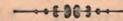


# The Christian Mission Magazine.

MARCH, 1878.

## Peace or War?

By G. S. RAILTON.



It is a striking fact that although there is scarcely a year in the world's history during which no great nation is engaged in war, the very thought of that multiplication of horrors is so repulsive that no one, not even the chief of a half-savage tribe, will admit that he desires war—until the war frenzy has already grasped his nature and subdued all calmness and reason and good feeling beneath its horrible power. Kings and statesmen step forward and demand enormous grants of money and vast levies of flesh and blood with the most desperate and repeated assurances that their only desire is to preserve peace. And nations rush to arms with the cry, "We don't want to fight." In war, the "roaring lion" of the pit comes forth without mask, or hesitancy of any kind, displaying all his hideous form at once, and producing in open daylight before the world, not only all that can be performed in his own best style of vileness and abomination, but actually showing at the same time, in no small degree, the agonies, the piteous wailings, and the ruin—the death—that sin brings forth.

This "land of peace" has been filled for months past with the news and the whisperings of war until the air seems already to reek with the blood, and charred flesh, and hospital humours, and festering pestilence, and accumulating filthiness of distant lands where men have slain one another until there was no more power to slay, and destroyed until nothing remained to destroy.

No wonder at the ghastly eagerness of everyone to know whether their own brethren are to be sent forth to add to the devil's dunghoops of murdered men, or whether the desire for peace so constantly professed everywhere is to be honestly exemplified.

And yet there will be wars—not only one but many, as long as

this wretched world continues. The war-fever, like some hellish plague, will spread its deadly contagion, century after century, amongst people after people, until the sword has reaped its horrid harvest out of every homestead and desolated every family in every land. If any proof were wanted that evil is not a mere habit or influence amongst men but the production of a gigantic genius—of a mighty, living, real being, who moves incessantly amongst us, and sleeplessly labours for our destruction, it would only be necessary to point to this one fact—that men, seeing and knowing right well what war means, can be maddened sufficiently to rush into it.

#### WAR AGAINST GOD.

But more terrible even than all the wars ever waged between man and man is the fearful conflict incessantly carried on between man and His God. Here all the wretched follies and appalling horrors of every other warfare are thrown utterly into the shade. Here there is no brazen show of might and force and bravery to hide the cowardice and childish folly of the enterprise. Here is no glittering star of sham glory to invite fools on to disgrace. Here is a certain invariable looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall consume the adversaries, for everybody who will only stop and look. Here is no suspicion of villany, the suppression of which may make excuse for the commission of greater villany still, for everybody knows in his heart that God is good. And yet men, women, children even, from the very dawn of reason, rush to the battle against their Father, their Friend, their only Refuge and Help, and fight on until they not only destroy themselves and their all, but blight everything that is beautiful and good around them, and drag even the Blessed One from His throne to be besmeared with the mud and filth and blood and misery of a guilty wrecked world. On, on, on they go, until the smoky cloud of their torment rises up for ever out of hell one vast monument of the infamy and madness of resisting God.

You see that young woman in all the pride and sweetness of her early beauty? As she listens to some honest man of God who points to the Lamb of God, wrapt in the darkness and agonies of the cross, and shows her that her sins have done it all; or while a host of true, loving hearts pour forth their earnest song of praise to Him that was slain for them, the spirit of the Lord compels her to see and feel it all—her lip quivers; she can scarcely control herself at all; she sits powerless. But it is only for a little while. Wait just ten minutes. You shall see her rush away with a flushed face directly; you shall hear her old merry laugh again, and listen to the same giddy talk she was compelled to break off when she entered those walls. "Follow Jesus of Nazareth, indeed! Aha—let Him bleed, let Him groan away, let Him beg and entreat; I cannot stop. I have an engagement. I am going to dance and sing. I shall be at a party to-morrow evening." On, on, on; dance, sing, play, please every-

body, be damned, let everybody be damned. What does it all matter? What else should one do? That is human life at its prettiest—war against God.

You see that man? He knows his business; oh, yes! no mistake about that. Clever, careful, diligent, always at it, never give up, look after number one, let everybody else do the same or take their chance—push, push, push. Succeed? of course he will succeed. He has succeeded, he is succeeding; what ever is to prevent his success? Why bless you he may even succeed some day in "the Church of God," and have his name amongst its officers, and dangle his gold chain, and swagger his purse upon its platforms. Succeed? why to be sure, what in the world else is he to do but succeed.

"But Jesus! Jesus!" The man that is speaking will have it that he is not listening to Jesus, that he is trampling upon the very blood of Jesus! "Jesus! Jesus!! Well really, when one comes to think, that is something new certainly. Knocking at my heart," he says, "and I won't let him in. Ah, yes, I remember how I felt once about that."

Two minutes. Gone again to his business, to his gains, to his success, to his idols. Stop being worldly, stop fighting against God—impossible! "Let me alone; I really have not time to think about my soul, or God, or heaven, or hell, or the judgment day; I really must be gone."

Gone, gone, gone to waste himself in the senseless strife for nothing; to sweep all that is heavenly, and holy, and true, as far away from his own circle as possible; gone to resist all God's plans; to despise and reject His love; to forget Him altogether, if possible; gone to Hell. And that is human life at its best—war against God. There is something far more bitter than all that.

You see that Christian? Converted beyond a doubt; determined to go to heaven; separate, to a very large extent from the world; but—but, but there is something—aye! perhaps several things—held back from God. Indulgences persisted in, bad habits continued, duties neglected, all tell of a partial withholding of the heart from Him to whom we owe all if we owe anything. And this is done in the light, until the light changes into darkness,—darkness, it may be, ending, alas! in eternal midnight. One of God's own children, one of His own friends, fighting against God! Oh, it is awful, and yet it is the common run of ordinary Christian life—war against God.

#### WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Oh, is it not all enough to turn heaven in darkness and blood! "We speak of the realms of the blest." The Blessed who is fought against incessantly, and always has been since the world began. The Blessed who loves His enemies, and is yet compelled to fight against them. Well may He cry, "Come and see if there was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow." Does He never long for some stoppage of the ceaseless, raging storm? Does His heart never ache for

somebody's love? Oh, yes, that it does. "Oh, that there was such a heart in them that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always," is His feeling to-day, with regard to every child of man, as much as it was 3000 years ago. A longing still, alas! how much disappointed and despised.

Chased out of his own world, the Son of Man turns at last with those words so full of sweetness, and yet with such a depth of bitter sorrow as well. "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you." "Not as the world giveth." Alas! no, Lord. It has given Thee nothing but scorn, and hate, and resistance, even until now!

But oh! brethren, what shall we give? Who will really love God? Who will leave all and follow Him wholly? Who will stand up and help Him against a world in arms? Who will lay down their lives as He has laid down His to make peace? Who will be content always to endure, always to struggle, always to be trampled upon, always to be despised, always to be The King's Own?

It is only for such soldiers always to be at peace whilst continually at war, always to have the table spread by the Shepherd's hands, though always in sight of the foe, always to be "in distresses," and yet always able to "take pleasure" in them, always to be suffering and yet always to be triumphant. Oh! for the sake of God and men, and love and peace, and truth and heaven, and all that is worth caring for, let us fight and fight, and fight, and never cease fighting to the end! And the very God of peace shall be with us.

## PARDON AND PURITY.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

**P**ARDON and Purity. God's two great purposes concerning you. The Apostle Paul told King Agrippa that he was sent by Jesus of Nazareth to preach to the Gentiles "that they may receive forgiveness of sins, AND inheritance among them *which are sanctified*." And unfathomable wisdom has ordained that the first "principles" which we are bidden to leave, should be precious figures, glorious types, inestimably valuable and useful *guides*, to help us on to the perfection we are commanded to attain. If you would "go on unto perfection," you must go, guided by "the principles of the doctrine of Christ." And are they not crying constantly in your ears—"This is the way, walk ye in it?"

Your conversion was not only a passing away of "old things," but it was a figure of "things to come." Anyway, a figure of things that God *intended* should come; and if they have *not*, it is because you did not "go on."

And first among these "principles," there were *Conviction, Repentance, Consecration, Faith* in Jesus, and the blessed *Witness of the Holy Spirit*,

to your pardon and adoption. Something very much like each one of them must come over again, before you can know the *full* liberty of the children of God, and be made "PERFECT in every good work to do His will."

Look, now, for a few minutes at what seems to me to be the manner of the Holy Spirit of God in working in us.

1. *Conviction*.—You must be convicted for holiness. And then, first, there will disappear that awful "ease in Zion," which is so sure a sign of uneasiness for ever. There will possess your soul a deep-rooted consciousness of the existence in you of indwelling sin, of heart evils, of unrighteousness in desire and motive, and, at times, terrible rebellion of will. You will see all this; and see also that something more is needed, is provided, is *commanded*, not merely to Christians generally, but to you. "The future cannot be improved without disturbing the present," and in the light and by the power of God's Spirit, there will be a great searching into and bringing out, a great overturning and upheaving in your heart, and you will be willing, anxious, thankful for it to be so. All this is an inevitable result of a true *conviction* that to be Holy is possible, that it is possible to you, and possible now; nay, that it is an imperative *command*, which ought to be, and *must be obeyed*; and in a blessed state of feverish longing, you will be ready to cry—

"My heart strings groan with strong complaint,  
My flesh lies panting, Lord, for Thee;  
And every limb and every joint  
Stretches for perfect purity."

2. *Repentance*.—While this conviction will not produce the sense of *guilt*, which accompanied conviction of sin before you were converted, it will produce an overwhelming determination to turn to the Lord with your *whole* heart; you will be pained, ashamed, broken down before Him, at the discovery that so much of you is still opposed to Him, and if you follow the leadings of the Holy Ghost, whose work it is to "give repentance," He will lead you to promptly and thoroughly and *successfully* turn from everything and everybody, even to "turn unto the Lord with all your heart, and to *put away the strange gods from among you*, and prepare your heart unto the Lord, to *serve Him only*. God will have thoroughness, and He will never give purity, *unless you entirely, unconditionally, and for ever abandon sin*. This, indeed, is "repentance not to be repented of."

3. *Consecration*.—You must assign all you have and all you are to God. *Make it over to Him*. Do not be content merely with the feeling that you are willing to do this, *but do it*. God requires, and rightfully requires, to *direct* ALL. "We will not have this Man to reign over us," that is the damning sin of sinners. "We will not have this Man to reign over *ours*," that is the unwritten meaning, in plain words, of the lives of thousands of so-called saints; hence, instead of going "on unto perfection," they grow lukewarm against the day when He will spew them out of His mouth. God requires also to *possess* ALL. Heathen Balshazzar kept *all* he had for himself, and God took his kingdom, slew his body, and damned his soul in one night. Religious Ananias and Sapphira kept for themselves a *part* of the price of their possession, and God slew *them also*, there and then, body and soul, for ever and ever.

My brethren, I tell you *He hates* half-hearted, half-handed offerings. So, search and surrender, and re-surrender and search again, till you have every vestige of both you and yours upon the altar of consecration. No hesitation, no reserve, no drawing back when you begin to "SUFFER" "the loss of all things." The primary condition to the obtaining a full, free, and present *salvation*, is the making a full, and free, and present *surrender*. God help you to make it *now*.

4. *Faith*.—You must exercise faith for Christ for this blessing of purity, much as you exercised it for pardon. Now, as then, hell will say that you *can't*. And now, as then, you know in yourself that you *CAN*. Believe for a holy heart—not for nice feelings, not for inward peace and rest, not that you may be made happy, but that you may be made *holy*, whether you feel nice or no. I fear there is a great deal of desire to *feel and seem* to be holy, which is the mere seeking of self gratification. Keep the end of your faith clearly before you—A HOLY HEART. When? Just when you reach forward and touch Him with the touch of *exclusive* faith, that is faith that refuses to rely upon, or trust in any other, under any circumstances, at any time, and *especially now*. Will you be made whole? Your entire being responds *I will*. Very well. *Can* He make you whole? And can He do it now? Faith says He can. Faith says HE WILL. Faith says HE DOES. And the woman who touched His garment "felt in her body that she was healed." No wonder, then, if you feel it to! And even if you don't, inasmuch as you exercised faith for full salvation God *has given it you*, and you can afford, if it be His will, "to walk WITH HIM in the dark" all the days of your life.

5. *The Witness of the Spirit*.—God "has sent forth His spirit into our hearts" as a witness to our justification, of which, as it is a work done *for* us, we could never have been sure, without this direct witness in ourselves, "that we are the children of God." And to our sanctification or perfecting in love, though it is a work done *in* us, it seems to me that He has ordained a witness also. It is written that, "Enoch walked with God," and that implies the *whole* of religion, "and had this testimony (or knowledge) that he pleased God," and that implies the highest or surest knowledge of the highest attainment in good. "For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." "And hereby," says John, "we know that He *abideth* in us by the spirit which He hath given us." So never be satisfied till you *do know* that the indwelling depravity of your heart has been eradicated, and that the glorious fruits of the Holy Spirit of God have taken full and *abiding* possession of your soul.

But there is a subtle temptation of the devil to be guarded against here. There is such a thing as *trusting* in your witness, as trusting in your experience. Satan suggests "now you are sanctified, and for *that* reason you will be sure to walk rightly, and to stand safely," and, listening to his voice, some have let go the beginning of their confidence in God, to place it in their "blessing" or their "joy," and have made shipwreck. Remember, "the just shall live by faith," and *by faith in God*, their Saviour and their Sanctifier.

You have been converted, find then in your Bible the command of God, bidding you "go on unto perfection," and find in your own past experience a true type of the means by which you must "be perfected."

"FAITHFUL is He that calleth you, who also WILL DO IT." WHEN?

## OUR CROWNED HEADS.

GEORGE THOMAS.

(Continued.)

**B**ROTHER THOMAS, ready for anything when shown the way, spent some days of the next week along with Mr. Bramwell Booth pulling down old scenery, making a snug room on the stage, whitewashing, canvassing, &c., to keep out draughts, and make the building more comfortable. The next week or two they spent almost entirely together at work in one way or another amongst the people, and the reminiscences of Bro. Thomas, which follow, present so interesting a picture of Christian Mission work, that surely they cannot be wearisome.

"We used to walk about the streets talking about the Mission, and when I told him any news that pleased him much, he would cry 'Oh, Hallelujah!' and we used to stop and laugh together, and people would look up to see who it was.

"We went and stood outside some large works in the snow one day at noon, and had a good crowd of men. They listened to him well. He always did well in the open air. He used to give such a hearty invitation to them all to come inside. I remember his saying once as we stood outside one pouring wet night, never mind bonnets, come in your shawls, never mind about your clothes, we shan't mistake you for gentlemen if you don't dress up."

"When I heard him preach inside he made them laugh and cry. When I got there they were in good condition, only he did not feel free to carry on anyhow, they restrained themselves, chapel like. But when I let them know that we believed in being free, we all laughed and rolled about, and enjoyed ourselves in the services, and of course he thoroughly enjoyed it.

"I shall never forget his speech one Sunday night, when I led a Hallelujah Band of pitmen. He told about a woman whom he visited when she was dying, how he sang and the neighbours wept, and then he told about a man who died and could not speak, but pointed up—he cried and made everybody there cry.

"He used to give out every Sunday evening, 'If anybody's dying, send for me, and I'll come. Mind, day or night, never fear to send.'

"He was a first-class visitor, he never stopped. If he got into a house and found it dirty, he would say to the woman 'Here, missis, why don't you clean up here? Now let's have this swept and washed up a bit, and these things put into shape, and I'll call again to-morrow.'

"We went visiting together all over the place. I remember one long room, up a court in which three families lived. There was a dumb-man who sat in a chair with his feet upon another. His wife and daughter and a lad were in too. Thomas poured his soul out for them in prayer and then talked about better times, and cheered them up and made them laugh, and finished by giving them a shilling out of his own pocket as he came away.

"We went to see a man who had got saved and was dying of consumption. He lived on the ground floor of a fisherman's house, in a street running down to the water side. There was just his bed and a little round table with his Bible and a penny hymn book. I read and we prayed, the sick man responded and cried, and at parting, we bargained with him—a form of bargain Thomas often concluded, after that—whichever of the two reached heaven first, should shout the other a welcome, while the survivor should shout over his grave.

"The sick man said 'I feel like shouting now.' And we *will* shout by-and-by Thomas said.

"We called on an old man of sixty-five who was dying, and very happy though he could not speak. Thomas got him to point upwards, and cheered up his old wife of sixty years."

Bro. Thomas's own account of his method of visitation and its effects,

in a speech delivered at the Conference of 1877, completes this description of his success as a visitor.

I have had fourteen year's experience in open-air work, and have found out a great many devices to make it successful.

I always make myself conversant with everyday facts, and by using them in speaking, I have invariably succeeded in gaining attention, and interesting the people.

For the last seven or eight months, since I came to the Mission, I have had far greater opportunities of gaining experience.

In Hartlepool I can get a crowd in the open air any day and at any hour. I will tell you how I get it. I visit the people in the morning, and wherever I go I ask the people if they are on the way to heaven, and how they started.

Last Sunday afternoon I was giving out—"We're travelling home to heaven above, will you go?" There was a man and four women standing by, and I said to them, "Will you join our company? we are on our way to heaven." By this sort of conversation I get acquainted with all the people, and as they stand at the doors and see me, they say, "He's coming, he's coming!" Everybody comes out to see me, and I get into the middle of the street and go in anyway.

If I find a woman cleaning her doorstep I say, "My dear sister, will you pray God to give you a clean heart while you are cleaning your doorstep?" And thus, by getting at everybody, the fishermen and their wives wait for me to come to the open-air service.

I had a blessed time the other day in the Croft. I found seven or eight mothers all standing together, and I walked over to them and said, "Ah! we've got a baby show here," and I began to remark upon each of the babies until I had gained all the mothers' hearts, and then I began to say, "The Lord Jesus Christ came to save sinners; may God give you grace to train these children for Him;" and then I go on my way, and they all know me. Some say, "He's a noisy chap;" and some say, "He's a funny chap;" and some say, "He's a happy chap;" and it's all true, so they can believe whichever they like, so long as they come and hear me.

A month or two after Mr. Booth's visit, Bro. Thomas had a severe illness, which brought him to the borders of the grave. He struggled on beneath the very shadow of death, endeavouring to do his work as before. Upon one occasion, being quite unable to preach as announced in the morning, he had the whole of his throat and chest blistered, and then went out and preached as usual in the afternoon!

Says Bro. Allen—

"I never saw anybody meeting death in so jolly a way. The doctors thought he would have to give up the work. He never seemed in the least disturbed. You could not have imagined there was anything the matter with him if you had not known it. He was not in the least different from his usual style."

Another tells how at this time he went into the open-air service on a Saturday evening, and when he got there said he could not go away without speaking. Standing on the stage one Sunday, when scarcely able to turn his head, some one sang

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,"

to a new tune, with the chorus,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

This so delighted Brother Thomas that, waving his arm and throwing up one leg, as his manner was, he exclaimed, "That'll do! When you come to see me die, blow me that off." Thus he lived on, coolly looking for death with undiminished cheeriness to the end.

It will already have been gathered from the first letter sent us from

Hartlepool that he had to grapple with financial difficulty as well as with all the other necessities of the work. In order to do the largest possible amount of work with the small amount of income derived from the subscribers to its general funds, the Christian Mission leaves to its evangelists in each district to raise the amount needed to meet the local expenditure at each place. Only by rigid adherence to such a system could the Mission, upon an annual income for general purposes of from £1,500 to £2,000, have been extended in twelve years to the marvellous extent it has been.

Brother Thomas met and grappled with the difficulty of raising money in the same cheerful, devoted, and unselfish spirit in which he met all his other duties. While lying ill, he was informed from head quarters, that the amount of salary which he was entitled to draw, was larger than that which he had hitherto received. His reply, actually written from the sick room, tells volumes as to the spirit of the man, the spirit which alone can assure success in the work of God.

Thanks for intimation in reference to salary. I must ask you to let me respectfully decline to accept it just at present. I am very anxious to come to Conference with a clean balance-sheet, and I do not wish to add to our expenses just at present. Things, I hope, will be a bit better here before long, and then I may have an increase. I only want poor sinners to get salvation; and the weather being so bad a great many of my members are not in a position to pay class money. They want to absent themselves on this account, but I won't have it. If they don't come I am very soon after them at their homes, and so I hunt them up. You will understand me, I think—it is not because I could not do with the money, but because the people are too poor to pay it. You remember the words of the Master, "The poor ye have with you always." I wish some of the rich stewards of the Lord knew about us, and would give us a lift. The Lord will open our way, no fear. With all my toil I am a great deal behind in my finances. I have been very ill; but praise God, I am a deal better.

Things did not get better, but rather worse, so that he was unable to get entirely free from debt. But grants from head quarters, and extra amounts raised in connection with special services, enabled him to keep afloat until a successor, with greater skill and experience came to deal with the case satisfactorily.

His illness and absence seriously interfered with the work, for missions, like armies and ships, are necessarily dependent for their progress, and even safety, very largely upon generals. His comparative inexperience too makes it marvellous that he should have accomplished so much, rather than that he should not have left a grander and stronger organisation behind him. But the mission is admirably guarded, by its system of frequent removals, from the serious damage which defects in its leaders might produce, as well as from the gradual loss of freshness and vigour so common where any set of circumstances remain unaltered for too long a time. A good man, who has done a good work in one locality, is sent with all the experience he has gained there to do a still better work elsewhere, whilst another following him is able to improve upon what he leaves behind. Thus, even while there are losses occasioned by the departure, time after time, of a beloved leader, the soldiers who stand by their colours throughout, become all the more hardy, devoting themselves to God and to His work; and a successor, even if he injures rather than improves the work that he finds, gains, it may be after all, experience which doubly fits him for his great calling for ever afterwards.

The following testimony from a Hartlepool tradesman, who had

every opportunity of watching Bro. Thomas closely from the first, seems to us sufficiently to express what he had raised up in the place, and how he was esteemed there at the time of his departure.

I thought it my duty to give you my opinion on the Mission work at Hartlepool. In the first place, it's a work much needed here. The moral condition of the people is at a very low ebb; but, thank God, since this Mission commenced, many have been reclaimed, and go along the streets singing the songs of Zion. They are to be found in the house of prayer, clothed, and in their right minds. The missionary is a good little fellow; he has worked hard. It has been a long and severe winter here. He has laboured both in and out of doors. He has been ill from its effects. We are sorry that he has been so ill. He should have had more rest. His great object is to save souls. He is a right man for a work like this. You must not remove him from this station yet. He is respected by all the people that know him. The congregations at night are good; the best in the town. Very important that it should be sustained well with a good speaker.

Not for the first or last time, the earnest entreaty not to remove the evangelist was disregarded, for such is the love with which the men are always cherished, that the Mission would be brought to a perfect standstill, if the feelings of individuals or societies were allowed to set aside general interests. And not for the first time nor the last did the result of the change prove as satisfactory in the place from which the brother was removed, as in that to which he was sent. The Mission to-day stands stronger, and shines more brightly than ever, in East Hartlepool.

At the annual gathering of the evangelists of the Mission in London, in June, Brother Thomas was appointed by Mr. Booth to take charge of Whitechapel, the central station of the whole Mission. Such a testimony to the repute he had already gained amongst us, was perhaps a great encouragement to one still so young in the work to undertake so heavy a task; but Bro. Thomas was always full of cheery confidence in God.

"Do you think you shall do at Whitechapel?" asked one. "It's no joke."

"I can manage them," responded Brother Thomas, with the comical twist of the head on one side, and the little kick into the air, which so often expressed to those whom he conversed with, how perfectly the little man could utilise the comic gestures of the concert hall, to exhibit all the gleeful freedom of a happy heart.

The same ability to adapt everything attractive in the world of pleasure to the service of his Master was displayed in the following handbill, which he delivered by the thousand while at this station.

#### A CROWN FOR YOU.

HOW YOU MAY GAIN IT, AND BE MADE HAPPY

*Every day you live, and enjoy yourself for ever,*

EXPLAINED AND MADE PLAIN AND EASY,

EVERY SUNDAY

AT THE PEOPLE'S HALL, 272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD,

*Every Sunday Morning at 11, Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7.*

All Seats Free. Come in your Working Clothes just as you are.  
Get Salvation. All are Invited.

*(To be continued.)*

## CHRISTIAN MISSION WORK.

### THE MONTH.

WHAT a month it has been! The Mission rose up from that night of prayer mightier in God—mightier by far than ever it was before, and it has stepped forward ever since with a boldness utterly unknown in all its previous history, and with a rapidity the very thought of which half bewilders one. There were not wanting, doubtless, people to sneer at a "Council of War," which spent all its time in godly converse and prayer and praise. But, who will sneer at the progress which only triumphant faith can make possible? Where are we? Where are we going? What is going to become of us? we feel constrained to ask, as we hear one after another rising up, to declare themselves ready to go out in the name of God to labour anywhere if they can only promote His glory and the salvation of souls. Evangelists eager to leave comfortable homes, amongst members whom they love, in order to go forth and do a grander work for God amongst strangers. Societies gladly consenting to a sudden and almost unexpected change in order to further the work of God elsewhere. Men and women, who would once have refused to stand up and speak at all in the name of Christ, urging us to send them out somewhere, anywhere to labour for Him, and going out to wander about the streets of strange towns in search of meeting places, and of some shelter for themselves and their families, when daily work is done. Such are the experiences of the month.

We jump into the train and ride about the country to find towns where there is opportunity for some of our willing labourers. We return home, list in hand, and have scarcely finished our arrangements for one set of extensions, when other lives are at our disposal, and we must be off again to find them a sphere. Money? Yes; alas! it seems to involve an expenditure far beyond our present means; but what can we say to these fiery levies, who cry—"We don't want money, only let us go and work. We will be content with what we can get?" We must let them go over the border, trusting in their God and eagerly watching to hear that where they gather souls and spend their strength the usual flow of money comes, even in these trying days, to meet needful expenditure, trusting too, that those stewards of the Lord, who know us, will not fail to respond to our necessities. "Trust in the Lord and do good. So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." That is our warrant for all these extensions.

#### SUNDERLAND,

A seaport and garrison town of some hundred thousand inhabitants, only some twenty miles beyond the Hartlepoons, was the first of the present batch of additions to our list. The great open-air demonstrations

held in the High-street on the opening day, the 11th of February, and the large congregations gathered in the huge theatre and in the hall taken for week-nights, offer the prospect of a grand future in the town, and, thank God, not a few souls, and some of the blackest dye, have already been set free, under the opening sermons of Sister Brown and Brother T. Blandy. Thirty-three souls responded to the call to come to Christ on the second Sunday evening, and it is thought that this number would have been doubled but for the necessity of closing at a fixed hour.

### SHEFFIELD.

We have no need to describe this well-known industrial centre, with its two hundred thousand souls, to which Sister Goddard and our Gipsy Brother have carried the glad tidings of salvation for the most godless and wretched. With the Temperance Hall, where years ago the Lord wrought so mightily by Hallelujah Bands, for Sundays, and the infidels' Hall of Science for week-nights, our Sister has been able already to report that sixteen souls came out for salvation the first Sunday evening, that grand open-air meetings have been held each evening, that many are under conviction, and that the workers are becoming well known all over the town.

### BOLTON,

The new home of Bros. Corbridge and Coombs, the home as well of some 100,000 cotton and other operatives, where the New Temple, Opera House, perhaps the largest theatre used by this Mission, accommodating say 4,000 people at least, has been opened to us, is considered to be "just the town for us." But it is a damp, cold town, little suited to one who is subject to rheumatic pains, and we must beg for our dear brother's health the most earnest prayer of all his comrades. After scattering about the town some thousands of railway tickets announcing Sunday services for the people, to be conducted by "Corbridge and Coombs, his son in the gospel," and after settling into a home secured the day they entered the town in faith that a great work would follow, the brethren were gratified by seeing thousands flock to the first services. They have not yet secured a week-night place of meeting, but simply remark, "so we shall go on in the open air." May God help them!

### COVENTRY.

We cannot as yet report upon the opening services in the Theatre Royal here, which will barely be over when these lines are in print. But Sisters Reynolds and Burrell, going forth in the strength of the Lord, have already been able to rejoice in the clear prospect of arousing the sixty thousand people to whom they believe the Lord has sent them, and have trusted, while wandering about in search of home and a week-night meeting-place, to see multitudes speedily brought back to the Father's house and daily publishing His fame.

For news of the opening of several other stations, of the laying of memorial stones in the new hall, now rising on the site of the old gaff at Limehouse, and for whatever other startling novelties the Lord is preparing for us, we must ask our readers to await the next Magazine.

[ We have already referred to the fact, that several removals of evangelists have taken place during the month. We can remember a time when the removal of brethren at the end of a twelvemonth was considered a doubtful experiment, and was again and again resisted, both by evangelists and people, and that even sometimes to the destruction of harmony, brotherly love, and prosperity. How immensely the spiritual tone of the Mission has improved since those days is most strikingly exemplified in the ease with which removals, even at the end of a few months, can be effected without the disturbance of anyone's tranquillity, and with scarcely a sound of objection. The days of childhood, and selfishness, and conferences, and disunion, are over, thank God; and we are hourly becoming more emphatically and thoroughly, and to the bottom of every heart a Mission, caring for others' interests rather than our own, and united, as the heart of one man, to serve the Lord and win souls. We have only to be faithful, and victory and power, and glory beyond all experience are before us.]

### OUR COUNCIL OF WAR.

IT was our intention to have reported this month some of the addresses delivered at the Council. But the rush of events is too rapid for us, and the necessity of inserting news of a more recent date compels us to omit anything beyond a simple account of our

#### NIGHT OF PRAYER.

It was a very great advantage to us in this case that so many of those who proposed to spend the night together were there in readiness at the beginning. The first verse of the opening hymn

"Saviour from sin, I wait to prove  
That Jesus is thy healing name  
To lose when perfected in love  
Whate'er I have, or can, or am;  
I stay me on Thy faithful word,  
The servant shall be as His Lord."

Beautifully expressed the central idea of the whole meeting, and the prayer of the last verse, "Me for thine own this moment take, and change and thoroughly purify," was not merely sent up from many a heart, but answered in many cases we have not the shadow of a doubt, and answered gloriously.

The addresses and experiences given abounded in the very clearest expression of the perfect holiness which alone can satisfy the requirements of God, the yearnings of every true heart and the necessities of a sin-ruined world.

Mr. Booth, after reading part of the 1st chapter of John's 1st Epistle, dwelt specially upon the offer and the value of light, showing that it was manifestly the purpose of God that we should always walk in the light of His face, and should be free in the blaze of that light from spot or stain.

His eldest son followed up with the condemnation of those who, having light which could not be disputed, were content to remain under guilt which that light revealed, or to walk on in paths which that light showed to be dangerous.

Bros. Dowdle, Corbridge, and Fawcett spoke in confirmation of these principles, and gave examples from their experience of the value of clear and earnest teaching as to sanctification in connection with our work.

But the Spirit of the Lord was speaking all the time, and that so mightily that at length one weary, sighing soul was constrained to ask whether there could not at once be a penitent form set out for himself and any others who might desire at once to submit to God for the destruction of the roots of sin in their hearts, and their thorough purification in His sight.

We fell to prayer, and surely the scenes which followed will never be forgotten by anyone present, on earth or amongst the angels in heaven. The desperate way in which those who came forward threw themselves down at the feet of Jesus spoke volumes of the thoroughness of the resolution wrought in their hearts to be perfectly delivered from everything which God did not approve, and to be henceforth His and His alone for ever. Nobody attempted to count the numbers round the great central square who were thus surrendering their all to God, for indeed there was a great work going on in almost every heart present. But when brethren and sisters who had been for months and even years groaning for perfect liberty and love, began to rejoice in the full salvation they were seeking, no wonder that the general rejoicing put anything like arithmetic out of the way. No wonder that one of the most stalwart men we have swooned away; or that another, throwing off his coat, hugged a brother who had just entered into the enjoyment of sanctification with the most intense expressions of affection. The very God of love and peace was with us, and His presence made paradise not only in our hearts, but as it were visibly before our eyes in Whitechapel.

The experience meeting gave the opportunity for all this to be explained as well as rejoiced in, and it was indeed delightful to have so many who could give a reason for calling themselves saints; and if there was only one brother who sprang to his feet over and over and over again to take every possible opportunity of glorifying His perfect Saviour's name, there were many hearts which bounded ceaselessly at the glad sound of perfect deliverance which came from all quarters.

There were those unquestionably who remained throughout all this, doubting still God's willingness and power to save them, not merely from the guilt of the past, but from all the tendencies to and recurrences of guilt in the future. We have been thankful to hear how many of these have since then, at their stations, humbled themselves beneath the hand of God, and risen into the glorious state so manifestly set forth before them. But let those refuse who will, we rejoice to know that there are now multitudes, multitudes ever increasing amongst us everywhere, who, not only see how great a salvation God really sets before men, but who, instead of neglecting to seek and obtain it all, are able to declare everywhere that the faith which is by Him hath given them perfect soundness in the presence of men, devils, angels, and God Himself. Hallelujah! The night is over. It is day.

## LEICESTER.

THE following description of Brother Corbridge's farewell service at Leicester, from the *Midland Free Press*, we reproduce, not because we feel inclined to adopt all the conclusions, or to endorse all the expressions of the writer; but because of the valuable testimony borne by an independent and impartial authority (which has at times criticised somewhat severely some features of the work) to the great work wrought in the town by the power of God. We need scarcely point out that the reporter knows scarcely any of our evangelists, and that Brother Corbridge is thoroughly one with us in the believing conviction that God has fitted, and will continue to fit and use, many of his brethren and sisters, as well as himself, to do even greater things than these:—

### "A FAREWELL SERMON AT THE SALVATION WAREHOUSE.

"SINCE our last visit to the Salvation Warehouse, in Foundry Lane, the 'Hot Gospellers' have evidently been at some pains to make the interior of their wholesale dispensary a little more attractive. The open boarding of the roof has been covered with brown paper, the pattern of which, if it ever had any, is turned inside; the beams and walls have been whitewashed, the latter being relieved with passages of Scripture and religious mottoes in bright colours; the pillars have been painted, and altogether a more cheerful appearance has been given to the otherwise barn-like place. The immediate cause of our visit last Sunday night was to hear the farewell sermon of Mr. Corbridge, who has so ably conducted the Mission since last winter. As we approached the Warehouse, it was soon apparent that very many were there before us, and that if the stream of people on their way to it was to keep up for any length of time the place would soon be inconveniently crowded. Dark and dismal did the entrance to the hall seem, with no lamp at the gate, and nothing but the onward tread of others bound for the same place to guide us to it. But once at the gate, there appeared, on a wall in front, a transparency with the words 'Salvation Warehouse,' and immediately after we stepped 'from darkness into light.'

"Although we were ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before the time for commencing the service, the large barn appeared to be completely filled. Large congregations assemble every Sunday night to hear the evangelists, but this night the special nature of the services attracted a greater number than usual,

for the 'real old Hallelujah man' was to speak to them for the last time. A wonderful favourite he has made himself with the poorer classes during his short stay in Leicester, his genial presence and kind, persuading tones having carried comfort and happiness to many a wretched dwelling. For the work of such a Mission as that established in Foundry Lane, Mr. Corbridge is peculiarly fitted. His power of drawing together, either out-door or in-door, vast audiences of the poorer classes is immense, and more remarkable still is his ability to keep them together. The extraordinary success which has attended the Mission is due almost entirely to his efforts, and though in some things the proceedings of the evangelists have not been in keeping with the canons of good taste, and cannot on other grounds be defended, the good which has been effected through their instrumentality will more than counterbalance any offence which they may have committed against the religious prejudices of the day. The secret of Mr. Corbridge's success lies in his happy, buoyant nature, which spreads contagion around, and in his straightforward speaking to and dealing with the people with whom he more immediately comes in contact. An indomitable energy, and a heart full of love for the cause he has espoused, enable him to undertake and accomplish an amount of work under which most men would succumb. His admirable fitness as a pioneer in establishing branches of the Christian Mission in towns where it is as yet unknown has led to his being selected to break ground in Bolton,

Lancashire, among the roughs of which town he will, no doubt, find a congenial field for his labours.

It was no wonder, then, that on Sunday night, the many hundreds who had so often been swayed by his words should seek to hear him once more before he left them. No doubt many outsiders imagine that the congregations of the Salvation Warehouse are but a parcel of rowdies, who play at religion, and ridicule things sacred; but a visit or two to the place would soon dispel that idea. On entering on Sunday night we found them terribly in earnest, singing as if for dear life, the glistening eyes and happy smiles of many betokening a more than ordinary interest in the words of the hymn. Pressing forward to the front, we were at once "spotted" by the Hallelujah man, and urgently invited, in default of a seat elsewhere, to come upon the platform. In our modesty we declined the honour, only to see it bestowed on others, for just then a great crowd of people poured into the hall, and Mr. Corbridge shouted, "Come up to the platform here all you converted drunkards, thieves, swearers, liars, blasphemers, and adulterers," and a band of men of all ages between twenty and seventy charged the stage with the desperation of a forlorn hope, until they were packed like herrings in a barrel. And still, though the warehouse seemed already full, the people kept crowding in, one of the converts pointing to some far back part of the hall and assuring all and sundry that there was "plenty of room in the kitchen," until we could ill repress a desire to explore its mysterious recesses. At half-past six the service proper began, Mr. J. Lorrimer taking the chair, and conducting the preliminary portion of the proceedings. We have in previous papers remarked on the singing at the Warehouse, and another visit only confirms our opinion of the good resulting from that alone. On Sunday night there was a congregation of over two thousand people assembled in the Warehouse, and we challenge contradiction when we say that out of that number not five hundred would attend any other place of worship. Yet, to hear and to see them singing the hymns they have picked up at these services, is enough of itself to disarm any prejudice there might be against the "hot gospellers." If there was no other religion in the lives of these pe-

people than is breathed by them while singing the hymns, there is sufficient to brighten at least one hour now and then, which sentimental, orthodoxial, lackadaisical, and pharisaical Christianity would have left as joyless as the others in its supercilious disdain, or rendered more gloomy by its misdirected efforts to cheer. For there is no blinking the fact that the Christian Mission, as represented by its branch in Foundry-lane, has done, within the short space of a year, more for the morals and religion of hundreds of the very poorest of our townsmen than orthodox Christianity has done for years past. The one preaches over their heads, the other preaches to their hearts; the one speaks at them, the other speaks to them; the one talks about them, the other talks with them; the one says "Go to Jesus," the other says "Come to Jesus." But we are digressing, and must return.

"After various hymns had been sung, a chapter read, and prayer offered, Mr. Corbridge invited any of the converts who liked to give their testimony for Jesus, limiting the number to 30, and the time to 15 minutes, or half a minute each. Formidable as the task seemed in the face of such an audience, no sooner was Mr. Corbridge down than up got a working man—by the way, we need not make that distinction, for they were all working people there—and said that, glory be to God, every moment he lived he was enjoying the blessing of a new heart, and it was all through Jesus. Then up got another, and said he was not ashamed to tell before that vast audience that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin, and he felt sure that if he was faithful unto death he would have a crown of life. The next moment brought another to his feet, who said he used to be a drunkard and swearer, and one who did everything against the will of God, but now the Lord had saved his soul, and he hoped, for Christ's sake, to meet them all in heaven. Another declared with a clear conscience that he had been saved, but not by his own merit; and still another thanked God for picking him out of the miry clay. He used always to be among that dirty stuff, and might, but for the mercy of God, have found a drunkard's grave. Turtle Joe, a converted drunkard, then had a half-minute, and said that when he first commenced his journey many said he would turn again, but time had

gone on and still he felt the love of God, bless His name. After Joe, a poor woman gave her experience, stating that she had been made happy by finding salvation in the blood of the Lamb. A little variety was then introduced by one of the converts on the platform sidling about as if he were going to commence dancing, and bursting out with a hymn "Oh, I'm happy," the refrain of which was caught up by the audience and sung enthusiastically. His half-minute was filled up by a short statement of his experience, and he gave way to several others—men and women—whose brief addresses completed the quarter of an hour allowed.

"Mrs. Corbridge, the wife of the 'real old Hallelujah man,' was next called on to speak. A matronly-looking woman is Mrs. Corbridge, of perhaps some forty summers, and—judging from her beaming countenance—not half so many winters, with a sweet, clear voice, and a deeply earnest, impressive manner. For a few moments she spoke on the

words, 'God is our refuge,' which she appropriately introduced by saying that she had been quite unexpectedly called upon, but God was her refuge. In all circumstances and conditions He was such, and all present should test Him in life, so that at death they might find Him a very present help.—The Chairman at this stage intimated that a collection would now be taken, and he hoped they would give as liberally as they could. This brought Mr. Corbridge to his feet, stating that there was £20 of debt still on the Warehouse, and they wanted it cleared off, aye, and it would be cleared off though he should pawn his coat. A valuable coat, certainly! He next announced that after he left, Miss Booth would be here for several weeks, and that along with Happy Joe and the Yorkshire Jumper they would have a good trio to continue the work. The boxes were then brought in, and the collection, including a sovereign sent by a gentleman, amounted to £7 7s.

We regret that we cannot spare space sufficient for the report of the sermon which follows. I had the pleasure, as I must needs call it, to be present at the farewell tea and meeting held the following evening. It had been imagined that as this was only a working-day evening, the number of people present could not have been larger than 150 or so. But some 500 came, and the tea had, consequently, to be protracted through a considerable part of the evening. The meeting which followed was, however, all that could be desired in a Mission good-bye. Brother C. gravely expressed his regret that he had been unable to shed tears the day before, and was still labouring under the same disability, owing to the joy and thankfulness he felt for all the past, and confidence for all the future. He would endeavour, he said, to cry on Thursday evening, if they would try and do the same, after hearing the balance-sheet for the quarter just ended read out. We were not present to see how far the attempt succeeded, but when we heard that the total receipts for the year had been £596 15s. 11d. (£205 5s. 11d. of it in coppers), and that the debt having been entirely cleared off, Brother Corbridge was presented with a small balance in hand, we concluded that no bitter tear, at any rate, could have fallen that evening. But tears flowed that Monday, after all, if not from our brother's eyes, at any rate from the eyes of many who owed him "their own selves." The spirit of the meeting was most kindly, and, at the same time, most devoted. "Thank God for the Mission. But for it we should not have been saved. We belong to it. We will stick to it, no matter who comes and goes. God bless Brother Corbridge at Bolton, and save many there; and God bless Brother Fawcett, who is coming. We will do all we can to help him." Such seemed to be not merely the expressions of many lips, but the feeling of every heart.

Brother Fawcett has had a most hearty reception, and a first draught of six souls on the first evening he was there (Saturday); and the success of

Miss Booth's services, to be fully described hereafter, may be summarised in the statement that she had twenty-two souls the first Sunday evening, and increasing victory thereafter right on to the end.

G. S. R.

## MIDDLESBORO'.

THIRD ANNIVERSARY—(ODDFELLOWS).

THREE years since that first Sunday night, when in a congregation of some 3,000 people, only twenty-five responded to the call to hold up a hand if they knew their sins forgiven! Three years of conflict, and storm, and triumph, and of spreading out into bands, and thank God we are alive and strong, and spreading still in Middlesboro' to-day.

Brother and Sister Dowdle, the first of our evangelists in the town, went over for Sunday, February 27th, and Alderman Imeson, the proprietor, very kindly lent the Theatre Royal for the day's services. Of the Monday tea and meeting, and the blessed testimony to our work in the town from its chief magistrate, we reprint the following from *The Middlesboro' News*, of February 2nd, 1878.

"CHRISTIAN MISSION, MIDDLESBORO'.

"On Monday there was a tea provided in the Central Temperance Hall, when about 650 persons partook of the bountiful supply provided.

"After the tea a public meeting was held, Dr. S. A. Sadler (Mayor) presiding. After prayer, Mr. Blandy read the report. The Mayor then addressed the meeting. This was the largest assembly over which he had presided during his mayoralty. He was much pleased to be present, and considered it an honour to be asked to preside. He knew from experience that the Lord helped those who helped themselves, and as Mr. Blandy had said, although he promised £5 to help in this glorious work, while looking into the happy faces of that large congregation, and knowing something of the great work it was doing, he felt he must double his subscription. (Loud cheering.) They might ask him how he knew anything of Christian Mission work? Well, he had good reason to know; for he had a number of workmen employed, and he had some of the very worst men totally changed from drunkenness to sobriety, the vilely wicked to live good lives and do their work as well again. He had asked what had come over them, and the reply was, 'He has joined the Dowdleites.' He did not care whether his men joined the 'Dowdleites' or any other 'ites'; the change had so improved them he wished all would join them. (Loud cheers.) He wished the society every success in their good work. He thought he could see the secret of their wonderful growth in numbers and power; it was the gushing earnestness of soul manifested in all they did. Theirs was a happy, living, working religion, and if they continued in this way they must succeed. They might be certain of his help at any future time if they continued in their good work. (Applause.)"

Yes, thank God, we "must succeed."

## WHITECHAPEL.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where He goes;  
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.

THANK God, this is our experience as day after day rolls along, and Sunday after Sunday runs by. In the porch and in the open-air, as we go forward, with Christ in our hearts and His word in our hands, to the reckless multitudes who care nothing for God or His salvation; and not a few have been smitten to the heart, laid down their weapons of rebellion, and embraced the hope set before them in the Gospel, and are standing to-day side by side with us in the fight. The Lord help us. We mean victory or death. Among the cases which have cheered our hearts are as follows:—

A HALLELUJAH BARGEMAN sailing his barge between Harwich and London, on one occasion found out our people here, and brought his mate with him, who was not saved, and who on the same night was convinced of sin, sought and found the Saviour there and then; and not very soon shall we forget seeing them clasped in each others' arms shouting for joy. He has been another voyage since, and returned filled with God and holy zeal to work for souls; and began by speaking in Sister Reynolds' band. The Lord raise us up a mighty army of men and women who, fearless of hell and ghastly death, will break through every foe.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

A dear woman, without any home, obliged to lodge in a common lodging-house or any where, was attracted by the porch services, and after some weeks of conviction, gave herself to the Lord. The reality of her conversion is proved at once by the change in her appearance. She set to work to get herself a few decent clothes, and meeting her in Whitechapel Road one cold, bleak day, and asking after her soul's welfare, she said, "Oh, I am so glad that ever I came to the hall and was saved; and since then, the Lord has found me some work, and I have got out of the lodging-house and have a little room to myself," and as we looked at her joyful face, we could not help turning away with tears of joy in our eyes, and saying surely this was a brand plucked from the burning. Does not this show that God helps those that help themselves.

The following letter from a dear brother who was an

INFIDEL LECTURER

tells of the marvellous power of our Jesus. He strolled into the watch-night service at Bethnal Green, and at five minutes to twelve God spoke to him through Miss Booth's invitation, and awoke him to his awful danger; there and then he determined to abandon sin and to seek God. Though the invitation was accepted to publicly acknowledge his need at once, it was not till some days after that he got into full liberty at this station. Here it is:

"Dear Brother Bennet, It is with very great pleasure I pen these few lines to you, just to assure you how very happy I feel since the Lord so graciously pardoned my sins. Dear brother, you know your own feelings in the matter, but are unable to judge my feelings.

"When I think of what I was and what I now am, my heart lifts itself up in praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for his loving kindness and mercy, and I thank him, that through the intercession of our dear Redeemer, He was pleased to answer my prayer when I called upon Him with a broken and contrite heart. Bless His name.

"Dear brother, last night, when I offered up my first prayer to God in public, I felt a realisation of all my longings; it seemed as though God prompted me in the words I used, and my hope and trust is that they may be answered.

"I do thank my Saviour that I can feel in all its fulness these two lines—

'I know, I know my sins are all forgiven,  
For the Lord has pardoned me.'

"And, dear brother, believe me, my earnest prayers are daily offered up for you and Sister Reynolds, for your kindness to me when a wanderer in sin. Those kind invitations of Sister Reynolds, on the two nights when she asked me if I had found Christ, so touched my heart that at the time I could not find words to answer her. Oh, bless God! Oh, praise His name that He was so good to me and will be to others. J. J. L.

A RESPECTABLE SINNER.

This dear woman has looked in at us in the porch sometimes, when taking her daughter's dinner. She had lived a very moral life, in fact, some years ago, she was employed as a nurse on a district, and supposed to be saved. She

is now horrified to find and think that she went to the sick and dying and did not know the way of salvation herself; but a little before Brother Thomas went to heaven, she was so convinced, that she could not stay away; yet she was persuaded by her daughters to go somewhere else, where there was not quite so much noise; and the last Sunday that Brother Thomas spoke in the hall, she was getting ready to come, and they again persuaded her not to do so and she promised them that she would go elsewhere; but, on the way to another place of worship, the Spirit of God impressed upon her that she ought to go to the hall, and she was forced to turn back and come. She heard Mr. Billups speak, and dear Brother Thomas, for the last time, and in the prayer-meeting, sending for Mrs. Reynolds, she there and then told her her state of mind, and came at once to the penitent-form, and is now filled with joy. She has spoken since in the porch-meeting, and as we are continually seeing her, she says, "Oh, the blessedness of this full salvation. I never saw it like this before."

Hallelujah! more to follow.

Tracts and funds greatly needed, and will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours under the blood-stained  
Banner of the Cross,  
W. BENNET and C. REYNOLDS.  
33, Buxton Street,  
Mile End, E.

#### POPLAR.

MISS DAVIS' FAREWELL.

I WENT down to the public-meeting on Monday night, and found Sister Parkins walking backwards, leading a procession of some sixty or seventy of our folks down the East India Road at 7.30, a great crowd following, of course. Some singing, sharp and lively, two exhortations of two minutes each at two corners, the collapse of some street conjurers whose audience swelled our ranks, and we reached the hall, which was soon comfortably filled.

One thing can be said for farewell meetings, one gets a capital opportunity to judge of the spirit of a people. I was rejoiced on Monday, not because there were no tears, for there were plenty, but, because, early and late, throughout the meeting, with nearly everybody who spoke there was evidently a dogged determination to hold on to God

and His work, to make their loss prove rather to be a gain, to fight to live and to live to fight for this Saviour and King who had both sent Miss Davis to Poplar and was taking her away. No regrets, no complainings, no fears; but confidence and hope and holy daring for the future. Need anything more be said about that hall full of people, the majority of whom have been plucked from the jaws of Hell this last six months.

Everybody was glad to see Mr. Billups of Cardiff; and Mr. Fenton, just fresh from Sheffield, gave us the latest as to the opening of the mission there.

Bro. Flawn, too, was to the point (and really they ought to have told me he was expected to lead the meeting before they bade me do so!) Farewell to Miss Davis, he said, was sad; but farewell to sin and sorrow and Hell for ever, was the meaning of our being there.

Sunday had been a mighty time. "The best they ever had," one of the brethren told me. Three mighty processions during the day, and three bands out at night, the hall densely crowded, and many turned away unable to get in, closing with eight precious souls joining this daily increasing army. God keep them.

Certainly, Poplar is rising—nay, has risen. God give Brother and Sister Wood all they need of wisdom, grace, and daring to go forward to do even greater things than these.

And God bless Sister Davis and Sister Parkins as He has blessed them at Poplar, only more and more to the end.  
W. B. BOOTH.

#### WHITBY.

THE Hallelujah Army is gaining ground on the Devil's Kingdom, many are being snatched as brands from the fire, we show sin and the Devil no quarter.

TWENTY-FOUR TIMES IN PRISON.

"Thank God for what he has done for me, I have been a great drunkard, and suffered much; many times on board ship I have been punished, and very near lost by shipwreck, never expecting to get home again. I have been dragged through these streets many a time by the police to the lock-up, and have found myself next morning in a pool of blood. I have been to jail twenty-four times. I was with my brother that has just spoke, only he had a better job than I; he used to give out the rope for us to

pick, he knew me, so he gave me some easy to pick. I was in that time for six months. He went out before me, and when he was gone, I got such bad rope I could not do it in the time, so I got eighteen days' cells; the last time I came out of prison was six weeks last Wednesday morning, and at night I came here to see what sort of a meeting it was, thank God for it, and at the prayer meeting I came to the penitent form, with a broken heart, and cried, God be merciful to me a sinner, and he soon saved my soul; they said I should not stand, now I'm happy in the Lord I can see some of you that has been to prison with me. I hope you will come and give your hearts to God to-night, and he will save you. I hope to meet you all in heaven for Christ's sake."

A LION TAMED.

"I have been a great sinner; you all know what I was a short time since, many times I have been dragged through the streets by the police, one time when they were after me, I jumped over some railing and dropped eighteen feet down into the harbour to swim away, but they caught me. It took five of them to get me to the station, they almost killed me, some people thought I was dead. One time I took my gun to shoot a policeman, but it was taken from me, thank God. I have smashed all the furniture in my house, and thrown it out of doors; my poor wife has had to run away many times from me. I came to this Hall to hear Cadman, the spirit of God soon laid hold of me. I trembled as I sat in my seat, and thought I should drop into Hell, then I came to the penitent form, and soon was set at liberty, with many others. I think there was twenty-six that night, it is eight weeks since, and it has been a happy time for me; my wife is saved too, thank God, and we are happy. You should come to see my home now. I mean to be as bold for God as I have been for the Devil, by His help."

ESCAPED FROM THE GALLOWES.

"I feel very thankful to God that I am saved, it is all at His mercy that I am here, you know what a narrow escape I had of being hung for shooting my sweetheart. I carried the pistol about in my belt for two hours before I could see her, and when she came out I fired it, and shot her, but thank God it did not kill her; I was sent for five years' penal servitude, and when I got my release it was a happy day, but it was a

happier day when God pardoned my sins, and set me free. I sat in this Hall and trembled under the power of God, till I was forced to come to the penitent form. I was soon set at liberty, and when I went home my wife said, 'You have been drinking, I can see it in your face.' I said 'Yes my lass, at the fountain of life, for God has saved me;' I then said 'Let us get on our knees and thank God for what He has done, I am very happy now, and mean to go to heaven.'"

A SAILOR SAVED.

"My dear friends, thank the Lord I am saved. I have been a bad man for many years, and have sailed over the seas, and to many countries. I have been shipwrecked many times, but never drowned, thank God for it. I have a wife and six children that I have not seen for a long time. Last time I was with them I cursed them and left. I have been so fond of drink I never sent them any money; but I have to thank God that ever I came to Whitby, for it has been the port of glory to my soul. I wrote to my dear wife and children to tell them I am saved, and hope soon to see them if God spares me."

A TOSS FOR A QUART.

"I tossed a man to see whether I should have a quart of beer with my sixpence, or go to the theatre. I lost, but it got me six weeks in prison; I promised to do better when I came out, but was as bad again. But now I have given God my heart, He has tossed the Devil out, and I have won this time. I am very happy now."

These are experiences given in the Hall before the people, that they used to be a terror to, and the

MAGISTRATES OF WHITBY

say that Cadman makes a great noise, but does a deal of good, for they do not have so many cases now, and God helping us, they shall have less.

Yours in the Lord's Army,

CAPTAIN CADMAN.

16, Gray Street,  
Whitby.

#### WELLINGBORO'.

THANK God, the prey is being taken from the mighty. The past month has been one of great victory. Some of the worst have been rescued from the devil's grasp. Crowds have flocked to hear words of salvation. On Sabbath evenings many have been unable to get in for want of room.

Our week-night services are well attended, and out-door work well sustained. Week after week fresh victories are won. Our motto still is, "Souls for Jesus."

THE LAST THOUGHT OF has been subdued by the Saviour's love.

"Why, Tom," said an old companion, "you are the last I should have thought of joining those Mission folks. Is it true?" "Yes," was the reply; "and I mean to still keep going, for I never was so happy in my life." Not only can this man see the difference, but everyone who knew what a sinner he has been can see the marvellous change. In one of our meetings he said, "I have done nearly everything that was bad. If I went a walk, I could not pass a public-house. Sometimes I stopped out all night, gambling and drinking, my wife not knowing where I was. I have often spent a sovereign when fuddling and thought nothing of it at the time. But I have signed the pledge now. Until the other Sunday night, when God had saved my soul, I had never prayed once since I was a child. Thank God, I pray now both for myself, my wife, and my old companions, whom I believe the Lord will soon save. I used to persecute the Mission, and I used to sit and laugh at them; but I shall help them all I can now. I shall never forget how I felt before I came boldly out. My sins all came before me; I saw everything I had done in my life. I could not help weeping. If I had not given in then I believe I must have gone to hell."

This dear man has since become an earnest worker; he is trying to get his brothers and companions saved. Last Sunday night his wife broke down through the testimony he gave, and was able, by faith, to realize her sins forgiven. His friends are overjoyed, and some of his old pot companions acknowledge that it was the best thing he could have done to sign the pledge and give his heart to Jesus.

"I'LL GIVE ALL UP for Jesus now," said a dear brother, who has lately got saved. "I have signed the pledge, and given my heart to God. I will have no more to do with public-houses. I see now it is best to keep away altogether. I am secretary for a clothing club, and have to do business at another place, but I will give all up now. I shall never forget hearing Brother Pearson. What he

said about Paul's conversion went home to my heart. I had read that same chapter many a time before, but I never saw it like I did that Sunday morning. It must have been God showing me what a persecutor I had been, and what a sinner I was. I could not rest after I came to the hall again at night, but I could not tell scarce a word that was said. The Lord had given me a dose in the morning that I could not get rid of. When I retired to bed my guilty conscience would not let me rest; I had to get on my knees and cry for mercy, and, thank God, the Lord set my soul at liberty. I used to wonder what the Mission folks meant about being so happy. I thought I was happy enough when singing songs at the public-house, but I know now what this happiness is, and can easily tell the difference. I used to be called a good singer when I sang for the devil, but I'll sing for him no more; I'll sing for Jesus now."

A person met his wife, and said, "If he wishes to go anywhere, why not go somewhere more respectable than the Mission." Her reply was, "You never mind; I know there is a great difference in our house. I am glad he ever did go there."

On the first Sunday after his conversion he stood out boldly, twice in the open air, and once in the hall, to recommend Christ to his old companions.

"THAT BIG MAN."

A brother said to me, "Will you go and speak to that big man? he is deeply wrought on by the Spirit." I found he was the same I had noticed when in the Market Square. I pressed him to yield. He said, "I will come again." When leaving, he was met by another brother, who persuaded him to return, which he did, and at once came boldly out for Christ. After getting into liberty, he said, "I came into 'Wellingboro' this morning a devil. Thank God, bad as I was, the Lord has taken me in. I should not have ventured in here if it had not been for hearing you in the open air." For a long time he has earned about £3 weekly, which has been squandered in the cursed drink. To get away from temptation and pot companions, he has resolved to change his lodgings. It appears he is miles away from his wife, but he has written to let her know of the great change God has wrought in him.

Beside these remarkable cases, we have had two horse drivers and their

wives, and many others, who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Tracts needed.

W. J. PEARSON.

26, Havelock Street,  
Wellingboro'.

P. S.—Testimonies are constantly being given by shoemakers, rivetters, clickers, finishers, fitters, machinists, ironstone-men, labourers, bricklayers, railway-men, and others, as to the virtue of the blood to cleanse from ALL SIN.

BRADFORD.

"Let us magnify the Lord and exalt His name together."

BRADFORD is still advancing, every battery is in full play against the enemy. And praise God, He his blessing our efforts, saving sinners, reclaiming backsliders, and sanctifying believers.

On Sunday morning last, at 10.30, we mustered full force at City Road end, and opened fire on Brown Royed, a suburb of Bradford, inhabited by just the class we are after. I led the singing with my Mission fiddle, Bros. Lawley and Irons led the procession, Bro. Gibson formed the rings, and we missioned every street in Brown Royed; the sisters visited every house with handbills, inviting to our meetings, Sundays and week evenings, and personally speaking to the people. They turned out well to listen to the experiences of their mates who had been saved, and tears were stealing down many faces while the brethren were speaking. This attack upon Brown Royed will result in many souls being saved. Amen.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE RUM BOTTLE.

This brother was a wretched backslider; he came to our theatre services and got thoroughly awoke to his danger. I led him on the stage to seek the Lord, and he soon found pardon and was very happy all the next week. On the following Sunday, the power of God came upon us, and some were seeking the blessing of Full Salvation; then he felt there was something in the way, he at once asked the Lord what it was, and he showed him in a moment that it was the rum bottle he had at home in his box for medical use; but he went home and destroyed the rum and the obstacle was at once removed, and now he is enjoying full liberty, going forward

trying to rescue his fellow men from sin and hell.

"MANY WEEKS IN PICKLE."

This sister says: "For many weeks I have been in pickle and a pickle it was; I shall never forget it. I came to the meetings and got so deeply convicted, but would not decide and come out for Jesus until I could stand it no longer, so last Tuesday night I came out to the penitent-form and cried to God to have mercy upon me, and save me, and bless His name he did, and pardoned all my sins, and I have been happy ever since. I mean to praise Him with all my heart."

DELIVERANCE FROM THE BARREL.

A prodigal young man was saved at the theatre, and when he got the salvation he said, "Now there is something I must do, and that is give up drinking; I have a barrel of beer in the house, will some of the brothers come home with me and we'll turn it all out?" So Brothers Lawley and Irons went home with him and emptied the beer barrel with the whitewash bucket, and prayed with him and the wife. Hallelujah! This brother is becoming very useful.

QUITE BAD ENOUGH.

This brother said: "I have been many times to Pullen's Theatre Services, but did not think I was such a sinner as many who come and got saved, because I was never a drunkard or a blasphemer, or what the world called wicked; but I got my eyes opened and then I saw I was a sinner, and felt I needed a Saviour, so I went on to the stage with others who were seeking God, and there He saved my soul; and now I can tell you all I am washed in the Blood of the Lamb and am one with you heart and soul."

The following is written from another of our friends: "I thank God that ever the Christian Mission came to Bradford, though I had given my heart to God nearly five years before; but on coming to your meetings I felt I was short of something—I prayed about it, and asked God to show me what it was. I soon found out I did not enjoy the witness of entire sanctification. On Saturday night, December 22nd, I went home from the meeting determined not to close my eyes in sleep till I got it. I wrestled with God in prayer for hours; bless His holy name! He has said, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find." Praise the Lord! I have found what I asked for. I covenanted afresh

to be the Lord's for time and for eternity. I feel that I can give up all for Christ.

'Tis done, thou doest this moment save,  
With full salvation bless;  
Redemption through thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

Glory be to God for ever for what He has done for me! He blesses me with the light of His countenance; I have the sweet assurance that I am accepted through Christ, for Christ is my all in all.

"I can never sufficiently thank God for sending dear Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle to Bradford, for they have awakened me out of my slumber. Thanks be to God! I love the Mission, and I mean by God's help to strive to do all I can to win souls to Christ. Glory be to God I am fully saved!—Yours, washed in the blood of the Lamb.—E. G."

God is with us; and light, and joy, and liberty, are coming to many a hard heart and wretched home in this town.

Pray for yours,  
JAMES DOWDLE.

47, Burlington Terrace,  
Manningham Lane, Bradford.

#### SOUTH STOCKTON.

THE Lord of Hosts is with us. This we are certain of while reviewing the past, and considering the many conflicts we have had, and the many conquests, too, surely none but the Lord of Hosts could have brought us through; and the language of our hearts is, the Lord hath delivered, the Lord doth deliver, the Lord will deliver, and we are confident of victory. We have been able to slay some sinners here with the sword of the Spirit, and they have been healed and restored to perfect health, and life, and peace. Glory be to God!

#### SIXTY YEARS A SINNER.

This was an old man, the father of one of our sisters, who was saved some time previous. He had lived a life of ungodliness. He had been ill some two years, but only within the last few weeks of his life was he led to think seriously about his soul; this was brought about during the visits of the brethren and sisters. I visited him several times, but all seemed very hard and dark till about three days before he died, while I was conversing with him, and showing him that it was simply taking God at His word, and trusting Him to save in spite of all feeling, that he was enabled to lay hold. I got him

to repeat after me some twelve times, Lord, I believe that Thou dost for Christ's sake pardon all my sins. This brought light, liberty, and joy into his soul. I felt the Lord had entered his heart, but his words convinced me when, with ecstasy, he exclaimed, "I see now it is faith that honours God. Glory! I never felt like this before." He lived the remaining days trusting, and spent the last night in prayer. He asked all his friends to meet him in heaven; and many of them, praise God, are preparing to do so.

His death is being used to many. Hallelujah! Since then the Lord has aroused his wife, and brought her to see herself a sinner, and to trust Jesus, her Saviour, for pardon, who is so ready to forgive. One of the lads came to our meeting one Sunday broken-hearted. He was led to Jesus, who pardoned him on the spot. He has given up his old companions, and is on his way to heaven. Last Sunday night a daughter came to our meeting; she was troubled. The Gospel it was thrown out, and she was brought to the feet of Jesus, confessed her sins, obtained that peace which passeth all understanding, and went on her way rejoicing. Glory be to God!

Another, the niece of the deceased, had for some time followed us about, halting between two opinions; but the other Sunday night she came to a decision, made up her mind to serve the Lord, and her voice is now heard singing the praises of God, and praying for the salvation of her friends.

#### A WEIGHTY SINNER.

This is the expression of a man, a nephew of the deceased. He was brought to feel awfully miserable, *goaded* on account of his wife, who had been converted at our services; this, of course, led her to pray for her husband. At the funeral of their uncle the singing and praying of that service so increased his misery that he came at night to the service, where he sought and found the pearl of great price. It was a struggle, but after telling the Lord what a great "weighty sinner" he was, with tears of repentance over wasted years, he could say, My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear. Glory be to God!

Others have been made happy in Jesus; some are trusting in Him for all; they have laid everything on the altar, and are living in, and testifying to a full

salvation. Having been made free from sin they live now to serve and obey God alone.

Thus the Lord has blessed, and we have no doubt will bless us here. We have a great deal to contend with through the depression of trade. Money is very scarce; my people are very poor; many of them have no work. If any friend can help us, it will be received and acknowledged, and, with tracts, will be very acceptable. Pray for us, for Christ's sake.

Yours in a complete Saviour,  
ALFRED RUSSELL.

25, Mandale Road,  
South Stockton-on-Tees.

#### PORTSMOUTH.

I AM thankful to report that God has been saving amongst us here.

#### "LOOKING AT THE WRONG SIDE."

This dear man heard in the open air, and followed to the hall, where the word went to his heart, and he sat condemned and convicted. We urged him to decide at once, but he was afraid of his mates. He knew he would have to testify, and hesitated. Still the Spirit of God was mightily at work with him, and at last he came forward, wept and prayed, and found mercy. Away he went to the ship, and told everybody he met that God had pardoned his sins, and afterwards he said, "I found I wanted to tell them about it. I see it in a different light now. I haven't to keep religion—religion keeps me. Hallelujah!"

#### REST AT LAST.

"Four months ago," says a dear sister, "I came to this hall for the first time, listened, and wondered what kind of people these could be. I went home, but could not forget the meeting, and came again and again for three weeks. Someone told me if I was not on the road to heaven I was going to hell, and I said, I suppose I must be. Then I began to pray, and going home one night God spoke to me in the street, and I said, I am saved. I am saved. I have been going from place to place to find peace to my poor soul, but I didn't find it till I came here; but, bless God, I am happy now. I used to think when I did get saved I would tell no one of it, but now I am forced to tell everybody."

The opposition to our open air processions still continues, but we are determined to go on, come what may. Hundreds hear our words of warning.

May God shake the town. Thanks for tracts.

Yours,  
J. TEENHALL.

21, Nelson Street,  
Landport, Portsmouth.

#### ST. LEONARDS.

THE past six weeks have been a series of signal victories; many battles have been fought under the banner of the cross, the enemy has been routed and driven from his strongholds, the prey taken from the mighty, and the captive set free.

Thirty-six have left the ranks of the enemy to swell the ever increasing number of the ransomed army in their onward march against the world, sin, and Satan.

Our first free tea was a great spiritual success. Our anticipations were fully realised. Our friends came up in faith and prayer. The power of God came down, and at the close, fifteen precious souls came out to the penitent form, sought and found mercy, and this happy and blessed meeting closed with shouts of Hallelujah, and praise to God.

On the 3rd inst., Miss Emma Booth, taking the evening service, preached with power from Isaiah x, 3, and after her earnest loving appeal for immediate decision, six came out, seeking the Saviour, and went home rejoicing in the Lord.

Another trophy from the Open Air Services; the wife of one of our official friends, heard the words of eternal life, faith followed, she laid her heavy burden of sin on Jesus, her changed countenance denotes the great change which has been wrought in her.

To God be all the glory. Brethren, pray for us that the word of God may still have free course, and be abundantly glorified.

Yours in Jesus Christ,  
ROSE CLAPHAM.

6, Kenilworth Road,  
St. Leonards-on-Sea.

#### OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

THOMAS DILKS, THE HAPPY CARMAN.

A GENUINE specimen of an East-end sinner plucked by the Christian Mission as a brand from the burning, and now crowned a king for ever.

He was born in the East-end, and of his parentage the following incident

speaks sufficiently. His grandfather and mother truly had been godly people, who passed away triumphantly to heaven from a village home; but his father, amidst the crush and rush of East-end life, had sunk like so many more, beneath the spell of the drink, although an honest, well-meaning, and hard-working man. One Sunday evening, when walking out with his wife, and carrying little Thomas in his arms, his intoxication caused him to stagger against the parapet of the canal bridge in the Cambridge Road, and but for the instant intervention of his mother the child would have fallen into the water.

The lad was sent to a good school, but he did not care for books. He longed for the busy scenes of the world outside, and at ten years of age went off one day and found himself a situation. When, however, he announced to his mother that he was going to a ginger-beer manufacturers to wash bottles, she refused to allow it, and he managed to secure a place in a cabinetmaker's shop. From the first he brought home all his earnings, and his generous disposition showed itself at every turn. Again and again he would take his own dinner from the table and carry it to someone needier than himself. Just the sort of material out of which drunkards and ruffians of the bolder sort are made by the evil associations of a great city.

When he was fifteen years of age, a lad who worked at the same place as himself, while swearing and using the most horrible language during a thunder-storm, was suddenly struck dead by the lightning.

"Oh, mother," said Thomas, when he got home, "isn't it shocking? I'll go to chapel after this."

The difficulty that he had no clothes fit to go in immediately arose. "But," said his mother, "That shan't stop you," and she contrived to get him a new suit.

The reformation continued for a short time; but as the impression wore off, and the influence of bad companions prevailed, he relapsed into utter godlessness, and never entered any place of worship again until the night of his conversion, years afterwards.

He was fond of horses, of foot-racing, and all sorts of rough sports, got amongst a rough set, and plunged into sin without restraint. His Sunday mornings were regularly spent at Temple Mills, one of the open spaces in

the metropolis where "travellers" like himself could drink and otherwise amuse themselves by Act of Parliament to their heart's content on the Lord's Day.

In a fight, one Sunday afternoon, he was disfigured and covered with blood to such an extent that the sight of him upon his return home, horrified his father and mother.

Such was his manner of life until one Sunday evening in August, 1870, when, a brother-in-law having lost two children, he was induced to go to a little chapel in Harts Lane, Bethnal Green, which was that day opened by Mr. Booth as a Christian Mission Hall.

A stranger place in some respects for religious services could scarcely be imagined, and yet it would not be easy to find a place more suitable in many ways for a desperate work amongst a desperate people. Harts Lane is, so to speak, a narrow vein connecting Bethnal Green Road, that great East-end artery with the Old Bethnal Green Road, a narrower, and yet, a scarcely less utilised thoroughfare.

The low public-houses of the locality, thronged every Sunday with a population whose poverty and sin go hand in hand, the little gardens, whose culture, such as it is, is attended to on that day almost exclusively, and the dust-begrimed and paper-mended windows, through which can so often be heard on Sabbath as on week day, the rattle of the silk loom, all mark the neighbourhood as one eminently in need of the most daring missionary enterprise.

The entrance to the hall was through a stout iron gate, which bade defiance to assault, and was of no little service now and then. The small porch within the gate was many a time strewn with the mud and garbage with which the storming party from within were constantly assailed whilst they attacked the stronghold of sin outside. The little old chapel, with its shabby pews and seats, its strip of gallery and narrow platform, was no way inviting to the eye, and yet even those who left it for the much more comfortable place in that splendid position for Mission work at the corner of the Bethnal Green and Cambridge Roads, where the Christian Mission now flourishes, cannot but cherish every inch of the dear old spot in the warmest corner of their hearts. Kneeling on the dusty boards, or beside the little communion-rail-singing-pew, standing

by the doorway, or holding on to the slender gallery props, aye, and in the little room behind the porch, how many souls have held sweet converse with the King of kings! Dear old musty walls, you never echoed to rich tones of orchestral music; but how often did the angel bands sing over poor degraded slaves set free within you, and how you were filled with the rapturous songs of careworn toilers scarce able to earn enough bread to keep their bodies alive, and yet filled to overflowing with the joy of God!

And of Harts Lane, it should be said, that this man was born there. Mr. Booth's text that night was "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." Thomas Dilks made no pretence of being just, he fell down with his wife that night broken hearted on account of their sins at the feet of Jesus, and they went down to their house justified and happy.

From that day the change in the man was evident to all who knew him. Not only were all his old pursuits utterly abandoned and his whole life completely transformed, but he became a constant, fearless, earnest ambassador for Christ to all with whom he came in contact. He was not only always full of religion himself, but was incessantly thrusting it upon the attention of everyone else.

Says his poor father, still wandering from God, "I often had to find fault with him for bringing religion up so much. It was a momentary topic with him, always in his mouth. I had a great objection to having it brought up so much. But, of course, *we know*, when it is felt as he felt it, people are anxious about the soul of everybody else."

No wonder they objected, for Thomas would come into the house and fall down in the midst of them all on his knees to pray God to save them.

A brother-in-law meeting him one day said, "Well, Thomas, what's the best news with you to-day?"

"The best news with me to-day is that Jesus Christ died to save me," was the prompt reply; and, adds this friend, he was always the same, no matter where you met with him.

He invariably said grace twice at dinner, and his home, indeed, was the house of God. Once, while living in the same house with an ungodly landlord,

the poor sinner would stand on the stairs and weep as he listened to Thomas' loud pleadings with God in his own room. And although he only lived there six weeks the man said no one ever got such a hold of his heart, and mourned deeply on account of his death.

He once went to see an uncle who, though much better off than himself in worldly goods, lacked the true riches. After their first salutation, for the two had never met before, Thomas asked,

"How are you in your soul?" and, finding that no satisfactory answer could be made, he pressed home upon the poor man's attention the solemn thought, "Unless you repent of your sins and believe the Gospel, you will die and go to hell." The two never met again.

Almost immediately after his conversion he joined the Whitechapel Society, and threw himself into the work with all his might.

He was a valuable helper at open-air services, utterly fearless, possessed of a very strong voice, and always ready to speak, sing, pray, and labour in any way to the full extent of his strength. He was specially glad of an opportunity to speak in the presence of any of his old companions in sin. The last time he was asked to assist in an open-air service, which was some weeks before his death, he replied, "*Yes: let's dash into it!*" and to the work he went with a will. Two publicans tried to sing him down; but his stentorian lungs prevailed, and they had to retire defeated. When sitting on his box as he drove along the busy thoroughfares, if he noticed a godly friend passing, his loud "Amen!" or "Bless the Lord!" would ring out above all the sound of the traffic.

#### THE BIBLE

which he carried with him in his van daily bears unmistakable evidence of the value he set upon the Word of God. Not only do the pages show the marks of constant usage throughout, but passages which struck him as peculiarly useful texts are marked with pencil. The account of Paul's conversion in Acts xxvi. was a specially favoured portion, seven different verses being marked, and doubtless used many times in the open-air. Brother Dilks completed the record by the pencil note attached on his death-bed to his name at the front of the book:

(Jesus) "*Save(d) me August 21st, 1870; Save(s) me now.*"

For some months before his death he had been persuaded to attend a mission hall not connected with the Mission, where he had scarcely any opportunity given him of working for God, and he felt the consequent loss to his soul acutely. He often said, "I don't feel as I used to do when I was at the old Mission." He was allowed, it is true, to speak at some young men's prayer-meetings, which he did with blessed effect, and it is known that in three distinct cases persons whom he caught at the door as they were leaving the hall, and pleaded with about their souls were turned to the Lord. But when he prayed in the prayer-meetings he would be requested not to make so much noise, and sickness found him a chilled backslider in heart.

He was laid low with typhoid fever, complicated with inflammation of the lungs. But on the bed of pain he laid hold of God afresh, and got so gloriously filled with His love that he could scarcely bear any interruption of his communings with heaven. Almost incessantly praying aloud, he would sometimes say when he heard any one approach the door, "Don't come in and disturb me, for I am receiving such a blessing." "Oh, the power—the power!" he kept exclaiming time after time. Indeed it was thought that he might have recovered had not the rapture of his soul made it impossible for him to keep quiet.

One Saturday afternoon a bricklayer who knew him called in to see him on his way home from work, and they had a blessed time together.

"You're not letting the devil have any place in you, are you?" asked the visitor.

"No," said the dying saint; "Jesus Christ has been here this morning. He has taken up His abode with me, and there is no room left for the devil."

His master's brother (unconverted) called to see him one day. Seizing his hand he talked to the poor sinner about "the precious blood of Jesus" until tears flowed plentifully. "If ever a man was converted he was," said the visitor, "for he was working for God everywhere."

While he was lying ill he was not conscious at times; but sufficiently so at intervals to be able to give a good account of himself. Upon waking up to take a little nourishment once, his wife said—

"Is it all right, mate?"

He replied, "Yes, bless God, I am on the rock"; and another time, "For me to live is Christ, but to die will be gain," and then looking at his wife, he said, "You have been a good wife to me; but don't be long before you come home."

About a week before he died he dreamt that he had fallen into a deep pit, and woke up his wife in a great perspiration. He then told her he had had a hard job; he had thought he had been in a pit without a bottom, and how he did thank God that He had delivered him out of it. After this dream his wife heard him shouting and praising God, and when she went in to hear what it was that made him so happy, he said, "The Lord has converted me over again. I am so happy. Don't disturb me."

After this he fell asleep, and dreamt that he was preaching. He took for his text "Life or death," and saw the people crying all over the place. He called to them to get on their knees and fly to the blood, and he woke so happy that he wanted his wife to call up his landlord and fetch all the family. He shouted and praised God as he used to do. A friend came in to see him, and said, "Has anyone been to see you?" He replied, "I want to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

At five o'clock in the morning of his last day, seeing him to be in great pain, his wife said, "Can you praise the Lord in this agony?"

"I can praise Him in death as I praised Him in life," he replied.

Two or three times during the day when asked how he felt, he answered—"Bless God, it's all right."

No need for further testimony. He sank to rest at half-past ten that night, and it is all right for ever beyond a doubt.

His heart was with the Mission at the last as intensely as ever. He would have liked to have seen Mr. Booth, but the doctor refused permission, and he then requested that he might be buried by his old friends. A great company of our people gathered round his grave and there, as well as at the funeral service in the Whitechapel Hall, the power of God was blessedly felt. Let us who remain cling more closely to God and to one another.