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Sanctification.

OUTLINE OF AN ADDRESS BY W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

“What must I do to be saved.”—ACTS xvi. 30.

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SANCTIFICATION, is looked upon in the Christian Mission, as a state of grace greatly to be desired, by many as impossible to attain, by many as a standing duty which they fail to come up to, and they therefore are brought into constant condemnation by reason of the fact that they have light but do not walk in it; and I think, my friends, that the case of such is perhaps more to be pitied, even if more to be blamed, than any other class of religious people. They are enslaved within the reach of liberty, they hunger within full view of the heavenly table.

Now I shall take for granted this morning that you are in the main agreed with me as to what is entire sanctification. Let me run through its main characteristics. 1. It is a distinct state of grace from justification. 2. It includes deliverance from all outward and indwelling sin, the very *roots*—pride, anger, love of the world, &c. 3. It includes the filling of the heart with all the graces and fruits of the Spirit. The being perfected in love. Filled to present capacity and kept filled as the vessel enlarges. Now, I say that I am taking for granted you go with me thus far, and I have said that you believe this possible, and that some of you are brought into condemnation every time you think about it, because it is not your experience. Now, in your room upstairs, the other evening, this question was put to me, “Mr. Booth, what must I do to be sanctified?” And this morning I am taking the question you will find in the 30th verse of the 16th chapter of Acts, What must I do to be saved? as a text on which to ground some remarks in answer to this question, what must I do to be sanctified? I believe there are many saints who could well ask What must I do to be saved? and when you begin to do this, when you come to this matter with an earnest longing,

determined *heart*, you are not far from this *inner* kingdom of the kingdom of God.

I. WHAT YOU MUST NOT DO TO BE SANCTIFIED.

It seems to be important to point out one or two things which must not be done. So much has been said and written, and it is so easy to be "*befogged*," especially when the devil is ever on the watch to confuse. Now allow me very briefly to notice and show what you must *not* do to be sanctified.

1. *You must not think you have nothing to do.* That you have only to sit still and go quietly on, and that by some means God will work this change in you by growth. That you will grow out of these hindrances, that you are going to grow the better of that pride, and that evil temper, and that unbelief. This is a delusion. Oh, but you say, am I not to grow in grace? Yes; but not *into* it. Take that apple tree and plant it in the stony road, and bid it grow *into* the orchard, and it will droop, and droop, and die; put it in the orchard, and bid it grow *in* the good soil there, and it *will*, and fructify. Just so your *soul*. Get *in* this grace of entire sanctification and then *grow*. Oh what a *delusion* this is, "I am just to wait for God." It makes backsliders. What is the first cause of *all* backsliding? HEART EVILS! I know a gentleman who was asked, "Sir, how long have you been thus waiting and growing?" "Fifty years!" "And are you yet sanctified?" "No." And yet he believed he would have been ten times more useful and happy if he had. He is, I believe, fully saved now. How do you think he regards that fifty years of doing nothing? I tell you I regard it as *lost*.

2. *You must not say or think you cannot do what God requires you to do.* Here is a very subtle and a fatal temptation of the devil. He actually persuades some of you to think you *cannot* do what He requires. Beware of this. Satan lays before you the circumstances. Your home, your business, some idol, some one fact which you feel you cannot renounce. My friend, it is a *lie*. You feel this. This is hindering you. He is a liar. Oh the sorrow, the bitterness, the failure, the condemnation, we should avoid if we did but thoroughly, clearly, settle that he is, and always has been, and always will be, a *liar*. The very fact that the Spirit of God calls upon you to do anything is proof that he is able to cause you to do it.

3. *Do not seek any easier way than God's.* The very essence of sin is selfishness. The very essence of Holiness is self-sacrifice. This is to be a life of self-surrender, of self-nothingness, of utter carelessness and fearlessness about self. You are to *lose yourself in God*. Here is to be a new Almighty power in the universe—God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and you a godly being—four in one and one in four. Abandon your poor puny, miserable, greedy, self-seeking, self-indulging, self. Away with it; "Lord, away with him; crucify him—Amen, and amen, and amen."

4. *Do not hold to anything doubtful.* I beseech of you be careful here. *Doubtful*. Anything about which you have a shadow of

doubt. Because if it is in any degree doubtful it cannot be of *faith*; can it? Those two cannot go together; and "whatsoever is not of faith is SIN." Do you now see why you must give up that doubtful *practice*, that doubtful *habit*, that doubtful ornament you wear, that doubtful book you read, that doubtful companion you have? My brother, my sister, I tell you in the name of the eternal God it is SIN; therefore you must not hold to it. How I am struck with this. A Middlesboro' woman, who wore a white rose in her bonnet, said there was *no harm* in it. I asked, "Is there any good in it?" and then it was torn out, and the rose of Sharon came into her heart. I don't say it was wrong; I don't deny I did think the bonnet looked a great deal more genteel without it; I only say it was doubtful; it was sin, and it had to come out. I knew a man who treasured in his heart an undue affection for another, which chafed and marred his life; it got there and it would remain and did remain. It was a sort of bitter indulgence. It was natural—in its proper place, noble; but it had more place than its due, and it became doubtful. Before that man could be sanctified it had to be torn down. I have heard him say that the cutting down of that doubtful thing was the bitterest moment of his life, but that bitter stroke brought streams of precious sweet and living water to his longing soul.

5. *Do not put the matter off.* This morning is the only time you can have in eternity as yours. Act in it. You have put off being holy long enough; too long. What is the regret of dying saints, "Oh, that I had been sanctified before." Payson said he had three months' experience of heaven and he might have had thirty years! That his ups and downs were his only regret there on his death bed. You will never have a more convenient season; you will never have *so* convenient a season. Thank God all things are *now* ready. All remains with you.

6. *Do not despair about keeping the blessing.* You do not do this in other things. Your situation—you take one and lose it because of a failure or a fire. You do not go to the Union and say "It's no use;" you laugh at the firm, and go and get another place. And if I came along and said, "Oh! don't do that; of course it would be nice to be in a good job, and have plenty to eat and drink, and something for the cause of God at Whitechapel, but really I fear you won't keep it!" You would say, "Mr. Bramwell must be overworked, he ought to go to the sea side for rest!" Now this is precisely what the devil says. It would be nice to have the grapes, and honey, and milk, it *would*, but you see you won't keep it? *A Liar. A LIAR.* Get your head up, and your heart; never despair.

II. WHAT YOU MUST DO TO BE SANCTIFIED.

Of course I can only give you the main lines on which the Holy Ghost operates. He will teach you, and, perhaps I ought to remark, that the first step is to lay your heart open to be taught what to do, and to be taught by God in his own way, and now.

1. *You must understand what you have to do.* A mistake here is

a vital matter. Here is a man in ill health; he is not laid up, but he is ailing. You say that man's first work should be to find out what is the matter, and to find out what to do to get well; you say he should not neglect it; you say he should at once get advice and medicine, and get to know how to treat himself. He may not understand *how* the medicine will cure him, but he may and must understand how to use it, and what to do. This is precisely your condition; you must understand what to do. You may not be able exactly to tell wherein you are ailing or how this Balm of Gilead is going to effect a cure, but you must understand on what conditions, and how to apply it. So be at trouble to find out.

2. *You must be resolved to be sanctified at all costs.* You must be determined that as this is *God's* will, *you* will, will it also, no matter what comes. This is essential. A feeble resolve will tremble and turn coward the moment God puts the knife in. Let me suppose this man in ill-health is suffering from a tumour; the doctors say they can cut it out and he can be well; he makes a sort of resolve but when he sees the knife, runs away. Now this wont do. Will you be holy? Learn then at once to resolve at all hazards that you *will*, and that you will not shrink when God's knife comes to cut out and cut off what is spoiling your spiritual health.

3. *You must forsake all, consecrate your all to and for God.* There must be absolute and total surrender of everything. Now by this I do not mean that you are no longer to mix with your friends, or eat and drink, and conduct your business, but that you should cease entirely doing these for *yourself*—selfishly. You are called upon to hand over your all to God, to become His, and henceforth to act as His steward in the matter. Now bring them up this morning, family, friends, time, talent, business, money, reputation, all, all, ABSOLUTELY ALL. There now, you must lay them out at Jesus' feet, henceforth to be His and *not* yours. Do you see? He will take them and take you. He will speak with those lips, and run with those feet, and gaze through those eyes, and work with that brain. *I declare them all to be His own; I proclaim Him Lord of all, owner of all, director of all. LORD OF ALL. Surrender!*

4. *You must believe that He does now Sanctify you wholly.* "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." In this Bible we have no promise without its conditional *Faith*. Justification by Faith, Regeneration by Faith, Sanctification by Faith, Glorification by Faith. All else is but the ladder up to this final round which shall lead you into the kingdom. Believe (1) that He is able and willing to do this; (2) that He is able and willing to do it now, not to-morrow; (3) that if you now have faith He will now do it; (4) put your reliance or trust in Him now, believing that He *doth now do it*. Not has done, but that He now *doeth it*. Cast yourself into the arms of omnipotent love *now*. *Throw yourself down.* Take a leap, and do it now.

In conclusion, let me say this is a plain matter-of-fact question of

obedience. God says "Be ye holy;" Christ says "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" the Holy Ghost by Paul says "Without Holiness no man shall see the Lord," and "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto Perfection." *You must obey.*

I demand your decision; be ye Holy, and be ye Holy now.

FLAMES OF FIRE.

JAMES TURNER.—(Continued.)

WE have seen how diligently and constantly James Turner visited the homes of the poor, and especially of those whom sickness and death were arousing to some degree of care about their souls. But in order to understand how it was that his visits were blessed to the salvation of so many, it is necessary to follow more closely his eager steps, to look right into his piercing eyes, and to listen to the earnest words with which the irresistible soul-rescuer snatched so many out of the very jaws of hell. Listen.

A MODEL VISITOR.

I never had so many death-beds, and every one of these souls are as dark as the grave. I do not find one soul among all I travel and visit that know anything about God or His law; nor about Jesus, pardon, and the new heart, nor about how God and the sinner shall meet. The people in this place are dead asleep in the arms of the Wicked One. Here is a fair sample of the death-beds I visited, that of a woman, about 35 years of age, in consumption.

"I am come to call on you. I see the Lord has laid His hand on you. Have you much pain?"

"No, I can't say that my pain is great. Weakness is my chief complaint."

"Do you think that your sickness is unto death?"

"I do not know."

"Are ye afraid it be so?" (A pause.)

"Are ye afraid to die?"

"No."

"I am happy to hear that. What has brought you to that state of mind?"

"I cannot tell. I just feel that if I die, I shall be happy."

"Are ye born again?"

"I cannot tell."

"Have you got a new heart?"

"No."

"Then you are yet in your sins, an enemy to God, and, if you die so, you will be lost for ever." This roused the devil in her, but I got to my knees, and cried to God to fix the arrow in her heart, and then left her.

Two days afterwards I called again, and found her in much the same state. But, two days after, she sent a woman to bid me not call on her again, or I would put her mad. On that I went straight to her. When I went in she shut her eyes, and would not look on me. But I took a seat at her bedside, and said, "Woman, I know ye do not want me, but in the name of the Lord I am here again to trouble you, and *will* trouble you as long as soul and body holds together. Your unpardoned sins will sink you to the bottomless pit. *Woman*, you are asleep in the devil, and I must try and get you out of the arms of that murderer?" On which she cried out, "I have nothing to do with the devil."

"Oh, woman, did ye only know how near you are to the pit of woe, you would not sleep another hour until ye were out of danger." So I got to my knees, and cried to the Lord, and He heard my cry, and laid hold of her soul, then I pointed her to Jesus and left her.

Two days after I called again, but, oh, what a change. Two days before, if she had been able, she would have knocked me down. Now, next to Jesus, I am in her heart, and, the other day, she said to me, "Am I not a brand plucked from the burning at the eleventh hour?" To God be all the glory.

Not only to the sick themselves, but to all in the house or about it, such a visitor came like a prophet of God, as, indeed, he truly was. One old woman used to come out upon his weekly visit to one court purposely to mock him upon every occasion; however, he poured the red hot shot of salvation upon her as he passed, and at length, broken down before God, she sought and found mercy.

An infidel, finding him in his home one day when he arrived half drunk, would have torn him to pieces, but for the restraining power of God. But ere long, this very man was one of his happy fellow labourers in the service of Christ.

MORE PUBLIC WORK.

The business of a herring curer, in which he was engaged, is one which demands extraordinary activity during some months of the year, but leaves other months almost unemployed. The Spirit of the Lord came upon John Turner in the autumn of 1859, and constrained him to leave his home and give himself entirely to the work of saving souls for as long a time as he could be spared from business. He went forth with little idea as to the method he was to employ; but with an apostolic devotion, which has perhaps never been surpassed in human history.

We are always asking how is it that we do not see more signs and wonders wrought in the name of Jesus? Surely this story sends back a ringing answer to every heart. Oh for men and women willing to pay the price of victory!

Dec. 6.—I entered the first town on the east coast, St. Combs, containing about 94 families. I had a meeting the first night. About 300 people attended, and, of a truth, God was with us that night. The spirit of God was present, and the meeting was kept up till a late hour. All the next day I went from house to house and spoke to the people, and at night preached to about 400. The church was filled. What a night of the power of God! The meeting was kept up until morning. A great many did not sleep that night, neither did I. All the next day I again spent in going from house to house, and at night the church filled at 6 p.m., and my God came down with such power. There is a little place called Charleston close by St. Combs, and I also went from house to house in it. For ten days I laboured in these two places, and God saved young and old, drunkards and fighting men. What a sight to see men of 70 years crying on the streets for mercy! From 400 to 500 were led to feel their lost estate. What a work of God!

Of course the work spread as the news of it flew from place to place. Crowds waited for an hour and a half for the certainty of a seat in the meetings; and as the Holy Ghost came upon the people, they fell speechless to the ground, or raised one great cry for mercy, that made anything like a formal service utterly out of the question. By day and by night alike, scarcely taking time to eat or rest, for three weeks the labourer toiled on, compelling hundreds of poor sinners to come into the Kingdom of God. No wonder these labours utterly exhausted him, making his return home for a time inevitable. But after a month's rest, he was at it again, this time to continue for four months such a campaign of holy fire and blood, such an onslaught upon sin and sinners, such an overwhelming march of triumph, as perhaps no man in his position of life ever passed through.

SCENES OF SLAUGHTER.

Then I went to Portknockie. Had a very crowded meeting on Sabbath night, and the Holy Spirit came down with great power on the people. Strong men were smitten down and became weak as water. This continued till morning, and many souls were saved. Glory be to God! I went to bed for three hours. Called a meeting after breakfast and from three to four hundred people met with me. The power of God came on man, woman, and child, and many found the Saviour. The whisky shops were shut up that day. A man who kept a public-house was convinced of sin, and when the power came on him he made a great noise. I told him he could not be saved unless he gave up selling whisky. "I give it up," he cried. Then the Lord saved him and he went home and pulled down his sign. I formed a Temperance Society, and above 800 signed the pledge, including the three whisky-sellers.

The next sea-town is called Findochty, about two miles from Portknockie. At the first three meetings nothing particular took place, but in the fourth the Spirit's power came down as in the former town, and the Lord saved many souls. Next morning I had another meeting of about hundred, and again the power of God came down in an extraordinary way. About three hundred met again in the evening, and when I was speaking a woman cried out for mercy. In a short time nearly all present were doing the same. My voice was completely drowned. I never saw such a scene in all my life. It was heart-rending to hear the cries of the great numbers who felt that their souls were lost. I question if some of the dear people could have cried louder though they had been in hell, but God gave the witness to many souls that evening.

Portgordon, famed for drunkenness, has been brought down. The Lord sent me to it ten days ago. That was on Saturday week. I spoke that night, but not a move. It was a hard night's work, and I gave it up at twelve o'clock. I called a meeting next morning at eight o'clock, only a few came, but I carried on the meeting the whole day. At six in the evening the house filled and many could not get in. The Spirit was largely poured out, and many were smitten down under the mighty power of God. Those who were nearest the door were carried out, others had to lie till they got power to rise. I staid among them a week, and we had the Spirit's presence the whole time. Country people came down to scoff and to make sport of the work of God, but painful convictions seized upon many of those also, and they would fain have left the meeting but they could not walk. They staggered like people drunk, and had to be helped into the meeting again. Some of them continued all night in that state—oh that they may all find peace in believing!

As to the nature of the work wrought in these meetings, we have a mass of evidence collected by one who followed in Turner's track fifteen years later, and we trust that the broad Scotch dialect in which those who owed so much under God to this man, tell what was done for them, will not seriously impair the value of their testimonies to the mass of our English readers. We shall keep, as a rule, to the homely original, preferring the risk of their failing to be understood to that of spoiling the charming simplicity of these bubblings from the heart.

"What is the matter with you?" asked James Turner at another young man who was making "a great noise."

"Ye needna spier that, ye see that I'm a lost soul."

This young man's history was one of special interest. He had a fine voice, and having led the singing at some meetings held by Hector M'Pherson from Huntly, he turned to the young man and said, "What a pity that fine voice should wail in hell."

Possibly some irreverence had called forth the remark. But which way soever, the saying stuck to him, although he did not think himself in danger, his life being a morally correct one, excepting that he kept a public-house.

Two of this young man's sisters had found the Saviour at an earlier part of this meeting on the 6th of Feb., and when he came in seeking his sisters the power of God laid hold of himself.

While he was in this state his sisters were weeping and praying for him, "Oh my brother! my brother!" wailed one of them, "he's been getting his doors marked 1, 2, 3, and 4, to let the fouk ken far to gang to drink the stuff that will sink their souls to hell; but Lord save his own soul." The young man wept and prayed for himself in great anguish.

"Let go yer sin and take hold of Christ," said James Turner in answer to his question "What *must* I do to be saved?"—"Ye canna get mercy and hold sin fast; no ye canna be saved and keep the public-house too."

"I give it up!" he cried, and no sooner had he done so, then by the power of God, he was enabled to believe to the saving of his soul and rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

"Glory be too God!" he cried, "I was to get a new sign on my house, but now I have got a new sign on my heart, the new sign of the BLOOD!" then hugging his sisters he mingled his tears of joys with theirs. Then leaving the meeting, with some other converts, and getting a poker, as no more convenient instrument was at hand, they wrenched off his sign: then went through his friends and relations telling them what God had done for his soul.

This is only one case, there were many others of equal interest that night. One young man, while lying prostrate under the mighty power of God, kept dragging himself along the floor, as if trying to get away from some very awful object. Reaching the wall, he pressed and pressed, until he had assumed a sitting position, and then still kept pressing against it; his whole appearance expressive of the utmost horror.

On recovering his power of speech a little, he began gasping out—"hell! hell! HELL!" and still he pressed backward. It turned out that while in this state of prostration he had a view of hell, opened up right before him, while the fiends were doing their utmost to drag him down; therefore the extraordinary exertions he made to get away from it. When brought into liberty he was so filled with joy by the Holy Ghost, that he took W— W— in his arms, kissed and clapped him, "Until," said the good old man, "I thought he would have kill't me."

A young woman was in like manner prostrated, and, had also a view of hell and felt its sulphurous fumes; but a still deeper weight falling upon her, for about half an hour she was perfectly unconscious except that she heard music of wondrous sweetness. She recovered consciousness with the words on her lips, and the feeling in her heart—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine."

Then sprang to her feet and began to pray and praise God.

One woman being much displeased left the meeting. She was a little afraid as well, and had resolved to run as long as she had the power to do so. But before going many yards she was laid prostrate in the snow—some two or three feet in depth. A messenger was sent to Findlay to go and speak to her, and before leaving the spot she rejoiced in conscious salvation.

These incidents, however, are only a mere specimen of what went on in a multitude of other cases. "The people were falling like sheep a' round about him." Of course the consternation of outsiders was great. Findlay, in whose house the meeting was held, had gone into his neighbour's house at the commencement of the third meeting, and so was not aware of what was going on, until a woman in breathless haste came crying, "*Rin! Rin!* Finla, for they are a' either deed or deeing in your house!"

Findlay ran as desired, but like Peter at the sepulchre, he did not go right in, but to use his own words—"I stood outside the door and gave a keek into to see what was doing. Seeing three big men lying on the floor prostrate, and all the others more or less in the same condition, I stood almost paralysed, the thought in my heart being, "Is't *you* that's deeing a' this, Jamie Turner, or is't God by His Spirit?"

His cogitations, however, were soon cut short by James Turner asking him to come in and pray for the souls under conviction. "And I went in," says Findlay, "much in the state of the man who saw the hand-writing on the wall against him, for my knees were knocking against each other, and I only prayed shortly, for I couldna think about anything else but just the hand on the wall. I supposed he had not been pleased with my prayer for he said, "My brother, you've been

praying for the work of the Spirit of God, and now that its come ye don't believe it!"

Another of the praying men had left the place before the prostrations. But about the time that the work began he was raised from sleep by a voice saying—"Rise! the Spirit worketh!" He rose, went in to see, and help, and share also in the spiritual blessing, for his son and daughter, if not more of his family, were brought to Christ that night.

By three o'clock in the morning, most of them had found peace, and the house was cleared. And strangely enough this mighty work was begun in the very house of the man whose wife had so often said—"Ye needna be at the pains to read that book, nor yet to pray, for the like o' *that* work ye'll see will *never* come here."

The young converts instead of going home to bed, went to their friends and relations to tell them the great things which God had done for them. A general awakening thus took place. Meetings were held almost every night and day, not only in public, but in private dwellings as well. "Not only people crying for mercy—even the very hen-houses were filled with children in like condition."

(To be continued.)

OUR CROWNED HEADS.

GEORGE THOMAS.

FOR the first time we have to record the loss to us on earth, and the gain to our comrades across the river, of a leader and commander amongst the people, who held for a considerable period an important position amongst us, and shared not merely the qualities of a Christian and a faithful soldier, but those of a general capable of accomplishing worthy achievements in the great warfare in which we are engaged. Not merely, therefore, to all who loved Brother Thomas, but to all who desire to know what manner of men and what methods of action God uses to maintain and exalt His cause amongst the masses of the people, we earnestly commend this memoir.

George Thomas was a native of Birmingham, where he was employed generally in connection with the manufacture of small arms. His mother, a godly woman, had died when he was very young, and from his early youth up he ran without restraint into sin and folly. He was especially fond of comic singing, for which he was sought after in all the public-house saloons and low music-halls of the neighbourhood. The money he received for this, as well as his trade earnings, was largely spent in drink. He married at 19, and soon had, in the most fearfully perfect sense, a drunkard's home. He had four children, all of whom died in infancy. When one of these was lying dead in the house they had no money wherewith to bury it, all they possessed having been spent in drink. Upon another occasion all the furniture had been taken away for debt, when George returned home, drunk as usual, to dance and sing in the empty rooms!

It was an illness brought on by this wild, vicious life, which at length stopped his mad career. His father-in-law, though unconverted, was a teetotaller, and used to take part in meetings held on Gosseter Green. These meetings his son-in-law attended for the purpose of ridiculing the speaker, until the old man threatened to summon him. But one day,

when the young scapegrace lay ill at home, while his wife was out trying "to earn a meal of victuals," "he came to himself," and knelt at the bedside to pray. He then sent to ask his father-in-law to lend him some clothes, that he might attend a mission-hall hard by. The old man could scarcely believe at first that he had any such intention, but at length yielded to his request; and after going to the mission-hall on a Sunday afternoon, George went to a service held in Holder's Concert Hall at night, and gave his heart to God.

HIS FIRST CONVERT.

He immediately began to help the mission people in their good work, and in a few weeks' time, while speaking on the Green, the Lord used him to lay hold of an old companion in sin, who became thereafter one of his best friends on the way to heaven. This man had kept a brothel and public-house, had lavished his money in drunken revelry, been in prison, almost broken his poor mother's heart, and narrowly escaped taking his wife's life away. One of his rooms was occupied with a dog or two he was keeping at this time, and when he was converted the dog-room was cleaned out and used for prayer meetings.

These two men naturally delighted in going about together to speak for Jesus, and to lead others who had been afar off like themselves to the Master's feet. In such labours they did not spare themselves, and gladly faced hardships if necessary. They frequently had to encounter such opposition as publicans and others were likely to promote against such men. One Sunday, after having been out of work all the week, they went to preach at a distance from home. No one invited them to share a meal during the day, and they walked the lanes between the intervals of service, "hardly bestead and hungry." During their walk home in the evening they tried to purchase a little bread with a penny some one had given them. None would sell, however, and they would have had to walk all the way unfed had not one shopkeeper, a little more religious than the rest, invited them to come in and eat bread and cheese without money or price.

Later on, Brother Thomas took his place in a regular way on the plan of a kind of mission circuit established by the Rev. T. Whitehouse, and soon won for himself a good name amongst preachers and people alike. Mr. Whitehouse says of him—

"He was one of the best speakers I had on my list. Everybody liked him, and his life, I believe, corresponded with his profession. In my opinion he was a little gem. I fully believed in him. He was kind, honest, earnest, active, intelligent, teachable, instructive, and was also a successful opponent to infidelity and Christadelphianism, and also to the drinking customs of the present day. Had I been in a position financially to have engaged him myself I should gladly have done so."

Upon visiting a village chapel one Sunday morning he had a congregation consisting of only two persons, one of these being the woman who acted as chapel-keeper. Brother Thomas was almost inclined to go home instead of remaining for the rest of the day, but this good woman got him invited to some one's house to tea, and spent the afternoon in going round the place to publish the evening service, the attendance at which far surpassed anything that had been seen there for a long while. This circumstance much encouraged Brother Thomas, and determined him never to despair of securing a good congregation anywhere.

It was as a result of a preaching excursion to Leicester that Brother Thomas was recommended to offer himself for engagement as an evangelist of the Christian Mission. Mr. Whitehouse had made the same suggestion to him years before, but that wandering in heart from God which so often takes place, even in those who keep up the outward appearance of steadfastness, had rendered him unwilling to make his life at that time a real sacrifice to Christ. He preferred to go into business, wherein he hoped to gain money and comfort. But the result was the loss of £300, and well-nigh the loss of his soul as well.

When he came to London on trial he was sent to stay at a brother's house who frequently lodges our evangelists on short visits to town. He says—

"I never got on so well with any man that has stopped with me. I never lit on such a man for private prayer. The first night he came I talked to him about the hardships that was in the Mission, and such like, and asked him if he believed in holiness. He declared the work was done in his heart, and that he was ready to give himself entirely up to God's work and service. We got down and prayed till it began to get into the morning, and each night when he came home we kept up the praying till eleven or twelve. When I asked him how he liked the Mission, he said, 'Oh, glory! It's just the thing for me.'"

During this time of trial he appeared to Mr. Booth to be a simple, earnest man of God, but nothing which he said or did in that fortnight seemed satisfactorily to prove that he had the energy and capacity required in an evangelist of the Mission. As a preacher he appeared to much greater advantage out of doors, where he was natural and forcible, than in halls, where he seemed to have been partially spoiled by intercourse with regular preachers, whose stiff, set phrases and calm, studied outlines are so utterly out of place in dealing with living people. It was necessary for him to feel much more at home than he did at first for the real George Thomas, ex-comic, to come out and cheer and bless everybody. At the expiration of the term agreed upon for trial, Mr. Booth therefore said to him—

"I am not satisfied about you. I should feel inclined to send you back home if we had not just now an opening in the North that we must fill up. If you like to go to East Hartlepool and try there you may. If you go to work rightly, and do your duty, you will have a great success. If you can't succeed, you will only have to go back home, as you would otherwise have to do now."

Bro. Thomas, without a moment's hesitation, chose to go to Hartlepool, and many will bless God for ever that he did so.

An unused theatre had been taken for the Mission at the close of November, 1876, and services had been held there on Sundays and occasional week-nights by the evangelist and others from Stockton. But it was impossible for the work to be raised into a thoroughly efficient state without an evangelist on the spot, and it was to this place, therefore, that Bro. Thomas was sent to prove his fitness, or otherwise, for the work of the Mission.

Having left his wife at Birmingham when he came up to London, he was asked whether he should object to go to Hartlepool without her. "Oh, never mind home," he replied; "I must go and attend to the work first. He went to a little room in the most needy part of the town, and had but one apartment to eat, drink, sleep, and study in at the first. How he took to the work and gained a footing let the following letter, written on the Friday after his arrival, tell:—

I am happy to say that through God's mercy I arrived safely here on Wednesday. Praise His holy name! And God has already shown us a token for good. On Wednesday night two souls came out for Jesus, both of them elderly men—one had been a backslider. I took their addresses in order to visit them. Another young man also was under deep conviction. He wept and prayed for his unbelief to be removed, but he could not get through. He went home miserable; and yesterday, while at his work, God spoke peace to his soul. All three of them were at the meeting last night, all happy in the Lord Jesus. All the glory be to God! We had two grand open-air meetings, and I do believe that God will bless here. I am going to visit the fishermen this afternoon in the Croft. I am praying that God's blessing will attend me, and as I pray I believe, and the blessing is mine. Glory, Amen! Will send further details in my next. Brother Allen tells me I must write you in reference to my salary this week, and ask you to pay me from the office, and he will endeavour to pay me next week.

As to his first Sunday, he writes four days later:—

In accordance with your request I write to say we had a good day on Sunday. God was with us, and He did bless us. Bro. Allen preached afternoon and night, myself in the morning. We had three open-air meetings, though it rained the whole of the day. Pretty fair congregations, notwithstanding the rain, and one soul found the Lord. I took his address, and visited him yesterday. He says he is happier now than ever he was. I exhorted him to watch and pray and look to Jesus. He said, "I mean to do that." He is a sailor. The other three men stand firm; they have attended all the meetings in-doors, and two have been with us on the mission. Praise the Lord I think the work will go on. It will be up-hill work for some time.

P.S.—Should have written yesterday; was busy visiting and giving our bills out

Bro. Allen, the evangelist stationed at Stockton, under whose direction Bro. Thomas was placed, says—

"The night I went with him to Hartlepool, to introduce him to the people, I remember how he laid flat on the boards of the theatre stage and wrestled in prayer, crying 'Lord! body, soul, and spirit, my time and talents—all! I have come all the way from Birmingham to work for Thee; seal me Thine now.' And what a victory he got! He rose and clapped his hands while he sang

'I'm thine, oh blessed Jesus.'

"They had rare power with the folks. He wrote his name in East Hartlepool."

Mr. Bramwell Booth, who spent some months with him in the town, says—

I arrived in the town late one raining, windy, Saturday night, and went straight to the Salvation Theatre. When I got to the door, I asked the man, who was there—"What's on here to night?" "It's a salvation teetotal meeting, sir," he replied.

I went up to the front, as the main part of the audience had gone, and found a number of the members on their knees in the orchestra, with some penitents, who were seeking mercy. Bro. Thomas was exhorting them, standing on one leg as he so often did. The fact that they had had nine shillings offerings at the door on such a night, showed me how many strangers they must have had in, and how much they must have enjoyed the meeting.

The impression made upon Mr. Booth by the services of the Sunday, as shown by the following letter, will convey a pretty fair idea of the result which had been produced by the labours of Bro. Thomas during a little over two months.

Yesterday afternoon the pit and boxes (1st gallery) were about full. At night, the pit and first gallery and stage were packed, and there would be a hundred or more in the top gallery.

I was very pleased indeed with the folks. The open-air turn out was *fine*, and a grand procession. Of course, they are young and raw, and Thomas is not up to par yet. I squeezed them up a bit outside, and they went in *like mad*. In the

p.m. they want a bit of managing. On the whole, however, I was pleased. The congregation pleased me—*our sort*. It's a nice town. We got £3 7s. yesterday.

The following remarks from another letter will help strangers to a correct idea of Bro. Thomas' condition at that time.

Thomas is a nice little chap, with a fair proportion of "go," and I think is a truly *pious* man also. I wished we had trained him a bit—the methodistic wants knocking out of him a good deal. He has above the average of information and intelligence, and will make a thorough fellow.

Another glimpse at the society.

We had a *good* meeting last night, fifty or sixty, nearly all our members. They have fitted up a good room on the stage; but it was *awfully* cold. Still the Lord was there, and they sat and shivered, and cried, and shouted, and shivered!

(To be continued.)

"HEATHEN ENGLAND."

FROM "THE CHRISTIAN."

IS any reader startled by such a conjunction of words as this?—"Heathen England"—then let him read the book just issued under this title (*Partridge*), and before he has read many pages he will have heard the sounding of the sea of English Heathendom which seethes and surges round him everywhere.

The book we have named tells the story of a band of men whose hearts God has touched. He has chosen them from among the base and despised things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are. This nation and the Church of God in the nation are deeply indebted to the company of earnest men and women who, under the banner of "The Christian Mission," are scattered amongst some of our most densely crowded working population, moving the stalwart sinners, enlightening the most ignorant, converting the most depraved, and gathering from out of the slaves of Satan, soldiers of the cross, preachers of the Gospel, men and women whose motto is to "fear nothing but sin."

The book before us is an extraordinary narrative of an extraordinary work. It is a photograph of the Christian Mission; and therefore in speaking of the book we are describing the Mission and its men.

The awful condition of the working people—artisans and mechanics, factory hands, navvies and labourers, is depicted according to the sternest truth, but with an overflowing pity for them. The unfitness of our church and chapel forms, modes, and procedure, in relation to these classes, is unflinchingly stated, and the methods adopted by the Mission, and crowned with marvellous success, are fully and enthusiastically described. Not only is its outward practical working presented to view, but the reason why is given for every plan; and while the homeliest and directest language is used throughout, every page exhibits, beneath the industry and inventiveness of the worker, a profound knowledge of sinful human nature, studied by the light of the Scriptures of truth; and sin-sick souls are prescribed for and dealt with according to the pharmacy of the Word of God.

We are not only told that open-air services are held all the year round, with graphic illustrations of such meetings, but weighty reasons are given for their absolute necessity. Not only are after-meetings recommended and described, but these students of the philosophy of salvation

produce arguments which we, at least, are unable to gainsay, for preferring the open stage to the more private inquiry-room, "when the sinner wants 'a place for repentance,' though the inquiry-room is an admirable place for those who are seeking instruction." So, again, of daily public services and of processions (which, however, means something very different from Anglo-Romanistic puerilities); of singing hymns to popular tunes; of women preaching; and many other "extravagances,"—the reason why is amply given for every one, and if the gainsayer is not convinced, it is not because the subject has not been fully thought out, and its results tested by manifold experience.

We do not mean to say that there has been nothing which we have not writhed under in the proceedings of the Mission. Occasionally a bill has been issued which we considered not only in bad taste from our point of view, but inconsistent with their own principles. But these cases have been rare, and scarcely deserve mention in taking a glance at the work in its entirety.

What we admire is the bold, uncompromising spirit in which the work is done, and with all its rough-and-readiness, the honest and unflinching determination to love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. No bazaars, no entertainments, "no meetings which do not naturally conclude with a prayer-meeting, and an invitation to penitent sinners to come out and seek the Lord, should any such be present."

Sometimes good work amongst the more "respectable" classes is hampered by the endeavour to make everything as little distasteful as possible to the people, and as little disturbing as possible to the even tenor of the way of church and chapel organisations. But the Christian Mission is gloriously independent of all such considerations. It has chosen to be the "filth of the world, the off-scouring of all things" and its preachers think that, like their apostolic predecessors, "God hath set them forth as it were appointed to death; make a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men; fools for Christ's sake." (2 Cor. iv.)

God help and bless these men and women. If they blunder, let brethren and sisters in Christ pray for them, and strengthen their hands in God. And may they and we have the first essential qualification of the witnesses of Jesus Christ—to eat and digest the little open book, which the Angel of the Covenant, claiming earth and sea as his own redeemed possession, gave to our fellow servant John—the open mystery of the Gospel, the Book of the Covenants, old and new—for these are they whom God endows with the Holy Ghost to prophesy in sackcloth before peoples and nations and tongues and kings.

A GOOD SOLDIER'S LIFE.

By W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

Living in the fountain,
Walking in the light,
Now and ever trusting
Jesus and His might.

Always realising
Jesus and His smile,
To be ever with me,
In me, all the while.

Having for my portion
Jesus and His joy,
Joy which none can hinder,
Nothing can alloy.

Living and believing,
Saved from every fear,
Working and receiving
Heavenly wages here.

By and bye He'll bid me,
"Lay the weapons down,
Ended is the warfare,
Come and take thy crown."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Burton-on-Trent.

DEAR BROTHER CLARE,—I take the liberty of writing a few lines to you hoping you are well in body and soul. When I was over about five weeks ago, I can say it was a week of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I had never before, neither in Stockton nor at Burton, heard holiness advocated, and when I was at your holiness meetings, and heard for myself those glorious testimonies of God's saving power, I thought truly this is heaven, or the way to heaven. I found also that it was a superior state of Christianity, and a state that I had for months wished to be in, but there seemed to be a barrier between me and Christ; but glory be to God, that barrier fell down in your holiness meeting, and now, while I am writing, I can say,

"The cross now covers my sin,
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God."

Hallelujah! my heart seems tuned to that beautiful hymn. When I go to sleep my heart is singing it; when I am at my devotions it is there, and when I am addressing the people it is still there, and generally manages to pop out some way or another. Glory be to God! When I got back from Stockton the people were taken by surprise, for I began to advocate holiness, and to tell that Christ could save to the uttermost all them that came to Him. They did not care much for this good old doctrine, though new to them, for of a necessity it compels them to give up their idols; but thank God one or two of my dear friends at Burton have taken hold of this glorious doctrine, and preach it by their holy lives. Glory be to God, Bro. Clare! the Word has indeed accomplished the great end for which it was sent, and thanks be to God I am not ashamed of the Mission yet; and though I have been compelled to leave it by having to serve my apprenticeship at Burton, I thank God that I had twelve months' apprenticeship with the Christian Mission at Stockton; and having been born in the Mission, I naturally inherit the Mission fire, and to-day I am a Christian Mission man at heart; and should I ever get where there is a Mission, I will throw in my lot with them.

FRED. ALLISON.

P.S.—Write back as soon as possible, and let me know how you are all getting on. I oftentimes ask my father how you all are getting on, but he has so much to say about what God has done, and is doing for him, and is so full of "Praise the Lord" and "Hallelujahs," that he cannot find room to say how you all are, so I ask you to write as soon as you can.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONER.

Tune—"Wait for the Waggon,"—
472, *Revival Music.*

I am a Christian missioner—
One of the noisy crew;
I shout when I am happy,
And that I mean to do.
Some say I am too noisy,
I know the reason why;
And if they felt the glory
They'd shout as well as I.

Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory Hallelujah! I'm on my journey home.

My sins are all forgiven,
Which did as mountains rise;
My title's clear for heaven—
Yon country in the skies.
God's saints are my companions;
I'm bound for endless day;
And though the storms are raging,
I'll sail along the way.

They sing and shout in heaven—
It is their hearts' delight;
I shout when I am happy,
And that with all my might.
I've Jesus Christ within me—
He's turned the devil out;
And when I feel the glory
It makes me sing and shout.

I'll sail o'er life's rough ocean
With glory's port in view,
And Calvary's Royal Pilot
Will steer the vessel through.
The flag of victory's hoisted,
Though war ships they are nigh;
I stand beside my Captain,
And every foe defy.

The port of glory's open—
My Master calls me home:
To walk the golden pavement
Of the New Jerusalem.
I'll shout o'er death's dark river;
But when I join the throng,
For ever and for ever
I'll roll the theme along.

CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

THE MONTH.

STILL novelty! Yes, thank God, the Christian Mission aims at making all things new, can never be content with what has been; but must be ever reaching after something higher, better, more thorough, more heavenly, than it has attained before. We trust that the novel arrangement of the Magazine this month will be sure to procure for it a more thorough perusal by all its ordinary readers, and will aid in attaining more than ever our great object, the representation of what has been done in such a way as to produce the doing of a great deal more.

The lives of the departed heroes, recorded in these pages, cannot fail to stir every heart. May we yet have to rejoice over thousands of still better men and women!

The great event of the month has been our

COUNCIL OF WAR.

Just at the time when Europe was eagerly listening for tidings of peace negotiations, and while great meetings were being held all over the land to protest against our being dragged into the Eastern conflict, there met at Whitechapel such a company of men and women as never assembled there, aye, perhaps, such a company, all things considered, as never met on the face of the earth before. Fifty or sixty poor men and women with their hearts burning for war to the very death. A little band of "unlearned and ignorant men" met in the great metropolis, determined by the grace of God, to shake the whole country out of the sleep of sin, and not only to compel the people to awake to the forsaking of their sins and the salvation of their souls; but the perfect attainment, enjoyment and practice of the perfect righteousness which God means. His people to exhibit in the midst of a guilty world.

Experienced generals were there who had fought through years of difficulty, and having waxed valiant in fight, had conquered the armies of the aliens, and out of weakness been made strong by the everlasting arms. But some who had been but recently amongst us stood forward as prominently as any, and thrilled our souls with their stories of the Lord's dealings with them, and their confident predictions of victory to come. And some who were but just come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, charmed our hearts with their manifest joy and faith in Him. Victory, victory, victory gleamed on every face, and burst from every tongue. It was to perfect victory, and save us from defeats and checks, such as had been experienced in the past, that the general superintendent spoke plain kind words about losses that had been suffered through neglect of visitation, or of loving kindness in the past. It was to

point the way to more enduring conquests that Mrs. Booth called attention to the wide difference between a merely emotional experience of religion and the real possession and exemplification of it. It was to secure the more perfect co-operation of each with each that Mr. Bramwell Booth demanded a more unvarying and a fuller and deeper brotherly sympathy between our generals. It was to more daring and greater victory that one after another urged us all on, defying customs and persons and systems of the present or the past to bind, or to hinder us from going anywhere or doing anything whatsoever which the Holy Ghost might urge us to.

It was victory for which everybody praised God with joyful lips. It was victory, perfect victory, always, everywhere, over sin within, and sin without, the perfect victory of perfect faith, and perfect love and perfectly holy lives, the perfect victory of a perfect God, victory to eclipse even the grandest victories of the past, victory to bring home to millions now wrapt in misery and chains of sin the perfect peace of God, victory in the north and the south, and the east and the west, eternal victory that every soul aspired after and got the earnest of from the lips of our faithful, almighty Deliverer.

Two new choruses taught us by some of our newest captains, up from one of our newest stations, were necessary to express the glorious sense of victory that everyone enjoyed so much.

"Tossing like a troubled ocean,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast;
Faith triumphant makes it glorious,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast.
Robed in white and crowned with glory,
Leaning on my Saviour's breast."

"Then rise, and sing, and give God the Glory,
For the year of jubilee."

We must reserve till next month, a list of all the new evangelists who have gone forth to conquer, and of the new districts to be opened up at once. A report of some of the addresses delivered, and especially of that night of prayer when two hundred souls saw God as it were face to face and lived. Report! why should we report on paper! By the Grace of God we will write such a report of this Council upon the hearts of thousands of our perishing fellowmen before the year is over, as shall never be effaced! God help us!

OUR CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

IF religion shows the way in which men ought to walk—the way, above all, of peace and happiness, there must be a religious way of spending the festive season which comes but once a year, and which, drenched in drunkenness, dissipation, frivolity, folly, and sin of every kind, proclaims more loudly, perhaps, than any similar period of time, the contempt which the world pours upon the Christ who came to lift them up to all that is true and right and holy and Divine.

"Are you going in for a jolly booze this Christmas?" we heard one decently-dressed woman ask another in the streets of Whitechapel, on Sunday, the 23rd December; and, oh! how many thousands of working

people's homes knew nothing more cheery through that week than the fumes of liquor and tobacco, and all the low, horrible degradations of thought, word, and deed which accompany the drunkard's cup.

By no means the least joyous feature of our usual Christmas meetings is the mass of testimony we hear from multitudes who spent the previous Christmas in every excess of riot. But of this more particulars will be found further on.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The practice of singing in the streets on Christmas Eve, hitherto scarcely carried out by any but small groups of our people here and there, seems to have taken hold of our societies to a very considerable extent since they have learnt how pleasant it is to spend whole nights in devotion.

Need we say that any introduction amongst us of the giddy, godless, careless singing of the ordinary Christmas waits would be as great an evil almost as that of a choir into our in-door services.

If we go out to sing on Christmas Eve it must always be exclusively for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and not for the gratification of any man or men. The earnest, soul-stirring hymns of the Mission, well sung in the midnight stillness of a night when so many are on the watch, may send home conviction to many a heart; and if the matter be solemnly and earnestly carried out with this aim, and trusting in God for this result, the fruit will no doubt be found after many days. We trust we shall, in years to come, hear of such midnight demonstrations, and such spiritual earthquakes resulting from them, as shall extort the cry "What must I do to be saved?" from thousands of those who now sleep in sin.

WHITECHAPEL.

In addition to the usual preaching service at which two souls sought the Lord, the evening was spent by some in decorating the hall, such warnings as "Hell is Darkness," "Fire and Brimstone," "Flee from evil," "Sin and misery," being very properly interspersed with the more pleasing words and mottoes which are generally preferred upon such occasions.

But at midnight a party set out for the night's work. And a stiff though pleasing and undoubtedly useful night's work it was.

At one place where they stood to sing they were assailed by a number of men wearing false beards and whiskers, who almost drowned the sound of the singing with their yells. "We will wait" said the sister who was leading, "until they have done making that noise, and then we will sing." After standing in silence for a little while, during which the disturbance rather increased than diminished, a new thought struck her, and she took her band along the street, followed of course by the hooting

crowd. After marching some distance she suddenly turned round and started back again. "Oh, well, we'll leave them alone" said one of the roughs and this counsel prevailed, so that returning to the former position, they sang as they had intended at first.

A call was made outside the work-house, where dear sister Higgs lies on her pauper bed awaiting the summons to her throne. Here while they sang "Shall we meet beyond the river," and "Rock of Ages, cleft for me; many of the poor people crept downstairs and peered through the lower windows of the great house in the darkness. Oh, that not one alone but many out of that great building, may rise by and by to sing with us for ever in the country where "the saints are all wealthy!"

After visiting various streets all round the neighbourhood, the company broke up at four o'clock; but some of the young men far from being exhausted held prayer and experience meetings in the streets as they went home.

Again and again during the night they heard the remark "I wish they wasn't going away," or other words

which showed the singing took hold of the people. But, oh, may a rich harvest of souls be gathered from these labours.

"We know where you are from," remarked some policemen, the moment they saw that religious service and not mere entertainment was being aimed at, "You are from Booth's."

POPLAR.

ABOUT a hundred people started in procession to sing round the neighbourhood. Although the company did not set out till half-past twelve o'clock, they were for sometime troubled by the attendance of drunkards and rough lads, and still more so by that of some who were evidently bent rather upon a mere human performance, than upon the Glory of God; but at length these were wearied away, and from the East India Road on the south to Bromley north, and from the Eastern end of the population to the vicinity of North Street, a mile further west, few inhabitants could have failed to hear the glad sounds of the heavenly music sung. Prayer was offered at each halting place, and who can doubt that many a one that night heard the voice of God.

A call was made at the hall for tea at three o'clock, and breakfast was partaken of at six by some fifty people. After this a love feast was held which did not break up till ten o'clock.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

It will already have been seen how many of our people linked Christmas Day and its Eve together by services kept up until fairly into the forenoon. It will be seen that many who did not do this were very early in commencing the welcome to the Master.

There has been an idea that it was hopeless to attempt anything like meetings on Christmas Day, because it was everywhere regarded as a home day. But where should Mission people feel so much at home as in a mission service, and where should they enjoy themselves so much as where the whole mission family are gathered together around their Father's table. How gloriously Christmas Day can be passed amongst mission people, the following accounts will show.

HAMMERSMITH.

A PRAYER meeting was held at seven in the morning. At eleven there was a love feast, attended by about fifty people, and the testimonies of many of them were most remarkable. Said one,

"Eight years ago this morning, I was lying on straw, with only some sacks to cover me, and with nothing to eat; but a little from the parish. Sin had

PLAISTOW.

HERE some thirty or forty of the members turned out for the night's singing, and walked for miles round the whole neighbourhood. In our case, at least, the fruit of the work appeared forthwith, for the next day someone sent for the people who had been singing to come and pray with a dying man, and he was enabled to lay hold of Christ ere he passed away.

Arriving at the hall about six o'clock, thirty-eight sat down to breakfast, and then followed a love feast, without parallel in the memory of the society. Every soul seemed to have been feasting richly on God throughout the night while singing up and down, and several fairly danced for joy while they told how they delighted in their King. The meeting concluded triumphantly at a quarter-past nine.

BARKING.

HERE a company, say forty strong, sang salvation through the whole town, and the testimony of many of them the next day was, that they had never had so glorious and useful a night.

BETHNAL GREEN.

HERE also thirty or forty friends spent the night in singing the praises of God amongst the streets where so much of poverty and hardship are felt at this season.

brought me down to this. But some preachers came by and said, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' The word went to my heart, and I sought and found mercy." This man is now in a position to keep his own horse and cart.

An open-air and indoor meeting occupied the evening, no special arrangement being made lest it should interfere with the success of the meeting of next day.

LIMEHOUSE.

A PRAYER meeting at seven, and a preaching service in the forenoon, led up to an open-air service at noon, which was very largely attended, and formed the peculiar feature of the day.

MILLWALL.

HERE, Sister Wesson held the first Christmas preaching service remembered. God bless female ministry!

HACKNEY.

AT half-past six in the morning there was a love feast, which was attended by some sixty people, and followed by a preaching service in the forenoon.

BETHNAL GREEN.

PECULIAR, as usual, in its arrangements, this station had a tea and supper, so that the whole evening was spent on the premises, and a series of happy services culminated in the reconsecration of all present to the Saviour, whose love was preciousely felt.

BARKING.

EXHAUSTED by the labours of the night, in which so many of them had taken part, the members did not muster in very strong force in the early part of the day.

Nevertheless, a sufficient force was forthcoming to make, though with rather rusty voices, a very effective attack upon the population, who seemed to be almost all at their doors, waiting, as we supposed, for dinner, and scarcely caring to go anywhere until dinner was over. The energy and joy with which the work was done, must surely have convinced many that an inexhaustible supply of living water was bubbling up in the souls of these humble followers of the Lamb.

The whole society, save such as might have been at work, or otherwise kept away unavoidably, seemed to turn out to the tea. A great open-air demonstration followed, and then we had the Bethel packed with people, nearly all of whom were radiant with the joy of God.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the bright, sparkling, glowing testimonies which burst from one after another as these happy men and women sprang to their feet to tell what wonders they had seen and felt since the wretched times when Christmas was spent in the public house.

Looking round the little upstairs room upon the great triumphant company, who, in this little Bethel, have met with God and been changed into His likeness, one's heart might well rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

We were, nevertheless, grieved that the few unsaved persons present hurried away at the close of the speaking. But this did not hinder our prayers from besieging the throne on their behalf.

WELLINGBORO'.

HOLINESS MEETING.

ON Christmas Day morning we held, a love feast which had to be adjourned until the evening, many being anxious to speak a word for Jesus. The place was crowded at both services and four souls were born for glory. We had a good muster in the open air, the weather was very cold but our people were brave for Christ, both in the Market Place, and also in the procession.

CHATHAM.

As holiday times means for the worldling more drunkenness and sins of every description, so with us it meant a little extra effort, more work to try to save sinners. On Christmas night when we commenced singing, "My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here," with the chorus, "The angels will come, with their music will come!" up went every window in the public house, and it seemed as though the fiends of hell were all let loose. They yelled, they hissed, they groaned, threatened us with a baptism of water, we still kept singing "The angels will come," and we stood to conquer. We then sung along the High Street, which was all on a move, one soldier following abusing one of our people all the way and putting his stick in his face. Praise the Lord! it would have done anyone good to have heard the experience of some of our brethren how they had spent their first Christmas in the Lord's service.

CARDIFF.

BROTHER PANTER writes:—Christmas, 1877, will long be remembered by many in connection with this branch of the Christian Mission. Everybody was praying for, and wishing everybody else, a merry Christmas; and while I was passing a crowd of men, who so often stand at the corners of the streets

close by some public house, I heard one shout, "a merry Christmas Mr. Preacher." I was then going to the meeting, and I thought I would have a merry Christmas, and so I did.

We commenced our morning service at eleven o'clock with a very good crowd, and after singing and prayer, the merriment of Christmas began. A dear woman was at the penitent form, crying out of a broken heart, "Lord save me," to which all our people shouted "Amen." A few minutes and she was saved, and singing,—

"My God I am thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know
That my Jesus is mine."

We then prayed that much Holy Ghost power might be given to each Mission man and woman. After two had prayed, we sang:—

"Jesus to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour Thou;
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now."

One brother shouted out, "I have the power; yes, I have the power." Another brother, who has only been converted a month, shouted out, "I feel the power now. Glory, glory, glory!" We now had four or five praying at the same time; but one taking the lead and praying for more Holy Ghost power! it came. One was so filled that, although weak in body, he shook another while he shouted, "Amen, I have the power! Amen, I have the power!" and then he got rubbing his hands, while the glory shone out of his eyes. After all had prayed, we had a hymn—

"Lord in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free
Myself, my residue of days
I consecrate to Thee."

After which we concluded.

At night we had a very large number present, and commenced by singing and prayer, and then I gave my own experience in a few words. I felt the power in so doing, and many were shouting "Hallelujah, Amen." A verse was sang, which was followed by about fifty speakers in a few minutes. I then said "Any more?" seeing there was a breach in the rapid speaking. I said again "Any more?" All eyes were fixed on me, but no answer came, and we all dropped on our knees, singing:—

"See the tempter fly,
Hear young converts cry,
Hallelujah,
Glory be to God on high."

I prayed short, and was quickly followed by fourteen others, each praying about a minute for power and precious souls. We then sang on our knees,—

"There's a better day,
There's a crowning day,
There's a better day coming on,
Hallelujah, I believe it."

And now "clear the way, let this black man pass you;" he comes seeking mercy. Everybody seemed to shout Hallelujah, when they saw sinners coming to Jesus. Another prayer, and here comes another woman. "Let her pass you; yes, let her kneel down at the penitent form," says a sister, anxious to point her to Jesus. Now everybody seems to be praying with one consent, one prayer, "more power and more souls still;" and while one prays, another, whom people call "Billy Bray," gets so full of the power of God, that he starts jumping and clapping his hands, shouting "Glory be to God," and being overcome, falls down, putting his arm around another brother's neck. The power now fills both so that they fall speechless on to the stove, without knowing anything about the fire. Such was our Christmas night.

PORTSMOUTH.

A GREAT many old and very poor folks were entertained at the hall to dinner, and dinners were also sent out to some who were blind or sick, and unable to get to the place, and after dinner an earnest address to the people was naturally listened to with great respect, but no definite result was secured at the time.

LEICESTER.

PUBLIC teas were held every evening of the week, and souls saved on each occasion.

BRADFORD.

At the meeting held in the evening, the mightiest sweep of Divine power in saving souls seems to have been felt, which was experienced in the Mission upon this day. There were people, power, and "a blessed smash."

Amongst the hearts broken in pieces

that night, were those of the following remarkable persons:—

1.—A conjuror, who tore up his cards, gave the evangelists his private winning one and conjuring ball, signed the pledge, broke down before God, got saved, destroyed his guinea pig, got honest employment, and is doing well.

2.—An old horse dealer who had opposed the preachers at Leeds sixteen months before.

3.—A carman, who came over two seats to get to the penitent form, fell like a shot soldier and got saved.

4.—A big navy who roared out beautifully for mercy got saved, and commenced speaking in public for Christ the next Sunday.

5.—A great novel reader who delivered up three sorts of novels, gave God his heart and rose up to live a real life.

6.—A poor backslider who gave up his tobacco, fancy pipe and case, and having surrendered all was received back to his God. Besides these men several females found mercy.

WHITEY.

THE Hallelujah Army made a powerful attack upon the devil's kingdom on Christmas day, commencing at 7 a.m. Open-air meeting at 10; holiness meeting in the hall at 11. At 1:30, a procession headed by a large banner

BOXING DAY.

The Boxing Day festivals of the Mission have all along been so remarkable that one might well be in despair of obtaining any new and special feature in connection with them beyond a continual increase in the number of large and powerful meetings held; and yet there was unquestionably a very great visible increase in the spiritual power attending the meetings this year, and the tone of the speaking was much more godly than ever in the vast majority of cases.

WHITECHAPEL.

FIELDGATE HALL was filled with people at the morning holiness meeting. Mr. Booth's words were like red hot coals, and the power of God fell upon all present in a glorious manner. The tidings and effect of this meeting spread with rapidity and blessed effect to meetings held elsewhere.

The usual demonstrations were held on the Mile End waste, concluding with the grand procession to the hall. The joy which thrilled every believing heart in the evening meeting was such that many were literally leaping, and yet, with

and two small ones, and composed of a large company of men and women that God has saved this last few months, who were not afraid to sing round the town for an hour and a half. Rich and poor, friends and foes came to their windows and doors to see them pass. St. Hilda's Hall was full by 3 o'clock, when the young converts began to speak with power, saying this had been the happiest Christmas day they had ever spent. At night many souls were saved.

MIDDLESBRO'.

BRO. BLANDY writes:—"On Christmas morning, North Ormesby joined us here, and we had a time of spiritual power and great rejoicing. A love feast of fat things; the dear people were as happy, I think, as they well could be. The experiences of young converts made us all shout, one especially who had been saved the Sunday previous. He said, as he stood up, 'I am so glad I am here; last Christmas I was drinking and dog fighting, but now I'm saved. My mates met me this morning, and wanted me to go with them; but I told them I was going another way, I had turned over a new leaf (A shout: 'not got a new book altogether,') and I mean to give up all the drink and gambling and serve the Lord, may God help him.'"

A blessed service was also held at the other Middlesbro' Hall the same day.

HAMMERSMITH.

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH held a holiness meeting here in the afternoon, which was attended by some seventy or eighty

members of the society. It was a blessed heart-searching time.

The public meeting in the evening was well attended, and the Spirit of God wrought mightily while Miss Booth and others delivered addresses. Seven souls voluntarily came and surrendered to Christ at the close, amongst the number being a married couple whose lives had been wretched indeed up to this time. The husband had just undergone a month's imprisonment, but now both were set free to rejoice together in the heavenly way.

STOKE NEWINGTON.

THE tea and meeting were by no means so remarkable for the numbers present as for the spiritual comfort enjoyed by some who did come.

Two rough men came to the penitent form to all appearance thoroughly broken to pieces beneath the power of God, crying, "Lord, save me," and protesting that "If the Lord will only forgive me I will alter."

May the Lord gloriously alter not only these two, but many more in Stoke Newington!

LIMEHOUSE.

OPEN-AIR meetings during the afternoon and evening prepared the way for an earnest meeting conducted by Mr. Ballington Booth at night, at which poor sinners sought the Lord.

One of them was a bargeman, a desperate drunkard, whose brother is known to mission people at Chatham. May both henceforth drink desperately of the living water from the throne!

POPLAR.

DEVOTION here in the morning took the form of hard labour to refix a smoking stove and to make a display of banners, &c., in the front of the hall, hoping all the while for a better state of things the next holiday.

Off at last in the afternoon—a long line in single file, like policemen, up the East India Road, to the chosen stand at the corner of a new road, near the Canning Town bridge. We were disappointed at the comparatively few persons passing by, and of all the cold spots we ever had the privilege of standing upon—sisters stood shivering with clenched teeth, while the biting north

wind swept over the open fields, and did its uttermost to move us on. We did not stir, however, until many a sinner's heart had been pierced with the still keener blast of the Spirit. After an hour's service, we turned upon the wind, and rushing off into it to warm our bodies, we were soon standing where five or six streets met, beside a large public house. On again to one corner after another, and then into the hall to tea.

The procession after tea aroused general attention, and while we stood beneath the windows of one large public house, some of the poor victims within, roaring and yelling from one of the windows, assisted us in gathering a great crowd, to whom Millwall brethren spoke with Divine power. We arrived at the hall in good time, and the harmonic union meeting which followed, was a glorious success, for while the love of Christ constrained one after another to spring to their feet, and tell what God had done for them since the last Christmastide, others were pricked to the heart, and several came and fell at the feet of Jesus.

"Oh!" said one of these, "I have never prayed for years."

And whilst they were testifying afterwards to the change they had that night experienced, one exclaimed "This is the first time I ever spoke for Christ, but I hope it won't be the last." Amen, and amen!"

HACKNEY.

THE meeting here was one of the best that has been known in Hackney. Mr. Bramwell Booth had hurried from Hammersmith to take the lead, and some thirty or forty persons spoke during the evening. Only the want of sinners in attendance, and consequent vacancy of the penitent form, diminished the general satisfaction.

WELLINGBORO'.

WE had a fair attendance at tea. In the open-air our enemies opened fire, and pelted us pretty freely with snowballs. One of our sisters received rather a severe blow in one of her ears. She was a little stunned at first, but shortly afterwards shouted glory, declaring that it was the happiest night she had ever spent.

CHATHAM.

BROTHER Whitfield writes: "A public tea on Boxing Day. A good open-air service, and one of the best meetings in connection with the Mission I ever

But the feastings of the Mission did not terminate with the great holiday. The following meetings came the day after:

BETHNAL GREEN.

HAVING assisted with might and main in the Whitechapel festivals of the previous day, the Bethnal Green friends were none the less determined to make their own meeting a grand success; and trusting in the Lord, and diligently helping Him, they were not disappointed. Nearly a hundred and fifty people came to tea, and the hall, now with its circus-like galleries presenting so delightful a sight when crammed with people, looked its very best. Miss Booth and others spoke to the enthusiastic assembly with most blessed effect, and several sinners at once gave way to God.

The wife of a man, who had been converted a Sunday or two before rose, and walking up from the bottom of the hall, plunged into the healing fountain, and rose to rejoice with her husband in the great salvation.

POPLAR.

THE success of the Harmonic Union the day before, prompted a repetition of the same sort of free and easy meeting. Seventy persons met at a coffee supper, and then, all sitting in a great square, the speaking and singing began.

The arrows of the Lord, showering here and there from the quivers of so many speakers, speedily sank deep into the hearts of two sailors, who fell upon their knees, and, unshipping their sins, took in the peace that passeth all understanding.

Need we say that we have not by any means exhausted the list of meetings held, being in several cases without reports, and leaving others unmentioned to save too frequent repetition of similar circumstances or of the same place. Surely, however, enough specimens have been supplied to convey to all our readers what times of spiritual feasting we had, largely provided by the agency of converts of the year and used to the salvation of many more. But we are not content. God willing, next year shall be as this year, and much more abundant.

was in, not with Mr. So and So, but with our own people. Men who could speak out of the fulness of their hearts, and say what the Lord had done for them through the agency of the Christian Mission."

The next day they brought their captain to seek the Lord at the same place, and ere the schooner left the port, all on board were sweetly singing of a free salvation they had not only heard of, but received.

WELLINGBRO'.

A GREAT VICTORY

was obtained by faith and prayer in the evening. Scarcely had we commenced our open-air meeting, before a rough tall man began waving his stick, declaring with oaths and curses that we should not hold a meeting there that night. Some one intimated that he was a desperate character, had formerly been a poacher, but was now a keeper. I soon found that he was neither to be won nor drove. All at once I was deeply impressed to drop on my knees and begin to pray. I hesitated a moment, wondering whether it was God's Spirit that was leading me to do so. The impression came again more forcibly. The snow was on the ground, but down I went, and cried mightily to God. I said: "Lord, thou knowest who this man is, whether he is a drunkard, wife beater, or living in a state he should not." This proved like a padlock on his jaw. Silence followed, and it has since turned out that he is living in a state of adultery. May the Lord save him! Bless God, the devil overshot his mark by this attack. Many of our workers were fired up, and have been working harder for Christ ever since. That night's meeting was crowned with the salvation of two souls.

HOW WE FINISHED 1877 AND BEGAN 1878.

WATCH-NIGHTS, in the ordinary sense of the word, are quite common things now-a-days, and indeed it seems as though it would soon be rather the exception than the rule for any one professing any regard for religion to be absent from some midnight service on the last evening of the year.

The rapidly-growing appetite in the Mission for nights of prayer, too, will surely soon throw a more ordinary watch-night quite into the shade, if indeed we do not already find ourselves in a state in which we scarcely know or care what year or month we are living our glorious everlasting life in. It will be seen that this time many meetings ran on further into the morning than is fashionable, and we do not hesitate to predict, without any pretence at supernatural information, that not many of our halls will be closed at three o'clock on the 1st of January, 1879 (D.V.).

People who mean to feast in God's sight day without night, and who have given all their time, with talents, friends, reputation, money, and whatever else they have to God, are not the folks to look at the clock to know when to end a service. Oh, no; we have gone clean past Greenwich time; we go by the New Jerusalem clock, with a direct special wire to every heart. Hallelujah!

WHITECHAPEL.

THERE was a fair attendance and great joy manifested by the people of God, especially while they willingly offered themselves and their all up to Him to live and die for the salvation of souls. Mr. Booth conducted the service, which was scarcely over at one o'clock.

PLAISTOW.

THE usual evening service was prolonged after a coffee supper, so that with little break the worship of God went on from 7.30 till 12.30. The testimonies of the happy people glowed with the heavenly fire, and with one consent some forty of them, seeing there were no sinners to be saved in the place, went off at half-past twelve to sing around the neighbourhood.

This was kept up till half-past three in the morning, and amongst the places visited were the gipsies' tents not far away. Here the Spirit of the Lord laid hold of one young gipsy, who fell down and sought mercy, and was able to say before they left her that "she never believed she could have been so happy; happier than ever she had been in her life." Praise God for happy people and for sisters to lead them.

POPLAR.

THREE pardoned souls were able to rejoice in God here before the watch-night began, and after a very powerful service, conducted by Mr. Ballington Booth, the cry was heard at one o'clock precisely, "God be merciful to me a sinner." When the service concluded we are not in a position to state.

HACKNEY.

A GRAND procession of the members paraded the streets peopled by the poor from 9.15 to 10.44 under the leadership of Mr. Bramwell Booth. At one corner, beside a low public-house, two or three drunken men danced around him, and at another, there seemed to be no hope of a quiet hearing amidst the throng of roughs and lads until the whole company of godly men and women, forming a large ring, knelt upon the ground to pray, when victory was achieved over the outer tumult, and we trust the seeds of eternal victory sown in many a dark, wretched heart. The watch-night service was one of the largest and best ever enjoyed in Hackney.

MILLWALL.

SINCE Sister Wesson has been labouring here a marvellous change seems to have

come over the spirit of the work. Friends went out with a bell arousing everybody to prepare to meet their God, and the little hall had fifty people in it at service time. An old man had been waiting there for the service to begin; he sat weeping all the time, and is now a new man in Christ Jesus.

When we reached Millwall on the evening of New Year's Day, when tea was being held, we were met some distance from the place by a returning sister, with the news, "You can't get in, so it's no use your going." And no wonder either.

A lighterman and his wife had been passing the open air service on the Sunday evening, on their way to a doctor, but hearing that a woman was going to preach they had felt constrained to go and hear her, although the wife could scarcely tell how to sit in the close crowded room. But, however, Jesus managed to save the two of them before they left, and the next morning, at eleven o'clock, they were found in the streets, going about to invite others to the meetings at the hall! May God help us to get a larger one ere some one dies of suffocation in the present one!

STOCKTON:

THE last of 1877 was a grand day, finished up at one o'clock in the morning with three young men, under deep conviction, confessing their sin.

Brother Clare said that some present had the devil in their pockets, and these young men having come into the place each with a bottle of rum in their pockets, felt that they and they alone could be meant. They voluntarily gave up the bottles, which one of them forthwith took outside and smashed. Six in all signed the pledge. The Lord save them!

WHITBY.

SISTER DOWDLE from Bradford was with us, and had a good day; twenty-eight souls on the last Sunday of the year. On New Year's eve, the last day of the year, we had the first Christian Mission tea-meeting. Upwards of 600 sat down to well filled tables, thanks to Mrs. Robinson and all the friends that helped so liberally to make the tea a success. The profits were £8 10s. 4d. Hallelujah! The meeting commenced at 7.30; then Mrs. Dowdle spoke of the mission work

generally, more especially of Bradford. Bro. Gipsy Smith gave his farewell address, as he was going to Bradford for a fortnight. I gave a short account of the Mission's sudden appearance here, and how God had blessed the work in saving men going down to dark despair. The watchnight commenced at 10, with about 1,000 people present, who stayed till after midnight. It was a powerful time, Holiness, being the subject. At 11.40 we arranged two penitent forms, one for them that wanted salvation, the other for them that wanted sanctification. Over thirty of the young converts came out to be cleansed from all sin and to get perfect love. The women gave up their feathers, flowers, and eardrops, and one could not get the blessing because she had a jacket covered with beads which troubled her; at last she took it off and got the blessing. The men took the rings off their hands, gave up their pipes, and came out clean and clear, being determined to work for God and souls. Five came out for salvation and got it. Glory to God. A policeman that was at this service, and looked round to see all was safe at the close, whilst on duty three days afterwards, on a dark night, fell into the harbour, and, with one shout for help, sank to rise no more. I preached his funeral sermon to a filled hall, and souls were saved.

CARDIFF.

BROTHER PANTER writes:—Our people came up about ten o'clock, and after singing a well-known hymn, I prayed and read a chapter, making a few remarks respecting the year 1877, and showing some of the lessons it taught us. We then had to move the desk to let our praying men and women come forward, and they commenced praying like men who mean what they say; and oh! the mighty power I shall not soon forget—what volumes of "Hallelujahs" and "Amens." I said, "Now, my beloved, let us not be led off by noise; let us keep hold of God, and we shall have power. Off they go again into more earnest prayer than ever; and why? because they got more power.

"Now let her pass." "Who?" "Why, this poor woman, who wants Jesus." Down on her knees she drops, crying for God to save her, and weeping most bitterly.

"You have been drinking, have you

not?" said I to her; she said, "Yes, sir; but I must be saved," and cried, "Save me, O Lord, save me!"

"Let this one come," said some friends; and there, trembling and weeping for pardon, is the companion in sin of the other woman.

A brother now prays for her, and it seemed as though one could see the very moment of her salvation by the gleam of joy upon her face, while she turns to her companion and says, "I mean Christ, and if you want any more sin I will not have any of it; Christ for me." God saved them both, and they sang right heartily with all the saints.

I now found that some half-dozen men behind me were telling God they would never leave the spot till He gave them more power. After five minutes' silent prayer we proposed to break up; but our people were crying "Let us make another quarter," some on their knees, shouting because they were full of power.

Just about this time I found a poor backslider near the door crying out for mercy, and he did not cry in vain—he got saved, bless God! and then we all went home together, praising God for the best watch-night I ever saw.

HAMMERSMITH.

A GRAND open-air service was held on the great Broadway Stand, from 8.45 p.m. A poor drunkard came in with a bottle of rum, shouting "I know you don't like the bottle. There is no Bible now, it's translated," and so forth; but after he was disposed of, the people listened with very marked attention to the final messages of the year. At nine there was a supper at the hall, after which a glorious Hallelujah meeting was kept up until about 11.55, when all fell to silent prayer until the new year was well come.

Two sinners sought mercy, one of whom afterwards stood up boldly to tell how glad she was that she had given God her heart, and how determined she was to serve Him in the future. A drunkard also consented to sign the pledge, whose coming to the hall was very peculiar. His wife had been singing "The light of the world is Jesus," during the evening, and upon his mocking her song, had said "If you don't like the singing you had better go out." As he strolled along he found the open-air meeting, and from thence

followed to the hall. May he soon rejoice to walk in the light with a new song in his heart as well as upon his lips!

BETHNAL GREEN.

Here the open-air meeting lasted from 8 to 9.30, followed by a coffee supper, and then a mighty service, wherein Mrs. Booth took the leading part. In the prayer meeting, nine sinners surrendered to God. One of these afterwards brought her husband and lodger, and two other married couples, to Jesus, and this sort of spiritual co-operation appears now likely to be the order of the year at this station. Oh that it may be so at every other also, so that we may have crowded halls and a grand regathering of souls.

CROYDON.

THE service here was the best that has been held in Croydon for many months, all the members present throwing themselves with energy into the work.

Two rough costers, who came in, seemed to be truly broken down before God, and sought mercy in right good earnest. They seemed utterly ignorant of religious things. One said he could not remember to have been in any place of worship for five years, and thought he must surely have to learn to read before he could be converted. But the Lord showed him a shorter cut.

The other said he could not pray for he had never learnt how. The last hours of 1876, he had spent in learning and singing songs. But we trust he learnt upon this occasion how to watch, pray, and to sing the very best of songs into the bargain. God save Croydon!

LIMEHOUSE.

POOR Limehouse! There seemed to be something peculiarly interesting in the passage from one year to another, for the people who are passing so uncomfortably out of discomfort into a more hopeful and cheering state of things.

With the old gaff, wherein so many damp agueish sensations have been felt on cold wintry nights, lying in ruins and nothing but a wooden shed, low, draughty, and in every way disagreeable wherein to meet, our dear people might well groan and pray and hope for a happy new year, including a commo-

dious and useful hall on the gaff site, to dawn quickly. More than a hundred were met in the poor little place, and we trust in God that the end of the year will be passed by a proportionately good number in the new hall, for which may the Lord's stewards provide the needful means.

CHATHAM.

BROTHER WHITFIELD writes:—The last Sunday in the year we had a visit from Bro. Hobday, and a very good time of it, many being glad to see and hear him again.

Monday, Dec. 31st, we commenced open-air service at 7 p.m.; then indoor preaching service and prayer meeting, finishing about half-past nine. Had some refreshment, and then a love-feast up to about five minutes to twelve, when we all spent the last and first five minutes in silent prayer. A prayer meeting followed for about half an hour, and we then held a consecration service, giving ourselves afresh to God, and I administered the Sacrament, bringing before each mind the sufferings of our Lord Jesus, telling them at the same time that if they did not live, or fully intend living to God, to be honest enough to withdraw. While going round with the bread, I came to the last one, a young man; he shouted out, with tears running down his cheeks, "I can't, sir; I'm not fit." When Sacrament service was over, he came out and gave himself afresh to God.

PORTSMOUTH.

A CONGREGATION of the right sort was secured here, in part by the aid of a free tea during the evening, in part by an open-air service held from 10 till 10.45. Multitudes listened and some of the roughest came in with the rest. Just after midnight, one of these took the opportunity while everyone, doorkeeper included, was engrossed in heavenly things, to turn out the gas, while others attempted to create an uproar. But nearly everyone kept their seats, and instead of being seriously disturbed, the evangelist felt inclined to prolong the service till the dawning of the day. This, however, was more than the people had bargained for and they seemed indisposed to stay so long. But the gas re-lit shone upon one sinner returning

to his God, and upon others in trouble about their sins.

WELLINGBRO'.

A GOOD out door meeting was held, and a large procession wended its way to the hall. The inside meeting lasted from half-past seven till a quarter to one, with a little interval for refreshment. The room was packed. The service throughout was very impressive. A great number spoke. A fear at one time was entertained that a number of men, who had just left the public houses, would upset the meeting; but the Lord turned the scale in our favour. Many of them became very serious, signed the pledge, and we have hopes of some being brought to Christ.

LEICESTER.

THIRTY souls seeking mercy, and twenty-three signing the pledge in the Salvation Warehouse, made up the specialities of the last night of the year, in which the Mission was said to have ceased to exist in Leicester. So let every station perish!

MIDDLESBRO'.

PLACE full, and a good time to the watch-night.

New Year's Day, love feast at three o'clock, when all the family from Cannon Street and the Oddfellows, North Ormesby, met around one table, and such a time of general rejoicing was rarely witnessed. Many who were there unconverted went away thoroughly convinced that there was no pleasure in the world like that; and, praise God! three came again and again, and on Friday a husband and wife joined hands and were saved. And a young man, who had been miserable all the week, stepped into the pool and got washed, and is now on his way. And a young woman, who had been playing outside the Gospel net, was caught.

MEMOIR OF BROTHER DILKES, OF BETHNAL GREEN.

In Our Next.