigns king of saints? Oh, let me be "little and unknown, loved and prized by God alone," while I silently and unobserved pour out my sincere petitions to Him who I know will ever lend a listening ear.

My health gradually improved, but I never fully recovered my former strength after this sickness. I daily realised that it was my meat and drink to do and suffer the will of God. The yoke of Christ was indeed easy and His burden was light. I was not without crosses; for God saw that it was still necessary that I should have a thorn in the flesh that I might not be exalted above measure. But I had learned through grace to "count it all joy when I fell into temptation." I felt such perfect submission to the will of God, that I could ask for neither sorrows nor joys, but what was His will—what would lead me to lie lower under the cross, closer and closer to the bleeding side of Jesus. I constantly realised the Divine presence and the realities of eternity. All things of earth appeared so vain and fleeting, that I wondered how Christians could have made their minds so engaged with things of time and sense. It was no effort for me to think of God, for He was in all my thoughts, and prayer and praise were but the outbreathings of my heart. How wonderful that the Lord God, Maker of heaven and earth, should condescend to dwell with such a worm of the dust. What! *companionship* with the Father, with

the Son, and with the Holy Ghost! Sometimes I attempt to give utterance in words to the deep and intimate communion that I have with the Triune God; but oh! how powerless are words to reveal the deep things of God. I wonder not that Paul, when taken up to the third heaven, saw things that were unutterable. The natural man hath not seen what God doth reveal to us, even while we tarry here below. Truly I can say, "He leadeth me in the green pastures and beside the still waters." How precious it is to listen to the voice of God,—to be *so still* that we may *hear the Spirit saying to us*, "*This is the way, walk ye in it!*"

AN EXPERIENCE BY A LIVING WITNESS.

"HOLINESS to the Lord; cleansing from all sin;" standing "complete in all the will of God;" being "filled with the Spirit;" "doing those things that are pleasing in His sight."

Are these Bible terms descriptive of a blessing—of a state only to be enjoyed by redeemed spirits when freed from earth and toil? or are they not rather great and glorious truths, penned by holy men, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, for the present realisation and practice of all who are washed in the blood of Jesus?

Is this state to be attained in this world?—nay, more: Can it be retained? If the height is reached, is it possible to remain there? If so, where am I? What are my responsibilities? Am I not, by living below my privileges, putting the light under a bushel, instead of bringing glory to my heavenly Father by letting it shine? Am I not hiding the talent given in a napkin? Shall I not thus, on the last great day, deserve the condemnation, Depart, unprofitable servant? With what force these questions have at times struck into my soul, I leave those who have ever thirsted after righteousness to imagine. Thank God, I have at last solved the problem through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Briefly will I pen my experience with regard to this "highway of holiness," trusting that it will bring glory to my Jesus, by awakening desires in the hearts of those unconvinced of the possibility of possessing a clean heart, or that it may help those who have difficulties similar to mine.

About five years ago, my mind was first awakened to this question. At the time I was unconverted; and, although possessing a good share of ordinary Biblical knowledge, knew nothing of the lively doctrines of Christianity. Some few had been discussed in my presence, but this one I never remember hearing; and it was not until some time after, when I experienced and taught the blessing, that I really awoke to the bitter antagonism amidst all parties of professing Christians to this glorious truth. At a little mission hall, amidst a poor and uneducated congregation, a dear servant, owned wondrously of God in his labours, preached from the text, "For we which have believed do enter into rest." The present tense, do enter, struck me forcibly. A rest, for me, now! The first spark of real religious liberty then flashed across the darkened vision of my mind.

A short time after this, I was truly converted to God and His work. I had the consciousness of sins forgiven, and longed to work for Jesus. Soon this privilege was bestowed. I offered and gave time, talents, and reputation, as I then thought, entirely into His service.

But I discovered, to my dismay, that, although a great measure of happiness was mine, I had not thorough satisfaction,—my likes and dislikes were not gone. I frequently found the will of God very hard to bear. I did many things because conscientiously compelled, not from pure love to God; and then, alas, alas! I did not always follow the directions of the Holy Spirit, and so brought condemnation into my soul. I had frequent recourse to the fountain of Jesu's blood, and always proved the efficacy; but I wanted deliverance-power. The darkness was removed from my vision, the spark was becoming a flame. I saw the truth revealed more clearly than ever; that, through the precious blood of Jesus, the reign of righteousness was mine; and, by the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost, "my ways" might, under this new and glorious dispensation of the Gospel, as the ancient Enoch's did, without my privileges, "please God," and that thus I should live in the continual sunshine of His presence.

But I had much to learn. God, in His own way, must show me my own

nothingness—my utter dependence upon Him.

At last the memorable time came. A little company met frequently for the especial purpose of seeking holiness of heart. While on our knees, God revealed to my soul the sacrifice necessary to lay upon the altar,—the death of *self*,—I must be willing to die. I asked God to reveal me to myself. What a revelation!—my selfishness, my pride!—I was loathsome in my own eyes. Then He wondrously showed me the power of His salvation,—the efficacy of Jesu's blood. Utterly helpless, I trusted all to Him; believed He saved me, even me, to the uttermost, and He received *all, all!*—my *body, soul*, and *spirit*,—and sent me away clean and whole, every whit.

The blissful realisation far transcended anything I could have pictured. God was with me always and everywhere, and I was satisfied. For weeks I walked thus. I knew how to "Pray without ceasing," to "Rejoice evermore," and "In every thing to give thanks."

But how shall I tell or describe? I was so happy, trusting to my blessing, I was led off my watch-tower, forgot God, and Satan took immediate advantage.

A temptation was presented. I fell beneath its power. What! do you ask—Consciously? Yes! I know the place and time when I chose my own way. It was but a trivial matter; but not too little for God to note. With dismay I found my power and blessing gone. Instead of seeking God with all my heart, I sought back my blessing with tears and repentance. But the Spirit of the Lord will not be played with. Having disobeyed, I must go back. And this I did; but was not content without the same measure of feeling that had been so marvellously vouchsafed.

This was not God's way, so I wandered on with little sunshine. Many bitter experiences have I passed through since then. However, the bitter is sweet, and the medicine is food. I must learn to depend only on God for all. Bless His holy name that ever He saw fit to chastise.

Many times I have almost ventured entirely; but the difficulty of *keeping right* prevented me.

A few months back I was led to take a step to which I had looked forward with peculiar dread. Determined, however, to do all the will of God, I took it; was much blessed; and, in the sense of the smile of my Father, re-consecrated all I have to Him. Test after test followed. I took the crosses. Each one was lighter than the former. One morning, in view of my previous folly in doubting God's sufficiency for my case, believing now that His grace was all-sufficient,—therefore sufficient for me,—I vowed, if He never gave me any more feeling, if I had to go weeping all my days, it was less than my due. I had so oft dishonoured, that I would believe then He saved me from all sin. For three days I went on thus momentarily reminding myself of my covenant. God wisely permitted me for a while to stand my own test. "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple;" this was accompanied with sweet emphasis to my soul. True to His promise, He came; His Holy Spirit witnesses with my spirit that He receives me. I speak in the present tense, for my experience is a present one. I live moment by moment on the Son of God; it is truly a life of faith. The bounding joy of the first blessing has never been vouchsafed; I do not desire it. My will is lost in God's. His will is best; but the calm, sweet assurance that He is my God, my Father, my Jesus, my Comforter,—in this I have all. I am kept by power Divine. My fear is not losing the blessing, but doing any thing that would grieve God. He keeps me; I am wrapped around by His loving arms.

I will, in conclusion, answer the questions with which I began in the words of the apostle Paul: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Y. S. S.

YEDDIE'S SUPPER WITH THE LORD JESUS.

A POOR idiot, who was supported by his parish in the highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the high and holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering to himself, as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him.

Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly in prayer, he asked,

"What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?"

"Neither the one nor the tither, laddie," he replied; "I was just having a few words with Him that neither yoursel' nor I can see, and yet with Him that sees the baith o' us!"

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse dress and hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and, making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said, "Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day with the Lord Jesus."

The minister was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came quarterly in that thinly-settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together, so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air. He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded, "Oh, minister, *if ye but kenned how I love Him*, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table." This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest.

As the service proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent," and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully, and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the bread and wine, he raised his head wiped away the traces of his tears, and, looking in the minister's face, nodded, and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and, with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, "Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among his ain ones. He got a smile frae his eye, and a word frae his tongue; and he's afeard to speak lest he lose memory o't, for it's but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes *yon lovely Man*. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to his company."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "parritch and treacle" untasted; and, after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "frae yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Ay, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking Ye; and now we'll bide thegither and never part more! Oh ay! but this is a bonny loft, all goold and precious stones. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And beside a' this," she said in a whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before, such a fearfu' appetite he had! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supped with the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.'"

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his usual tasks. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table, and made the "parritch;" and then remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound above, except the wind whistling through the openings in the thatch. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed, which fadeth not away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him As he had supped, so he had slept—with Him.

A DUTCHMAN'S LOVEFEAST TESTIMONY.

MINE dear brethren, I want to tell you some mine experience. When the Metodists first came into these parts I tot I was doing bery well, for mine wife and I had two sons, Ned and Jim, and we had a good farm that Neddy and I could work bery well, so I let Jim go out to work about fourteen miles off from home. But de Metodists come into our parts, and Neddy went to dare meeting, and he got converted, and I tot we should all be undone; so I told Ned he must not go to dese meetings, for so much praying and so much going to meeting would ruin us all. But Neddy said, "O, fader, I must serve de Lord, and save my soul." But, I said, you must do de work too. So I gave him a hard stint on de day of dare meeting; but he work so hard dat he got his stint done, and went to de meeting after all. While I set on my stoop and smoked mine pipe, I see him go over de hill to de Metodist meeting, and I said to my wife Elizabet, We shall be undone, for our Ned will go to dese meetings; and she said, "What can we do?" Well, I said, den I will stint him harder: and so I did several times when de meeting come. But Neddy worked hard, and sometimes he got some boys to help him, so dat he would go off to de meeting while I set on mine stoop and smoked mine pipe. I could see Ned go over de hill. I said one day, O mine Got! what can I do? dis boy will go to dese meetings, after all I can do. So when Ned come home, I said Ned, you must leave off going to dese meetings, or I will send for Jim to come home, and turn you away. But Neddy said, "O, fader, I must serve de Lord, and save my soul!" Well, den, I will send for Jim. So I sent for Jim; and when he come home den I heard he had been to de Metodist meeting, where he had lived, and he was converted too. And Ned and Jim both said, 'O, fader we must serve de Lord, and save our souls!"

But I said to mine wife, Dese Metodists must be wrong; da will undo us all, for da have got Ned and Jim both. I wish you would go to dare meeting, and you can see what is wrong; but Ned and Jim can't see it. So de next meeting-day de old woman went wid Ned and Jim, but I set on mine stoop and smoked mine pipe. But I said to mineself, I guess dese Metodists have got dare match, to get de old woman, and she will see what's wrong. So I smoked mine pipe, and lookt to see dem come back. By and by I see dem coming; and when da come near, I see de tears run down mine wife's face. Den I said, O mine Got, da have got de old woman too! I tot I am undone, for da have got Ned and Jim, and de old woman; and when da come on de stoop, mine wife said, "O we must not speak against dis people, for da are de people of Got." But I said noting, for I had not been to any of de meetings, so I was in great trouble.

A few days after I heard dat dare was a missionary going to preach a little way off; so I tot I would go, for I tot it would not hurt anybody to go to his meeting; and I went wid Ned and Jim and mine wife, and he preacht; but dere was noting done till after de meeting was over, and den dare was two young men in de toder room dat sung and prayed so good as anybody, and da prayed for dar old fader too. And many cried, and I tot da prayed bery well. After dis I was going out of de door to go home, and a woman said to me, "Mr. ——. you must be a happy man, to have two such young men as them that prayed." I said, Was dat Ned and Jim? She said, "Yes." O, I felt so mad to tink da had prayed for me, and exposed me before all de people! But I said noting, but went home; and I went right to bed. But now mine mind was more troubled dan ever before, for I began to tink how wicked I was to stint poor Neddy so hard, and try to hinder him from saving his soul; but I said noting, and mine wife said noting; so I tried to go to sleep; but as soon as I shut mine eyes I could see Neddy going over de hill to go to his meeting after he had done his hard stint, so tired and weary. Den I felt worse and worse; and by and by I groaned out, and mine wife axt me what's de matter. I said, I believe I am dying. She said, "Shall I call up Ned and Jim!" I said, Yes. And Jim come to de bed, and said, "O fader, what is de matter?" I said, I believe I am dying. And he said, "Fader, shall I pray for you?" I said, O yes, and Neddy too. And glory be to Got! I believe he heard prayer; for tough I felt my sins like a mountain load to sink me down to hell, I cried, O Got, have mercy on me, a poor sinner! and by and by I feel someting run all over me, and split mine heart

all to pieces ; and I felt so humble and so loving, dat I rejoice and praise Got ; and now I am resolved to serve Got wit Ned and Jim, and mine wife, and dese Metodists.—*Stevens.*

NOTHING HIGHER THAN LOVE.

THE very desire of "*growing in grace*" may sometimes be an inlet of *enthusiasm*. As it continually leads us to seek new grace, it may lead us unawares to seek *something else new*, besides *new degrees* of *love* to God and man. So it has led some to seek and fancy they had received gifts of a *new kind*, after a new heart.

Another ground of these and a thousand mistakes is, the not considering deeply that *love is the highest gift of God—humble, gentle, patient love* ; that all *visions, revelations, manifestations* whatever, are *little things* compared to *love* ; and that all the gifts above mentioned are either the same with, or infinitely inferior to, it.

It is well you should be thoroughly sensible of this—the heaven of heavens is love. *There is nothing higher in religion*—there is, in effect, nothing else. If you look for anything but more love, you are looking wide of the mark—*you are going out of the royal way.*

And when you are asking others, "Have you received this or that blessing ?" if you mean anything but *more love, you mean wrong* ; you are leading them *out of the way*, and putting them upon a *false scent*. Settle it, then, in your heart, that from the moment God has saved you from all sin, you are to aim at nothing more, but more of that love described in the thirteenth of first Corinthians. You can go no higher than this, till you are carried into Abraham's bosom.

I say again, Beware of *enthusiasm* ; such as, the imagining you have the gift of prophesying, or of discerning of spirits, which I do not believe one of you has ; no, nor ever had yet.—*Wesley.*

FROM GRACE TO SIN:—HOW.

1. A temptation ariseth, whether from the world, the flesh, or the devil, it matters not.

2. He gives way, in some degree, to the temptation, which now begins to grow pleasing to him.

3. The Holy Spirit is grieved ; his faith is weakened, and his love of God grows cold.

4. The Spirit reproves him more sharply, and saith, "This is the way ; walk thou in it."

5. He turns away from the painful voice of God, and listens to the pleasing voice of the tempter.

6. Evil desire begins and springs in his soul, till faith and love vanish away ; He is then capable of committing outward sin, the power of the Lord being departed from him.—*Wesley.*

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

WHITECHAPEL.

WITH heartfelt gratitude to God for past mercies, we again lay before our Christian friends a brief statement of God's dealings with us at this station.

We have been tried—affliction has visited many hearts and homes ; but God has in infinite mercy blessed us in the furnace. Never did we more truly realise our entire dependence upon Him than at the present moment.

For weeks past our believers' meetings have been turned into prayer and consecration services—many have sought the "higher life," have found much blessing therein, and are now working with greater diligence than ever for God and souls.

This power and blessing has extended to our out-door services. In the open air large congregations have been apparently riveted with the truth, while our opposers have been unable to carry out their hellish designs ; for the Lord has stood by His children, and enabled them in His strength to "Stand like the brave—with their face to the foe."

The blessing of God has rested upon all our meetings, peculiar power has been given to the speakers, and many remarkable instances of conversion have taken place.

A PERSECUTING MOTHER SAVED.

One young woman, so bitter was the opposition she met with from her mother, felt she could no longer stay at home and keep right with God.

A few friends joined together to pray for the mother's conversion. The Lord answered. In a remarkable manner the woman was led to the Hall. A sister was speaking. The word struck home. At the close she knelt amongst the penitents, and is now trusting in Jesus. Her husband shortly after sought the Saviour, and all three, we trust, are going hand in hand to heaven.

A WHOLE FAMILY BROUGHT TO GOD.

A whole family have been led during the past four weeks to give their hearts to God. For some months past father, mother, and two daughters have regularly attended the Hall, and have been much impressed. One, a girl of sixteen, alone refused to attend.

The first to come out boldly for Jesus was the oldest girl, aged twenty-one. A few nights after father, mother, and youngest child knelt side by side. Jesus met with them. They carried the blessing received to their home, and very soon the other, who had so long refused, was led to come and hear. She could not long withstand the pleadings of sisters and friends, and found her way weeping to the cross.

The mother's testimony given since was as follows :—"We are all very happy. I don't know how to speak of God's goodness. He blesses us most at family prayer. The children are as anxious as myself to meet together, and often remind me that the time is come to pray. We are all determined to serve the Lord."

I CAN STAND IT NO LONGER.

Just after the close of Mr. Booth's sermon on Sunday, May 14th, a woman ran out to the penitent form entreating us to pray for her. I recognised her to be the same who had some time back requested me to visit a dying woman at Hastings, and was surprised to find that she herself was a miserable backslider. Expressing such, she said in reply, "Oh, I can stand it no longer," and fell on her knees weeping and praying for mercy. We trust she found that she sought, and pray earnestly that she may never again dishonour God.

Sunday, June 4, was a day of peculiar blessing. In the evening our beloved superintendent was sufficiently strong to again, as in days past, mingle with us on the Mile End Waste. A large crowd listened attentively to the speakers.

The procession to the Hall was one of unusual interest. A few boys sought to annoy ; but our hymns of gladness soon drowned their voices.

Dr. Cooke preached that night. God enabled him to deliver an address that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard. At its close a large number of believers joined in the "breaking of bread." It was a solemn and impressive time.

Many instances could we give of God's power to save ; but our room will not allow. Will our friends pray that God may continue with us, and may yet more and more reveal His wonder-working arm in saving sinners and quickening believers.

Will our friends also help by lending of their store to the Lord. We are but a poor people, and have much to contend with.

A. LAMB.

The following letter has been sent to Brother Lamb :—

"DEAR SIR,—Last Friday evening I came to one of the holiness meetings at Whitechapel. For a long time I have been seeking to know more of Christ, and to be filled with the Spirit. The words, 'Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord,' and 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification,' kept ringing in my ears.

"I was so deeply impressed to seek the blessing that I came to hear it explained. Was much blessed in the meeting ; but did not get what I wanted.

"On the following Saturday morning upon my knees I resolved, by God's help, I would have it. Surely, I thought, if it is God's will, I am welcome. He offers it to me. I earnestly prayed that He would then sanctify my soul, and He did the very moment I trusted Him entirely.

"Oh, why have I lived so long at such a distance from Him when he had bought this precious fulness for me ?

"I could not tell you how different I have felt since that Saturday—what I have enjoyed of God's presence. I never in my Christian experience felt so happy. Can you wonder at my coming so frequently to the Hall ?

"I used to feel so timid when told by the Spirit of God to speak to people about their souls, and have often been guilty ; but now God has given me power and courage, and I am determined by His help to use every effort ; and talent which He has given me in His glorious service.

"E. F."

SHOREDITCH.

THE Lord has graciously permitted us to hold a fortnight's special services at this station, which were, in a marked manner, owned of Him. Glory to His blessed name.

The work commenced the first Sunday morning in the hearts of His own people. Every soul seemed melted, and three men (all believers) promised the Lord they would give up a bad habit in which they had indulged. Two were smokers, and the other took snuff. One of the three came up to me, leading a little girl ; looking fondly at her, he said,

"THIS CHILD LED ME TO JESUS."

He had been a dreadful drunkard, and a tyrannical husband and father. The little girl was a member of the Band of Hope. One Sunday morning, she was lulling the baby by singing one of the children's hymns about Jesus : she did not know her father was in the room, or she would have been afraid to have done so. The mother, fearing some violence to the child, called her ; but still, on she sang, and the hard heart of the father softened, and he wept. Truly the angels rejoiced over those tears. In the evening he went to the Hall, conviction was deepened, and in a believers' class, during the week, he found pardon and peace.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

During the prayer meeting, the first Sunday, we were attracted by a young woman

with whom the Spirit of God was evidently striving. I asked her whether she was a servant of Jesus Christ. With a look of scorn and contempt, she replied, "His servant! no, indeed; I will not serve Him." I found she was a backslider, and endeavoured to urge her by every motive to lay down her rebellion; and kneeling by her side, besought the Lord to save her; but alas! she resisted all the pleadings of a loving Saviour, and would not yield Her heart to Him. The Lord was saying to her, "Wilt thou be made whole?" but she refused. An aged woman, at the same time, heard the voice, opened her heart to Jesus, and went away rejoicing in Him. The poor young woman left the Hall, having received her last offer of mercy, though she knew it not. On the following Thursday, while in her usual health, she suddenly exclaimed to a person near her,

"IT IS ALL OVER WITH ME!"

and fell back dead! Alas! it was not all over with her, for "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment."

This solemn event struck conviction to many hearts. On the following Sunday we had a complete break down; some professed to trust in Jesus, and we believe the day will show what He did that night for His glory. C. MATHIESON.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

PRAISE the Lord, He is working in our midst. At every meeting during the past month sinners have sought salvation through the precious blood. And many give evidence they have indeed received it. One of this number, a hawker of fish, used to say, when spoken to about his soul, that he could not serve God and sell his fish; but on Sunday evening the 11th, the power of God took hold of him, he came to the penitent form, saying as he knelt down, "There,

FISH OR NO FISH,

I mean to have pardon before I get off my knees." His companions stood by him laughing and jeering at him, but still he cried, "Lord, save me;" and before long his soul was set at liberty, while singing,

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day."

He cried out, "So do I; I do believe God has pardoned all my sins. I know it. I feel it." Our brother is holding fast, determined to serve the Lord, come what may. The Lord help him.

A woman who used to attend our meetings was removed some five miles away. The words she had heard followed her, and she became miserable. At last, one Sunday evening, she walked the five miles and came to our Hall. The Spirit of God strove more mightily than before; but Satan whispered, "There is time enough yet," and she did not accept the invitation to come forward and yield herself to God. The meeting closed; but she could not go away, and begged I would speak to her, saying she wanted salvation. Earnestly she sought it, and went away happy in Jesus.

J. A.

TOTTENHAM.

THE work of God at this station is steadily progressing in spite of opposition. The common people hear the word with gladness. Every week souls are awakened, and some, we have reason to believe, truly converted. Praise the Lord!

Especially does the Lord smile upon our efforts in the open air. Whenever we take our stand, we have a crowd of attentive listeners, to some of whom the word, accompanied by the Holy Spirit, has proved the power of God to their salvation. We will give the case of one now numbered among our friends in heaven. See page 112.

W. J.

POPLAR.

THE presence of the Lord continues with us, working in the hearts of believers, leading many during the past month to seek the higher life.

Some wanderers from the fold of the Good Shepherd have been brought back, and over more than one poor sinner brought to repentance the angels have rejoiced.

T. W.

A WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY AT CROYDON.

"A DAY in the country" always falls with a pleasant ring on the ears of an East End Londoner: especially if they live, as most of our poor people do, in close streets and confined rooms.

On Tuesday, May 30th, some of our Whitechapel friends availed themselves of the opportunity to spend such a day by accepting the invitation of our Croydon brethren to their tea meeting.

At one o'clock a large party met at London Bridge, and started on our trip together, singing the songs of Zion, and praying as we went.

Our Croydon friends met us at the station, and, headed by our Whitechapel banner, we proceeded in procession to Duppas Hill, singing our Mission hymns, and stopping at intervals to offer prayer, and give short exhortations to the people who quickly gathered round us. Some mocked, but others listened with earnest attention. A few followed us to the hill, where we spent the afternoon in singing and prayer, enjoying the country air and green fields.

In the same order as before we wended our way to the Hall, and did ample justice to the tea. After which a public meeting was held, presided over by our beloved superintendent, who had joined us, and who addressed words of counsel and encouragement to our Croydon friends. Mr. Cobet and others addressed the meeting, and at the Mission hour, ten o'clock, we separated.

Again, as in coming, we obeyed the apostle's injunction, and being merry, we sang psalms—a phase in religion some find it hard to understand. A woman in one carriage remarked with a sigh, "You are a happy people. I only wish I was like you." She was told how such joy might be hers; but she said, "I am such a sinner." She was pointed to just such a Saviour as she needed. Down in the carriage she knelt, and asked the Lord to save her. After pleading with her for a time she looked up and said, "I do believe Jesus saves *me*. Oh, I am happy. I am sure God must have sent you to save my soul." May the last day reveal such indeed to have been the case.

The day in the country was over, but the pleasant memory of it will linger. The presence of the Lord was with us, and all felt it a time of refreshing.

The Mission at Croydon has been passing through a season of trial. But still the Lord is working, and souls are being saved. Hallelujah! It is very desirable our friends should have a Hall of their own, the present building, which entails a considerable expense, must be given up in September. They are prepared to do to the utmost of their ability; but, being a poor people, this cannot be much. Any help towards the building of a Hall would be very thankfully received.

JANE SHORT.

CHILDREN'S MISSION.

FOR two or three months we have not had a report of this important branch of our labours. Not, however, from the want of something to report, for the Master has in in a most gracious manner continued to manifest himself in our midst as a children's Saviour. Weekly we are called upon to rejoice over the salvation of precious little souls added to our number at nearly every public service, such as (we pray) will be eternally saved.

We are often asked what becomes of the many who profess to find Christ; to which we reply: Already some stand in that great multitude who have "washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb;" one, at least, we know is living in the "border country (in joyful anticipation of soon crossing the river);" others continue to walk with us; some have, through the influence of old companions, and the sinful examples of ungodly parents, gone back to the world; some few we have lost sight of, but of these latter one or the other often turns up unexpectedly, bearing with them good reports of the Lord's dealings with their souls. A few weeks since, at a children's lovefeast, conducted by Bro. Jermy, we recognised a young girl as one who had found Christ at our first children's service in Whitechapel. For a short time she had attended the means regularly; then we missed her. We had made inquiries; but all to no purpose. On our seeing her this evening, we ran and eagerly put a dozen questions to her; in reply, she told us that she had been in service, and although her lot had been cast with several ungodly and wicked fellow-servants, she had been enabled through grace to keep close to the Saviour; and we afterwards listened with delight as she publicly praised God for raising up the Children's Mission, and told us of the wonderful way in which God had led and kept her.

Another instance, somewhat similar to the above, has come under our notice.

A lad, an orphan, who lived with relatives who seemed to care nothing for his comfort, was suddenly missed from our meetings, and then some one told us, "R. has run away." We heard this with much sorrow, and set to work to seek him; but all our efforts were unsuccessful; but a few days since, when we had nearly given up every hope of ever seeing or hearing of him again, we received the following letter:—

"97th Regt., Mullingar, Ireland.

"MR. RAPSON,—DEAR SIR,—I write these few lines to you, hoping they will find you quite well and happy, as it leaves me at present. I have no doubt you thought it quite strange for me to leave home in the way I did, but circumstances compelled me to act so, and I went and enlisted in the above regiment. I am happy to tell you that I have been the means, in God's hands, of the conversion of one of my comrades, and that many more are convicted, and I believe will soon be converted. Will you, dear sir, give my love to all my old schoolmates, and tell them that I am quite happy. Will you please to pray that God may make me useful in His cause, and be the means of winning many souls to his honour and glory. May God bless you, dear sir, and may we meet in heaven at last, for His name's sake. Amen. Yours in Christian love, "——."

Will our dear readers pray earnestly that this lad (he is but a lad) may, by the power of God's might, be kept faithful until that great day.

On the 29th of August we propose taking our children to Epping Forest, and they are anxiously looking forward to that time when they will be a *whole day* away from the fever and pest beds of Whitechapel, and and spend it amongst the green fields and woods. If any of our friends would like to assist us in this matter, contributions will be gratefully received by the editor.

J. F. R.

HASTINGS.

DURING the past month we have carefully reviewed our labours here. Since the 25th of last December (about five months), 230 souls have sought salvation; 120 of these have been seekers for holiness of heart. Hallelujah! Some of these have been visitors to the town, and have re-

turned to their homes blessed. Several others have joined surrounding churches. About eighty of this number continue in fellowship with us.

Towards carrying on this work we have received by donations, subscriptions, and offerings, £113 9s. 3d.; and have paid for gas, rent of halls, and general working expenses, £114 10s. 1d.

We have great cause for thankfulness. Several times our funds have been exhausted, we have not had money to take us forward. But at such times we centred our faith in our Almighty God. He has appeared for our deliverance, and has never permitted us to be short of needed money more than a few hours.

We sincerely thank all friends who have so kindly given to us and our Father's work, and solicit a continuance of their support.

The Lord is with us. Sinners of every class are being led to Jesus.

PLUCKED FROM THE VERGE OF HELL.

Early on Sunday morning, May 14th, a young woman called at our house with the earnest request that I would at once go and visit a young dying woman at P. Eating house. Our sister said that this woman had been dying since Friday—that her screams were awful—that she could see nothing but the flames of hell glare up before her, and that she continued to cry out, "The room is full of devils."

This information sent a thrill through me. Looking to God for help, I went forward. Never have I gone forth feeling more entirely my own impotency and God's power and sufficiency.

Arrived at the house, I found the poor creature lying in a close room, struggling with typhus fever, and quite unconscious.

A broken-hearted mother stood by her side. In answer to my questions the mother said: "I have loved Jesus a long time past. I come from near Canterbury. My husband is a carter. I have eleven children. This poor child is eighteen years of age, has run away from home. We have not heard anything about her for a long time, and did not know where she was until a telegram came from here to say she was dying.

Turning to the daughter (I shall never forget the wild glare and fiendish look she gave me), I began to talk about her soul; but failing to make her understand, I turned to prayer. While praying, the Holy Spirit came down. The girl became conscious and followed me in prayer. Clasping her hands, again and again she cried, "Lord, save me. Lord, save me. God be merciful to me a sinner."

I commenced singing, the girl still following me:—

"I will believe, I do believe
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross He shed his blood,
From sin to set me free."

At that moment she laid hold of Jesus as her Saviour. At the eleventh hour she proved God's power to save. After sweetly singing the words, she said, "Oh, thank you, sir. I am so happy. In an hour I shall be with the angels." Then recognising her mother, she said, "Oh, mother, is it you? If I could but undo all I have done to you. Can you forgive? Kiss me, dear mother."

The poor dear woman repeated her assurance of forgiveness with tears and embraces. Again her child repeated, "I am so happy, mother. You forgive me, and Jesus forgives me, and soon I shall be with the angels."

She died about eleven o'clock on Monday evening. A friend, Mrs. H—, who staid with her till her death, could not doubt that she has gone to heaven. Is not this, indeed, a brand plucked from the burning.

A LIFT BY THE WAY.

During the last two or three weeks we have received help from Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, of London. On a visit to this town, and having the salvation of the poor at heart, they kindly offered to assist. Both in Market, Hall, and British School Room, we believe they have been made a blessing to very many, especially believers, who have been aroused to a sense of their duty to God. Hallelujah to our Jesus.

On Whit-Sunday we held open-air services on the West Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter and others gave addresses. Large numbers gathered to hear, and although we had a great deal of persecution, we believe everlasting good was effected.

TRACTS AND BOOKS.

We heartily thank E. Grubb, Esq., for a parcel of Sudbury tracts by rail; and a friend from Gloucester by book post; and we affectionately request all who are interested in the Lord's work, to assist in supplying us with tracts and small books, for general distribution, to be sent to W. Corbridge, 17, Middle Street, Hastings.

BAZAAR FOR HALL.

We thank those friends who have sent money and goods for bazaar, whose names are published on the cover of this magazine. We intend to hold the sale or bazaar in the Market Hall, about the third or last week in August, and we shall be glad to receive money or goods up to the day of sale. Treasurer, Mrs. Thorpe, High Street, Hastings; Secretary, Mrs. Merralls, 52, St. Mary's Terrace.

Help for general work is greatly needed. Will our friends send help for Hastings to Rev. W. Booth, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London; or, to C. J. Womersley, Esq., Harold Place, Hastings; or, to Mr. Tyrrell, High Street, Hastings, which will be acknowledged on the cover of the magazine. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. We are still in his hands; we are at his feet; we feel His blood; we can see before us perishing crowds; we still hear a voice from Calvary—Go forward.

WILLIAM CORBRIDGE.

EDINBURGH.

AMIDST much opposition from ungodly men, our little mission here still pursues its way.

Truly it is a work that requires much faith and patience; but "Jesus still leads on," and, directed by Him, we shall yet "win the day."

During these summer evenings it is difficult to get congregations in-doors; so, after a little prayer together, we go to where they are to be found. Large crowds frequently listen to the truth, at the corner of the streets, and from time to time those impressed follow us to our Hall, seeking pardon of their sins, through the precious blood of Jesus.

We are greatly in need of help. Contributions to be sent to W. Crombie, Esq., 10, Gladstone Terrace. J. C. B.

A VISIT TO CARDIFF.

WHILE we do feel a special love and yearning over the perishing multitudes of the East of London, and rejoice in the tokens of His approval and blessing in our midst, we trust we have sympathy with and desire to do good to the needy and unsaved wherever they may be; and are ever ready to mingle our note of praise and thanksgiving where God is working, and souls are being gathered to the cross.

Such feelings have been called forth while on a visit to Cardiff a few weeks since, when God's Holy Spirit was manifestly poured forth in connection with the labours of a veteran and honoured servant of Christ, the Rev. R. Aitken. Every evening at the parish church, where hundreds listened to soul-stirring truth, and each night, at the prayer meeting which followed, numbers sought the Saviour, some with strong crying and tears, and found Him, to the joy and rejoicing of their hearts; fashionable ladies and intelligent gentlemen kneeling side by side with the poor and the young.

It was our privilege to assist in this blessed work, the constraining love of Christ so melting away all minor differences that the help we rendered was received willingly and gratefully.

At the close of these services, so owned of God, other work soon presented itself. This benighted town, although well supplied with churches and chapels, and although many devoted men and women of God lend their energies to allay its miseries, sin is, as in every seaport town, unusually rife. Bute Road will well vie with Ratcliffe Highway. It was in one of these most miserable parts we commenced.

Our congregation presented a marked contrast to the well-dressed assemblies in which we had been mingling; but these ill-clad, wretched-looking men and women had souls, precious in His sight who died to redeem them, the melting story of whose love reached many hearts, several seeking the Saviour; one dear woman exclaiming with tears of joy, "I have found Him, I have found Him."

We were invited by an earnest Christian brother, Mr. Watkiss, to take a week's special services at the Congregational Church, Temperance Town, formerly a Music Hall. We commenced on Sunday morning by an address to believers, to which the Lord set His seal.

Especially was the power of God manifest on the Sunday afternoon at a service for children. Between thirty and forty sought the Saviour. It was a touching sight; boys and girls from the age of ten to sixteen, and unsaved teachers kneeling together, mingling their penitential tears with the children's. We noticed one teacher surrounded by a group of girls. "Look," she said, with a face beaming with joy, "the Lord saved me last week, and now He has given me all these." We rejoice to hear this work has spread, and many of these dear young ones are witnessing a good confession.

In the evening the Hall, holding over two thousand, was crowded, when my fellow worker, Miss Billups, preached; and that night the gospel was proved to be the power of God to the salvation of precious souls. Throughout the week and following Sabbath God continued to bless. On the Tuesday this effort was brought to a close by a Consecration Service, when many came forward, laying their all on the altar, and yielding themselves a living sacrifice to their Saviour.

We thankfully hear that the work is being carried on by our Bro. Watkiss, and a few other friends who were quickened during this revival, and earnestly pray this spark may kindle into a mighty flame.

JANE SHORT.

OUR FRIENDS—IN HEAVEN.

17.—BROTHER L——.

ANOTHER of our friends from Stoke Newington has, during the past month, left us to join the worshippers above.

About eight months ago our dear Bro. L. came to our Hall. The word laid hold of him. He saw himself to be a sinner, and left rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour; whom, as he often told us afterwards, he found increasingly precious to his soul.

He had to encounter very much persecution from ungodly men with whom he worked; but by the help of God, was enabled to hold on his way, and testify for Jesus.

The Sunday before his illness he seemed filled with the Spirit, as he stood up for the first time in our public experience meeting, and told how the Lord had saved him, and enabled him to conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

On Tuesday, hearing he was ill, I called to see him, and found him rejoicing in the Lord; and so continued throughout his illness. The Sunday before he died, I asked him how matters stood between his

soul and God. Putting his hand to his heart, he said, "It is *all right*. I have the title deeds for heaven; yonder is my house, my portion fair."

At two o'clock the next day his wife and friends gathered round to take their last farewell. Looking at his wife, he said, "My dear, meet me in heaven. Give my love to all the dear Mission friends, and tell them I am going to be with Jesus;" then fell asleep in Him.

18.—BROTHER D——, TOTTENHAM.

MADE READY AND TAKEN HOME.

ON Sunday morning, May 14th, we noticed among our hearers a policeman, who seemed rooted to the spot as we sang,

"We've His word, and His oath, and His blood seals them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie;
If we do not delay, but believe, watch, and pray,
He will soon make us ready to die."

At our invitation he followed us into the Hall where Bro. Allen was preaching. At the close of the service we followed him, and asked him to come again in the afternoon; but he said, sobbing aloud as he spoke, "I want to come back now." Gladly we staid behind after the congregation had left, praying with him, and pointing him to the Saviour. At last, with the eye of faith he looked to the crucified One, and lost his burden of sin, exclaiming again and again,

"GOD CANNOT LIE, GOD CANNOT LIE,"

and then returned thanks to God for His unbounded mercy to him.

We continued to have very encouraging evidence of the reality of the change. On Thursday, May 25th, he was visited by Brother Allen, and spoke of the bright, living reality he found religion to be, after having for many years looked upon it as an idle tale. That now

"He could read his title clear,
To mansions in the skies,"

and was ready to die. Little did he or any of us think that before another week, He who had made Him ready, would say to him, "Come up hither;" but so it was. The next Sunday he was at our meeting, his countenance beaming with joy; and on Tuesday night, May 30th, silently and alone he passed away. He had broken a blood vessel, and in the morning his body was found lying cold and dead; but *he* was before the throne, joining in the song of the redeemed.

Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. Be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. W. J.

19.—SISTER W.——, GLOBE ROAD.

ON or about July 18th, 1870, Sister W. and her husband together sought and found the Saviour in the little Hall at Beales Place. Until April last they walked consistently as professing Christians; but, alas! they were observed to be neglecting the means of grace, and getting into lukewarmness and indifference. Soon they were known to have openly backslidden.

Ordinary and extraordinary means were used to win them back to the way of peace. God blessed the efforts used. On the 17th of last May, at our Hall in the Globe Road, already blessed to the salvation and recalling of many precious souls, Sister Totman preached from the words "Will ye also go away?" Deeply wrought upon by the Spirit of God, Sister W. again sought forgiveness. The Lord, true to His promises of returning to the penitent soul, healed her backslidings, and sweetly witnessed with her spirit that He received her as His child.

Little did our sister then think that her time was so short, and eternity so near. Only once again was she permitted to meet with God's people.

On the following evening, Thursday, she mingled for the last time with her class, and testified with much clearness that God had for Christ's sake pardoned her sins.

On Friday she was taken ill. Continuing to get worse on Saturday, she sought medical advice. The doctor prescribed for a violent cold. On that same evening Sister A. visited her, found her very, very ill, and entreated her to lay all upon Jesus, who can save to the very uttermost.

Her husband was present. He, too, was urged to seek the Saviour. In that solemn scene he cried to God for salvation. The Lord heard him, and his wife seemed to lose all sense of pain in praising God on his behalf.

The Sabbath was the last time our friends had the privilege of visiting her. Although in great pain of body, Sister W. retained her hold of the Saviour. She had sweet and perfect peace of mind—no fear—all trust in Jesus. Amidst much weakness she sang,

"A pilgrim and a stranger here,
Happy! happy! happy!
I seek the home to pilgrims dear,
Happy in the Lord."

Ah! she was much nearer to that home than those who visited her knew. On the Monday the doctor pronounced her malady small-pox. She was immediately removed to the hospital at Homerton, from whence her spirit left its clay home to go to be with Jesus, on Whit-Monday, May 29th.

With united voice we thank God that He in His wondrous mercy gave our Sister that last opportunity of repentance, and we thank Him that in His love He has taken her from this world of sin to that bright land where sin and sorrow shall be no more.

The Lord grant that this call may be a lesson to those who have tasted of the saving grace of Jesus, that we may all keep oil in our vessels with our lamps, and with lamps trimmed be ready to meet the bridegroom. J. M.

NOTICES.

Contributions may be forwarded by cheques, post-office orders, or postage stamps, to the Editor, 3, Gore Road, Victoria Park Road, London, E.; or to N. J. Powell, Esq., 101, Whitechapel High Street; or may be paid in to the account of the Christian Mission, at Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, & Co.'s, Bankers, Cornhill.

We hope no one will be deterred from sending us SMALL CONTRIBUTIONS.—Mark xii. 41-44.

All offerings of 5s. and above will be acknowledged per return of post, and all, of every amount, will be inserted in the following number of the CHRISTIAN MISSION MAGAZINE.

Will friends interest themselves in the circulation of the Magazine? We shall be glad to forward back numbers gratis to those so disposed.

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