

# The Christian Mission Magazine.

JANUARY, 1878.

## Rise and Fall.

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“**A**LL of ——!” the news boys are crying, and the placards of the papers are showing it up in their largest type. Why should people be so eager about the fall of anything or anybody? Simply because, from the strange disordered condition of things in the world, it is impossible for anybody or anything to rise, except by the fall of somebody or something else. In order that one may win, another must lose. In order that one may succeed, another must fail. In order that one may beat, another must be beaten.

It is so in spiritual, quite as much as in temporal things. If God is to gain a man's heart, the devil and the world must lose it. If we are to rise in holiness, in heavenliness, the world and the things of the world must sink more and more beneath our notice. If shouts of joy are to rise in meeting after meeting from faithful hearts, sinners must fall groaning and weeping for mercy at the feet of Jesus. If the Mission is to rise in that mighty faith which glorifies God, tumbles mountains about, and shakes the kingdom of hell to pieces, the esteem of human ability and might must go down lower and lower. If we are to rise in value to God and to our country, town after town must fall a prey to simple faith and daring efforts for souls.

Now, since we can only climb over ruins, and since we are surely all determined to rise this year higher than we ever rose before, let us try and set our minds and hearts upon certain definite points of attack, in order that ere long we may be able to point to great things accomplished. It is no use talking vaguely about “getting better,” “getting on,” “pressing forward,” and so forth. Armies do not win with such indefinite ideas. Let us fix upon something definite and go at it.

DOWN WITH SIN!

We are hard enough upon open gross iniquity. We would not on any account be “charged” for drunkenness, theft, or lying. But there are

sins which easily beset *us*, sins which though no one in the world thinks much of them, appear none the less glaring in the sight of God and angels; sins which have it may be, hindered our progress and darkened our experience for many a year. Let us be rid of them. When a man who is about to run a race, lays aside a weight, he leaves it behind him. If it be a heavy great coat, left in the care of some by-stander, the owner may never see it again. He has to leave it in somebody else's power, and he ceases to have any hold upon or control over it. And when a Christian, by simple faith in a living Saviour, lays aside the sin which easily besets him, he really gets rid of it, and leaves it behind him, so that it cannot beset him any more at all. Now then for a good run! Down with every thing that is not righteous—that is not in perfect accordance with the will of God. Down with it at the feet of Jesus, and away, full speed! "Ah, how I wish I could!"

#### DOWN WITH UNBELIEF!

Of all the fortresses of the devil standing in our way, there is none so huge, so dreadful, and so troublesome to us as Fort Unbelief. We must have done with it. Does God speak the truth? That is the question. If we are quite sure that we have got His word for certain things, then we cannot doubt that we shall have them. Will God really give the Holy Spirit to anyone who asks? Will God really take up his abode in anyone's heart and be their God, as fully as he ever was the God of anybody else? Will He really purge and purify his people, cleansing them from all unrighteousness, and making them a peculiar people zealous of good works? Is it written, and is it true?

Has God promised to pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground? Has He promised that out of the bellies of those who trust Him shall flow rivers of living water, and that whatsoever they do shall prosper? Are all things possible to him that believeth? Are all things ours?

Then what are we to do? Go on doubting, waiting, hoping; or believe? Listen to the people in a prayer-meeting. Just hark at them! Praying for the very things they asked for months ago. Wrestling, struggling to get what they know was promised the first time they asked. Down with this wretched unbelief! Let us give up doubting for good and all. God can save from unbelief. Let Him save *us*.

#### DOWN WITH FORMALITY!

Formality and faith cannot go together, any more than a man can trust his own legs and crutches, at one and the same time. He who believes in the power of God attaches less and less importance every day to this or that form or method of service or of speaking.

We are in little danger of coming to tolerate the cold forms of religion, which have almost ceased to be tolerated even by the world, in these lively times. We have heard of a brother who used to

attend a certain place of worship where everything was done "just so," that in the midst of one of the minister's beautiful essays, read from the pulpit as usual one Sunday evening, he turned the gas out, exclaiming, "Friends, I can't stand this any longer." We trust his example will be followed, if there should ever be a service held in the Mission of the cold, dead stamp. May such opportunity never arise!

But do we not run the risk of getting sadly formal, in our very informality? We feel we have got to "go in" outside and in. Everybody expects it. They would be down upon us just as much if we were to be all quietness and "order," as others would be down upon us for going through services in our own free style. Therefore we must beware lest we do that which is required of us from habit, or a general sense of duty, without the presence of that living, moving, constraining power which is all in all. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"; a man is no more constrained to be noisy, than to be moderate; he is no more constrained to rush things along, than to let them take their course. He simply moves as God moves him, utterly regardless of any one's opinions. Let us pray, speak, sing, with that perfect liberty which only the Spirit gives.

#### DOWN WITH WEAKNESS!

"Only be strong, only be strong, only be strong," God keeps saying to His people. He does not want one of His people to be "miserable offenders," or to be weak and feeble. He means us one and all to be strengthened with all might.

Whereas some people seem to think it a very proper sort of thing to remain little and weakly. They make quite a boast of their willingness to be the least in the kingdom of God. Now God says if any man will be the greatest let him be servant of all. That is the sort of humility to save the world! "Servant of all!" What a tremendous vocation! It is thought a grand thing to be the servant of one great nation. But to serve mankind for Christ's sake, and in the stead of Christ; that is what each of us is called to do. Then never let us be content while any vestige of weakness remains about us. Let us every one be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Oh, for a lot of strong men and women—eagles and giants of the Kingdom of God!

#### DOWN WITH ENGLAND!

Exalted to heaven with privileges, blessings, opportunities, and light, England will indeed go down to hell, unless we can arouse and humble the people before the King of all the Earth. Was there ever a nation more clearly convicted of forgetting God than ours? You cannot forget what you never knew anything about. Was there ever a nation which knew so much of God as ours? Did even Israel, in all its days, ever come to so large an extent to know the will of God as our countrymen? Did Israel ever receive any such revelation of His

mercy and love as has been spread throughout this country by every possible means?

And yet could God be more completely forgotten than He is by this people? We say nothing of those who take His name upon their lips, and enter regularly into houses called after Him, without one single thought about Him all the time. But look at the vast multitudes, who never allow God to enter into their thoughts in any way whatever. How many people are there who take any notice of God from Monday morning to Saturday night?

The English nation will be amongst those which will be turned into hell, unless we can awaken it in time. Oh, let us arise, one and all, from the youngest to the oldest, from the weakest to the strongest, in the name of our God let us arise to save our country, by humbling it at the feet of Jesus. The Holy Ghost, through us, can shake this nation throughout, if we will. Let us be done for ever with contentment in small things. Let us compel the nation to accept our King!

## FLAMES OF FIRE.

JAMES TURNER.

AT last, thank God, we have found what we have very often longed for—the life of one who, in our own time, and our own land, has risen to the supreme height of entire devotion to God, and of apostolic power and success in winning souls.

The very natural question arises at once, How could so extraordinary a man escape general notice all through his life? How is it that we have never heard of him before? The answer is ready. James Turner was born, lived, triumphed, and died in a remote part of Scotland, amongst the poor. The very story of such lives as his, is as unpopular—no matter how intensely interesting it may be—in these days of lukewarmness and godlessness as the life itself, so that one may remain for years ignorant of the existence of such a biography, as well as of its subject. Imagine, therefore, our joy when a kind friend put into our hands a book, written to a large extent by the glorious man it describes, and giving us, in the language of those whom he led to Christ, thrilling accounts of his marvellous victories.

James Turner was born in 1818 at Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. He says, "My parents were poor, but honest. Still, to my loss and their own, they did not fear God. I commenced work very early for the devil, and never had he a more faithful servant." At twenty-two he was so deeply convinced of sin as to be unable to lift up his head when he went to church. But no one spoke to him. He had no one to speak to but God, so that he might well say, "Oh, how I did plead with Him to blot out my sins! I could not give up, nor give Him rest." The answer soon came. "It was on a Monday morning that the Lord blotted out my sins. I had three hours in heaven that day. My soul was so shut up in God that I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing."

From this time he continued, through various changes of experience, following Christ, although sometimes afar off. It was five years and a-half after his conversion before anyone, for the first time in his life, spoke to him, face to face, about the Lord and about his soul. He naturally valued fellowship with the dear old woman who first did so, and she at once introduced him to the Wesleyans, amongst whom he found much of the communion of saints and of the thorough-going experimental teaching which he needed. He soon began to hunger and thirst after that righteousness, and "the witness that all I do is right," which Wesley's hymns so clearly set forth. That he was already a very earnest and useful man is manifest from the following

### RECORD OF A YEAR.

January 6, 1854.—My Lord, I thank Thee for the bygone year. In its 365 days I have seen and felt much of Thy goodness to my own soul and body, and also at the sick bedside, and, while standing by the dying, I have seen Thy goodness, especially in giving me a word in season. This is a solemn season to my soul. Oh, forgive my unbelief and my useless life, for my heart condemns me for the little I have done for Thee to what I might have done. I look to Thee, Jesus. My hope is in Thee. Oh, Jesus, Thou knowest me. Am I not your servant? Yes, I am. Do I not follow Thee? Yes, I do try to follow Thee, and Thou canst make me able. Thou knowest that it is as my meat and drink to follow Thee. Thou hast given me many privileges in 1853. Thou hast permitted me to have above two hundred sermons, and two hundred and sixty prayer-meetings. With my weak body, Thou hast strengthened me to stand at the death-bed side, upwards of five hundred times, and Thou hast committed to my care two classes to lead. These thirty souls I have to meet twice a-week, and to hold up before Thee night and day. Two of them have crossed Jordan, and entered their rest, Mrs. Scott and James M'Donald. M'Donald is my own son in the faith. Thou gavest him to me, and I have given him back to Thy glory. The Lord has given me more souls in the bygone year than in any year of my life. In one week, the last week of the year, I stood at the death-bed, and took farewell of four dear souls, and three of that four the Lord used me to pluck as brands from the burning. About six hours before Mrs. Munro died, I was with her, and she said, "I have a strong hold of Jesus. He is piloting me across Jordan. I am at His will." Her last words were—"The valley is getting brighter."

But he could not and would not be satisfied until, two months later, he entered into the rest of perfect love. The signs and wonders which accompanied and immediately followed that event are so remarkable that we prefer to reproduce the whole account from his own pen.

March 6.—This day, by the grace of God, I can say the blood of Jesus has cleansed my soul from all sin. On Sabbath night about 10 o'clock, in my dear Sister R——n's house, I was enabled to lay hold, by simple faith, on my dear Jesus. When the Lord converted my soul more than thirteen years ago, the Rev. Mr. Yule was the instrument in God's hand of awakening me. But on the morning that I got pardon and peace, there was no man with me, nor had I any help but what the Holy Ghost afforded. But in getting into perfect love, the Lord made use of two dear Sisters (M. R. and J. W.) full of God indeed, and dear to my heart. They had to lift poor me into God. How He gave them power to bear me up on the arms of faith, and when the power of God came down on me, it sunk me to the floor speechless, and then I lay for some time full of the glory of God, and I feel it until this hour. Satan has done what he can to take the blessing from me, but I am sweetly resting on Jesus—all is well. He is mine and I am His. He has put the white robe on me. This moment He is feeding me with the hidden manna; His kisses are sweet to my mouth.

March 12.—A day of God, that I and others will never forget. I met my Sabbath class about 1 o'clock p.m., in my room, and as I was leading the class, I

felt the power of God so rest on my soul, that I could not keep from weeping. Before we got through with our experience, every soul was broken down. "The Lord is about to work a work amongst us," I said, and truly He did, for in a few minutes the power of God came down on A— M—. Then on my wife, and then on J— Y—, and E— C—. My brother George also, and C— R—. Four of them fell to the floor insensible. Our dear sister, Mrs. J— was afraid, and cried, "Lord, stay Thy hand." But I said *no Lord*, we are all in Thy hand, do with us what you please. What a house! God's power never was in such a manner in Peterhead before. They all got perfect love. Lord humble me and take the glory.

On Monday the 13th, the Lord was amongst us. After the prayer meeting was closed, we held another meeting for those who were groaning for a clean heart; four of them were enabled to lay hold of the blessing, and on Wednesday night prayer meeting, other four entered into perfect love, and the power of God was so laid on some of them, that they lay on the floor insensible for several hours.

March 25.—On Sabbath last, in my class, A— B— got a clean heart, and A— S— got pardon and peace with God. Jesus is feeding and leading my soul, and I am looking to Jesus' face. I am not to rest until He fill me, and then keep me full. He is doing great things for me, and for my class.

March 27.—Preached three times, in the open air, at Colliston, on Sabbath last. Many people attended, hungering for the bread of life. I rode thirty miles, and preached three times; but, best of all, God was among the people. I could not get away from them. One dear young man, J. A—, came running after me about his soul, and I pointed him to Jesus. What a feeling was among the people. My Jesus never gave me such power before. What a God of love He is! And I cannot but love Him, for He has given me a clean heart. But it is not yet filled with the Holy Ghost, but He will do it; I am looking for it.

Last night I was visiting among the sick. I went into a little hut of a house, where I heard a woman was ill. I never was in such a little house all my life. She was so much better as to be able to sit up; so I sat down beside her and told her that God her father had been laying His hand upon her body, to lead her soul to Jesus.

"I hope it is so," she replied.

"Yes, it is so," I said, "for God so loved you, that He sent His son to die for you, and there is nothing stopping you from the pardoning love of God *this night*."

"I believe it," she said, so down I got on my knees before the Lord, and the woman with me, and cried to the Lord Jesus, and He heard me, for as I cried the power came down on her, and she began to cry.

"Lord save me." "Jesus pardon me." "Saviour wash me in Thy blood." And by-and-bye, she said, "Glory! He is washing away my sins. I feel a change," and in a minute or two more, she was able to say, "the blood of Jesus Christ hath washed away my sins." So I left her glorifying God, and went to my meeting.

He could not be content with a small work, however, nor could his praying friends. They soon began to labour and pray at times till midnight for the salvation of the whole town. Two women came into his shop one day unconverted. He spoke a few words, the Holy Ghost fell upon them, and they went out saved and happy. Of course this kind of thing brought down upon him a flood of opposition at once. He says, "The ungodly of this place mob me in the street, and they mob my house. They are mad against me—not me, but the grace of God in me." But he went on with his work undaunted, and waxing stronger and stronger.

#### VISITATION HORRORS.

Such a sight as this would surely help to nerve any brave heart to earnest work for God.

About fourteen days ago, I was sent for to call on a woman in distress about her soul. I found her in a dreadful state of body, smallpox and measles both on

her together, and no hope of life. Above all she was in despair. When I went to her bedside, she clutched my arm, and cried vehemently "Can you do nothing for my soul?" And when I said, "Nothing but cry to God for you," she screamed out, "*It is too late! It is too late! My soul is lost for ever and ever!*"

Instead of experiencing any sort of alarm in the presence of disease, he writes at the beginning of 1855.

"Make this a year of saving souls. Lord, Thou knowest that I am willing to go into all the dens and hovels of this town to seek souls to Thee. I am not only willing to go; but it is as my meat and drink to do this part of Thy work; and permit to thank Thee for Thy protection in the past, for all the filth and sickness that I have been amongst, day and night, I have not had so much as a headache from infection."

#### A SHORT SERMON ON A SHORT TEXT.

Text: "Cut it short." Romans ix. 28.

DON'T talk or write too long; cut it short. "Brevity is the soul of wit," so cut it short. If you have anything to say, say it, and then quit. If not, cut it very short. If you have anything to write for the press, cut it short. If you expect anybody to read it, cut it short. If you have any regard for the editor or type-setter, cut it short. A long article is very seldom read, so cut it short. Time is money, and people are in a hurry, so cut it short.

Long sermons are seldom heard through, so cut it short. They are never remembered, so cut it short. Don't tell all you know at any one time, but cut it short. Leave something to say next time, so cut it short. If you have preached thirty minutes, cut it short. Perhaps you have gained their attention, and produced a good impression; if so, cut it short, and haul in your net. If you have not done so in that time, don't try to begin again, but cut it short. If you cannot awaken an interest in thirty minutes, you never can, so cut it short. If you want the children to attend your preaching, cut it short. Don't repeat your words or ideas more than two or three times; cut it short. Abbreviate, suppress, lop off, boil down, condense; if you cannot, then cut it short.

Don't make "long prayers" in public, but cut it short. Do some of your praying in private, so that in public you can cut it short. Don't tire out and wear out the children, big or little, by long, tedious prayer meeting or services, but cut it short. That I may give you a practical example of my text and sermon, I will cut it short.

#### A FEARFUL JUDGMENT.

ABOUT fifty years ago a woman kept a china store in Exeter, England. She had a young daughter, who was wild and ungovernable, and fond of being out late nights with company. This girl used to steal money from her mother's till to spend in pleasure and amusements. She then pilfered other things and sold them to gratify her desires.

One time her mother missed a silver spoon, and accused her of having taken it. She denied the charge. It was repeated, and pressed upon her, and she still denied it in the most emphatic manner. Her mother did not credit her denials, and at length, determined to conceal her guilt and stop all further accusations, the girl exclaimed in a solemn manner:

"May God strike me dead if I have the spoon." Her solemn imprecation was heard; she fell dead upon the spot. On examination the spoon was found concealed in her bosom. An acquaintance of the writer, then residing in Exeter, vividly recalls the circumstances, and confirms the statement, which was published some years since in the *London Pulpit*.

"I HAVE always union with God. I feel nothing but pure love in the greatest afflictions. I am often powerfully tempted, and sometimes heavy; this was in our Lord. I feel I am going on. I have a continual opening between God and my soul, in prayer, love, and gratitude. I have a constant heaven in dependence upon the Lord. I feel weaker than ever, and God my all. Amen!"—*William Bramwell*, 1795.

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### THE MONTH.

WE are once more minus an evangelist, and the loss of the White-chapel superintendent is no slight one; but the grand demonstration evoked by the funeral of Bro. Thomas exhibited so great a growth in the strength and vitality of the London stations that we could well afford to dry our tears and shout for joy in the prospect of victory reserved for the living. We commence 1878, with such an army, and with such hopes, as we never had before.

We most earnestly commend "HEATHEN ENGLAND," the volume wherein we have embodied the story of our past, and the programme of our future, to the careful reading of all our evangelists and people. Upon its wide-spread circulation, and the thorough diffusion of the principles it sets forth, depend in no small degree the progress of our Mission, and the salvation of our godless, perishing, fellow-countrymen. We can only secure such a glorious year, as we ought to enjoy, by setting before our minds and hearts, in a clear and definite shape, the great and high aim to which God undoubtedly calls us. It is only when we feel constrained to seek to do great things for Him, that we can ask and expect a great bestowal of His favor and help.

### FUNERAL OF BRO. W. G. THOMAS.

LATE EVANGELIST OF THE MISSION AT WHITECHAPEL.

A PART altogether from any religious question, we think it would have been profoundly interesting to any student of human nature, or of East End life, to have been with us on Monday, the 3rd December. To observe how large a company of the poor, sacrificing in most cases a portion of their day's work, could be assembled at the funeral of one whose labours in London had only extended over a few months; was to see, not only the vitality and brotherhood of the mission, but the extent to which a good man, caring and toiling for the souls of others, can lay hold, in a short time, of the multitude.

The coffin, with glazed lid, through which the well-known features, so little changed in death, could be seen, had laid at the hall since Saturday, Dec. 2nd, and hundreds had come to visit it. Kneeling beside that coffin, many a one had promised God to live for Him, as they had never done before. There, too, one poor sinner, at least, had wept and groaned for mercy until she was able to go away rejoicing in God.

But on Monday, the body of the hall was filled by those who came to pay their last tribute to the memory of the late evangelist. After a solemn and yet glorious service, all present marched past the coffin, taking a last look at the face of their fallen comrade; and surely no one of the multitude who crowded porch and pavement, and roadway, as the funeral procession started, will ever forget seeing those remains carried through the avenue kept open by the police, whilst the hearty song, about the angels' welcome, carried away our thoughts to the grander ceremonies of our brother's introduction to the companies of the celestial host.

But it was not easy to be occupied with heavenly things, as we passed through the throng of godless, reckless men and women who surrounded our porch. Except during the momentary hush, which even the roughest seem constrained to maintain in the presence of the dead and of mourners draped in black, the vile language, the shameless, shameful laughter of the struggling crowd, no less than the miserable clothing, the bloodshot eyes, and drink-marred faces of many of them, spoke loudly of the crying need for our labours, and for such labourers as had just been taken from us.

That procession! It was impossible from the front, where Mr. Booth walked all the way alone as chief mourner, even to discern those who were immediately in front of the cab, driven by a mission cabman, and bearing two of our gentlemen friends, which brought up the rear. But in addition to the three or four hundred who thus strode through the mud and rain right up to the Bow Cemetery there were many who rode, and on either pavement a motley company, made up of people whose present or past connection with the Mission had been more or less substantial and proportionately helpful to them, followed, shall we say, "afar off," so that we were not surprised, damp and muddy as it was, to hear the vast crowd which surrounded the grave estimated at more than a thousand persons.

To sing together as we marched along four abreast was impossible. Each part of the long line had to do its best, and ever and anon the song of joy swelled up from one company after another, telling all around that we deemed ourselves to be travelling, not to the grave, but to a better land.

But round the grave, while we sang about the grand celestial

"Welcome home"

we all expected, they must have been callous, indeed, who failed to realize that there was such a thing as being prepared midst woe as well as pleasure for a grand place in the country where pleasures never die, and that most of the great assemblage had got that blessed preparation.

Oh, that somebody could have taken down Mr. Booth's words, just as they poured, like liquid flame upon us there! God grant that at least an abundant record of their fruits may grace the living pages of the chronicles of heaven. Some, we know already, of those who listened at that grave, heard the voice of the Son of Man, and have come forth to live for Him. And the mighty working of the Holy Ghost on many hearts that afternoon showed itself immediately afterwards, in the irrepressible enthusiasm of the returning procession.

We turned away, after something like an hour's service at the grave, singing,

“Soldiers fighting round the cross,  
Fight for your Lord;  
All things else account but loss,  
Fight for your Lord.  
All hail, all hail.  
Oh, come and join our conquering band;  
All hail, all hail.  
We'll conquer, if we die.”

And there was no mistake about the determination of that band to conquer. Again and again, during the long march back, it was suggested that everybody must be weary, and that a little rest from singing would be a very proper relief, especially for sisters, who had already been on their feet more or less for over four hours, and singing a great part of both marches. But it was no use; the people felt like singing all the time, and very brief respite indeed would they allow their throats, tired though they unquestionably were. Uncommonly pleasing samples of the great army of the ransomed of the Lord, returning to Zion with songs and everlasting joy.

After tea a glorious porch meeting, and then one of the most blessedly free and happy meetings Whitechapel ever saw. Tears, true, deep, genuine, heartfelt regret after the departed one, were to be seen plainly enough as one after another recounted their memories of him, and pressed everybody to follow him to heaven. But above all, the Master was there, and when at the close, poor sinners, utterly broken down before Him, fell at His feet, and took His yoke upon them, the joy of men as well as angels seemed to chase all sorrow and night away. At a quarter to eleven o'clock, happy people, still clinging together in knots about porch and passage, were singing with all their might,

“On, on, on to glory!”

And that was the end of a funeral! The funeral of a Christian Mission Evangelist.

## MIDDLESBRO'.

### MISS BOOTH AT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

**D**URING the past month, Miss Booth visited us for five days, and many blood-bought souls have been blessed and saved. Her first Sunday with us was a day of power, and it will not be soon forgotten by those present. It was a grand sight to see a large hall filled to the door with anxious hearers, while hundreds went away, not being able to get so much as inside the door; but the grandest sight of all was to see old and young flocking to the penitent form, with groans and tears, for God to save them. We closed the meeting with eighteen souls. To God be all the glory! Tuesday and Wednesday Miss Booth preached again, and God used her to lead some twenty more precious souls to the Saviour.

The second Sunday-morning service was a blessed time. The Word

was with power, and many were pricked to the heart. At half-past five that evening you could not get near the doors for the crowds of people who had assembled there to make sure of being in time to get a seat. The doors were no sooner opened than the place was filled, and we had to lock the doors. Crowds went away, saying, “It is full.”

As I looked at that vast congregation, I was led to say, while giving out the opening hymn, “There are those here to-night who will never hear another Gospel address.”

A young man was invited as he went out of the door to give his heart to God, but he said, “Not to-night.” He went home, and died on the Wednesday following, I am afraid without hope. An old man also who had been present died on the Saturday after. With these two it was their last opportunity; but, thank God, the hearers were not all like those two—twenty-four did accept Christ as their Saviour, and went home happy in Jesus.

Miss Booth has been kind enough to give me the following particulars with regard to some of these:—

“It's No Use.”

After speaking on Tuesday evening, I noticed a tall man who sat at the end of the hall looking intensely miserable. I knew him again for he had been at the music-hall on Sunday evening, and at the Monday tea; but he would not yield, although urged to do so. During the prayer meeting I spoke to him, saying, “Well, my friend, will you come?” “No,” he gasped, “I have no feeling. My heart is so hard. I can't.” But I answered, “You *can* walk to Jesus just as you are.” I then left him to talk to others. Towards the end of the meeting one of the brethren asked me to speak to him again. He told me that he had been attending the meetings for eighteen months, but had resisted all the time. He said he feared his case was hopeless. I went again and said, “What will you do? Life or death? Will you come now?” “No,” he answered; “I am lost. It's no use, I can't.” I urged him further; but it was of no use, and soon afterwards he got up and left the hall. I had just started, “He breaks the power of cancelled sin” and Mr. Ridsdel had just said to a brother that “he feared it was all over with that man,” when open flew the door and in he came, wringing his hands, the tears streaming down his face, and, crying aloud, he came up the aisle, and in an agony fell on his face at the foot of the platform. For a minute or two all were silent, nothing save his cries being heard. He could only sob and groan, and his grief was so violent that his whole frame shook. Presently the words came, “Oh—I—am—such a sinner!” “Lord, save him!” shouted the brethren, who were kneeling around. “Oh, Lord, save me!” groaned the penitent. “Amen,” responded the people. “He does,” exclaimed Mr. Ridsdel, who was close behind him. “He does,” cried the man, “He does—He does it,” and jumping on his feet he told us how the burden had rolled away.

I led his wife (who has been praying long for her husband) out of the congregation, weeping, to join him, and we praised the Lord together. His wife was at the noon meeting on Wednesday, and told me they could get but little sleep for joy. “The change is wonderful,” she said, “and this morning before he went to work he read a chapter and prayed with me; he used to laugh and scoff at religion so dreadfully, but the Lord has saved him. Oh, I do not know how to thank Him enough!” He has since joined the society, is a good worker in the open air, and can be seen at every meeting.

A letter from the above.

“Dear Mr. Ridsdel,—Saved at last through the blood of the Lamb. You know that I have been coming to your meetings many months, and in that time the Spirit of God did mightily strive with me; but my heart was so hard that I would not give up. But all this time I was a miserable backslider. I went to hear Miss Booth, but then I could not yield. I came at night, but was as bad. Then I came

to the tea. Miss Booth spoke to me, also her brother; and he told me how the Lord had opened the earth and swallowed up two men, and I was afraid that God would serve me the same. I had no rest after that, and came on Tuesday night; the Spirit did strive with me again, but I went out; but the Lord had hold of me, and I was forced to come back, and there and then gave my heart to God, and now I can say:

“Just as I am Thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down,  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come.”

“Pray that God may keep me and my wife to the end.”

“May God bless us and the Mission.”

“From a reclaimed backslider.”

“J. R.”

“COMING BY HIMSELF.”

While singing “Just as I am” on Sunday evening, after giving an invitation to six sick weary ones to come home, I noticed Mr. Ridsdel gently pushing a man up the aisle. He seemed half willing and half unwilling to go, and looked up somewhat surprised when he found himself seated at the penitent form. We still kept singing, and got him on his knees, where nine or ten more had joined him. After saying a few words, I left him to pray for himself, while I spoke to others who were seeking and finding. Soon it was time to close, seeing that the man had come twice to put the gas out; but sinners were still crying and we went on, when, at last, looking through the penitents, I asked Mr. Ridsdel if he thought they had all got right. He replied, “All but that man.” On his being pointed out to me, I asked his wife, who was sitting by his side, if she was saved. She answered “Yes.” I then asked if she knew of any difficulty that stood in her husband’s way to tell me, that I, perhaps, might help him. “Well,” she said, “he did not like Mr. Ridsdel pushing him; he wanted to come by himself.” I then turned to him, saying, “You want to be a volunteer, do you?” “Yes,” he replied. “Shall I give another invitation to give you an opportunity of coming by yourself?” “Yes, please, miss.” I went to the front and did so, and up jumped this man, down he came, and in a few minutes we heard his voice in prayer thanking Jesus for taking him in.

A HOLINESS MEETING

was held on Friday evening. The address was to the point, and no sooner had the invitation been given than the platform, forms, and floor were filled with both saints and sinners. The power of God was felt all over the hall.

Miss Booth has written the following incidents among many others, which she specially noticed.

“OH, LORD, SAVE ME.”

For four or five minutes the room resounded with the cries of a woman who was indeed in earnest to get saved. She forgot every one but God, and called aloud in her grief for mercy. “Oh, Lord,” she said, “save me! Thou knowest what a sinner I’ve been, and how I’ve broken Thy law; oh, forgive me, pardon me, and save my dear husband; give him no rest, day nor night, till he comes to Thee.”

“IS THERE MERCY FOR ME?”

cried a man behind her, “Oh, you none of you know how bad I’ve been; I am such a great sinner, I have refused so often. I am a prodigal;” and with sobs and groans he confessed his sins to Him, who proved once more that “He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.”

“HE DOES! HE DOES!”

cried a man kneeling at another form. “I believe it now, I do.” “Amen!” echoed from all parts of the building, and we struck up “Jesus saves me now.”

“DOES HE SAVE YOU?”

I whispered to a man whose face was buried in his hands on the floor. He looked up and said, “Yes.” Not only his lips, but his hands, his eyes, and his whole beaming face seemed to answer, “Yes, He saves me now.”

“CAN YOU TRUST HIM?”

I asked a woman who was weeping. “I want to,” she said; “Lord help me!” she cried. I added “Let all go now, do you?” “Yes,” she answered, “it is done—the

great transaction’s done.” Then one after another, both saint and sinner, began to praise God for deliverance, and after singing, “He is bringing to His fold, rich and poor, and young and old,” over and over and over again, we concluded this glorious meeting.

We could give other cases if space would permit. Will our friends pray that this blessed work may still go on. Tracts much needed.

Yours, at the feet of Jesus,

59, Church Street, Middlesborough.

W. RIDSDDEL.

## SOUTH STOCKTON.

THAT part of Stockton, which lies south of the Tees, forming already a new and rising town, inhabited almost exclusively by working people, has at length been formally occupied by us, and although not in so large a building as we should have liked, yet in the largest that could be got, and we trust in such a way as to ensure a great ingathering of souls.

The Mechanics’ Institute, our meeting place, only seats some 200 people, and can only be used by us on Sundays, and three nights of the week. But there is nothing about a building which makes it so attractive, or so useful, as for it to be crammed with people, and of this, at least, we seem secure enough until we move to larger premises should the way open to any such.

We have had for sometime quite a strong body of members at Stockton, who residing at South Stockton, were accustomed to hold open air services near home, and then march over in procession, bringing many people after them at times. Of course, these friends are delighted to have the opportunity now to work amongst their neighbours and acquaintances more thoroughly. We append Bro. Russell’s account of the beginning of the work, simply remarking that the reports received weekly since, have shown steady improvement and increase of souls saved.

On Sunday, October 28th, a few of us assembled together at 7 o’clock for prayer. We had not been praying long before our hearts were filled with the Holy Ghost, and the glory of the Lord filled the place.

At half-past ten, we went forth with the word of eternal life to the pigeon flyers, street loungers, and keepers at home. The singing was led by a young man, who was saved during Mr. Booth’s visit, with his cornet. This created an excitement, was attractive, and proved to be a blessing to some precious souls. The day throughout was one of power; the Glory that came on us in the morning, rested upon us all day indoors and out. At night four souls sought and professed to obtain pardon of their sins.

A RESTLESS SOUL.

A woman, who was nine years a backslider, came to the service the first Monday night. Seeing her to be somewhat interested in the service and singing, as soon as the prayer meeting began, I spoke to her concerning her soul. I was soon informed she knew as much about it as I did. Then I inquired if she was saved. “No,” was the reply. “Do you want to be?” “Yes.” I heard you “singing past my door yesterday, and have had no rest since.” We assured her of rest. Prayed that God would bestow it. At last, she broke out, “I do believe!” and then sang,

“I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me,” &c.

She went home realising that her soul had escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.

## EVERYTHING THAT WAS BAD.

The husband of the above followed us about in the open air, and came to the meetings nearly every night for a week, but would not yield till one Saturday night, he broke out in prayer, for God to have mercy upon him, and save his soul. He had not been praying long, before sighs and groans were turned to praises. Doubts and fears were chased away. He told me that nine years ago he was a Christian, but since then he had been a drunkard, a swearer, a gambler, and everything that was bad.

## SAVED IN THE OPEN AIR.

At the class meeting the other week, a woman gave her experiences and rejoiced in what God had done for her soul. That she was on her way to heaven. I questioned her, being a stranger, as to whether she could certify the time and place when God saved her at once. She replied "while listening to you at the Bridge."

Three shouts for open air preaching!

## CAN'T KEEP IT.

So said a young man the other Sunday night, whom I found concerned about his soul; but the matter of keeping it seemed to hold him back. At last, he was given to see that if God could save him he could keep him; that instead of his having to keep religion that would keep him. He at once came out for pardon, got it, and not only kept it through the next day, but brought another with him to the meeting that night. In the prayer meeting I asked him if he wanted to be saved. "My heart is too hard," he said. "Have you a desire to be saved?" "Yes," he said. "Then you have a soft place." Admitting he had, I asked if he would give up the drink as that was his ruin. "I came to do so," he replied. "Will you come forward?" He halted until his mate said "Go." Very soon he was at the feet of Jesus, surrounded by praying men, when the following took place:

First, he signed the pledge; second, he confessed his sins; third, he renounced his sins; fourth, he received pardon; fifth, he praised God for what he had done; sixth, he prayed for others. He has been a Sunday-school teacher, a prayer leader, and a useful man in society, but brought down through drink. Oh, may he be kept and again be used for God and souls!

If the place is small, we have none the less power, and perhaps none the less souls. Only we must have a larger room to put the people in. May God touch the heart of some of his stewards, and send them to have compassion on us by erecting a place on some one of the many pieces of waste land. There is a large field for mission work. A great deal may and will be done by house-to-house visitation, for this, a great quantity of tracts are required. Friends wishing to help us, either money or tracts, please forward to

25, Mandle Road, South Stockton.

Yours in a perfect Saviour,

ALFRED RUSSELL.

## WHITBY.

## THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

**S**ATURDAY, November 10th. Arrival of Mr. Booth, General of the Hallelujah army.

We had a review at 7 p.m., marching through the streets in good order singing

"O we are going to wear a crown."

We halted in the Market Place, and formed a ring, and listened to a powerful address by the General, which greatly encouraged all of us.

Sunday, 11th. Hard fighting through the day, the streets filled with people. Our hall, that holds 1,000, was soon full. Mr. Booth spoke with power, Mrs. Booth gave a short address, and ten souls were saved. One was a big backslider; for sometime he had been smitten with the power of God, but would not yield. He went out of the hall, but could not get away—the Spirit said to him "Stop!" Mr. Booth found him on

the stairs, and led him to the penitent form, where he soon found peace. Now he is a useful man with us. Mr. Booth was called suddenly back to London, but sent his son, Mr. Bramwell, who came on the 14th and stayed for Sunday, which was a day of remarkable hard fighting and solemn feeling. We expected a great smash—sinners were cut to the heart, but would not yield. On Monday the victory was won, and the devil defeated, twenty-six men and women came boldly out to the penitent form, cried for mercy, and God soon set them at liberty. During the three weeks that has followed, we have had 160 souls. Some of the worst men and women in the town. I will give a few of them.

## A MIRACLE.

A young woman said, Thank God I am saved. A fortnight on Saturday, I was fighting in the Market Place, and a fortnight on Sunday I was converted in St. Hilda Hall; and if I could fight with my hands for the devil, now I will fight with all my heart for God.

## A CONVERTED INFIDEL.

Thank God I am saved! I was a member of an infidel club at Nottingham for eighteen months. We used to sing songs all day on Sundays, and drink and swear, till I came to Whitby to work. I went to hear Cadman, thank God I did, though I did not believe in God or devil; but now I believe in both. God has saved my soul and my wife's too, and we are very happy together.

## A SCOFFER AND PERSECUTOR.

A young man that was put out of the hall one night for making a disturbance, came the next night and gave his heart to God. He is a champion rink skater. He said they would not let him skate for the prizes, but now he meant to have a greater prize. Christ in the heart, and at the end a crown of Glory. He speaks at all our meetings with power.

## SHARP PERSECUTION.

A young woman saved at our hall, is now a member with us, joins in the processions, and speaks for Jesus, and does it well, too. Her mistress told her she must leave off coming to our meetings, or give up her situation at once. She gave up her place that night, but stuck to Jesus. The parents of another beat her till the blood ran down her face for coming to our meetings, but it does not keep her away. These are the sort Christ wants in his army. Always at it! yes, we don't mean to give the devil or sinners any rest. We have a good meeting from Twelve to One o'clock every day; open-air every night, hundreds in procession; public-houses emptied; a thousand in the hall before time, racing to get in, and many standing at the door; we have a thousand in our processions on Sunday—such a sight that makes devils tremble and angels shout. On the hills and in the valleys, in jet shops and fishing boats, you may hear them singing our hymns. Neither Cheap Jacks, the Christy Minstrels, nor Mesmerizers can get on in Whitby, for the people are mesmerized with the power of God. Hallelujah! Reader, will you send us powder and shot in the shape of money and tracts to help us in this great war between heaven and hell.

Yours truly, in the Lord's army,

CAPTAIN CADMAN, and  
GIPSY SMITH.

16, Gray Street, Whitby.

## WHITECHAPEL.

THANK GOD we are going ahead. Dear Brother Thomas has gone to everlasting rest—

But we are in the army,  
And dare not leave our post;  
We'll fight until we conquer,  
The foe's most mighty host.

This is the language of nearly all our people—we are on fire for the kingdom—young and old are hurrying to the front; and, glory be to God, there are plenty of strong brave hearts and willing hands to grasp the sword our dear brother has laid down.

Our services outside and in are well sustained, and we have had some glorious scenes of salvation the last month.

On Monday evening, the 3rd December, after the funeral of Brother Thomas, Mr. Booth conducted a special

## MEMORIAL SERVICE.

There was a large congregation, and a mighty influence from on high rested on us. Several brethren and sisters spoke with power, and the prayer meeting was a truly glorious time. Seven souls for Jesus, and good ones too—Hallelujah!

Among the cases of interest during the past month, there are a

GERMAN ROMANIST AND HIS WIFE. They were caught by the porch meeting—heard, and felt, and fell at the feet of Jesus together. The priests have coaxed and threatened, but God has undertaken his cause. His friends slammed the door in his face when they knew he was saved, but the Lord has found him work, and they are both rejoicing in Him.

## THE SAILOR AND HIS SISTERS.

Our readers will remember the account of a sailor getting saved during the Salvation Fair, about two months ago. Just before starting on his last voyage to America, his sister and her sweetheart came to London to see him; of course, he told them what the Lord had done for him, and got them to the noon porch meeting, where his sister cried for mercy and got the pardon of her sins. The young man was deeply convicted, and his sailor friend got him into one of the rooms at the hall, and wrestled and prayed till he also got salvation. They went home into Suffolk—to tell another sister and their friends what had happened—and the sailor to New York. He returned yesterday, and found a letter waiting for him from his sister, saying that

they are both still holding on to Jesus, and rejoicing in Him. She says, "I find it such a happy thing to serve Christ, I wish I had known what religion was before. I have some news for you. I must tell you my dear sister has given her heart to the Lord, and she is so happy. I cannot tell you how I felt when I knew it, I felt as if I could fly to her." Praise the Lord.

## BY THE COFFIN'S SIDE.

A dear aged sister, the mother of three of our workers here, came to see Brother Thomas's face through the glazed coffin lid. Mrs. S—, who went with her into the room, spoke of the nearness and suddenness of death, and begged her to settle her soul's salvation there and then. And down on their knees by the side of that cold coffin our sister realised that by believing in Him who is the resurrection and the life, she was *made alive*, from the "dead in trespasses and sins."

The following little history is just an illustration of the hundred ways our people are used of God to the comforting, and blessing, and salvation of those with whom they mix and toil day by day.

One of our dear sisters says: "I had occasion to go and see a woman living up—Street a little while ago, and after we had been talking a bit, she said, 'Don't you belong to Booth's?' 'Well,' I said, 'I am a member there, but I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Well, what's your religion?' 'My religion's *His* religion. He lives in my heart.' 'Well,' she said, 'now does He?' 'Yes, He does; and you can have Him in yours, if you will.' 'Well,' she said, 'I went once to hear Mrs. Booth preach in Bethnal Green, and Mrs. Booth said "that she was come that night with the last message of mercy to somebody there," and I wouldn't give God my heart just then. I felt it was *me* she was come to, and for three months after that I couldn't work nor sleep. I cried and prayed, and I couldn't eat, and I went to all the churches and chapels, but I couldn't get no rest; that was my last message, and now there's no mercy for me. My father's just the same; he weeps and longs for something, but doesn't know what to do.' So I just told her how I had found mercy through Mr. Booth's preaching, and explained a little what it meant to trust in Jesus, and then I had to come away.

"Well, I saw her again soon after, and she told me how she had gone up into her bedroom when I was gone, and thought it over, what I had been saying, and she thought 'Well, I never see it like this before, it seems different; I never see it like this before,' and there and then she trusted in the Lord, and He revealed Himself to her, and turned her tears into rejoicing. 'And, oh,' she said, 'I used to think it was very wrong of you Mission people to come singing and rowing up our street on a Sunday morning, but if you had come just then, while I was in the bedroom, I should have gone out and helped you. I am going to tell my father it's *Jesus* that he wants.'"

May the Lord bless both this dear sister and her father, and all our people who are witnessing constantly for Him here, and there, and everywhere.

## SISTER OSBORNE'S PRODIGAL SON.

A few months ago we reported the sudden death at the porch, one Sunday evening in May, of Sister Osborne. Some of us who knew her have heard her speak of and pray for a prodigal boy, of whose whereabouts she knew nothing when dying. About two months ago he came back to their former home to find his poor old mother gone to heaven; other members of the family refused to have anything to do with him, but they told him that she died at our hall, and he came straight to the porch meeting. We showed him the spot where his mother fell, and in his rags and bitterness of heart he sat and wept the wanderer's tears. We gave him enough to pay for a lodging, and talked to him of God and salvation, and at night he earnestly sought and joyfully found the pardon of his sins. Thank God for another answer to another mother's prayers. He has since got work, and is going on well. Praise the Lord.

Tracts and funds will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours in the army,

W. BENNETT and C. REYNOLDS,  
33, Buxton Street, Mile End, E.

## POPLAR.

"WHY, what does this mean?" said a gentleman, as he drew up his pony at the dock gates one noon-day, to see such a crowd of working men assembled. Oh, Hallelujah, it just means that salvation

has come into lots of hearts lately, and their desire is to carry the water of life to the famished millions. "Do those people do any good?" is often asked. Well, I should like some of our readers to have been at a meeting of

## A BAND OF BROTHERS,

led by Brother Railton in his usual Hallelujah style, they wouldn't want to put that question again. Eight or nine stalwart men, rescued from the jaws of hell, spoke with power out doors as well as in; and to see the rough lot, who had known them in sin, who came to hear them, did any one good. That service was not without results, for two poor sinners wept their way to the Saviour's feet.

## WORTH LIVING FOR.

One of the men we spoke about in our last has been used of God in a very special manner; five or six, with his wife, have been blessedly saved; it seems he has gone to all his friends, told them of his joy in finding the Lord, and they now are on the road to heaven. One man says, before my wife got converted,

SHE WAS ALWAYS GRUMBING at me, but now she seems so happy and pleased at anything, and its hard times too, for I can get no work. Oh, hallelujah, our happiness don't depend on circumstances, the Christian Mission trains people above that sort of thing.

## A CONVERTED WATERMAN,

that is often up and about for nights together, had found some sort of solace in his pipe. One night I was trying to convince some brothers that it was wrong in God's sight. I said, if Jesus was to appear all of a sudden to you, would you light up your pipe while He talked to you. Such an idea quite shocked our brother, and one night afterwards, while enjoying a smoke, the words came forcibly home to him, he immediately took the pipe from his mouth, tossed it up in the air, saying, "I'll be done with you." He is now worshipping God with

## CLEAN LIPS

as well as a clean heart; he is the happiest man in Poplar. I believe, to see him and his dear wife, who has lately found the Lord, night after night working for Jesus in the meetings, with faces beaming with joy, makes one's heart glad. We are feeling, somewhat, the stagnation of trade, several of our dear people being thrown out of employment. We find it a hard tug with the finances. God help somebody

to honour Him with their substance.  
Help! Help! Help!

Yours at the Master's feet,  
ANNIE DAVIS.

1, Shaw's Cottage,  
Kerbey Street, Poplar, E.

#### BARKING.

ENTERING the town at about five minutes to ten o'clock, I met two young men hurrying along to the open-air stand. "We are just going in for the glory again," they said. Nearer the spot, we found another brother waiting. "Only poorly," was his answer to the usual inquiry as to his health; but none would have thought it to hear him speak as he did again and again outside during the day.

As we marched down the town, through its whole length to the Bethel, one after another fell into the ranks, until we had a fine procession, singing as only Barking can sing.

Some were half inclined to grumble that we did not hold open-air service after, as well as before the morning one inside; but we were off to visit some of the missing ones, quite a number of the members having been laid up of late.

Arrived at one brother's house, we found a prayer-meeting, or rather a praise-meeting, already in full swing; the sick man leading as he lay there, with overflowing faith and joy. As we left the door, we could hear a cheery voice not far away singing—

"I'm a pilgrim,  
And I'm a stranger,  
"I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night."

It was the wife of another sick man, whose singing sounded through her window and across the garden. Some more praise together.

In another sick house we visited that day, we were almost ready to be alarmed at the coughing of a sister, whose throat we found bandaged and very bad. But in spite of all, she burst into prayer and praise; and her husband with a sore foot managed to get out into the fog at night, to help in the open-air service as well as in-doors.

A happy lot of mission folks! I should just think so. Place full in the afternoon, speaking and singing till practised throats got dry, and sinners faces got wet with tears, comparatively new converts, as well as veterans,

rejoicing together. Some of the brethren, who being on night work cannot get to a believers' meeting in the evening, met with Bro. Pratt the other morning at six o'clock.

The procession that afternoon put to shame many a large station, surpassing as it did, some evening ones we can recollect seeing even at Barking. And we wish brethren from very large places could have seen the huge ring and procession at night. We had to stow as many as possible on the platform to accommodate every one with a seat, notwithstanding all the absences, arising from sickness and night work; and the large rush of weeping sinners to the door the moment we began to pray for them, while a bitter disappointment to us, was a testimony to the furious attack they knew would burst upon each of them personally, if they dared to stop another minute in the place. We shall catch them yet, as well as the one who did yield.

We cannot better sum up the general impression of the day than in the words of a goddess spectator as he saw some of us hurrying past to the afternoon open-air service.

"There's no mistake, the Mission is doing something in Barking." If the Christian Mission had nothing to show but the work that has been accomplished in that little room upstairs at the bottom of a little town, it might well silence the contemptible cavils of those who criticise its reports and its efforts.

But we must have a larger place to enlarge this work. Where, or how to get it, we cannot tell. "You don't half pray for it, none of you," said a dear old saint. "I'm going in to see if I can't persuade Mr. — to let's have a piece of land to-morrow forenoon." May God help us all to pray and work till we get what we need.

#### LIMEHOUSE.

PRAISE God, onward we go, conquering and to conquer. Notwithstanding the dilapidated condition of our hall, believers are getting filled with the spirit, and sinners of the worst and blackest character are being saved.

A dear woman who came with one of our sisters to the prayer-meeting, at 7 o'clock, one Sunday morning, wept her way to the cross, got blessedly saved,

and is meeting in class with us, and holding on her way rejoicing.

#### JUST OUT OF NEWGATE.

A young woman who was lingering outside the Hall, was asked to come in and sit down. She answered, "They won't have me in there. I am one of the worst devils out of hell." The sister said, "You are just the one we want. Jesus died for such as you." She came in but slipped out again. But the Lord got hold of her, and she came again at night. With wandering the streets all the Saturday night she was exhausted and fell asleep during the service, but woke up in the prayer-meeting. When she was spoken to about her soul, she said, "I am too far gone. Though only 19 years old, I feel God won't have anything to do with me. I only came out of Newgate the other day. I am a pest to everybody who knows me, and I have broken my mother's heart. I cut a woman's throat when I was the worse for drink, and jump'd into the Thames to drown myself, but was rescued by a cabman who was close by. I stood my trial, and was condemned to Newgate, and do you think God can save such as me." We told her He could. She came out and wept, and told the Lord her miserable condition, sought forgiveness through the Blood of Jesus, got it and is rejoicing in it. Praise God for ever.

"I AM MADE HAPPY ALL OVER"  
said a tall navy with white slop and moleskin trousers who had got saved. A fortnight after he was saved, he came to the hall with a new suit. We hardly knew him. Being asked how he was getting on, he said "Bless the Lord, I am happy all over, inside and out. Everything goes better with me ever since I gave my heart to Jesus—it's good for the body and soul too. Praise God."

We are still alive at Limehouse. There's more to follow if space would permit.

C. HOBDEY.

36, Turner's Road, Limehouse.

#### BRADFORD.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whose putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

THE work is growing deeper and stronger at this station. This month it has been victory all along the line. Glory be to God! The Christian

Mission is a puzzle to many in this town. One man compared it to a heavy hailstorm, that made people run for shelter for the time being, but was soon all over. But the comparisons of our small friend's idle and thin prophecies are coming to naught. Those who have helped us to push the battle now realise that it is a soul-saving, God-honouring, heaven-rejoicing, earth-defying, devil-driving, and hell-conquering work. Let some who have seen and felt its power bear witness to this. Some of the blackest sinners in the town have been converted, and are living godly and useful lives.

#### RAISING THE DEAD IN THE OPEN AIR.

On Thursday evening we went out to hold an open-air meeting, and as the police had moved us from this stand several times, I said, "We will have a very quiet meeting to-night, and do something before the police hear us." We commenced by forming a ring, and silently praying that God would bless the town. The people gathered round, wondering what we were going to do. Some inquired very anxiously, "What's the matter with them?" Others came pushing up, saying, "What are they doing?" I said, very solemnly, "We are trying to raise the dead," and many looked as if some spirit was coming up through the earth. The dead silence had a wonderful effect, and we had a congregation in a few minutes, the policeman coming up and looking on with the rest to see what was going to happen. Then I began to announce our in-door meetings, and exhort the people to come to Christ at once and get saved, as He had power still to raise the dead in trespasses and sins. The police then interfered, and we moved off to the hall, singing

"Jesus, the name high over all  
In hell and earth and sky;  
Angels and men before Him fall,  
And devils fear and fly."

Many followed, and God met us there.

Sunday, Dec. 2nd, 1877, was a grand day. Commenced with a love-feast at seven a.m., which was full of life and power. Hallelujah! At eleven we missioned the streets. God was with us. Many followed from one street to another. The singing went with life, and the word spoken took hold of the people. A meeting was held in the hall at the same time, addressed by Brother Lee. At 2.30 p.m. I preached

in the Theatre; felt things cold and hard at first. This was a trial of our faith. But they soon melted down, and a gracious influence pervaded the meeting. At the Theatre in the evening we had a large congregation. I spoke for ten minutes straight to the point—the power of God seemed to fill the place. Five of our brethren (young converts) then followed. There was the converted tailor, the converted fishmonger, the converted flying stationer, the converted waggoner, and the converted clown. We had very good attention; their experiences, mixed with God's word, were very attractive, interesting, and convincing. During the after-meeting thirteen souls came on to the stage and professed to obtain salvation, and several more of the young people who were backsliders. Two men,

#### OLD COMPANIONS,

came up separately, neither being aware that the other was there. But when they both found mercy, I led them together, and they at once grasped each other with great rejoicing, while we shouted "Victory through the blood!" They are both happy in God, and at work for Him, bringing their companions to Jesus. One has been a great drunkard, the other an old play-actor, and says *he has performed on the very stage where he sought and found salvation*. Praise God! Pray for them.

#### WRESTLING FOR FULL SALVATION.

"Dear Brother,—Since God has done so much for me through your instrumentality, I feel that I should like to give you a little of my experience. You know how God saved my soul through another's prayers when I was deep in sin, but soon after I found, by coming to your meetings, I was short of a full salvation. Well, for weeks I was seeking after full redemption. One Saturday night you was speaking about Jacob's determination to prevail with God, so he wrestled all night until break of day, and said, 'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me,' and He blessed him there, for as a prince he prevailed with God. Whilst you was talking the Holy Ghost was working in my soul, so I made up my mind to have a full salvation; so, going down on my knees, I told God I would not get up until He fully saved me. Bro. I. Lawley and I agreed to stay all night but what I would get this great blessing. So Bro. Lawley got the key of the hall,

and to prayer we went, and we prayed and wrestled with God for the victory, but was fast locked up for some time. But at last I began to pray for faith, and God, who always answers a faithful prayer, gave it to me, and I felt that I could believe for anything; and about ten o'clock God answered our prayers. I was fully saved—praise God! I cannot tell you what I feel; but since that night I have had a continual victory over myself and Satan, with strong desires to live for God and souls.—Yours fully redeemed from all iniquity,

"E. I."

#### THE FLYING STATIONER AND HIS WIFE.

"Dear Mr. Dowdle.—From one that is washed in the blood of the Lamb.—I can never sufficiently thank God for sending the Christian Mission to Bradford, for neither me nor my husband was fit to live. I don't know where the church and chapel ministers hides themselves. We had both been shown the right road, but we got out of the right path. I do thank God that He has sent the Christian Mission. It is like as if He has sent them down from heaven to pick up those that have fallen, and to waken those that is slumbering.

"I do believe that my Heavenly Father has sent His last message to us. Let us look well to trying to pushing it forward. I often tell George I wish we had the means of giving them more help. We have had that gift once, and instead of helping the cause of Christ we started to serve the devil. Eleven years since we asked God to prosper us, and He did prosper us; and if we had only stuck to God we should have been prospering yet, and been able to help others. But we forgot our God, and started to serve the devil; it is very expensive to serve him, and we get nothing but misery for it.

"Before I gave myself to Christ I was always cross—past living with, but now I feel to be always content. I have often wondered at Mr. Dowdle looking so happy; I don't wonder now. No one has more right to be happy than God's children.

"I feel thankful that the Christian Mission has got to Cardiff. I pray to God that it may reach Merthyr Tydvil. I have got five brothers and father there. I know my father is saved, but not my brothers.

"I remember when I was very young my father attended the Independent Chapel. He used to come home very much annoyed; he used to say there had been a Ranter annoying the people at chapel with shouting. But, thank God! he does not think so now, as he is a member of the Wesleyans. But they don't go out to find those that has fallen, and try to lead them to the Saviour, as the Christian Mission is doing. I say a thousand times, God bless them! I pray that God will rain blessings on them all! Glory be to God and the Lamb!

#### "THE FLYING STATIONER'S WIFE."

#### AT THE PENITENT FORM OR NOT AT ALL.

"My dear Friend,—I went on the stage at Pullan's on Whit-Sunday night, and the Lord pardoned my sins. I was uneasy all the week after. I wanted my husband to decide for Christ, but he refused. He said he could be pardoned as well at home as going to a penitent form. I prayed for him all the week, and on the Saturday night, while at the meeting, I wanted him to give all up for Christ, but it was all no use.

"When we came out from the meeting, I and a friend of mine agreed we would begin again and pray for him, and she said to me, 'You will see we will have him on the stage to-morrow night.' I told him that we were going to pray for him. He went to the open-air service on the Sunday morning, and I went down on my knees and prayed for him again. We went to Pullan's in the afternoon, and I asked if he would go on the stage, and I would go with him. He said, 'I will to-night.' And, thank God! he went without any persuasion, and got saved, and he has been a different man ever since.

"Yours truly,

"M. G."

#### A WHISKEY-DRINKING WOMAN

saw she was under conviction. I spoke to her about her soul. She said, "I have a bit of trouble at home, so I thought I would go and get a sup of whiskey to cheer me up, so I was going to the 'Boy and Barrel' to get my gill of whiskey, with my money in my hand, and had to pass the open-air meeting. The singing so attracted me that I listened, and could not get away; then the speaking made me feel as I had

never felt before; then I could not go and get my whiskey, but come with you in the hall; and I am glad I come in. I know God is here, and has been blessing me." Then she gave me the whiskey money, and said she would never take any more.

We are very anxious to close our first year in Bradford out of debt. It ends February 11th. Will our friends kindly pray for and help us to do this, so that we may commence from the anniversary free. Help will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

JAMES DOWDLE.

47, Burlington Terrace,  
Manningham Lane, Bradford.

#### LEEDS.

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—Acts i. 8.

HALLELUJAH! we can bear testimony to the truthfulness of the above passage, inasmuch as, having received a baptism of the Holy Ghost during the last month, we have seen the power of God manifested in the salvation of many souls.

#### MIDNIGHT PROCESSION.

We left the "Salvation Hall" the other week night about eleven o'clock, walked down to the foot of Briggate, and then commenced to sing. All sorts of characters soon flocked to see what was the matter. A policeman came up and ordered us to move on; we walked on, singing as we went, till we lost sight of the policeman. I spoke to a hundred or more till the police-officer came up again, and we had to go on. We kept on singing and speaking, however, till we got to the hall, when about 150 men of all classes came in. To gain their attention, Brother Broadbent said, "Now, lads, I'll sing you a solo"; so he sang

"We'll cross the river of Jordan,"

and they all tried their best to help by joining in heartily. One of the brothers spoke; then we prayed, during which they all knelt. When we rose, one began to get rather unruly; another said, "Let me settle him; I'll do it in two minutes." By that time they had all risen, and were laying hold of him to pitch him out of doors; we had to interpose then to prevent mischief. Brother Broadbent then sang another solo. Then Brother Garforth spoke. One man said to him, "Thou didn't do

fair to me, lad, for thou chuck'd the race, and lost me £6." Another got up, and said, "Aye, but we know what Garforth was, and we know there is a change now; we hope he'll stick to it, and I hope what he has said will do us good." Then his companions said, "Thou shut up, and let us hear somebody else." Many of them said, "None of the chapels would do this for us, or let such a lot of roughs like us in." We closed about a quarter to one, and about a hundred of them went off singing

"The Jews crucified Him."

Several of them have been at our meetings since.

#### A DRUNKARD AND A GAMBLER SAVED.

In giving his experience, he said the devil had been very good to him while he served him, for he used to live in a cock-loft, but now in God's service he could afford a decent house and furniture. He drank and gambled for seven and nine weeks at a time. When he went home his wife used to expect some money from him, but what she expected she didn't get, and what she didn't expect she got; we can guess what that would be. He brought his wife next night, and they are both living a changed life.

We have had several other good cases, but want of space prevents their publication this time.

Glory be to God! we had a break-in last night; twelve professed to find peace.

Thanks for tracts from G. Atkinson, Miss Brown (ShIPLEY), and A Friend (Richmond). More tracts needed.

Funds are very low. The smallest donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

JAMES BROADBENT, Secretary.

Covered Market, Leeds, or

JAMES ROBINSON.

34, Stamford Street, Leeds.

#### WEST HARTLEPOOL.

I AM glad to say that though it has been hard work here, God has been our helper. Many professors of the world and the devil have been against us; but God has been our helper. When the police have put their hands on our brethren, they have trembled and had to let them loose. After three weeks'

hard fighting, thank God, on the 9th of December

#### WE GOT THE VICTORY.

We commenced at seven in the morning, and then at ten in the open air. At eleven, in the Temperance Hall, we held a love-feast, when men and women told us how the Lord had saved them and kept them from sin; it was a good time, and God was with us. At a quarter to two we paraded the streets for three quarters of an hour, and then to the Theatre Royal, where Mrs. Moffat and the converted fireman, led by Happy Jim, held service. At twenty minutes to six we paraded the streets again, with about 150 good people, taking all before us, singing,

"Come sinner to Jesus, no longer delay,"

and all the town was up at windows and doors, looking at us and wondering.

At the Theatre Royal, there was so great a crowd waiting, and such a crush when the doors were opened, that the cry of murder was raised, and we had to shut the doors two or three times—they were treading on one another. The place was full, and I commenced at a quarter to seven, and while the service was going on, I had to stop and sing a hymn, and put out some rough fellows who were trying to upset the service. But God wounded many, and nine came on the stage to seek pardon, and, thank God, got the oil of joy poured into their wounded hearts, and went home saved and happy in Jesus.

Yours, at the feet of Jesus,  
JAMES FARGETER.

#### LEICESTER.

WE are just closing one of the best years of our lives; a year of peculiar trial and affliction, but one of great victory. Every time we look upon the mass of people that attend the Salvation Warehouse, and upon the number of saved men and women, who mission the streets every night through wet and wind, fog and rain, and all sorts of weather, we exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" In the last few months, hundreds of precious souls have professed to find peace; and we don't know a church or chapel or mission room in the town but has some of our converts; so that while we keep together a great crowd of blood-washed souls, and have about fifty public speakers, who have been fetched out of the gutters of Leicester, and are able to interest

#### BALLINGTON BOOTH AT LEICESTER.

I WAS privileged to spend Sunday, Nov. 18th, with our Leicester friends, and it was one of the happiest days I ever experienced in the Christian Mission. I was much cheered to see so many hard at work for God and to hear the hearty singing, the zealous prayers, and soul-stirring addresses and experiences of those who were once accustomed to revel only in sin and misery.

After a short cottage meeting at six o'clock, on the Saturday night, held to offer praise to God for having, in answer to prayer, raised a dear sister from a bed of sickness, we passed on to the "Salvation Warehouse." Here, a very pleasing number of people had gathered, and we had a profitable time. On Sunday, before the morning service, we had a good open-air gathering, and while the brethren were speaking words of love to the hardened crowd, many eyes were filled with tears, and many doubtless were convicted of sin. The morning and afternoon services were good, but to see the Warehouse crowded at night, was the most pleasing sight of all. In spite of the unfavourable weather, two large bands were in the open-air, and many heard the Gospel proclaimed in love and power, and at the close of the service, nineteen precious souls professed salvation through the blood.

I jotted down some of the experiences of the afternoon which may interest your readers.

1. "I had a black heart at one time, but I got converted, and now I feel more like the Saviour. I used to sing the devil's songs, but now there is a great change in me, and I sing the songs of the Christian."

2. "When I got converted I fell at the Saviour's feet, and I was overwhelmed with sin. I prayed often, but my heart was stubborn. I felt my sins not only like a hundred weight but like a ton; but bless God they are all washed away. I used to sell peas at a halfpenny *a-plate*, and then spend the money in drink; but now I speak of salvation."

3. "I thank God the Christian Mission ever came to Leicester," (a voice from a brother behind, "I should have been drunk now if it hadn't") "and that I got my soul saved."

4. "I feel like Bunyan, a brand

almost any congregation, we know that we are at the same time benefiting and feeding other churches.

MR. BALLINGTON BOOTH came to see us on Sunday, November 18. God clothed him and us with special power, and many precious souls will never forget the holy-hallowed feeling that rested upon the services of that day. One poor woman ran to the penitent form and fell on her knees at the feet of Jesus, crying, "Lord save me! Lord save me!" I said, "Can the Lord save your soul, my sister?" "Oh, yes, sir," she said, as the tears streamed down her cheeks; "But," I said, "you have been very wicked, haven't you, and your soul is far from God, isn't it?" She said, "Yes, sir, I have a very wicked soul, it's a drunken soul, and a lying soul, and a swearing soul, but I pray God will pardon me; I believe he died for me, and he will save me." We sang—

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

and the drunken, lying, swearing soul soon professed to have found liberty. On both sides of her we had long rows of anxious souls, stepping into the fountain in the same way, and were made whole.

#### THE COALVILLE MURDER

was announced as my subject for Sunday evening, December 2nd. This brought together about two thousand people. We never saw the Warehouse packed in every part more than on this occasion. Lots of folks were standing in the aisles of the Warehouse, and a brother at the door said hundreds went away who could not get in; three or four fainted with the heat and had to be carried out, which went very much against the meeting; but through it all, God was very wonderfully at work, and at the close, over twenty souls came out seeking mercy.

#### BROTHER HURRELL,

who had this day spent his first Sunday in the Salvation Warehouse, was richly baptised, and praised God for having brought him to labour amongst us.

We greatly need help in money and tracts. R. Lawrence, 78, High Street, is our hon. treasurer, and will be glad to receive any help in any way, or,

Yours in Jesus,

WM. CORBRIDGE.

48, New Bridge Street,  
Leicester.

plucked from the burning. I was as hard as flint, but now, thank God, my heart is soft."

5. "I feel unspeakably happy, and I mean to fight for Jesus and do what He tells me."

6. "I feel I am on the very road to Heaven; I used to be on the down line to hell, but now I am on the up line to Heaven."

7. "I am only just on the road to heaven. I am only a baby. I have not found what there is in religion yet, (a voice: 'you have only just put on your slippers, lad') but I shall go on."

8. "If I was not saved I think I should be compelled to fall at the Saviour's feet. David says, 'My cup runneth over,' and I feel as if my heart was running over."

Oh, that God may raise up in all our towns, men and women, who with hearts full of love, and souls quickened by the Divine Spirit, shall do a similar work to that which is being carried on in the Salvation Warehouse, Leicester.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

#### NORTH ORMESBY.

THE past month our congregations have largely increased, and we have been straightened for room. Some, perhaps, have come merely to listen, but have been obliged to pray, and we have had the unspeakable privilege of pointing them to Him who is "Mighty to save." The following is a note I have received from

A PLATELAYER.

"Thank God for what He has done for me: my prospects now are very cheering. The devil has just lately been robbed of some of his best men, and our Jesus, whom we serve, has had the victory—glory to God! I am on the spiritual railway now, and it leads to heaven. I do bless God that ever He broke my heart. I am only a young man, but I have served the devil faithfully. Sometimes I would go to chapel on a Sunday night; but when there I could not rest, as my heart kept "jumping" all the time, and so I would go out. But, bless God, I came to the Assembly Rooms the other Sunday night, and while you were preaching the Lord laid hold of me, broke my heart, bound it up again, and to-day I am saved—Hallelujah!

May God keep me faithful to the end."

Another writes thus:—

"SAVED AT LAST."

"Three weeks ago I went to the Assembly Rooms to hear you preach the Gospel, and while you were doing so, I saw my state as a sinner. I left the meeting, saying nothing to nobody, and went again three times that week, but still I would not yield. Last Sunday I went to Hartlepool to spend the day; but when I got there, there was a dear old lady would talk to me about the salvation of my soul. I thought, why the Lord is following me all over the place! She gave me a book, to read on my way home ('Experiences of Mrs. H. A. Rogers'), and God spoke to me through the book. I then resolved that the following week I would get saved; but on my reaching home, I heard that you were going to preach Mrs. Hunt's funeral sermon in the Assembly Rooms. I went to hear it; and in the prayer meeting I gave my heart to God, and so am 'saved at last.'"

A TAILOR

Has been coming to our meetings a great many times, but would always go out before the prayer meeting. But the other Sunday, through sitting in the front with his wife, who has been a member with us a long time, he thought he would stay till the close. Seeing him stay behind, I went to him, and said, "Well, Mr.—, you have never been converted, have you? Will you get SAVED to-night?" He said, "I will," and at once came out, knelt down at the penitent form, confessed his sins, and, of course, got them forgiven.

For some time we have been in great want of larger premises. Arrangements have been made for the erection of a new hall in the market-place, which has already commenced. We now confidently appeal for help to purchase the necessary seats and fittings, which it is estimated will cost about £60. We do not ask for funds to carry on the work, the regular working expenses being met by the free-will offerings of the people; but we do ask that you will help us to provide the necessary seats for the new building.

Money, &c., may be sent to Mr. Malthouse, 23, Hymer Street; or to yours,

In the Gospel,  
JOHN ROBERTS.

#### CHATHAM.

"See our numbers how they swell,  
Zion stretches out her borders;  
Triumphs o'er the power of hell.  
Praise ye the Lord."

YES, more of our own people at the open-air services, many more speakers, and much improvement in speaking, and, best of all, more of the power of the Holy Ghost. More people to listen outside and in. Yes, say the people, we never had such congregations before, except when we had some one special. The gallery, which was not required at one time, has now to be open every Sunday night. And why not? Why not make progress? why not go on? our work is not a mere flash in the pan; why not expect to grow? Praise the Lord, we will go on till Christ shall reign wherever the sun

"Doth his successive journeys run,  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till sun shall rise and set no more."

Many during the past month have been seeking the Lord, and some go on to prove that they have found Him.

A CONVERTED TINKER,

with his white slop on, was attracted by our singing to come into the hall. I found out in speaking to him that years ago he had been living a better life, but his looks now showed how he had fallen. While speaking, the tears began to flow, and out he came to the penitent form, and found peace through believing. He told us his experience the other day: "Some may say what am I doing here—I saw you drunk the other night? Quite right, I was; but I'm sober now, thank God for it. I came out of the house with a penny to get half-a-pint, but somehow or other I got in here, I hardly know how, but, praise the Lord, I'm glad I did. The devil tries very hard to get me back, but I do hope the Lord will keep me, and may I meet you in heaven."

A dear aged sister's experience:—  
"Dear me, I don't know what to say. To think that the Lord should save me after being

INTO TEENS OF YEARS A BACKSLIDER.  
You cannot tell, sir, what a deal I think about you for being the means of bringing me to Jesus, a poor unworthy being that I was. Bless His name."

A SOLDIER.

I came one night miserable into the hall, but I went out happy. Being an

officer's servant I had a small apartment to myself. There lay my pipes and tobacco, and some novels which I used to be very fond of reading, while in a corner of the room, in a little black bag, was my Bible, never used. But I was converted now; away went pipes and tobacco, novels into the stove to light it next morning, and out came the Bible from the corner and took the place of the novels, and now I'm happy—not only a soldier for the Queen, but for King Jesus, and now I can kneel down in the barrack-room or anywhere.

A CORPORAL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

I must say that I never enjoyed religion more in my life than I have done among you. I'm about to leave you, but I shall still remember you in my prayers, hoping you will pray for me. I would say to my fellow-soldiers, be Christians; indeed, if you are, your enemies will learn to respect you. I'm respected now on account of my principles and living. To-morrow night about 10 o'clock I shall be at Hull, on board ship, and will have to take up the Cross of praying among strangers. Do pray for me. I hope I shall meet you all in heaven.

"Ah," said a gentleman when asked to help by a subscription, "it is all excitement, lots of the people don't stand, so they must be worse than they were before," although I don't see how they could be worse. Well, if they fall, we'll try to pick them up again—yes, again and again, the Lord helping us, that is the work of the Mission to rescue perishing sinners. To go on with this work we need the sympathy of our wealthier friends.

This year is nearly out, and with it we want to go out of our old debts to start the New Year with new power—no debts. You that can help us, do, please. Thanks for tracts from Miss Brown, Shipley, Leeds.

Money, stamps, or orders, likewise tracts, will be thankfully acknowledged by

W. WHITFIELD.  
4, Alma Terrace, High Street,  
Chatham.

#### STOKE NEWINGTON.

A YOUNG WOMAN

who had been to our meetings several times, came into the hall one night before the service began. I asked her if she was right with God, she began to

weep, and said, "I wish I was." I told her how willing God was to save her if she was willing to turn to Him with all her heart. She got on her knees and cried to God to have mercy upon her. She was soon able to rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven. She has been a constant attendant at our class ever since. Last Tuesday she got up and said, "Dear friends, I am still trusting in Jesus, he makes me very happy. I expect that this will be the last time I shall meet with you, as I have to leave Stoke Newington, but I am going to take Christ with me, and I believe I shall meet you in heaven."

After a preaching service one Sunday night, I spoke to a young German woman with whom the spirit of God was striving. She said she knew she was a sinner, and if she did not get pardon she would go to hell; but she said I do not think God could save me in a minute. She thought that she might get rid of her sins a few at a time (retail them out, so to speak), but I told her of the wholesale plan, and pointed her to the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and she was soon able to sing with all her heart,

"The blood of Jesus cleanseth me  
This moment, I believe."

Dear friends, pray for us. Help is greatly needed, and will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

ARTHUR W. WATTS.

27, Lonsborough Road,  
Nevill Road, Stoke Newington.

#### SOHO.

ALTHOUGH without an evangelist, the friends at Soho have strengthened themselves in the Lord their God, buckled on their armour afresh, and are carrying on the work with spirit. They have doubled their own contributions, and are seeking the aid of friends in the neighbourhood, that they may be in a position to defray the heavy expenses connected with the hall.

They tell of a poor drunkard's wife who came to the hall destitute and miserable, but found salvation, and soon afterwards led her husband also to Christ. A young man, sunk so low that he could get no employment, came, and is now in a position which enables him to contribute £5 a-year.

Foreigners as well as Englishmen frequently drop into the hall and learn

the new language and the new songs of the redeemed. One of these, who was convinced of sin there two years ago, recently told at an experience meeting how God had been using him in saving souls abroad since then.

The mere rent of the building being £78 per annum, help is much need, and will be thankfully received by the local treasurer,

MR. BOULT,

20, King Street, St. James's, W.

#### FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SISTER HUNT, OF NORTH ORMESBY.

OUR dear sister was born at Chippenham, in Cambridgeshire, in the year 1845. She and her husband came to North Ormesby about four years ago. They lived a moral life from that time till September, 1876, when the Assembly Rooms were taken for the use of the Christian Mission. Mr. Garner conducted the service on the first Sunday evening, and at the close invited those that were willing to give up sin to come forward, assuring them that God would save them. The Holy Spirit had been striving with Brother Hunt all through the service, and on receiving such an invitation immediately accepted it, and went home rejoicing with the knowledge that his were all forgiven.

He at once began to pray for his wife, and about a month afterwards our dear sister came to the Assembly Rooms. Brother Panter was preaching that evening, and in the prayer-meeting Brother Hunt succeeded in getting his wife to come to Jesus, who is always waiting to say to each and to all, "Come, and I will in no wise cast you out." That night she found peace with God, through faith in Jesus Christ, and has been rejoicing in that peace ever since.

She has been very weak in body all this year. I have visited her many times, and have always found her rejoicing in the Lord. The last two months she has been confined to her bed; but has been perfectly resigned to the Lord's will. Whenever I visited she was either reading the Word, or else it was lying on the pillow near at hand.

The day before she died I said to her, "My sister, you will soon be in heaven with Jesus now." She replied, "I don't mind if it's to-morrow." This was the last time I saw; thinking her end to be

very near, I said "Good-bye," when she said she should soon be in heaven, and would watch for my coming. Angels were waiting around her bed, waiting to receive the command to bear her in their bosoms to the bright and better land. She said to her nurse, "There they are, all dressed in white," and seemed surprised to hear her say she could not see them. Just before she died she wished her husband and family good-bye, and on Wednesday evening, October 24th, about seven o'clock, she took the last step of her mortal pilgrimage, and entered into the promised land.

At her funeral sermon the following Sunday evening God blessed His word, and brought to life many that had been dead in trespasses and in sins.

SQUIRE WOODHEAD, OF BRADFORD.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve years of age, converted on May 13th, 1877, at Pullan's Theatre. A good lad. Taken ill at his work last week. His sickness was unto death. His lamp was trimmed and his light burning; he was singing and praying up to the very last, when almost suddenly his happy soul was kissed away. J. DOWDLE.

WILLIAM CRABTREE, THE FIRST FRUIT OF BRADFORD.

OUR dear brother was first arrested by the Sunday morning meeting in the open air at Canal Road, and then resolved to come to Pullan's Theatre to the evening services. He came, and the word was "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." He felt he was athirst, so he came out on to the stage, and had a draught from that life-giving fountain, and obtained eternal life. His sins were pardoned, his soul was free, and he heartily rejoiced in Jesus. He went home and told his wife what God had done for him, and she came the next Sunday and got saved, so they went hand in hand together. The husband joined my class, and the last time he was in the meeting, the people were making promises to give for our opening tea at the weeknight hall. He was then out of work, and could not afford to give anything, and went home somewhat grieved, because he could not do something for the cause that had been so blest to him; but his Father took the will for the deed. He

was taken ill with brain fever in a few days. As he did not complain, they all thought it was nothing serious. He was visited, and he was very happy in his soul. Although his disease was a very painful one, God gave him grace and patience to bare up under his suffering without complaining. His last night upon earth, one of our brothers, G. Lovegrove, visited him, and was reading to him about the better land. Although he appeared to be dozing, he roused himself up and said, "Oh, wont it be grand when we all get there," and the same night he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. The Saturday he was buried, the corpse was brought out of the house and laid upon chairs, and we held a service in the street, which was crammed, and the walls lined with eager listeners. Many of the neighbours weeping, while I gave an address, and sang

"Loved ones have gone before us,  
They beckon us away,  
O'er heavenly plains they're soaring;  
Blest in eternal day.  
But we are in the army,  
And dare not leave our post,  
We'll fight on if we conquer,  
The foe's most mighty host."

Since then, some of his relations have enlisted in this army, and others, who were at the funeral services, have been converted.

#### OUR DYING ONES.

AGAIN and again we are met with the sad news that some of our beloved people are passing away, or have already crossed the tide into the better country.

We are reluctantly compelled again to postpone the insertion of memorials of Bros. Dilks and Bellinger, not only because of the space occupied by others above, but because Bro. Thomas, whose duty it would have been to collect and transmit to us the material, has himself followed them to glory.

And now we hear that another White-chapel member, who, but two days ago was with us in the hall, is added to the list of those who are gone before. Whose turn will come before February? Yours? Are you quite ready?

## Music.

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## The Mission Ship.

Hymn 325.

Oh! tell us who's the builder of your vessel, If she's mighty, if she's safe?  
The great Jehovah is the builder of her, She is mighty, she is safe.

The Father, Son, and Spirit three,  
Built her, and sent her out to sea, And this assures both you and me She is

**CHORUS.**  
mighty, She is safe, She is mighty, she is safe. We'll stand the storm, it  
ha - ven of e -

won't be long, We'll anchor by and by, In the Je - sus - ever nigh.  
ter - nal love With

2 Oh! tell us, is your vessel in good order,  
If she's mighty, if she's safe?  
Yes, we can say to all who come on  
board her,

She is mighty, she is safe.  
Her base is Christian Unity;  
Her masts,—Faith, Hope, and Charity;  
Her flag,—“The Saviour died for me.”  
She is mighty, she is safe.

3 Oh! tell us, have you men on board to  
steer her,

If they're able, if she's safe?  
Yes, we can say to all who come on board  
They are able, she is safe. [her,

Preachers we have, and leaders too,  
Members besides, and not a few;  
And yet there's room enough for you:  
Come and welcome, she is safe.

4 Oh! tell us, whither do you mean to  
steer her,  
If she's mighty, if she's safe?  
To heaven above, and that is where  
she'll land us,  
She is mighty, she is safe.

Thousands in her have gone before,  
Their toils and sufferings all are o'er,  
They've landed safe on Canaan's shore.  
Come on board her, she is safe.